Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER
1936

ARTICLES
DR. ALFRED ADLER
GEORGE ANTHEIL
JIM TULLY
FRANK SCULLY
JAMES W. POLING
HARRY SALPETER
R. B. SULLIVAN
F. Mac DONALD BRYAN
F. ELIOT WESTLAKE

FICTION
MANUEL KOMROFF
JESSE STUART
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
LOUIS PAUL
EDW. JEROME VOGELER
PETER DEVRIES
MURRAY GITLIN
DONALD WANDREI
GERALD GRIFFIN

ART
SPEICHER PORTFOLIO
16 PAGE PORTFOLIO
OF COLOR PRINTS

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WOLFE KAUFMAN
GEORGE B. ANDERSON
DONALD HOUGH
HARRY M. KLINGSBERG

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ROARK BRADFORD

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COLEMAN CLARK
RALPH CANNON
GEORGE HALAS
JAMES R. FAIR

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GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
CARLETON SMITH
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CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS

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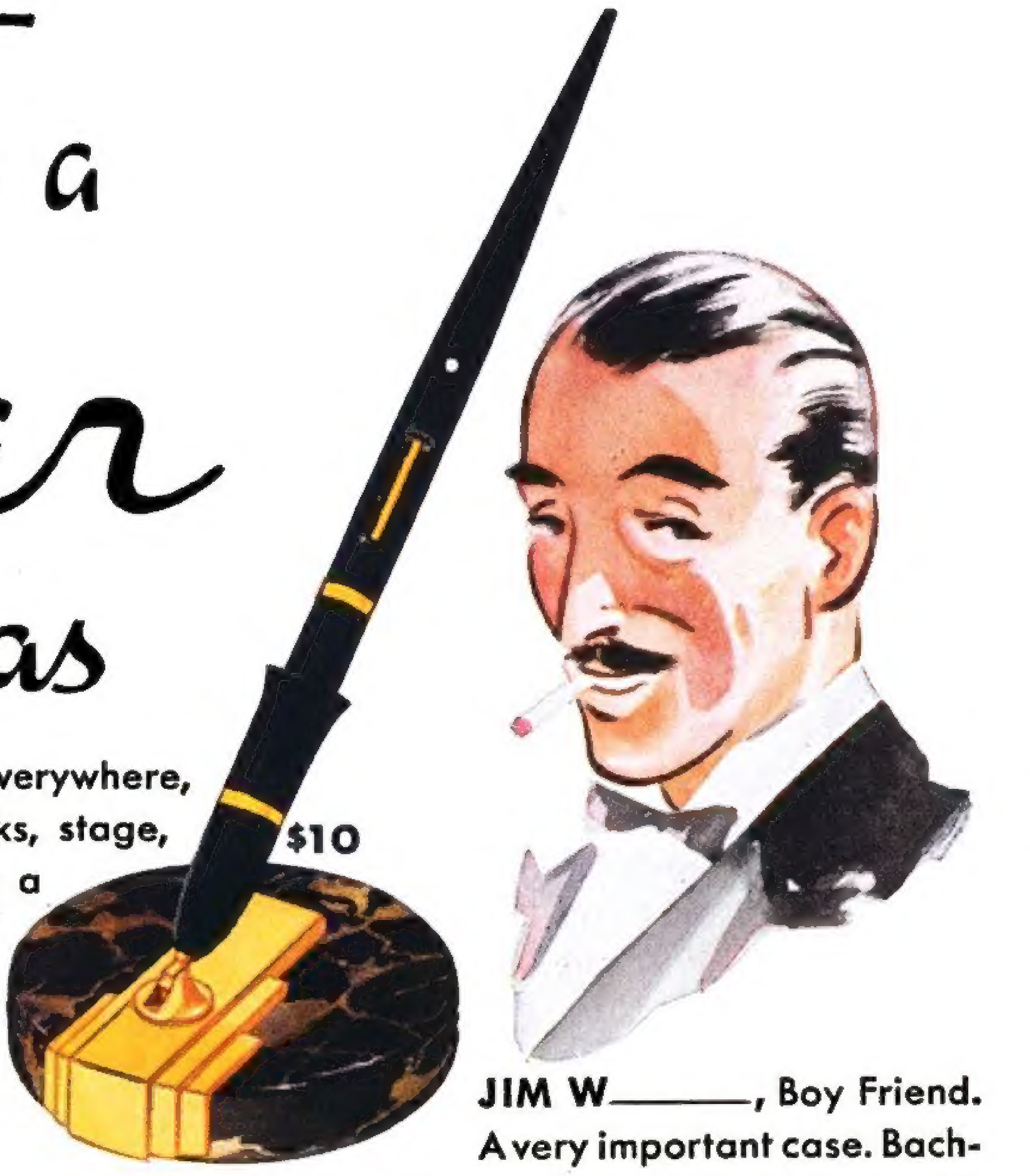

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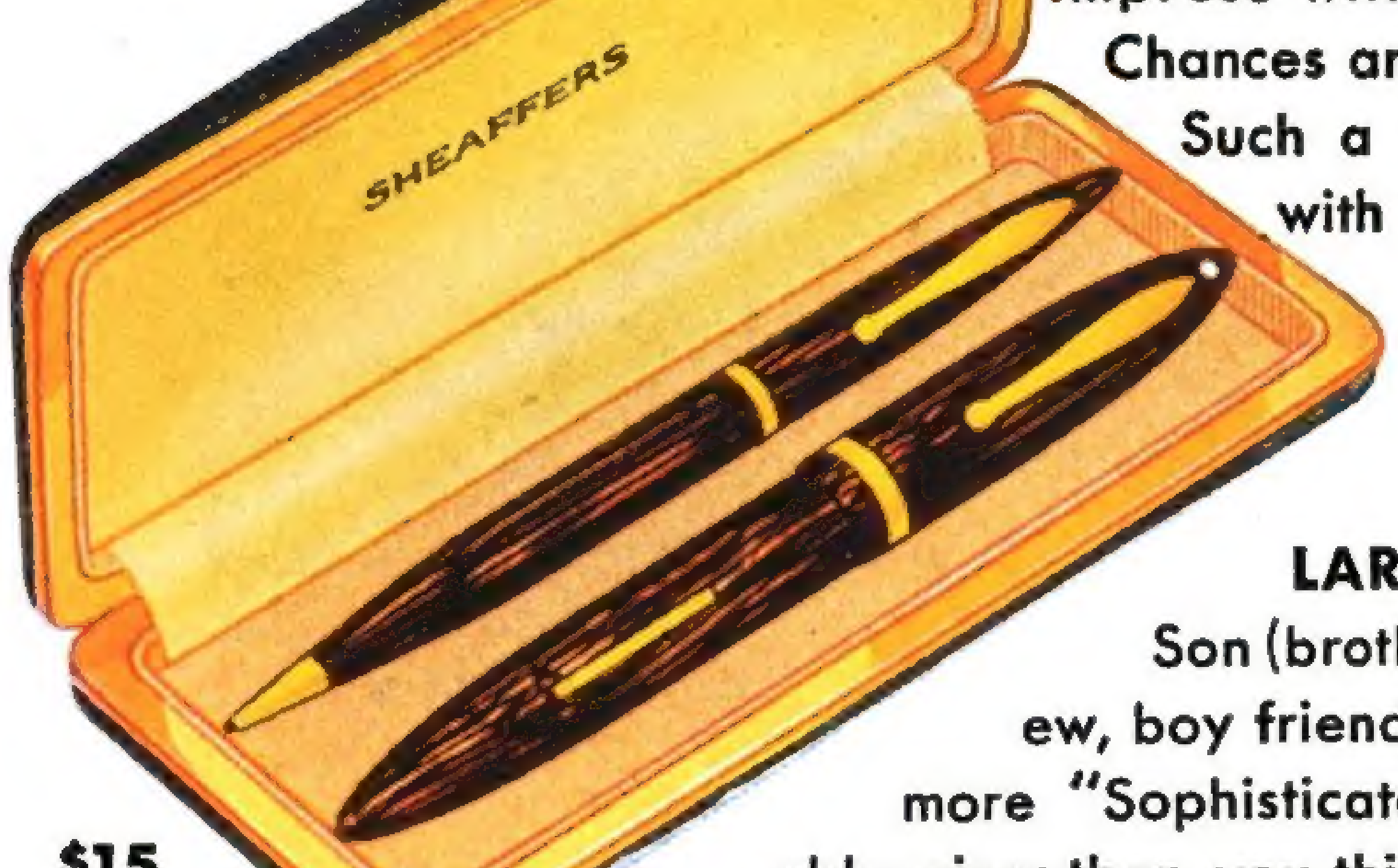

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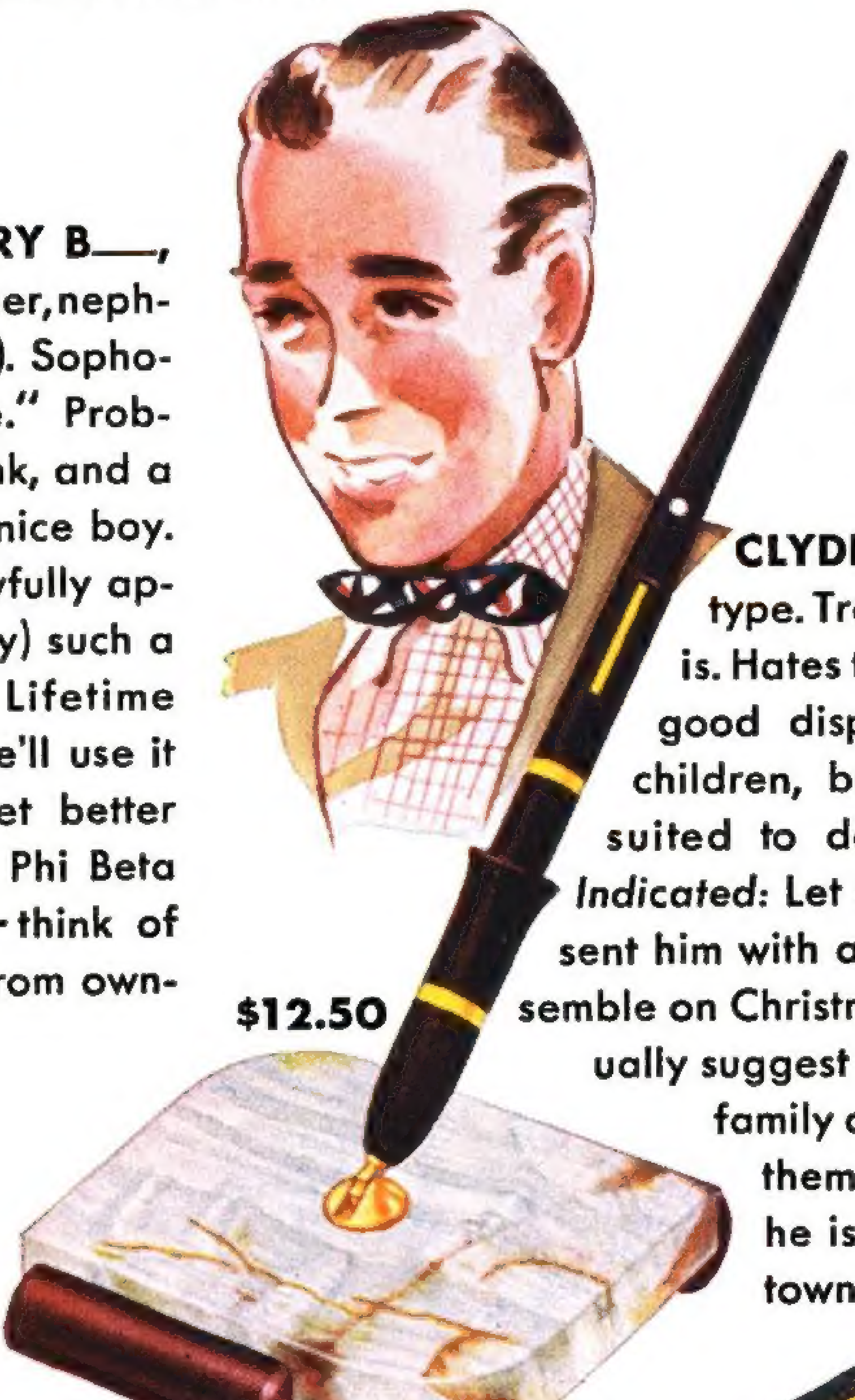

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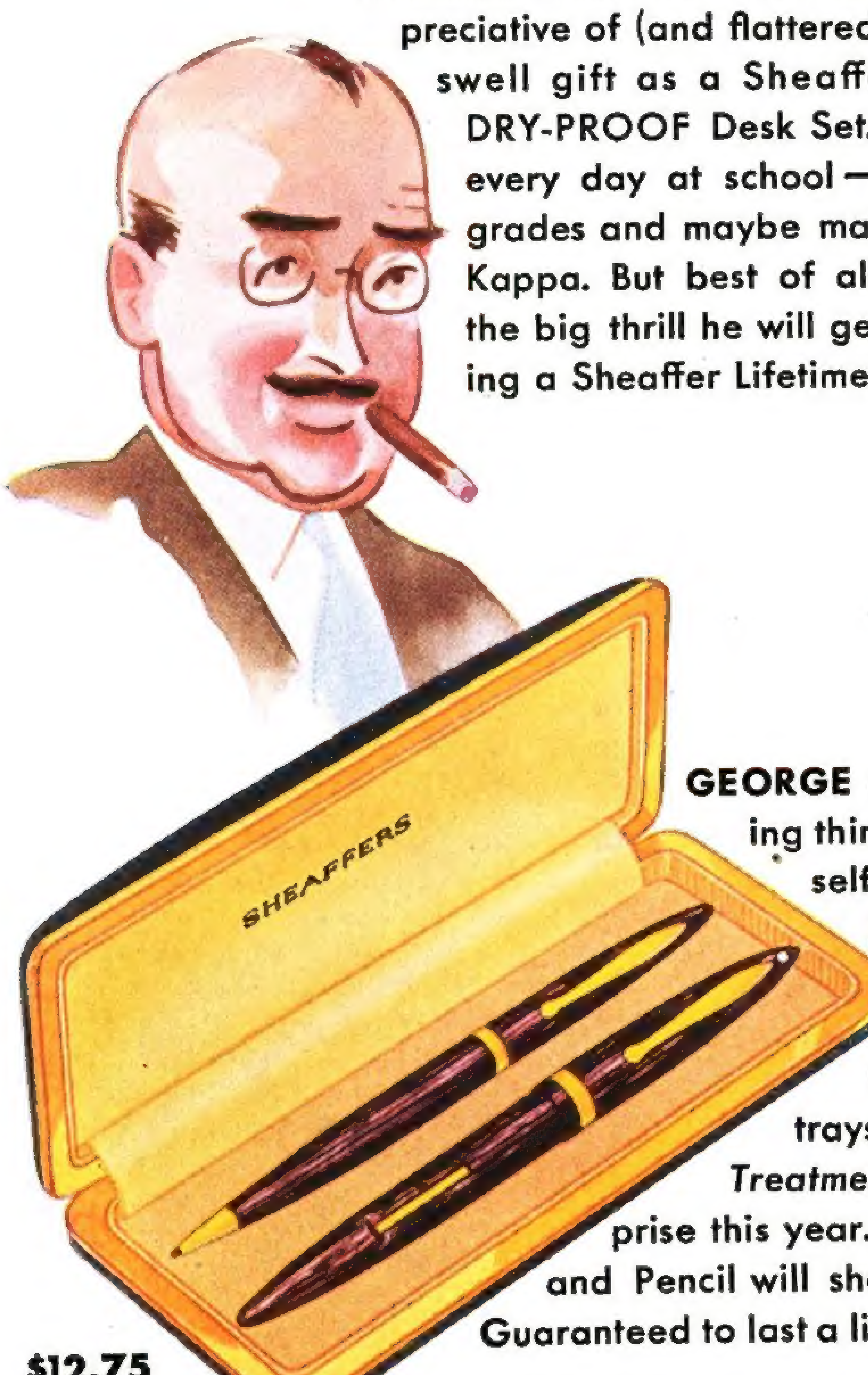

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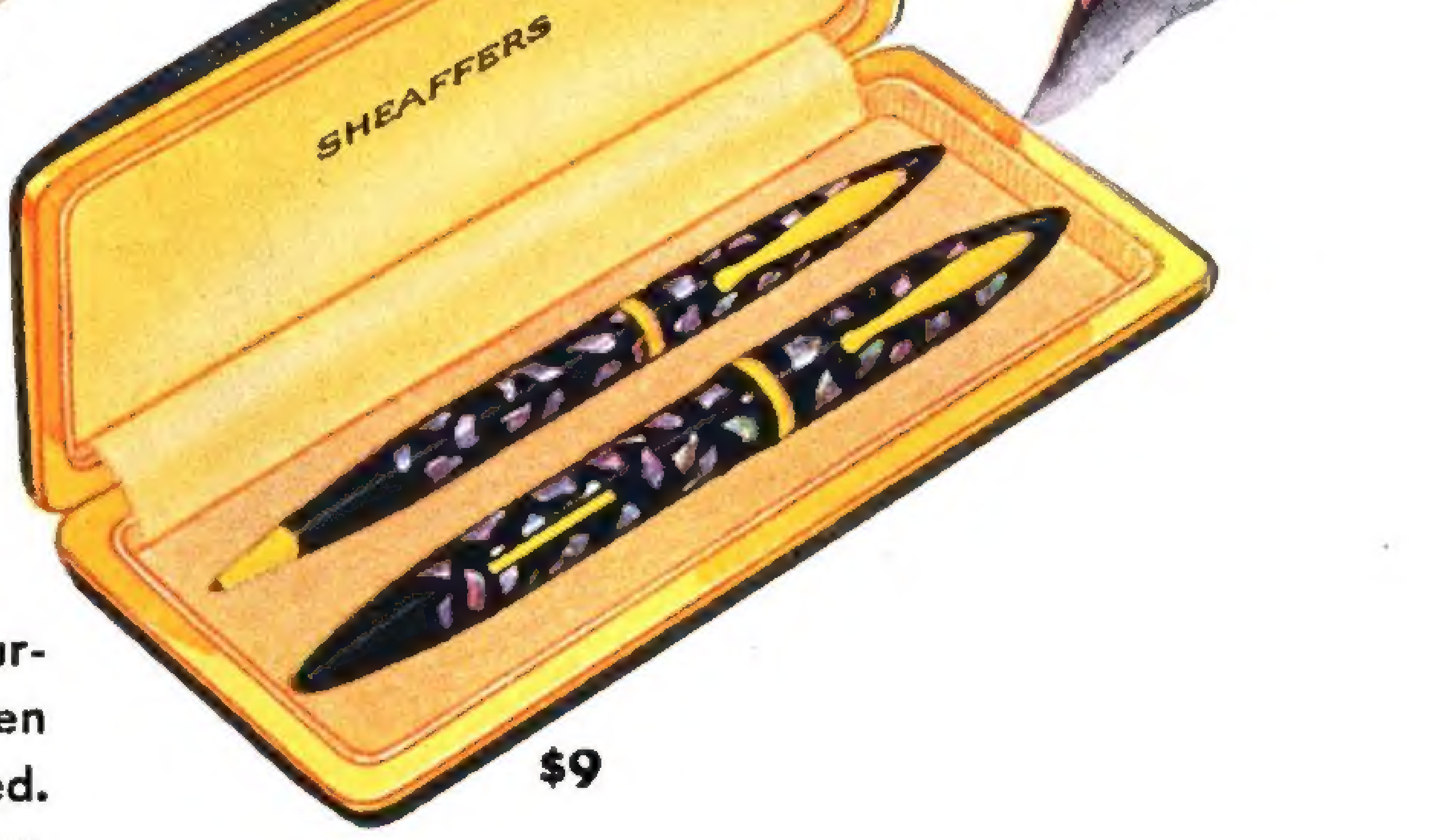

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Fort Madison, Iowa and Toronto, Canada

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by
Arnold Gingrich

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire.* It is never done knowingly.

A newsstand's mystery story

As this is written, final newsstand reports are not yet in for the October issue, but the latest check-up indicates a net sale in excess of 475,000 copies. A majority of the stands sold out within the first two weeks. At one stand a customer bought the last copy without noticing that something had been scribbled on the cover. Upon settling down to read it that night he saw that this scribbling consisted of a pencilled name beneath which were the following notations: "Paid 10c, 9/16," "Paid 10c, 9/23," and "Paid 10c, 9/30." Conscience stricken at having walked off with the magazine so obviously meant to belong to somebody else, he twice washed his hands to keep from soiling its pages and, having kept it scrupulously clean, he took it back the next morning to the drugstore where he had bought it. Last night's clerk, on selling the copy, had commented on the fact that it was the last one, and that an attempted reorder two days before had been unsuccessful, so no more were to be had. This morning's clerk, confronted with the necessity of deciding between the magazine's two buyers, didn't hesitate. He said "Aw what the hell, mister, when the other guy comes again we'll just give him back his thirty cents and tell 'im we're sorry but first come first served, that's all." Still the conscientious cash buyer couldn't let the matter end without pointing out a flaw in the clerk's logic. After all, the other guy had been "first come," in fact had been thrice first come, for each of the three times he had been in to lay down a dime on account. But the clerk refused to share these qualms of conscience. "So what? How do I know he'll even come back? G'wan, keep it, that's okay." So the man kept it, but he didn't enjoy it, because he couldn't concentrate on it at all. Every time he'd start to read it, he'd begin to wonder about his unsuccessful rival. What manner of man, he wonders, would buy a fifty-cent magazine on the installment plan? And so do we.

Missing at the third reunion

This is written on October 15, Esquire's third birthday. Absent, of the original roster of regular contributors, are two of the magazine's bright particular stars, Ernest Hemingway and George Petty. Petty is on an Alaskan vacation (he has to go somewhere like Alaska to get his mind off his work), and Hemingway has been incommunicado in Wyoming since mid-summer, working on a long piece of writing. (He plans to go to Cuba to finish it up. We would join him there for some fishing but with the S & F reverberating over *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* maybe we'd be smart to stick to Bimini. They met Mike Jacobs with machine guns at Havana and what had *he* done?) Both these prodigals promise to come back to our pages, but meanwhile the magazine marches on. And with a fairly heavy tread, you may notice.

The theory of the thirteenth doughnut

Maybe we're wrong to mention the missing. In an issue that exceeds three hundred pages maybe they'd never be missed. Perhaps we'd be better off to confine ourselves to calling your attention to the things that are here, that you might miss in the maze of extra pages. First of all there are, as you can see, an almost numbing number of ads. Now, if ever, we would be justified in cutting down on the editorial content, pleading your own convenience as our best excuse. But Esquire was founded on the firm belief that no business enterprise was ever harmed by giving too much money's worth. In the lean days we built as big a show as we could manage to put on, assuming that if the readers were well entertained the advertisers would ultimately be attracted. The advertisers came in due course, but their presence has never been allowed to cramp the show. On the contrary, more acts have constantly been added and the cast has been increased. For instance, this issue at one stage of production was planned to total three hundred pages. As advertising reservations piled up it appeared necessary to increase it to three hundred and eight pages, to squeeze in the extra ads. At that point the publishers declared a sixteen page reader dividend, raising the page count to three hundred twenty-four and permitting the inclusion of the sixteen page portfolio of paintings and prints in full color and gold that now appears in the middle of the magazine. It cost, if you will pardon our pride in this bookkeeping detail, an extra and uncompensated expenditure of over thirty thousand dollars. The issue ought to weigh about two and a half pounds and we won't be responsible for what may happen if you should drop it on your foot. And if you find that you can't hold it to read without recourse to the wooden reading rack of an unabridged dictionary stand, just remember that our intentions were of the best. We are simply piling on the value, on the same theory that (in the days before standardization) led the baker to include the thirteenth doughnut when you bought a dozen, and prompted the butcher to give you a free slice of baloney when your mother sent you to the corner for a pound of pork chops. It's a theory that survives chiefly in memory, in the business world today, but right or wrong it's ours.

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★
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
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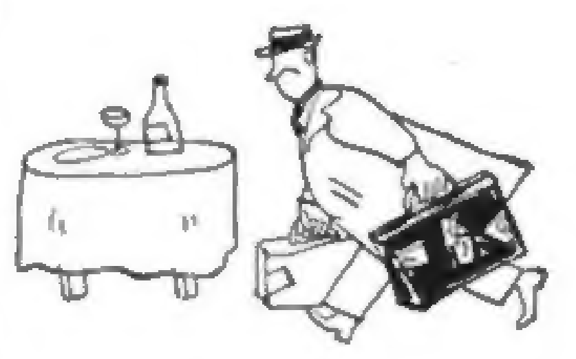
America's Smartest Theater Restaurant
610 FAIRBANKS COURT • DELAWARE 3434

Longchamps has managed to repeat a pattern without falling into the sins of standardization that beset most chain restaurants. The last outpost we tried was the handsome one on Fifty-seventh Street between Fifth and Sixth where the food tastes even better than in the daily "ads." The portions were enormous and everything fresh. We were especially pleased by a chicken which was fresh-killed and not cold-storage. The wine list is expansive but the waiters and captains don't know much about it. A simple lesson in the kitchen every week might clear matters up.

Our fanning mail department: An irate legionnaire writes from Morocco, where the sun is 140, that he can't beat eggs white, according to a recipe we gave for the Mascottes' zablione . . . A girl in Bridgeport tried several of our recommendations and found the sizzling platter not too hot at the Salisbury Ragamont Inn. She says in rebuttal that her cook can swing a mean apple pie. Swing it along . . . Another lady complains of using truck drivers as guides for roadside diners. Why not? Diners were made for them and they know what they want. Maybe you don't want the same thing. Deponent further states that her boy fren' runs a diner where gents come in tail coats—she's seen six at one time. We apologize. Any fool knows that it takes a tail to make a good *béchamel.* Some like hamburgers with onions and some with tails and cellophane. Which leads to our essay of the month. It's tough trying to be little stomach to all the world, there are so many sizes and desires. One rule, though, we always try to follow: we don't mix the chromium trim in the bar with the copper pots in the kitchen. Each has a different function; one for the eye, one for the tummy. We've dined marvelously on a wooden bench alongside seven barons, one prince and one ex-king, sitting in sawdust up to our ankles. Chauffeurs were sitting opposite. But we all liked unsurpassable food. The tails had been left at home wrapped around the crown jewels.



Man and boy we've been going to the restaurant that leads off the lower level of the Grand Central Terminal. Somehow, in all the doodads and ballyhoo of the new repeal era, we had almost forgotten one of the best places in town for sea food. But if you are a constant visitor to New York, you know all about it. Strangers might be dubious about it, classing it as just another railroad dining room. The place doesn't go in for anything in the way of décor (a brilliant paint job might help) but the food is the best obtainable. To celebrate the return of the oyster, we started in with a half dozen large ones from the deep end of Long Island and then topped off with a lobster thermidor (lobster from Maine). We had champagne with the oysters and a sound Chablis with the shell fish. Black coffee was all we could negotiate after that. Coffee and pleasant memories.

In sticking our nose around, we found the Laird Distillery back of Eatontown, N. J., one of the places Americans interested in the development of native drinks should surely see. The Lairds have turned the ancestral mansion into a cross between a museum of early Americana and a business office, clinging to the origins of their product which goes back to the days before the Revolution when "cider spirits" was the national drink. It's a lot of fun, whether you're an apple knocker or a city slicker, to watch the red apples go in there and come out here as the beginnings of a delicious drink. We're a nut ourselves on integrity in potables and feel much better when we see all the steps in the making of our drink.

For their sake

With the American Red Cross 1935-36

The services given to the public by the Red Cross during the year include:
Relief in 138 disasters.
In the devastating Spring floods and tornadoes which affected 20 states, the Red Cross aided 145,000 families, giving food, clothing, shelter, medical aid and rebuilding and repairing homes.
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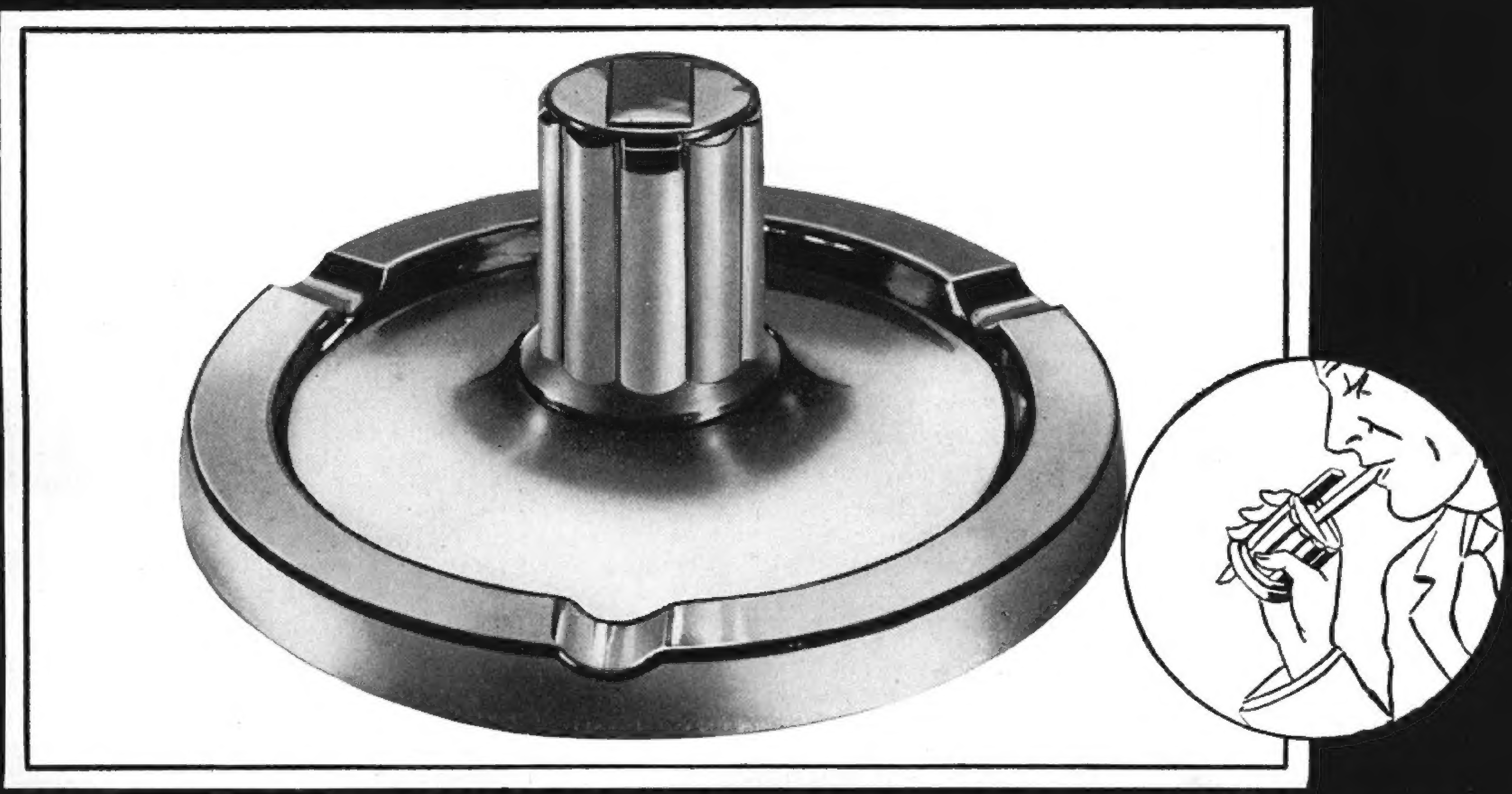

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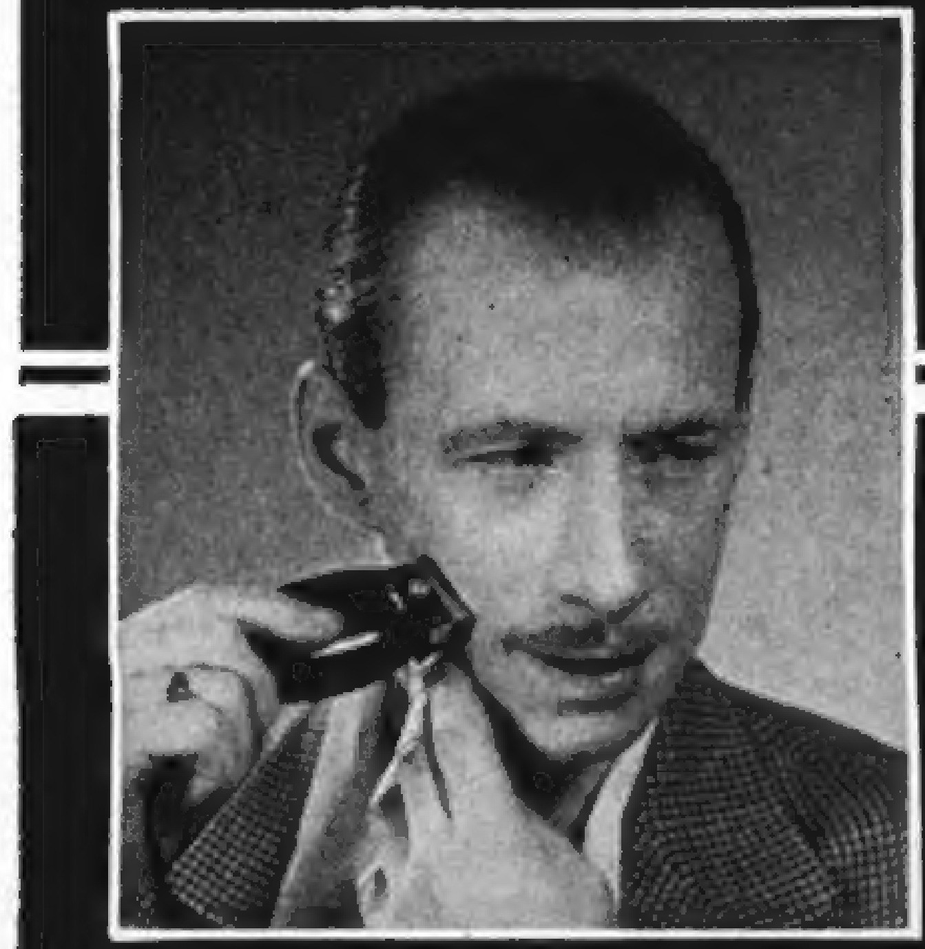

Always immaculately groomed, *Ray Noble*, famed International Orchestra Leader in the Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, says he can shave twice daily and still sing, "Oh, Shave, Where is thy Sting?"

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ASK HER

My devotion to you has caused me to commit a serious blunder . . . and . . . so . . . well . . . I must have your advice.

With a screech of appreciation, and to be frank, with more than the usual smug masculine satisfaction, I bundled your October issue into a wrapper and sent it post haste to the lady of my life who, at this writing, is visiting in Mexico City. Large red ink marks advised my lady love to read *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. Of course I know she's faithful, but. . . .

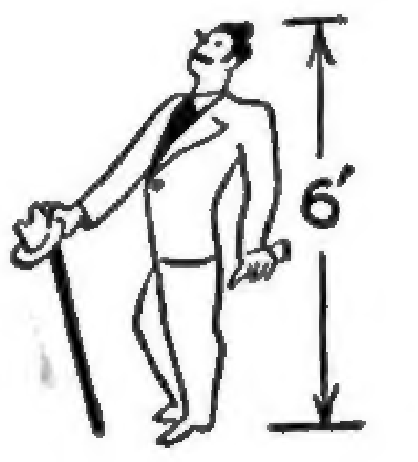
By this time she's read all about the Latins, and I fear her next letter, because . . . She's no longer faithful if . . . she agrees and says Latins *are* lousy lovers . . . and . . . . She's no longer faithful if she says Latins *aren't* lousy lovers . . . and if she ignores it and doesn't comment on it at all I'll know she's unfaithful. . . . Oh, Esky, what am I going to do?

Hollywood, Cal. E. WILLIAMS

P. S.—Tell me, are Mexicans Latins?

. . . AND OUR DAMES ARE DUMB

Your witty story *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* has made quite a sensation in Havana—so much so that your agent here has got into trouble and his entire stock of ESQUIRES confiscated by the Police—although I fail to see what blame can he get for something he has not written and besides the Japs are the only ones who take jokes seriously.



I really must congratulate your lady writer for her marvelous psychological study of our manners. She must be as deep observer as sensual lover. However, I find that she incurs in some misrepresentations as well as in some omissions, and to help your readers in completing their notion of a Cuban at large, I have prepared the enclosed list of remarks.

Now, having been frank and having admitted our defects, I think I have a right to express my opinion as to the "American Girl at Large;" my long years of residence in the U. S. and my travels in Europe and other places in America I suppose have given me some experience in that connection.

THE AMERICAN GIRL AT LARGE

The American girls are pretty and beautiful in all respects—Nature has done its best in this modern type of American girl, blend of races in that great democracy which President Roosevelt is trying to revive. Beautiful hair, wonderful eyes, marvelous forms which Venus herself would feel envious of, the prettiest legs on Earth and a most charming easiness of manners and movements which make them look so natural.

They are highly educated socially but suffer from an inexplainable lack of general culture. One friend of mine in New York did not know that Cuba was 90 miles South of the U. S. Other almost fainted when I told her I was a Cuban (I am 100% white, blue eyes, fair complexion) because she had been under the impression that all Cubans were niggers. You go out of luck with American girls if you bring up some conversation about history, geography, art or science; even in history of the U. S. I find them disastrously ignorant. Mouths kept shut around me when I spoke about Lincoln; luckily I did not choose Farragut, the War of 1812, Admiral Pierce or General Montgomery's attempt to free Canada! Even stories which come in so nicely for chatting with girls with whom you expect to have a good time, such as the great French lovers of the XVIII century—(the Pompadour, Ninon de Lenclos, etc.) are news to them. I mentioned once George Sand's dislike for those devices which she used to call "destroyers of love" and they asked me who that man was!

American girls care very little for Art either, and between a visit to a museum and a visit to Sloppy Joe's bar, they prefer the latter.

They dress up very well and believe me they have nothing behind the French in this respect. Their sculptural bodies help them a lot. But they have too big feet which in many cases look disproportionate.

They have a nice gastronomical taste but you have to help them out in choosing when the menu goes a bit further than the usual ham and eggs, corn beef and cabbage or Irish beef stew.

Re drinks—they are quantity drinkers not quality ones. Otherwise some of their favorite bars here in Havana would go bankrupt for they only sell rotten stuff. They fall in extasis when you give them a glass of Rhine wine with a piece of chicken *a la Ville Roy* or a glass of *Chateau Lafitte* with a roast loin of pork.

The main defect of American girls is that they want to get drunk and get drunk quickly. What for? I believe in getting your good humor out with two or three shots—but why more? What is the idea? I believe in a group of men getting drunk one night for fun, but when you go with a girl for a good time, what is the use getting drunk? Were it not for this mad desire of getting drunk quick, I tell you frankly there is no girl so nice to be with for a good time as the American girl (pardon me my sweet Cuban pals but frankness first).

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN LOVE

There is no one more ferocious, no one more fond of pleasure of all sorts, no firmer believer in the French slogan "there is nothing dirty in love," there is no one more delightful, pleasure giver and pleasure enjoyer, charming and lively companion for a real man than an American girl not over 25. They are not afraid of anything. A man not going the limits with an American girl is not a man. If we are to believe in the theory that the stronger the love the better the offspring, no wonder the American people is so physically fit.

The trouble with American girls when they come to a foreign country for fun is that they do not pick up the right parties. They should come to me one by one and they would have no need to write so cruel stories as *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. The girl who wrote that article probably went to Sloppy Joe's bar to pick her pal. I would recommend her next time to go some other better place otherwise she might get worse than a bad impression. . . . I suggest they communicate with you, you write me for my address and there you are; you save your reader from disappointments, you save the Cubans from a disappointment as lovers proud of themselves and you save your agent here from an appointment in the Court.

I have tried my best to describe an American girl in the business point—but by Jove that you need the patience of Job, the endurance of Jim Corbett, the art of Abbe Casanova, the abnegation of Saint Francis and a slap-proof face to get an American girl to the point! What a resistance! They will let you kiss them, they will put you red hot as a steel ingot leaving the furnace, but then they squeeze away like a sardine.

Now I will end this letter with my last observation: Your girl writer states we Cubans all suffer from kidney and liver troubles. Alright. But it is funny that Bromo-Seltzer, Alka-Seltzer, Aspirin, Sal Hepatica, Fruit Salt, Carter Pills, Lovett's Pills, Nujol, Amerol, etc., etc., are all made in U.S.A. Is it that these industries live exclusively on export?

Yours sincerely,
Havana, Cuba M. P.

Address: What is the use? If any girl asks for it, let me know and I will give it to you; just write a note on foot of page thirty (30 in Cuban lottery means shrimp) to that effect. The note should state: American girl wishing acquaintance of Cuban not worn out, without liver or kidney troubles, with good teeth, taking a bath daily, wearing hat and shoes of proper size, expert in linguistic affairs also; sport and not stingy; that would not spit too much; not fond of "pegas," not jealous and with small hips and broad shoulders. Applicant guarantees that she would not get drunk; would not take too long to come to terms; will talk about topics other than cocktails, fashions and movies, and will not flirt with third parties.

TRUE

That we spit a lot
That we are stingy
That we talk too much
That we are good dancers
That we are very jealous
That we are unfair to wives
That we suffer from kidney and liver troubles
That we use too many "pegas"
That we pass our lives centering around sex

UNTRUE

That we do not bathe often
That we have bad teeth
That we do not know how to dress
That we do not know how to drink

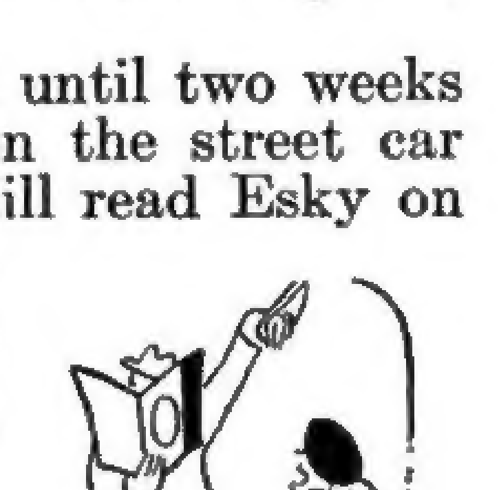
OMISSIONS

That many Cubans skip over a meal a day in order to save and buy a suit.
That many Cubans eat 20 cts regular dinners but spend $5.00 on a bottle of *Soir de Paris*.
That many Cubans when dressed up in white refuse all invitations to sit down lest the suit gets wrinkled.
That many Cubans have in their chiffoniers three kinds of perfumes; Colonia Water, Stacomb, Guerlain soaps, etc., but are in arrears with their landlord.
That half the population of Cuba talks about the reputation of the other half.

LAY OF THE LOST WASTREL

The theme of my lay is the quirked cussedness of feminine nature. It may be a trite theme and hackneyed, and about as amusing as a wooden leg but, it's mine.

I had a girl-friend until two weeks ago. I read Esky on the street car two weeks ago. I still read Esky on the street car. There, is the crux, the nub, of the situation, and this heart throb to *S. & F.*



Esky's editorials have always interested me. Some moons ago — four I believe—there appeared an editorial soundly trouncing those who deluge the Editorial offices with scathing denunciations of ESQUIRE as an immoral influence rapidly working the ruin of Youth, The Home, The Nation. The writer of this epic editorial used the lash of logic with bold, hard strokes in an effort to awaken in the self-righteous letterwriters some glimmering appreciation, even if painful, of the fact that if one magazine, published once a month, could destroy moral integrity then, by Heaven, it did not deserve destroying—it cried for it!—and the sooner civilization wallowed itself out of existence the better.

It will be recalled the editorial writer purposely permitted the erroneous assumption that ESQUIRE is a "dirty" magazine. He killed that bull later with an admirable summary of the mag., as an artistically composed piece of merchandise.

That, very briefly and without doing justice to it, is an outline of the gist of the editorial. It set out far better than I can my opinion of Esky and the people who knock the mag., because it ranges wide of their puritanic mental rock-pile.

Two weeks ago I boarded a No. 4 street car homeward bound, took a seat, and opened Esky where I'd left off at noon in Frank Scully's *Deaf But Not So Dumb*. The end of the article and my journey coincided nicely. When I reached the gates I saw my lady-love standing there waiting, along with the rest of the crowd, to dismount. I edged up and did the conventional. She handed me a stare that would have made a man on a desert at high noon light a fire.

"Why? (etc.)" I asked.

"Reading *that* magazine in public," she snapped. "I stayed shopping with Muriel and I had to sit and watch you reading *it* all the way from Granville street to here. And Muriel saw you too, and all those other people and . . ."

"Hold it a minute," I begged. "You saw me reading Esky on the street car so you're sore?" I was very right. "But you read it; we've read it together often."

"That's different," she flashed back "I don't do all outside that I do at home."

As reasoning, that had me stymied.

"Well?" I asked. "So . . . what? I still don't see. . . ."

"You still don't see," she picked me up. "Do you ever see anyone else reading ESQUIRE on the street car? No! Or if you do, just look at them. Just because you are a journalist and have travelled around a lot and lost your sense of decency" her ginger-top turning on hysterical personalities, "are no reasons why you should indulge low tastes and humiliate me before Muriel."

"But Muriel reads it too," I roared, forgetting myself and the place. "The hell with low tastes and humiliation and decency," and putting a half-nelson on my peeve I talked quietly and positively, quoting from that editorial I've mentioned and *ad-libbing* pieces like a parson friend of mine—friend, not mere speaking acquaintance—who considers Esky *the* magazine for healthy intelligent people with normal sense of humor, men *and* women.

That parson incidentally left a good job as assistant curator in a large church in Montreal because he considered it was just that: a good job, and went to rough it in the Peace River District at much less pay.

When I'd finished she said: "Have you finished?" I admitted the fact.

"Then don't ever speak to me again. Calling me all those terrible things." (I hadn't, but evidently the cap fitted). "And you needn't ever apologize because I won't listen to you."

"I won't," I said, raising my hat. "You will though, publicly before I speak to you again. You'll read Esky on the street car. Good-bye."

That was two weeks ago gentlemen —and ladies. I still read Esky on the street car. She doesn't. Between me and the typewriter I wish she would.

WILL DAWSON
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

FOR SHAME

Your *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* in October issue was excellent—but excellent. But come now, sweetheart, why don't you admit it was written by a male? This idea of a feminine author sounds phoney like anything. If I'm wrong I'll eat all back copies of Esky, including Sept. 1932 (?).

Yours,
Atlanta, Ga. T. C. MARVEL

Continued on page 10

A dog-lover suggested our putting it *this* way...

"I'VE been reading some of your ads," a friend of ours wrote us, "and it seems to me there's a perfect parallel between the way you make Four Roses Whiskey and the way we go about getting a champion field dog.

"You see, there's not a single blue-ribbon winner in my kennels that just 'happened'. Every dog was planned—before he was born. His parents and ancestors were carefully chosen—to blend in him all the forthright qualities that make a dog great."

• • •

Our friend is right. Four Roses achieves its greatness in much the same way his champion setters do.

For Four Roses is more than just *one* fine straight whiskey—it is a glorious combination of *several* great American straight whiskies, each outstanding for some particular virtue: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor.*

With the inherited skill of 70 years guiding us, we here at Frankfort bring these fine whiskies together. Then carefully, sympathetically, we blend the noble virtues of them *all* in *one* matchless whiskey—*and that whiskey is Four Roses!*

Every drop of Four Roses is *whiskey*—and we sincerely believe that in its deep-flavored mellowness and silken smoothness, you will find more satisfaction than you've ever before drained from a glass!

• • •

For the new edition of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," send ten cents in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—94 PROOF

FOUR ROSES

America's finest whiskey regardless of age or price

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE IMPENDING PUBIC WAR

I take it that the word "educational" means precisely what it says and that any article appearing under this caption should be of some real use to someone, presumably the reader.

In this connection I would like to be informed just what use to anyone is the article in your October number entitled *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. Aside from the bad taste the authoress exhibits in tattling, she has certainly given her sister Americans a black eye insinuating that their principal reason for visiting Cuba and other Latin American countries is to get something that cannot be had at home.

You as an editor of a highclass (?) review would do well to spend more time editing and classifying such works as this for the wastebasket. If you have no compunction for your domestic market at least have a little pity for the thousands of Americans who for business reasons must live in Latin American countries and who try to be proud of their country and fellow citizens. There are even international complications to be considered due to the great many marriages existing between Americans and Latins. When it comes to mud-throwing I fancy our men are as vulnerable as any other nationality and it is to say the least very poor sportsmanship.

An American Resident in Cuba

Havana, Cuba

WE ARE NOT AMUSED

If Esquire is a magazine for men, gentlemen particularly cannot approve of the publication of such stuff—hence I wonder, what benefit can be derived by your magazine from gratuitous insult to the Latin race. Is this a new technique of the "good neighbor policy?"

The fact, that the person who has written the article, is afraid or ashamed to sign it, proves what he or she is—and although it may give your magazine a little momentary publicity, I wonder if it is worth while.

This, and other letters like it may make you sit back in your chair and chuckle, but even at the expense of giving you this satisfaction, as a Cuban of unadulterated Latin origin for many generations, I wish to register my protest.

Respectfully yours,

Lutgardo G. Aguilera

Habana, Cuba

MAIL ORDER KISSES

May I kiss the hand of the Madam who has debunked the technique of the torrid Toreadors, smashing the delusions of the Valentino dreamers who go South in search of the rose petal touch.

She did a bang-up job and did it so thoroughly that our little brown brethren in Cuba hastily confiscated every copy they could lay their hands on to keep them out of sight of their trusting females lest they should suddenly find out what they had been missing all these years and start an exodus north.

Being a frequent visitor to the lands where tossing the Bull is a national sport, I can vouch for everything the little lady had the courage to put into writing, and would have given plenty to have been in Havana before the word got around that its manhood had been touched in its most vulnerable spot to such an extent that the innocent magazine dealers were tossed into jail.

Let's have some more of this little girl's writing—perhaps a few exerpts from her diary would send the price of your magazine to unknown heights.

Manhattan Who Visits

New York, N. Y. the Latins

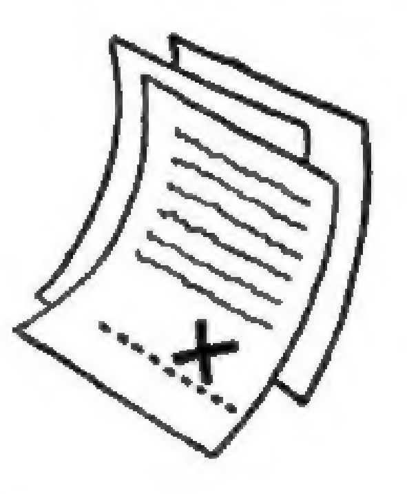
HOME THOUGHTS FROM A BROAD

If Miss Anonymous got as far as field work in Cuba, I assume she has probably had her own laboratory in the States, and so she ought to know that for every Cuban daddy who sits up and beams, "Am I not wonderful?" there are a dozen of our own boys who mount the nearest housetop to shout the same thing, only not in the form of a question.

New York, N. Y. Mari En

X MARKS THE SPOT

Why wasn't the story signed? We refer to *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. It was typically American and typically from a wrong female who had too many affairs for her own good. She was discarded and now seeks her revenge. We wonder how many she was in bed with—the unwritten story is by far most interesting or rather less foolish. Obviously only a very ignorant woman would write such a mess—but what gets us is why you printed it.



No objections had it been under "satire" instead of "education."

Yours for a better classification.

Signed,

A mess of gringos who would like to kick this woman in the pants.

X X X X X and O

Our marks.

GOODBYE

Being a subscriber of your magazine, I have read the story entitled *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, published in the October edition by an Anonymous writer, who, no doubt, has dealed with Cubans of the lowest class—A great number of Americans, ladies and gentlemen, who know pretty well our customs and character are ready to contradict your anonymous writer and to prove that she only met lowest class of people, of which class you have a lot in the States, as there are all over the world. To distort the facts, as is done in this story, is not the best policy to attract your neighbors, which is in opposition to the "good neighbor" policy of your Honourable President, Mr. Roosevelt.

I do not want to receive one more single number of your publication; please scratch out my name from your subscribers list.

Yours very truly,

Havana, Cuba L. Angulo

MORE IN SORROW . . .

It is impossible for me to renew my subscription. The fact that I am Cuban will not allow me to as a result of the issue which contained *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. An error very lamentable.

Victor R. Arambúro

Cardenas, Cuba

TEXAS AMEN

This is not for publication, but I have lived off and on in Latin Countries for 30 years and I have made a study of the Latin, and I want to O. K. every bit and then some yours beginning on page 36 in your October issue called *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*.

Yours truly,

Laredo, Tex. A Mining Engineer

STAY NORTH, YOUNG LADY

Thanks, Dear Miss Anonymous, for debunking the age-worn saga that Latin don Juans are superhuman sexual beasts of burden. Trying to live up to that reputation—wished on them by some romantic Northern Señoritas—has proved back-breaking to many a young Latin. Congratulations, also, for your noble and patriotic effort to publicize the home product. It is too bad Miss Astor—via her Diary—beat you to it.

Honey, it is too bad, also, you did not stick to the truth, as found in your recent survey in quest for hot, tropical love. As long as you stuck to the Havana gigolos, the taverns and brothrels—vas you there, Sharley?—everything went Hunky-Dory, but when you tried to get into our homes and tell the Latins at-large what to do and how to handle their wives, why, darling, you simply slandered us. It is a well-known fact that the modern señorita builds up her own career. She attends the University, plays bridge, tennis, she rides, goes to the movies, and travels alone. Later, she practices her profession, marries, and sometimes bears children. That she stays feminine and prefers ruffles to slacks, sherry to gin and French perfumery to cheap Tobacco—that's the product of her own volition—not of our dictation.

Gold teeth, by the way, are as bad taste at the local country club, as they are on Park Avenue.

As regards drinking, why, dearie, it surprises me you brought that up. The world at large proclaims your men the worse drinkers. You seem to forget that the Bouncer is a local North-American institution.

Honey, they sure've done you wrong down'n Havana. Here is sound advice. Stay at home and cool off.

Pardon my English. Like your Havana gigolo, it's rusty.

Ponce, Puerto Rico Carlos Nazario

GOODBYE

Up to the present time, I have been one of your readers, but I am sorry to say that after reading the article in your last number entitled *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, on Page 36, signed by "Anonymous," I would not permit your magazine to enter my home, because it is the most vulgar, dirty and indecent literary work that I ever read.

Yours very truly,

Dr. Francisco Dellunde

Havana, Cuba

US IMPERTURBE

I have suffered! Oh, how I have suffered! I have suffered through Antheil's discussions of glands, Levin's opinions on movies, Desage's *She's No Longer Faithful If*—and I have quietly stood for the tripe that you call poetry. But, this, this crowning humiliation I cannot stand. I refer, of course, to *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, by Anonymous in your October issue.

Of all the biased misinformation that I have ever had the misfortune to read, this undoubtedly takes the prize.

That anyone should have the unmitigated gall and conceit to maintain that, after having spent five months in Havana, she would be qualified to write an article giving the morality standards, not only for Cuba, but, and get this! for the entire Latin race is unbelievable. But, here we have it in print!

I have said "she" because the article is obviously written by a woman. Here, in itself, is one reason this article should never have been published in Esquire. But I shall not fall back upon a lame theme as this. I shall go farther, much farther.

Miss Anonymous refers to Cuban men as being conceited. Judged even by her standards, they are shrinking violets in comparison to herself.

That the idea of the Latin's being romantic is overrated is true. But it is no more overrated than Stalin's Five-Year Plan, Herr Hitler's theory of Nordic superiority or the theory that all Americans are clean-minded, clean-shaven and big, handsome brutes six feet tall.

Furthermore, there are many Cubans as handsome as Cesar Romero and many that are even more good looking. There are some Cubans who are short and pudgy and there are Americans that are short and pudgy and the same goes for all the rest of the world. So what?

The assertion that the women in Cuban families are abused is ridiculous. Cuban men take very good care of their wives. If said wives never go anywhere, it is their own choice.

That Cuban women seldom go anywhere alone is true, but there is a very good reason for this. In Cuba, a woman who goes around the streets unescorted is considered "no good."

The assertion that all Cuban men have mistresses is as absurd as to say that all American men have mistresses. This gives rise to the speculation: Assuming that some Cuban journalist went to New York and attended such places as the Paradise, the Hollywood and the Riviera. Let us assume that said journalist stated that the chorines in said places of amusement were descended of the fine old New York families. Let's go farther and assume that said journalist stated that Americans idea of art was Minsky's Burlesque and Earl Carroll's Vanities.

I believe that you get what I am driving at. Think of what ideas the Cubans would have of us, if said Cuban journalist reported some of the parties that are held by the rich, immoral, middle-class wastrels that go there from all over the world, and if said journalist stated that that was the way that all Americans lived.

Inasmuch as this Cuban journalist is purely imaginary, we can afford to laugh and laugh heartily at this example. But if the Cuban journalist was real, it would be something else again.

Another thing, the Cubans have a very good sense of humor and what was evidently the matter with Miss Anonymous is that she lacked the mentality and wit to appreciate their subtleties.

I think that you (the managers of Esquire) as broadminded and fairminded men should print at least one of the many letters you are bound to receive refuting this article. Whether it be mine or that of another, is a matter of indifference to me. I don't really expect to have this printed anyhow, so I might as well be indifferent.

Incidentally, I am not a Cuban.

Disgustedly yours,

A. A. McNamara

Los Angeles, Cal.

TOUCHDOWN

Frank Skully says he wrote Frank Harris' *Bernard Shaw*.

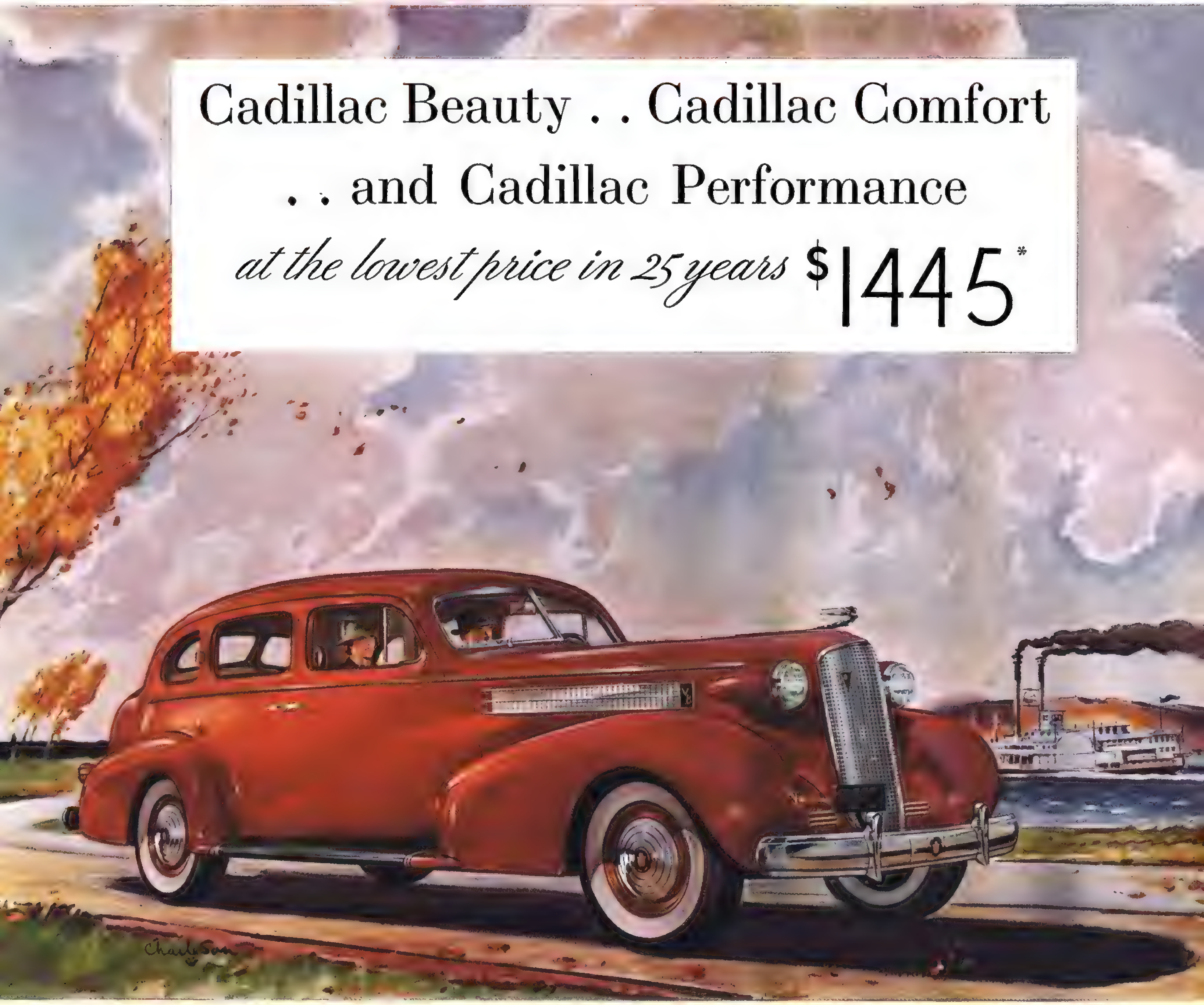
The book was a flop: Frank Harris never wrote a flop or a near-flop, wherefore beyond peradventure Skully wrote this book which resembles the leg of mutton which Doctor Johnson pontifically pronounced, "it is as bad as bad can be; it is ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest."

John Stapleton Cowley-Brown

New York, N. Y.

Continued on page 282

CADILLAC SHOWS THE WORLD!



Cadillac Beauty . . Cadillac Comfort . . and Cadillac Performance

at the lowest price in 25 years $1445*

**Monthly payments to suit your purse. Prices list at Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.*

Today, *five* different American-built cars offer models costing more than the new Cadillac Series "60"—now priced at only $1445*! Only three years ago, Cadillac ownership cost almost *twice* as much—yet the 1937 Cadillacs are much finer, more powerful and more beautiful cars.

Cadillac performance for 1937 has been stepped up to 135 horsepower. It offers V-8 smoothness, V-8 acceleration, and V-8 dependability that could only come from Cadillac, where the first V-8 engine was built.

And with this superb performance, Cadillac provides hydraulic brakes . . . Knee-Action comfort . . . Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with Turret-Tops of solid steel—*a combination of features offered exclusively by the leading manufacturer in the fine car field!*

If you plan to pay more than a thousand dollars for your next car, *let nothing keep you from Cadillac ownership.* It will pay you in *satisfaction.* It will pay you in *safety* and *comfort.* It will pay you in *pride.* And, because of traditional Cadillac long life and low upkeep cost, it will pay you in *economy!*

The new Cadillac Series "60" and "65" are cars to see without fail. Your Cadillac dealer cordially invites you to do so—*today!*

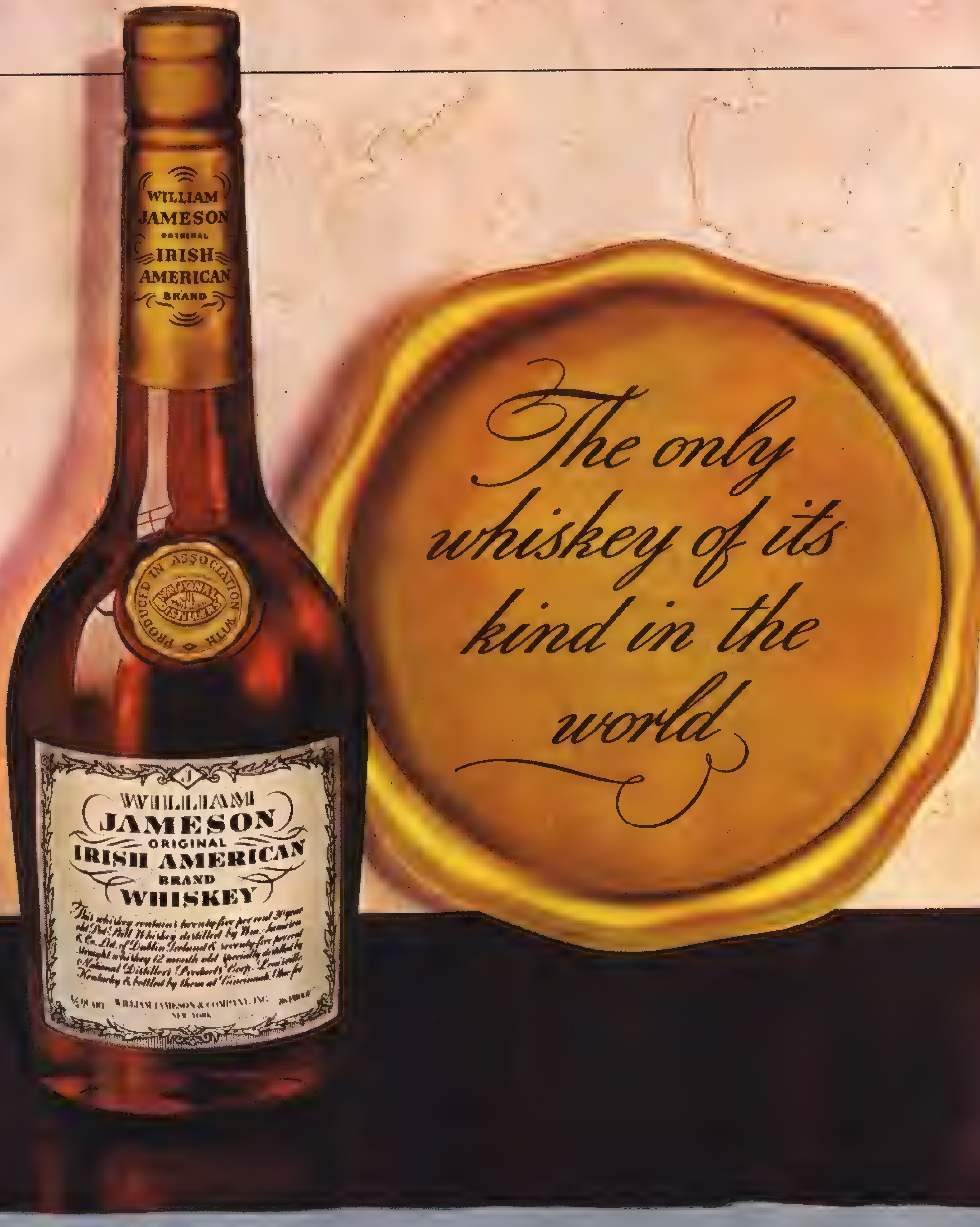
FROM THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOTORDOM

WILLIAM JAMESON & COMPANY, Inc.

has the honor to present

WM. JAMESON

IRISH AMERICAN WHISKEY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This whiskey contains twenty-five per cent 20 year old Pot Still Whiskey distilled by Wm. Jameson & Co. Ltd. of Dublin Ireland & seventy-five per cent straight whiskey 12 month old specially distilled by National Distillers Products Corp. Louisville Kentucky & bottled by them at Cincinnati Ohio for
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WILLIAM JAMESON & COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK
The only whiskey of its kind in the world

One of the world's great distillers presents to a discriminating American public a whiskey especially created for modern living – especially recommended for civilized drinking – truly the only whiskey of its kind in the world

THE first batch of William Jameson whiskey was pot-stilled in 1752—one hundred and eighty-four years ago. It was good whiskey, and as the years went by and it kept ageing in stout old sherry casks, it became superlatively *fine* whiskey. So fine indeed, that by the time of the American Revolution, the name William Jameson was known all over the world, and the formula and methods for distilling William Jameson whiskey had reached a degree of perfection which was not surpassed for the next century and a half.

Although few important changes were made since 1752 in the distilling of whiskey, one thing *did* change in that century and a half—and that is the *whiskey consumer*. Twentieth century man, to put it bluntly, has not the stomach of his eighteenth century ancestor who ate and drank as he pleased, with never a thought for tomorrow. Many men today require a different, a *milder* type of whiskey than that which their forebears enjoyed.

Ever since repeal in this country, it has been evident to us that many whiskey drinkers would welcome a product retaining all the pleasing characteristics of our ancestors' whiskey, and, at the same time, enjoying the distinction of being light and easily digested.

* * *

Two years ago, this company started to experiment with the problem of producing such a whiskey. We felt that we were in a unique position to create such a product because we possessed one of the world' greatest supplies of *twenty year old* pot-stilled whiskey—rare, rich, mellow—altogether, in every respect, one of the grandest old whiskies available anywhere.

We associated ourselves in America with the one distilling organization with the modern plants and facilities which could produce for us the kind of whiskey we needed.

* * *

Our problem was not simply a case of determining formula or percentage in blending. Distillers have known for centuries that there is something in the distilling, ageing and blending of whiskies that defies chemical analysis. We first had to procure a special American whiskey which would suit our exact needs.

This special whiskey, our experts decided, was the only whiskey which, when blended with our rare, imported, twenty year old pot-stilled product, did not surrender its distinctive character, its fine domestic tang of native grains and charred-oak staves which Americans prize so highly.

In collaboration with the experts of National Distillers, we finally obtained in Kentucky, a light-bodied straight whiskey having these qualities in a superlative degree—a whiskey ideally suited to our needs. With this, and our own pot-stilled product, we then effected a merger, a sort of *entente cordiale*—a happy blending of rich old-world goodness with the mellow mildness of new-world flavor.

The completed product was then further mellowed by a period of storage in charred-oak barrels. The result was an extraordinary whiskey. It had all the qualities of taste, bouquet and mildness which we originally sought. That whiskey is now offered under the name—William Jameson Irish American Whiskey.

* * *

William Jameson Irish American Whiskey is a completely individual and distinctive whiskey with a character and personality all its own, and a flavor that can only be described as "Irish American."

What known whiskey does it taste like? It has not the exact taste of any known whiskey. It will appeal to men who like American Rye and Bourbon, and it is our belief that it will be popular with Scotch and Irish drinkers. It is a true whiskey with the virtues of all whiskey flavors.

Important people in the distilling industry and the retailing field agree with us about William Jameson Irish American Whiskey. Several thousand typical consumers have tried it and confirmed our fondest hopes about it. Of course, we realize that tastes differ and that some may not prefer this whiskey. But we believe that a large number of the American people will confirm the judgment of those who have already tried it and agreed that William Jameson Irish American Whiskey is a mild, smooth, wholesome whiskey ideally suited to the tempo of present-day living. We are proud to offer this truly exceptional product, not to be found elsewhere in any class or at any price—truly *the only whiskey of its kind in the world*—a whiskey for civilized drinking.

WILLIAM JAMESON & COMPANY, INC., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

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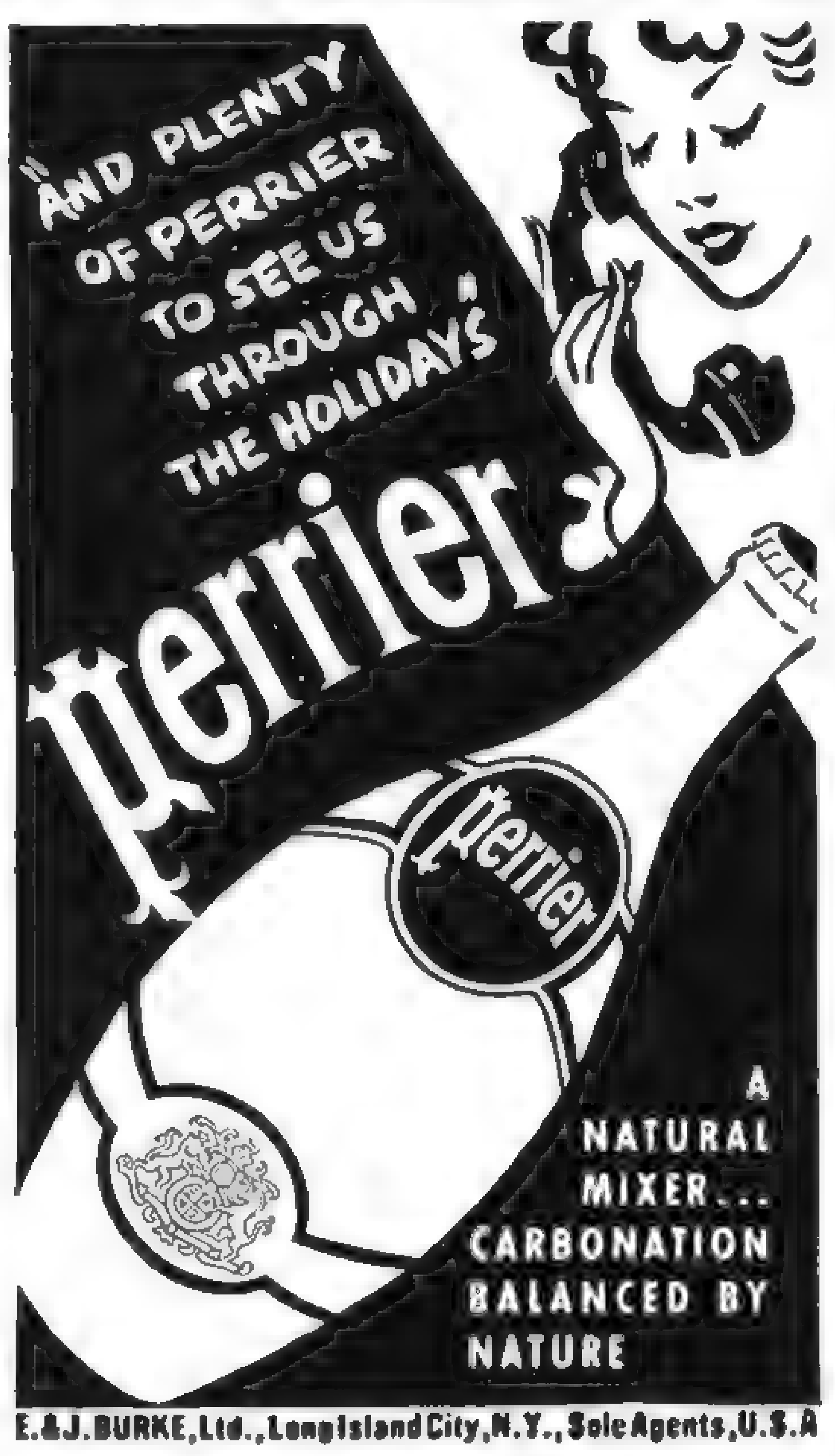

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Leon and Eddie's, at 33 West Fifty-second Street, still holds the title for the raucous evenings. Eddie has learned at least six new verses to his immortal song and the customers' chorus seems to survive the changing modes in music. But remember, don't take your visiting aunt to the place as you will doubtless find Grandma in a ringside seat.

We dropped in for lunch at L'Avignon, 70 East Fifty-fifth Street, the other day to find that Louis Beretta has found a place for himself in that busy thoroughfare. The food is very good, about the best that can be found in the moderate price range.

In less than a year Theodore has quietly moved into a place where he can cater to his friends with all the suave elegance that is necessary to such a specialized establishment. Now that the crowd has shifted from the continent we doubt if Paris, Budapest or Vienna can match Theodore's at 4 East Fifty-sixth Street. We spoke of elegance but we meant the unobtrusive sort that you are not aware of except by contrast to the current blatant mode in dining places. We had the meal of the month there recently and we wonder if it can be surpassed, except by special appointment. Just off the card we had some of the best hors d'oeuvre we've ever encountered, then a cold cream soup, *poulet en cocotte vin rouge,* corn sauté, ice cream with crushed raspberries, coffee and a *fine.* With the chicken we had Chateau Gruaud Larose, '24, a very great wine that should be sipped slowly from tumblers. Ah me, if some of the so-called smart places in town would only send spies in to watch Theodore with his clientele!

Atlantic City is pleasanter, at least to us, after the conveerers and firemen have departed and the sea has washed itself clean. The Ambassador is among the big places staying open all year and the Compass Bar is especially pleasant. The decorating job is to be recommended, as are the Passion Fruit Cocktails, which are all that have been promised. Two of them and you can slip right into those pleasant dreams started by the rhythm of the ever restless sea.

The Merry Go Round bar in the basement of the Ritz Hotel, Atlantic City, is not just a name, but a real project. A perfect replica of one of those wheezy organs grinds out a tune while the bar, attendants and customers revolve around. If you can't sit your horse you can choose a stool while George Gerber, the international mixer, fixes you what he calls "George's Beauty." This has something to do with egg and lemon juice and is built for the following morning, guaranteeing to carry you over until noon or later. The Merry Go Round will rotate all winter with divers entertainers and bands in the environs.

If you're British and homesick you'll be haunting the tea room atop the British Empire Building in Rockefeller Center. They begin their holiday ideas early there with thin-cut bread, crumpets and all that sort of thing. All quite tweedsy and hearty.

Dorn, father and son, have been serving the epicures of the North Shore for forty-four years at their modest place on Northern Boulevard, near Manhasset. It is one of those amazing places where you can get a $2.50 dinner for as low as seventy-five cents. Everything is fresh and excellently cooked. We recommend Oysters Klondike, a sort of pan roast, if you do not care for the seasonal fish. The chowders are superb. Open all year.

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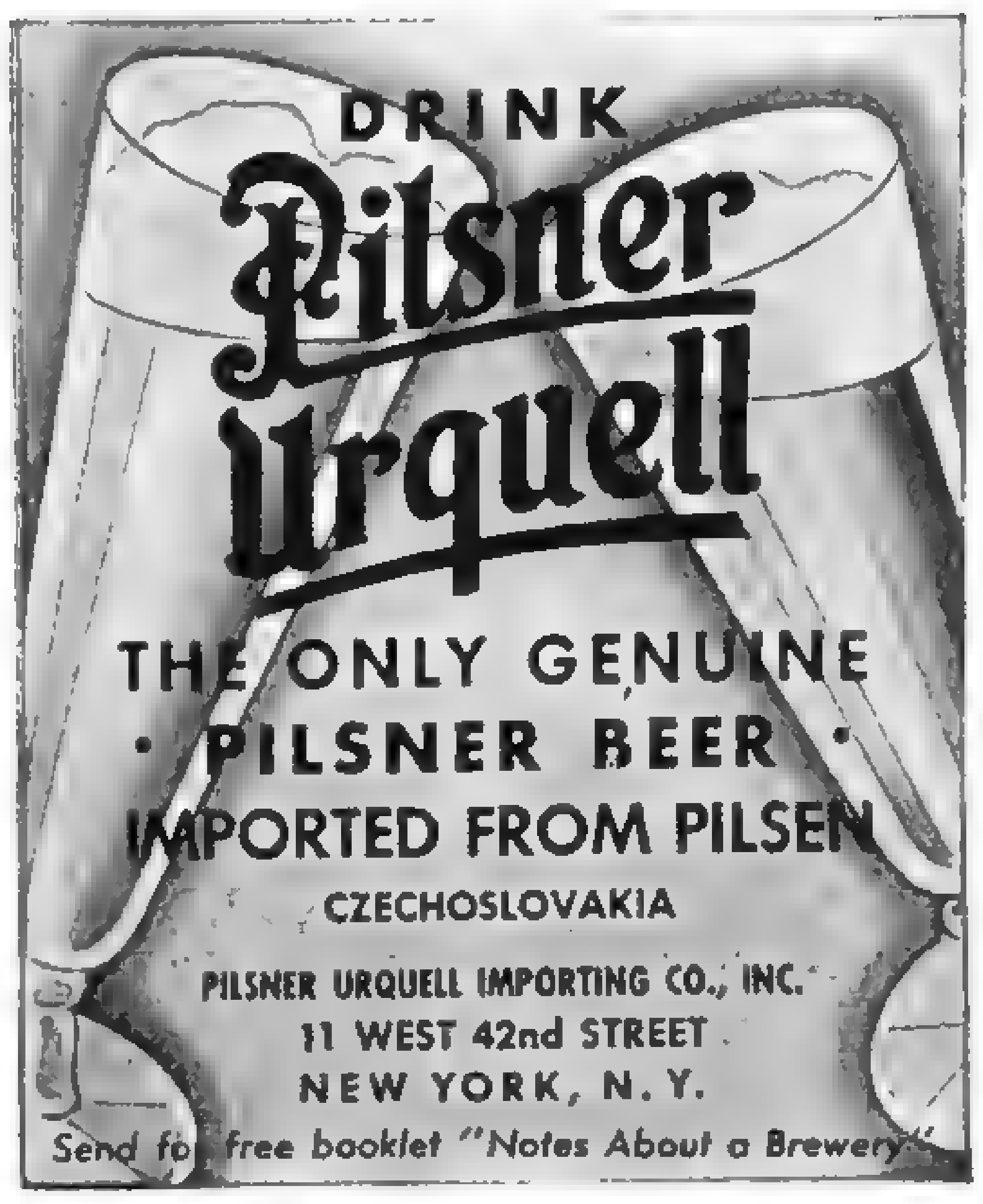
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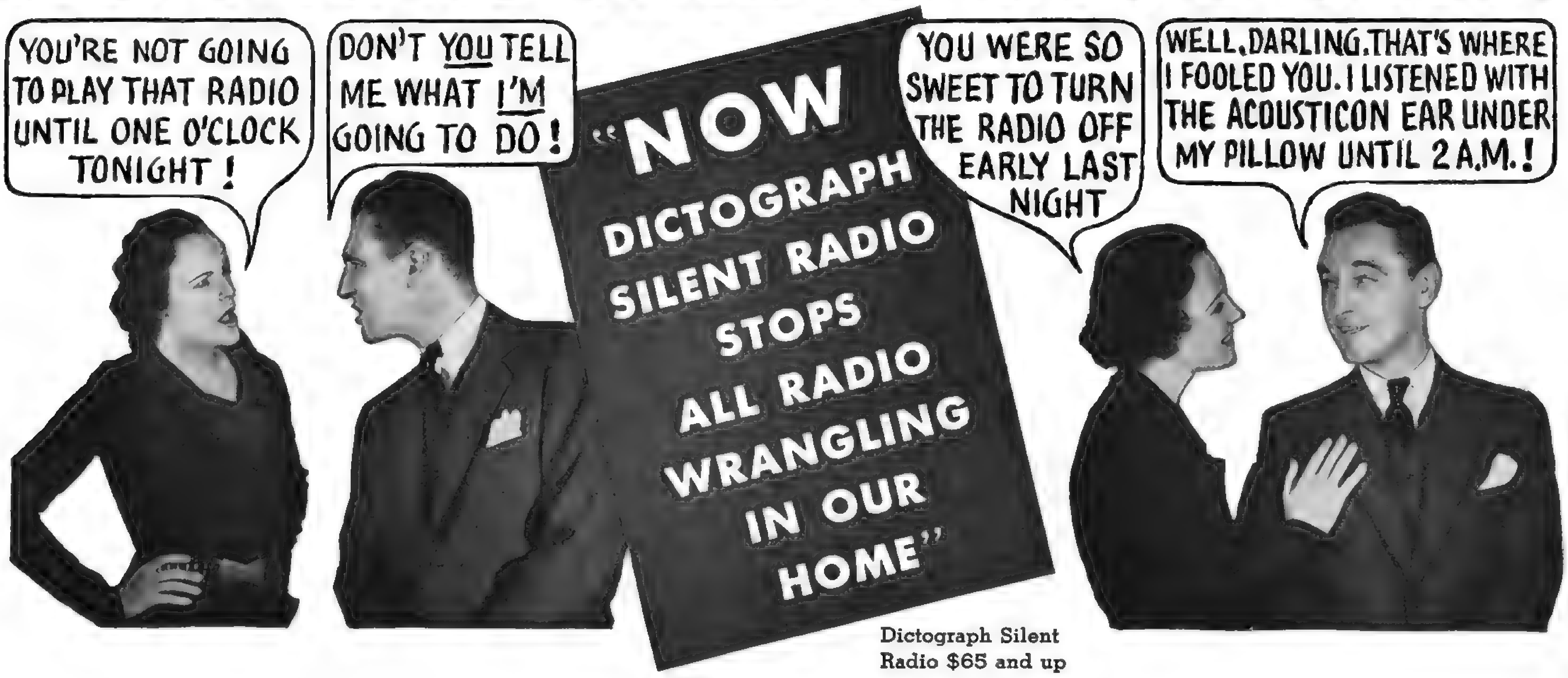
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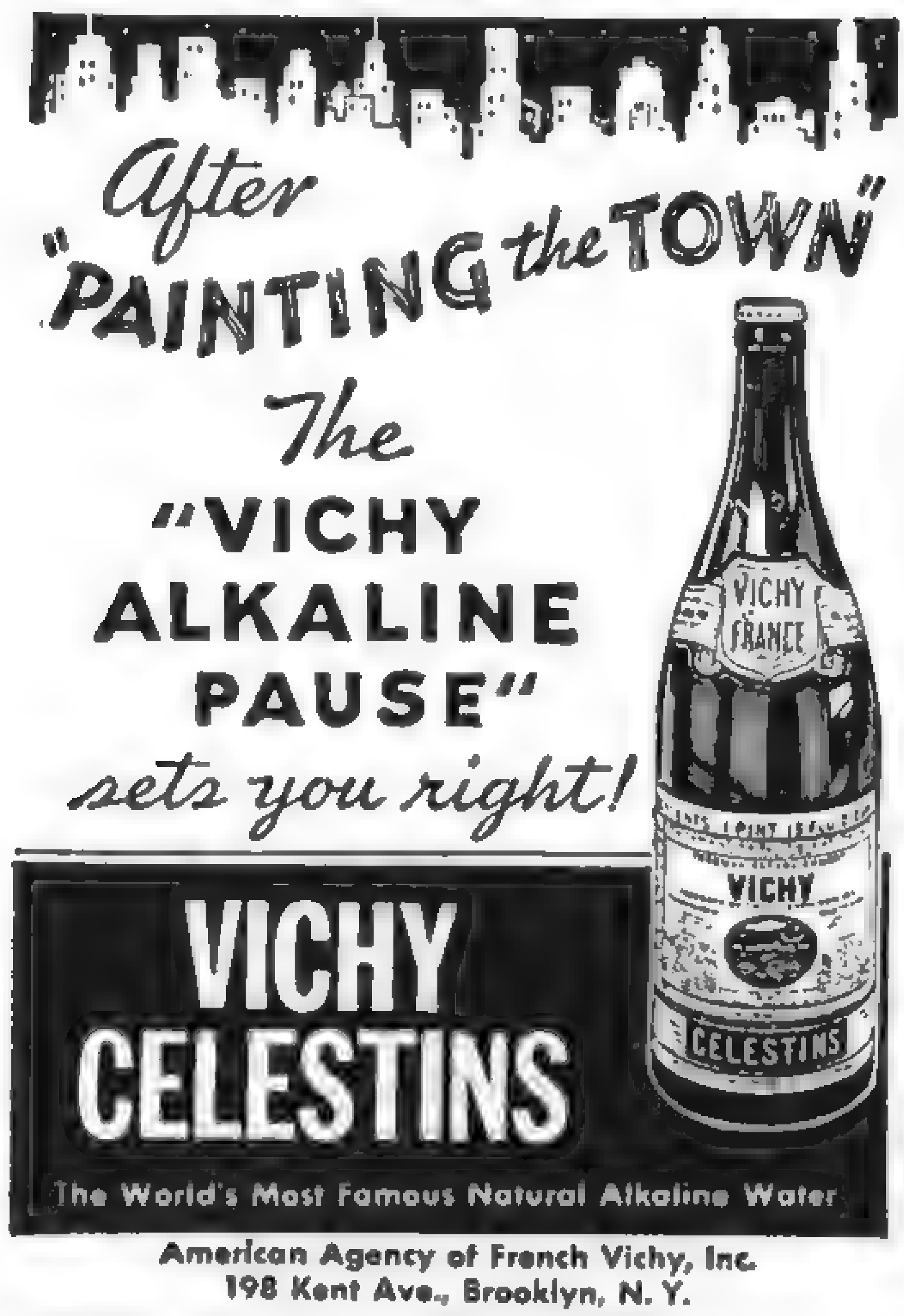

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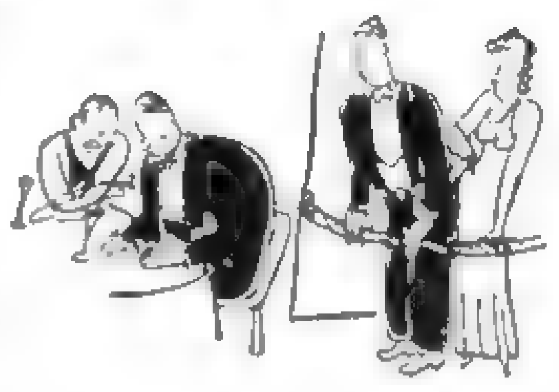
Sherman Billingsley will doubtless have to establish some sort of stagger system for visiting Elks now that the full season is in swing. The ropes go up a bit too early at the Stork and if you are not careful you are left waiting outside contemplating the fortunate. It must be nice to sit and receive a clientele that has been earned by the simple expedient of serving excellent food and honest liquor.



Bill Robinson or Cab Calloway would make a good show by himself, but when you have these two geniuses along with a hundred assorted entertainers, you have something. And all for the price of two dollars eaten or drunk. The current Cotton Club floor show, at Broadway and Forty-eighth Street, is one of the best we have ever seen, in club or theatre. There isn't a movement in the entire two hours that is off beat and if you get out of the place without catching some of the perfect rhythm that is a heritage of the race, you are past help. A combination of any three numbers on the program of twenty-one, would make a full show. So you can imagine the crescendo of the total. And unlike most of these places, the food is excellent. We don't see how they do it.

We've long meant to mention the Hapsburg House, 313 East Fifty-fifth Street, as it is one of the gayest of the eating places to show cousins and aunts. Unfortunately, the former owner and mad wit who decorated the walls has gone to other fields. But the replica of Franz Joseph still opens the door and the food is very good, as always. Leaning toward the Central Empires, it is better to choose a German wine with the table d'hôte. We found Assmannshauser, '34, a pleasing variation, being that rare thing, a red German wine. But it should not be cooled much, so watch the waiter.

Don't expect mirrors, pillars or a dance orchestra and don't mind the rushing of the "El" trains outside the window. But if you are interested in one of those rare places, such as you find in Soho London, where food is the main consideration, try Pietro, 201 East Forty-fifth Street. Last time we were there we saw Somerset Maugham in one corner, and he ought to know. Pietro has a small clientele, most of his customers knowing what they want and willing to wait for it. (One famous chicken dish takes three days.) There are no menus so better consult Pietro. We like everything he serves; the chicken casserole is not as heavy and oily as in the usual Italian places, and the noodles are not surpassed in the city. The wine list is small but adequate to the occasion which should be devoted to superb food.

Before the swanker places thought of using the floating Russians, drifting here from Paris, the town had given hearty support to the Russian Kretchma, at 244 East Fourteenth Street. There, in a cellar that is a cellar, the native sons and the sight-seers sup in their *borsht*, eat their *shaslik* or *cutlets de veau Zingara* while the exiles entertain with basso solos and Cossack knife dances. The talent is not amateur, coming from the long series of Broadway Russian importations. Usually you are favored by Karavaeff, one of the best tap dancers extant. The wines are limited; we tried a "Caucasian Wine," *Tsinondali*, and found it a fair claret that was grown in California. The Kretchma is fun; we never cease to marvel at how sadly the Russ can be gay.

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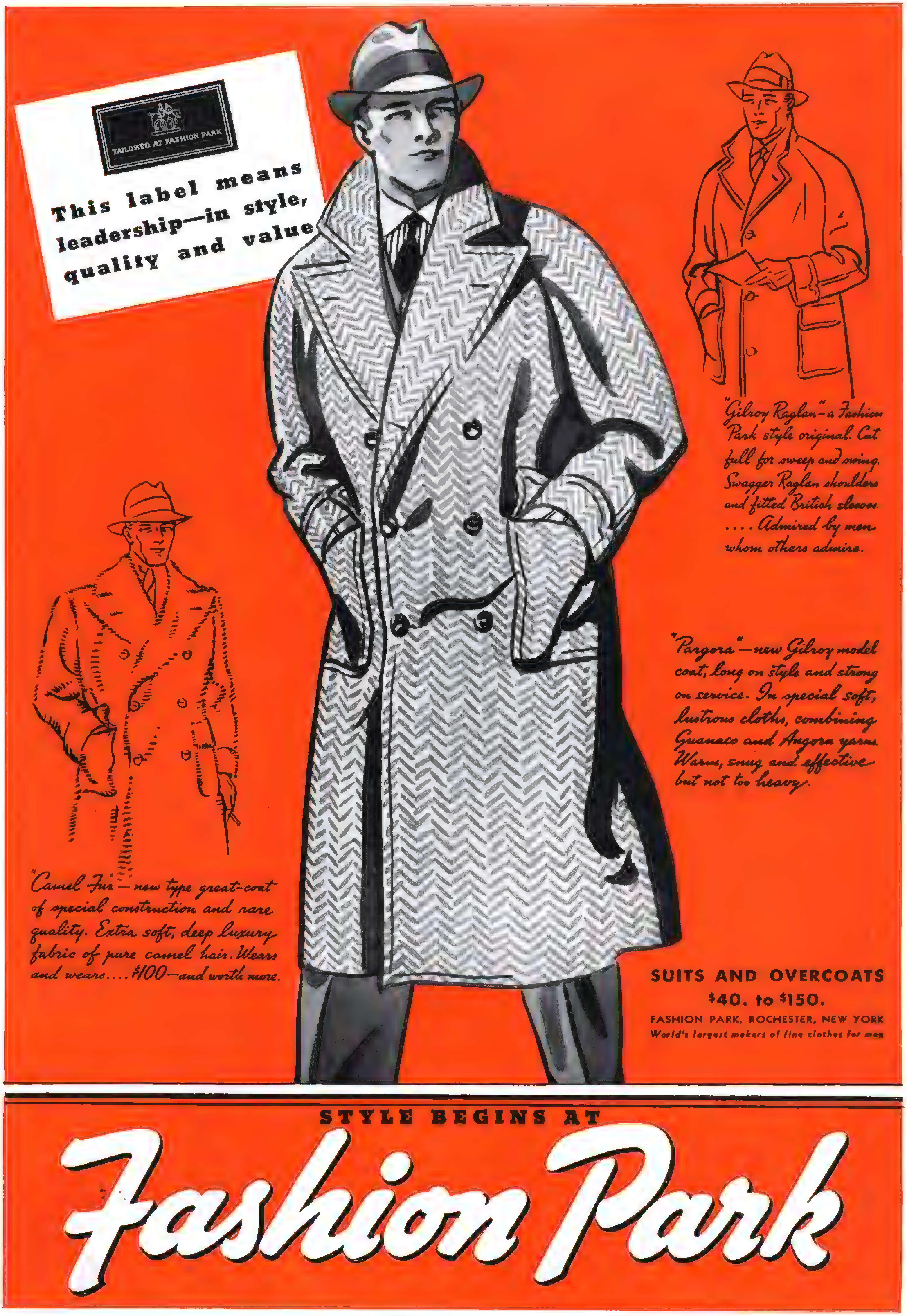

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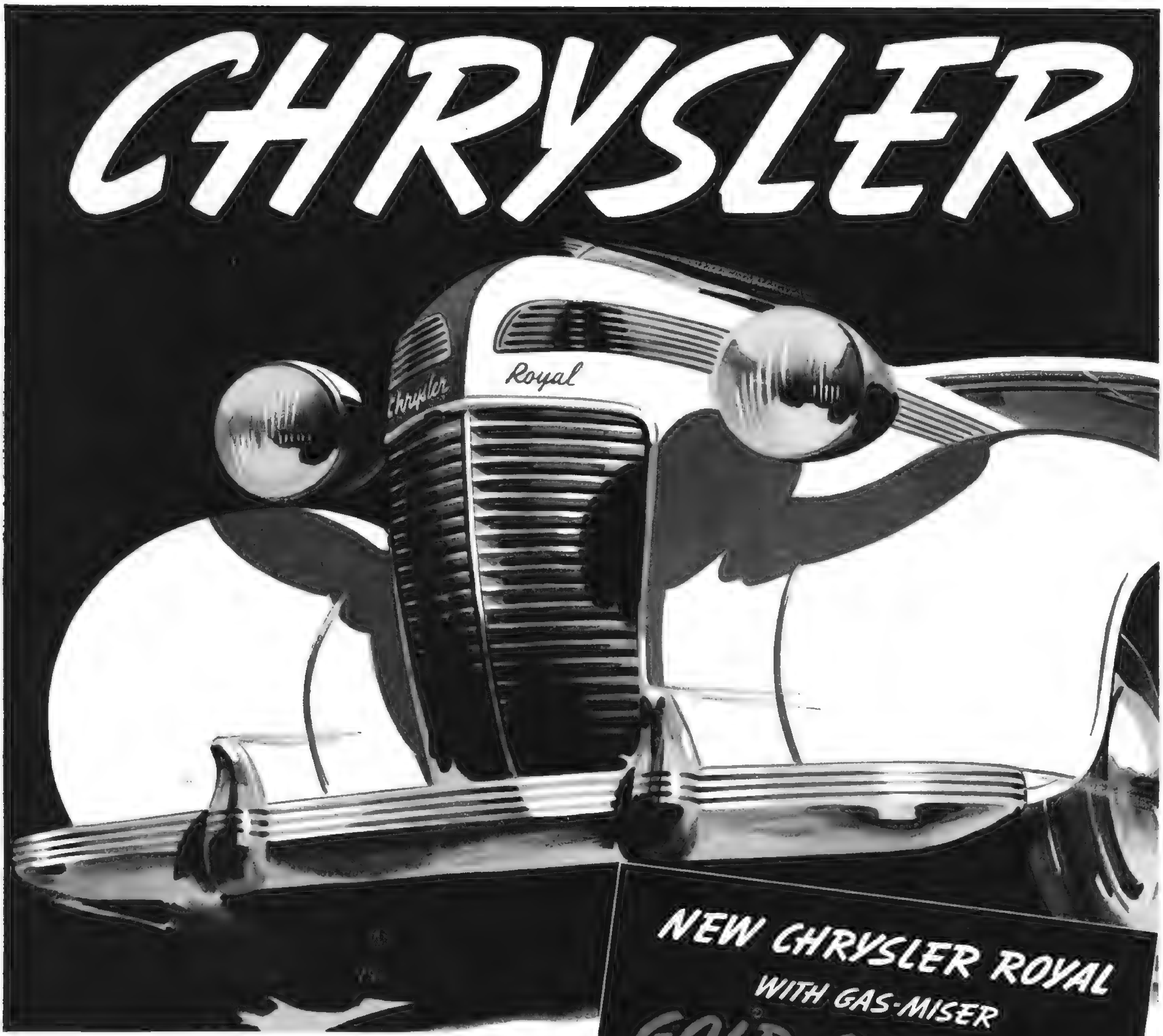

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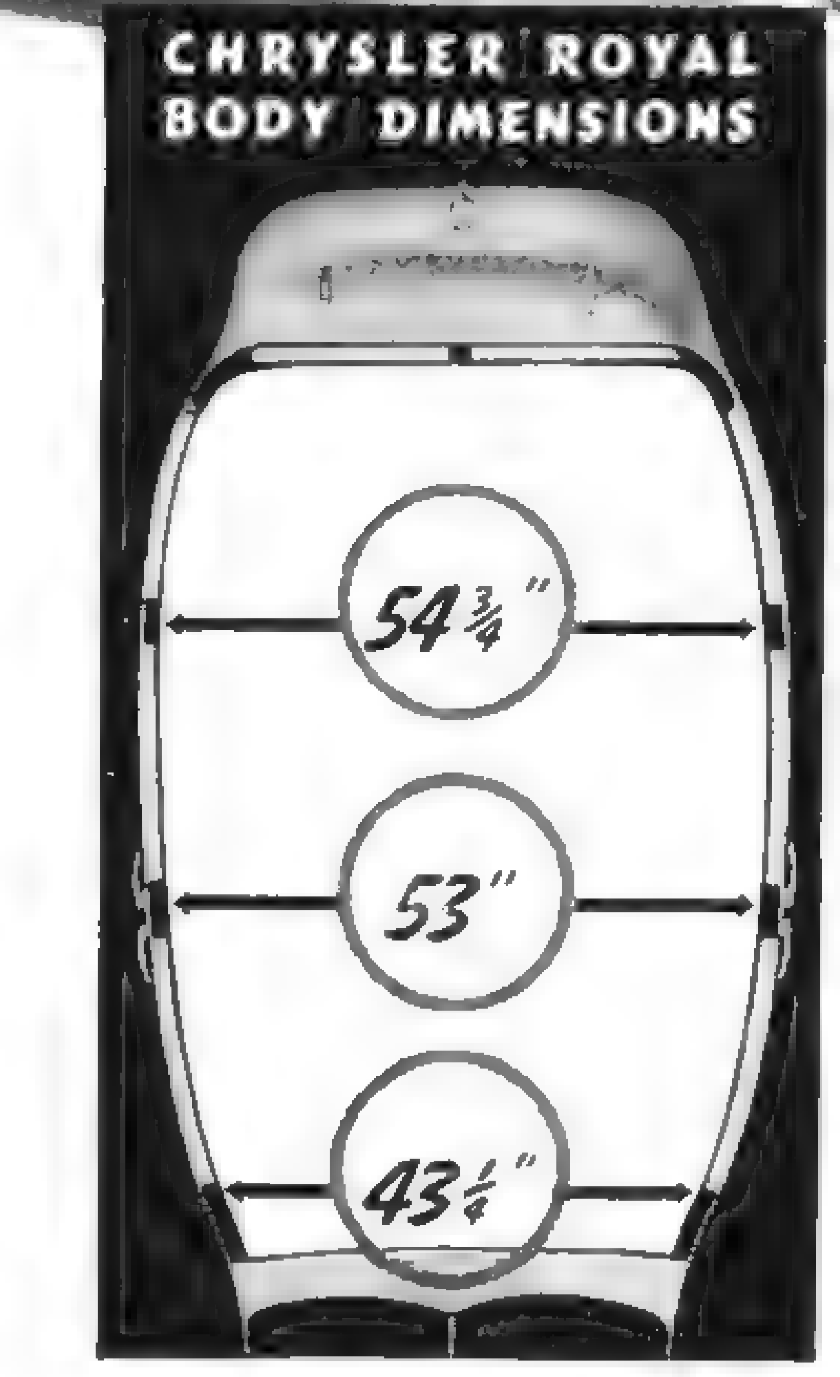

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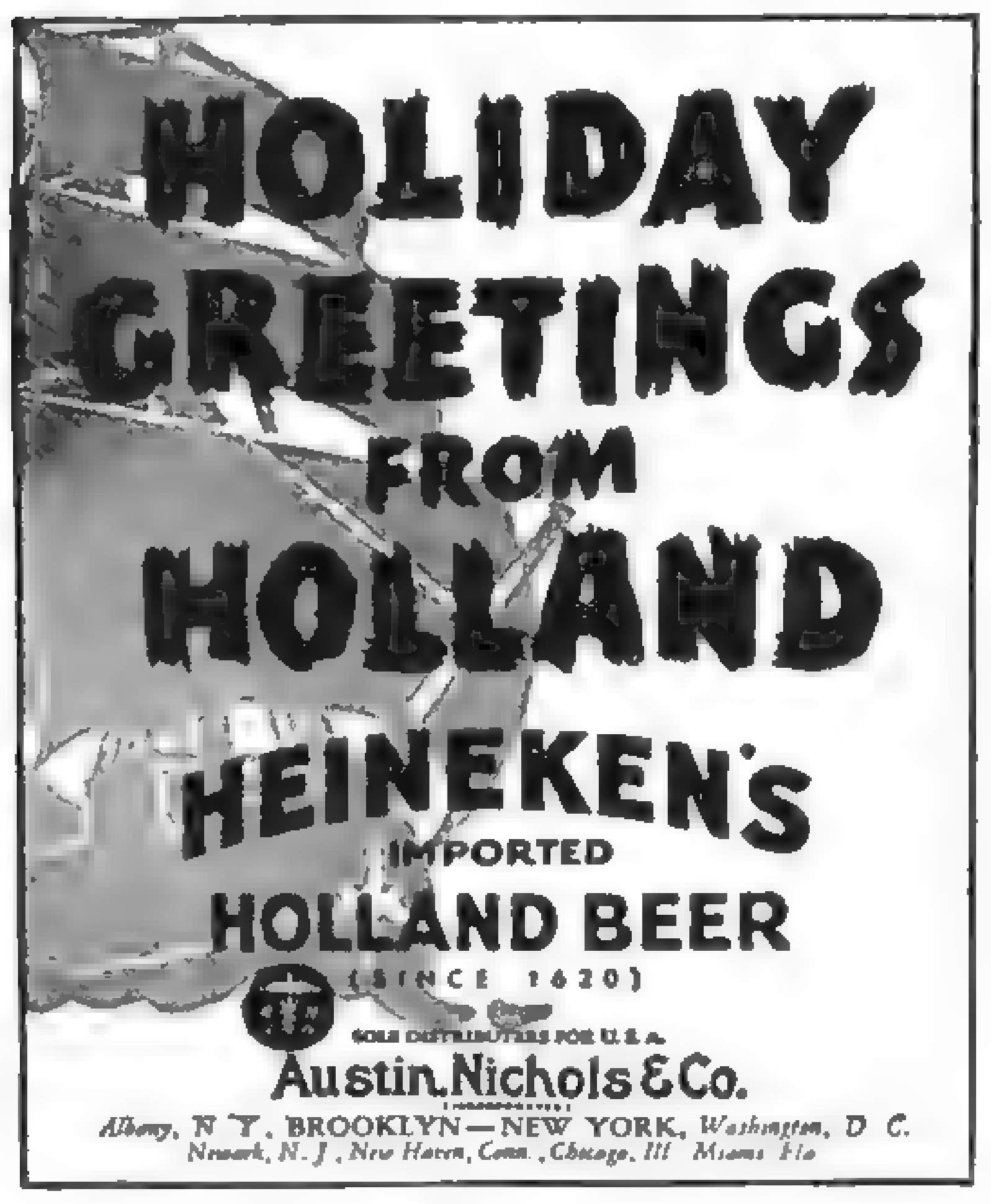

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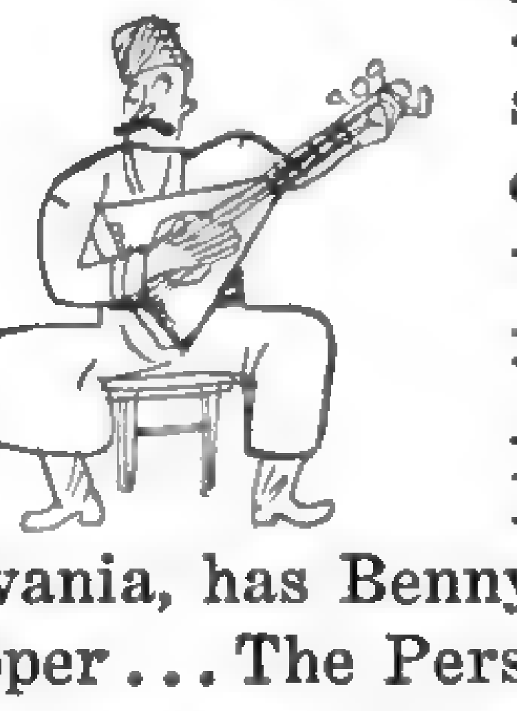
OCEAN FRESH DAILY

OYSTERS

Being a sucker for sentimentality we went down to Egg Harbor, New Jersey, to see the peasants of Vineland crush the purple grapes. However, we find that sterilized machines have taken the place of the storied feet, which is just as well. If in that neighborhood, or motoring to Atlantic City, beg permission to go through Winery No. 1, belonging to the Dewey Brothers. To see the process of honest wine making, and just to smell some of the thirty-five year old ports and burgundies, revives your hope in the future of sound American wines. The Dewey system of not releasing any wine until five years old may retard the quick turn-over but it pays in the long run, assuring a happier customer. The caves were constructed half a century ago by foreign wine makers and the whole place clings to that early integrity.

We are afraid that no new world-shaking musical concept will be launched this year. These things don't come from research but are happy accidents. So until a new tempo bursts through the heavens, the feet of the town will have to slide along to the variations of last season's rhythms. Scouts report that differentiations will be mainly by categories, emphasis being laid on stunts and variations. College boys seem to discover these things before the savants, so watch them. The better bands are a matter of loyalty; this listing is accidental. The St. Regis has done itself proud with a brilliant new room in beige pink and mirrors, called the "Iridium Room." A floor show, similar to the one on the roof during the summer, Emil Coleman and his music, are the main attractions. Downstairs the Maisonette Russe still attracts all those pitying the poor Russian counts. The King Cole mural has a bar to itself... The new room at the Biltmore is called the Bowman in honor of the founder. Russ Morgan's orchestra is there for the second year... The Park Lane anticipates the coronation of England's King, calling their winter room the Guard Room, with great didoes as to colors and regiments. Pancho and his orchestra furnishes the marche militaire ... Ozzie Nelson, who has a steady following at the Lexington, returns to his Silver Grill... In the Terrace Restaurant of the New Yorker is Will Osborne, one of the best. When you hear him give his treatment of the famous St. Louis blues you will give up your symphony ticket...



Pierre's was gay enough last winter with a sort of free-for-all Sunday nights. This year they have gone in for an elaborate girl show, employing the current magician in these matters—Clifford Fischer of the French Casino. Shep Fields' orchestra returns by demand of the younger set... The Ritz, for the first time in many moons has gone gay. A floor show, also with Fischer bodies, enlivens the upper strata's equivalent of visiting firemen... The Sherry Netherland has again opened its Russian Room in the basement, with General Lodijensky back from furlough to take charge. The Russian Eagle, as it is called, is soothed by strains from Alexander Bunchuk's orchestra... The Madhattan Room, of the Hotel Pennsylvania, has Benny Goodman's orchestra for dinner and supper... The Persian Room of the Plaza needs no mention. Everyone knows that here can be found the perfect Eddie Duchin and the more than perfect DeMarcos. Veddy formal, tho... The Waldorf Astoria offers such a choice that you had best secure a guide at the desk.

The Rainbow Room is in full swing, atop Rockefeller Center, with the ever faithful Ray Noble orchestra returning from provincial triumphs. Sheila Barrett also comes back by popular demand with her unbeatable satires. Miss Barrett leads the field in this sort of work, combining a rare intelligence with enough other charms to start a good sized conflagration in these parts.

St. M

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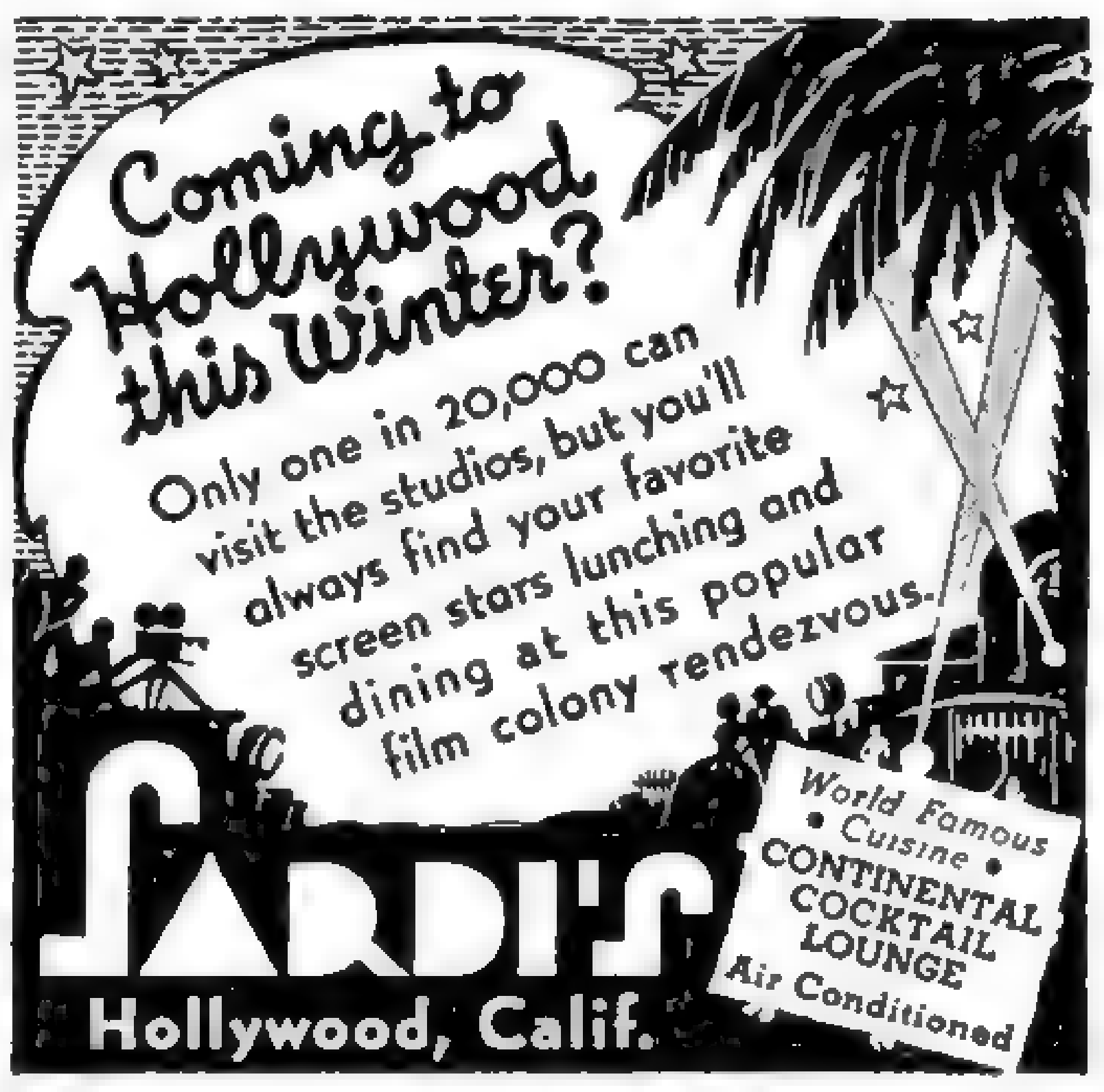

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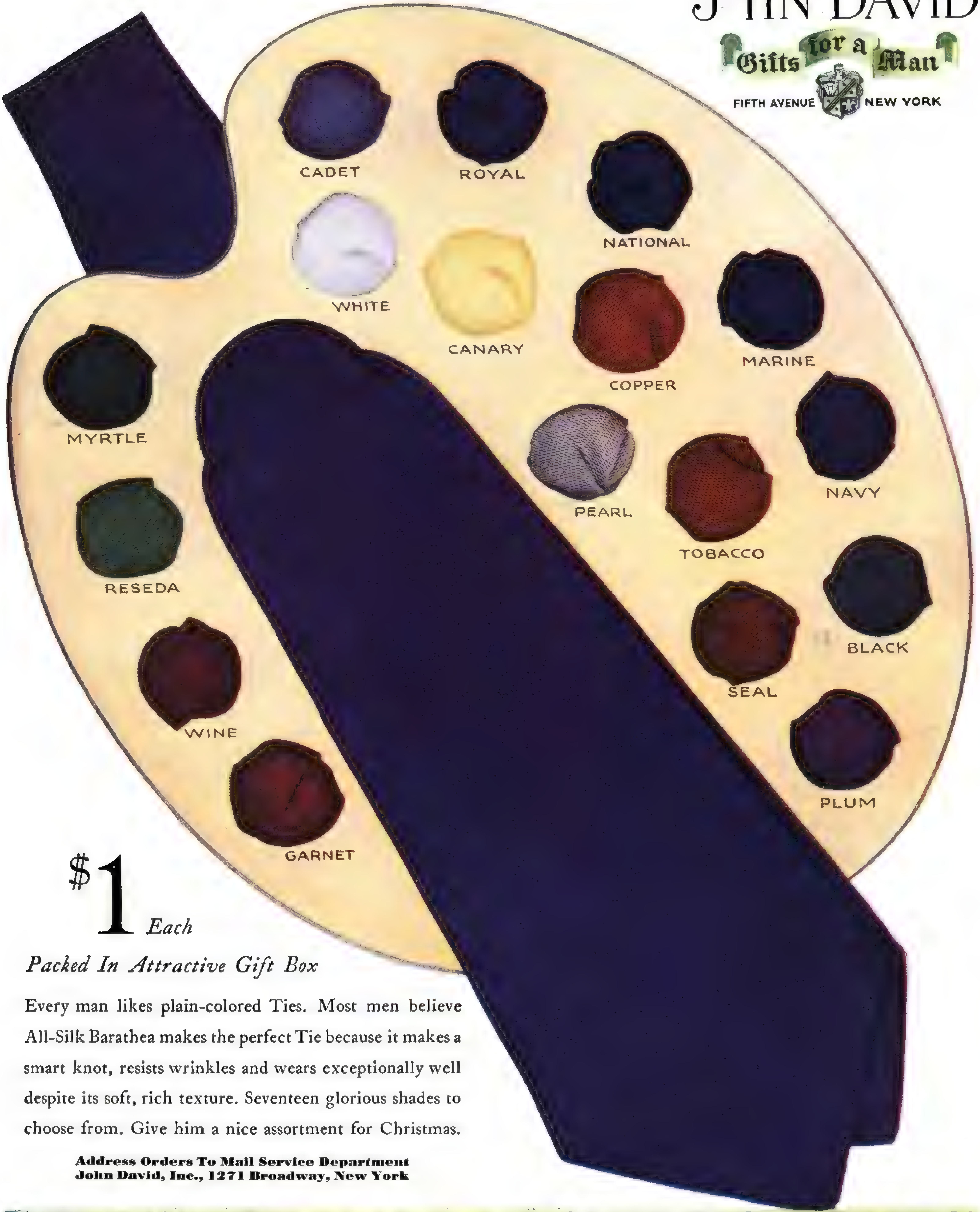
SERVED IN SIZZLING SKILLET

16 WEST 51 STREET

JOHN DAVID

Gifts for a Man

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK


CADET
ROYAL
NATIONAL
WHITE
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MARINE
MYRTLE
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RESEDA
BLACK
SEAL
WINE
PLUM
GARNET

$1 *Each*

Packed In Attractive Gift Box

Every man likes plain-colored Ties. Most men believe All-Silk Barathea makes the perfect Tie because it makes a smart knot, resists wrinkles and wears exceptionally well despite its soft, rich texture. Seventeen glorious shades to choose from. Give him a nice assortment for Christmas.

Address Orders To Mail Service Department
John David, Inc., 1271 Broadway, New York

All-Silk Barathea Woven By Stehli
Made By Superba Cravats
On Sale At All JOHN DAVID Stores

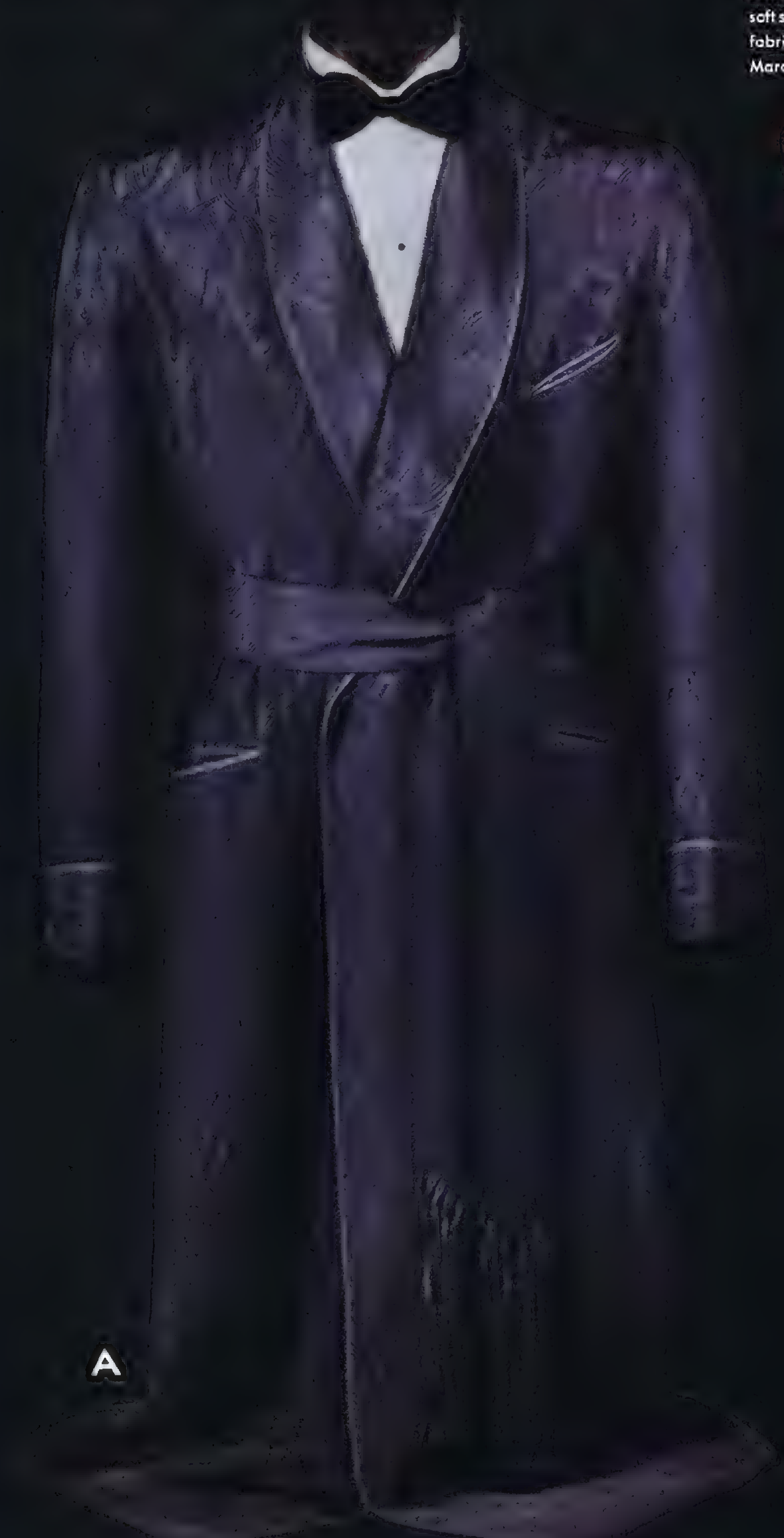
*CELANESE ROBES WERE FIRST INTRODUCED BY JOHN DAVID

JOHN
FIFTH AVENUE

Gifts for

Men's Full-Lined
Of Luxurious
Also Lounge Suits And

Below—Soft-leather Slippers with soft sole and heel. Contrasting quilted fabric lining. Choice of Royal Blue, Maroon, Black or Brown . $1.95

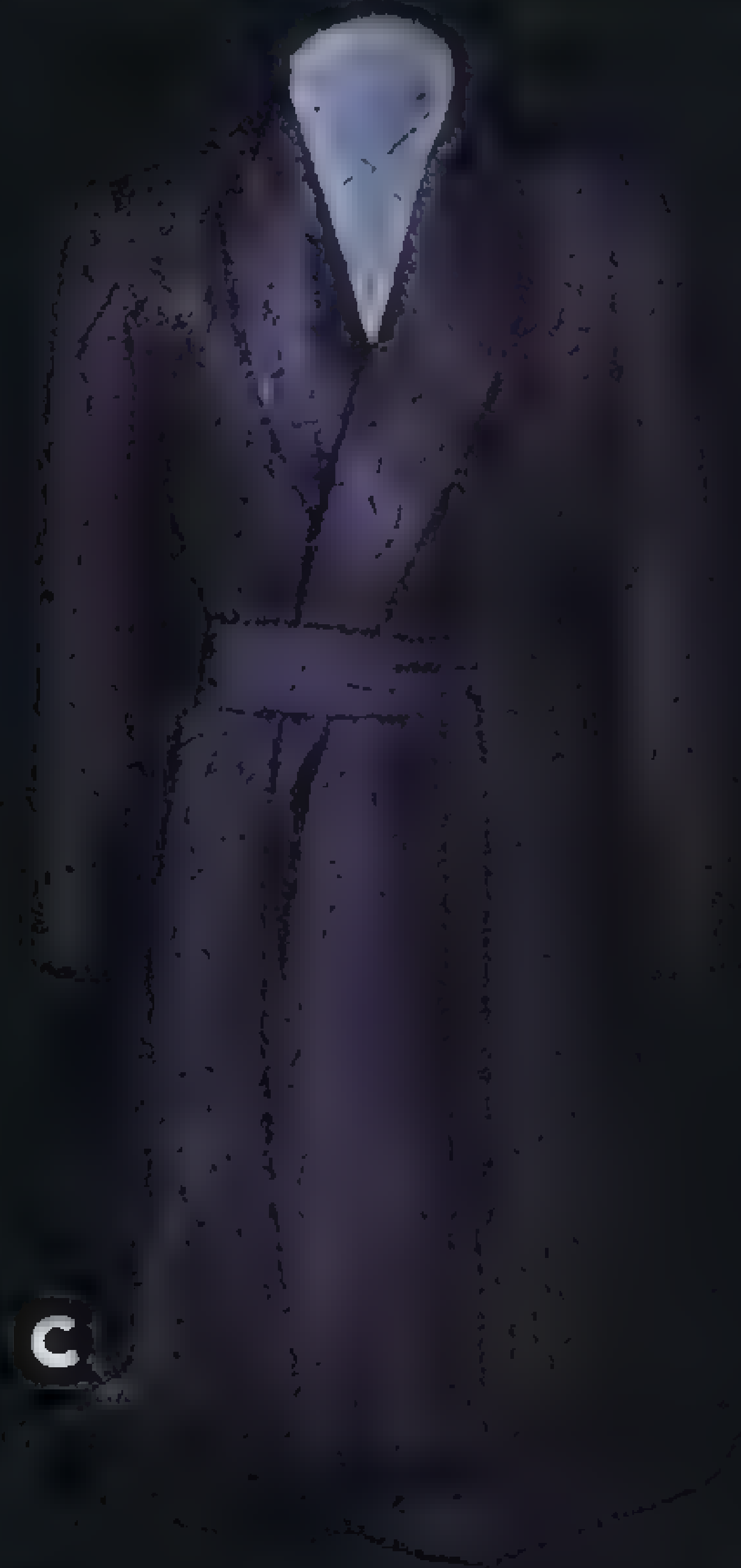


A

(A) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Lounge Robe with new English scroll pattern. Harmonizing full lining. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Navy Blue with edges piped in Powder Blue or Maroon with edges piped in Gold. An ideal Christmas Gift for a Man . . $13.50

B

(B) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Lounge Robe with rich all-over scroll pattern. Harmonizing full lining and Satin-finish facing. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Choice of Brown, Maroon or Navy Blue $13.50



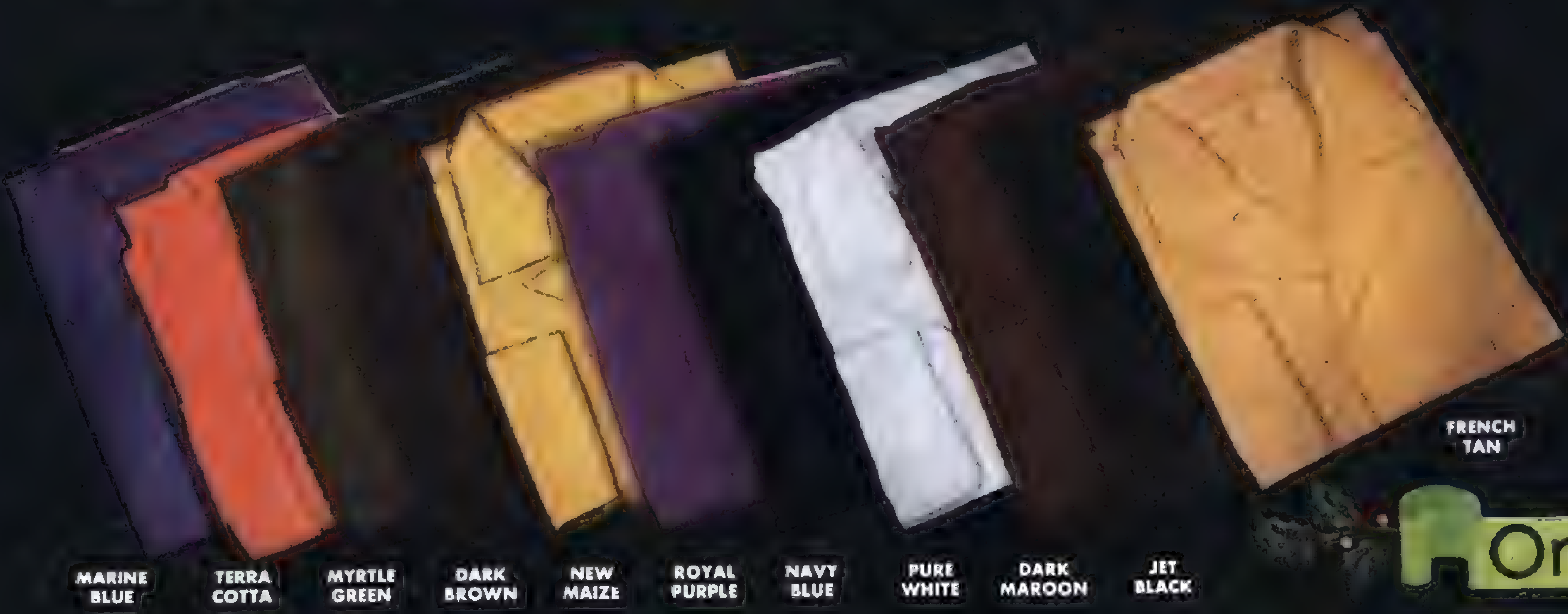
C

(C) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Lounge Robe with geometrical all-over figure. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Maroon, edges piped in Wine; Navy Blue, edges piped in Maroon; Black, edges piped in Gold . . . $13.50

G

(G) Left—Luxurious *Celanese Lounge Suit (Coat and Trousers) with new "Coin" pattern. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Maroon, edges piped in White; Navy Blue, edges piped in Maroon $13.50

Left—Leather Slippers with hard sole and rubber heel. Natural Tan leather lining. Choice of Navy Blue, Maroon, Black or Brown $3.50



Left—Luxurious *Celanese Pajamas in a new Suede-finish weave. Made with the smart convertible English collar which can be worn open, as illustrated, or buttoned high at the neck. The softest, most comfortable, sleep-inducing Pajama we have ever presented. Choice of eleven rich colorings as shown here. They are an excellent Gift for a Man . $7.50

On Sale At All J

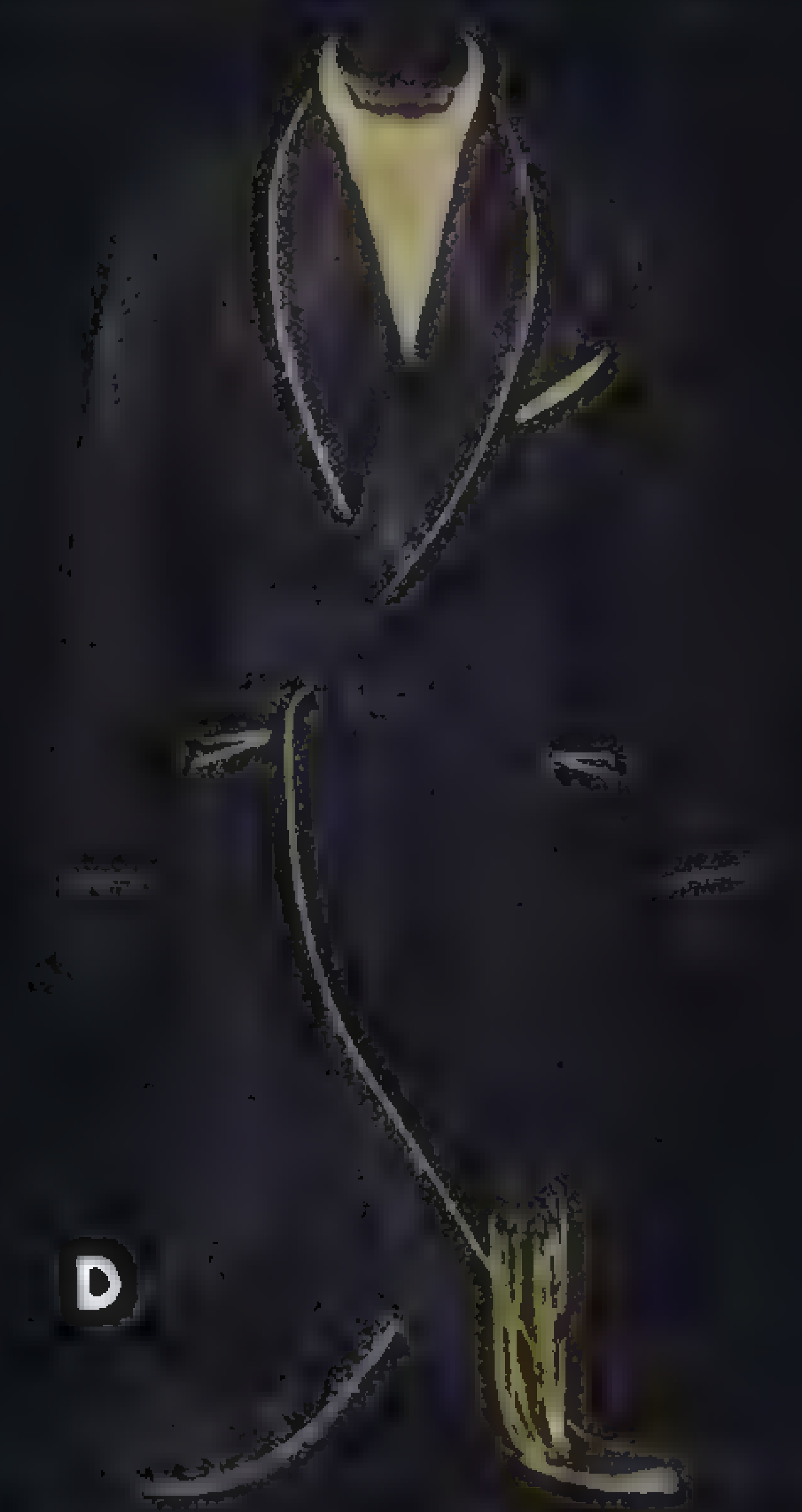
DAVID
• NEW YORK

a Man

LUXURIOUS *CELANESE ROBES NOW ARE THE IDEAL GIFT!

Lounge Robes $13.50
Pure *Celanese
Cocktail Jackets, All $13.50

Below—Leather Slippers with hard sole and rubber heel. Natural Tan leather lining. Choice of Navy Blue, Maroon, Black or Brown . $3.50



D

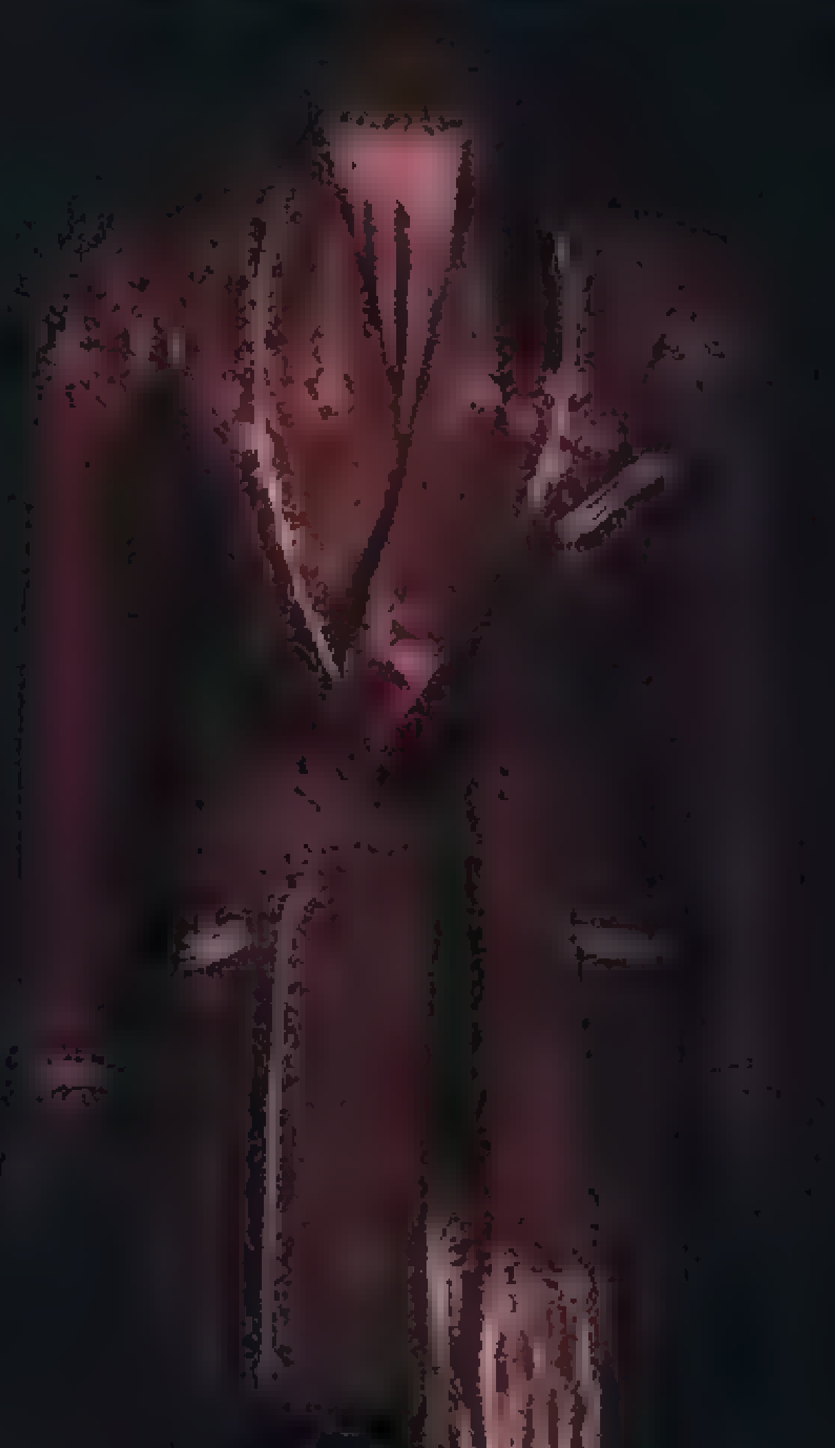
(D) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Lounge Robe with new "Comma" pattern. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Black, full lining and piped edges in Gold; Black, not piped, full-lined with Gold or Maroon . . . $13.50

E

(E) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Lounge Robe with smart Jacquarded pattern. Self-trimmed and harmonizing full lining. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Choice of two rich colors—Navy Blue or Maroon . . $13.50

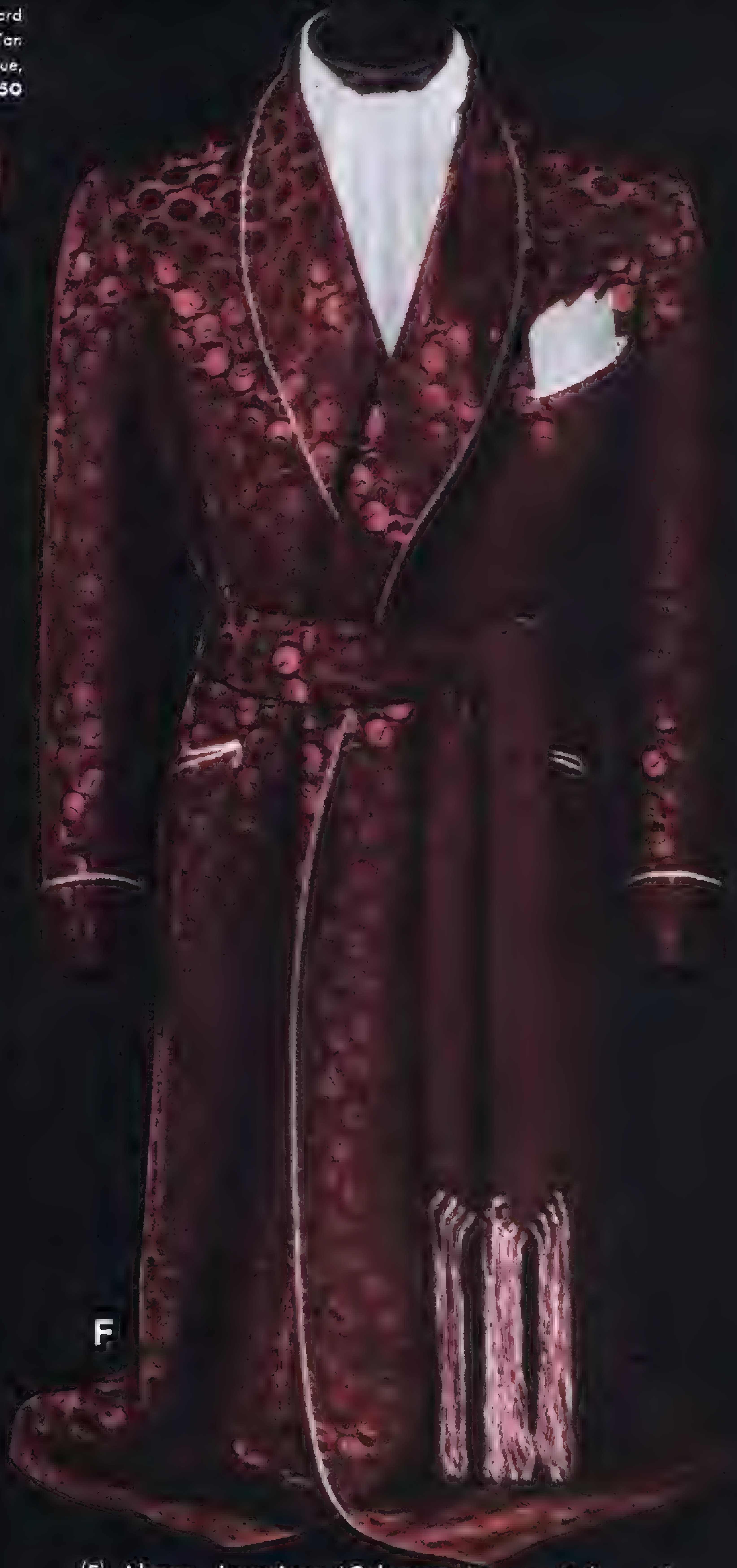
H

(H) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Cocktail Jacket with geometrical all-over figure. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Black, edges piped and full lined in gold. Harmonizing full lining in Navy Blue, edges piped in Maroon; Maroon, edges piped in Wine; Brown, edges piped in Gold. A fine Gift for a Man . . . $13.50



I

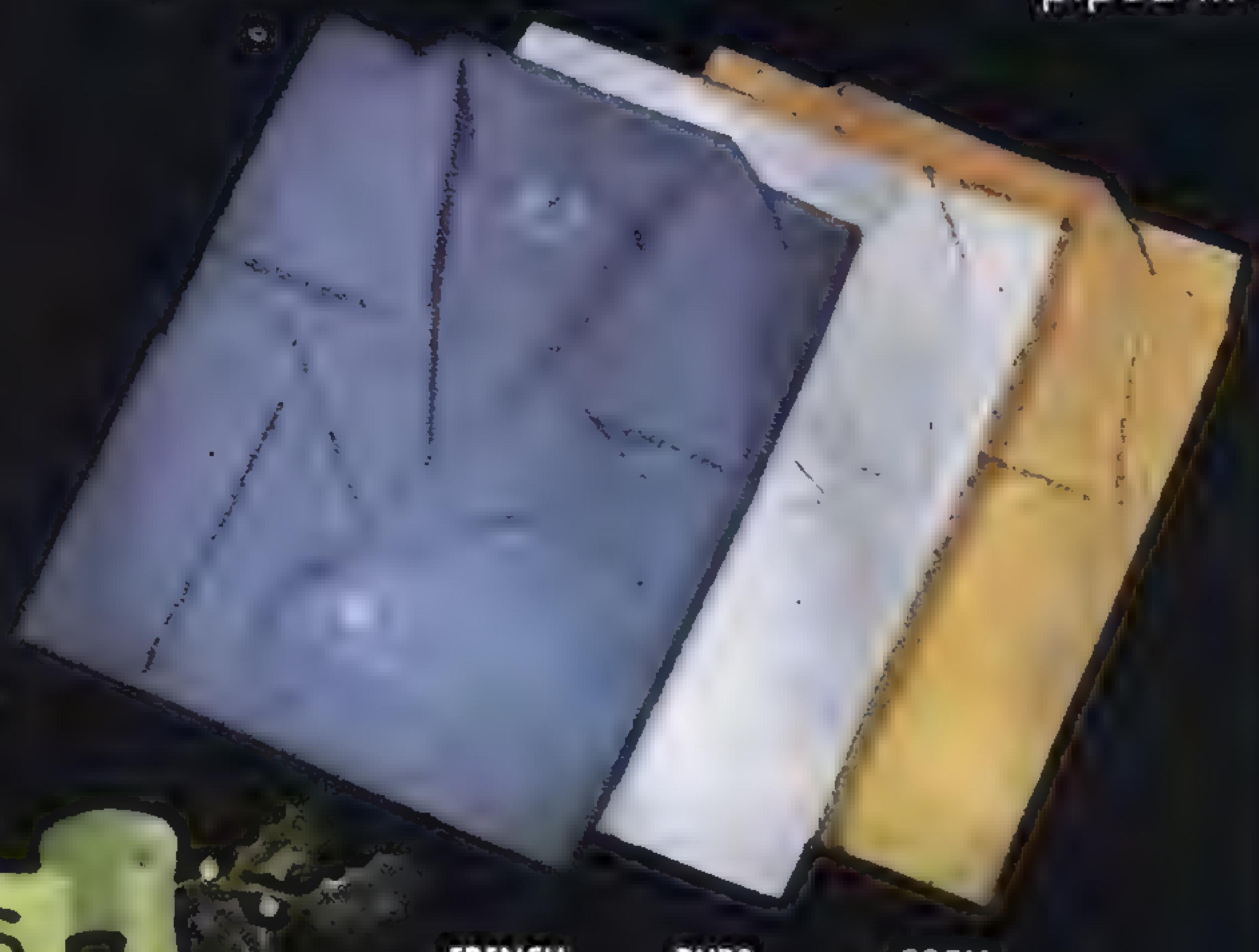
(I) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Cocktail Jacket with new French Jacquered pattern. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Black, edges piped and full lined in Gold. Harmonizing full lining in Navy Blue, edges piped in Maroon; Maroon, edges piped in White; Brown, edges piped in Gold. A pleasing gift . . $13.50



F

(F) Above—Luxurious *Celanese Lounge Robe with French Jacquarded pattern. Harmonizing full lining. Matching Sash with hand-knotted fringe. Maroon, edges piped in White; Navy Blue, edges piped in Maroon; Brown, edges piped in Gold; Black, edges piped in White. Any man will like one . $13.50

Right—Luxurious *Celanese Pajamas in a fine Broadcloth-weave. Made with the smart convertible English collar which can be worn open, as illustrated, or buttoned high at the neck. A serviceable Pajama at a modest price that any man will be glad to receive . . . $4.95



FRENCH BLUE

PURE WHITE

CORN SHADE

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ARTICLE	COLOR	SIZE	AMOUNT

Name

Address

JᴼHN DAVID
FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Gifts for a Man

LONDONDERRY
MUFFLERS AND CRAVATS
Packed In Attractive Gift Boxes

1
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15
16

(**1** to **16**) Imported Fine Hand-Woven All-Wool Mufflers with luxuriously-soft finish. Ancient and modern colorings in a large selection of Tartan Plaids and rich Plain Shades **$1.95**

The new *"Smoothtone" Monogrammed Muffler—soft and supple with minimum of bulkiness about the neck. Pure White or Plain Maroon, Navy Blue, Brown, Canary or Gray Choice of three-letter Monogram in any one color. (When ordering please put circle around letter of last name for Monogram and state color wanted for Monogram. No Monogram orders accepted after December 15th for Christmas Delivery.) . . . *With Monogram,* **$4.95.** *Without Monogram,* **$3.95**

17
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25

(**17** to **25**) The "Guards"—Imported Fine Hand-Woven All-Wool Mufflers of luxurious quality Bold Herringbone Weaves in Guards colors, and small Checks. Typically English . . **$2.95**

(**26** to **28**) All-Wool Mufflers in smart District Checks with imported hand-framed Knitted Gloves to match. A very welcome gift The set of Muffler and Gloves . . . *Complete,* **$2.95**

35
39
37
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36
38

(**34** to **39**) Londonderry Moiré Mogador Cravats in beautifully-colored Ombré stripings. Choice of Bow-Knot or Four-In-Hand, all hand-made with resilient construction . . . . . . *Each,* **$1**

29
30
31
32
33

(**29** to **33**) Imported English Tubular Challis Mufflers with hand-blocked "Coin" Dot. A sumptuous, as well as serviceable, Christmas gift that will be acceptable to any man **$3.95**

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JOHN DAVID

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

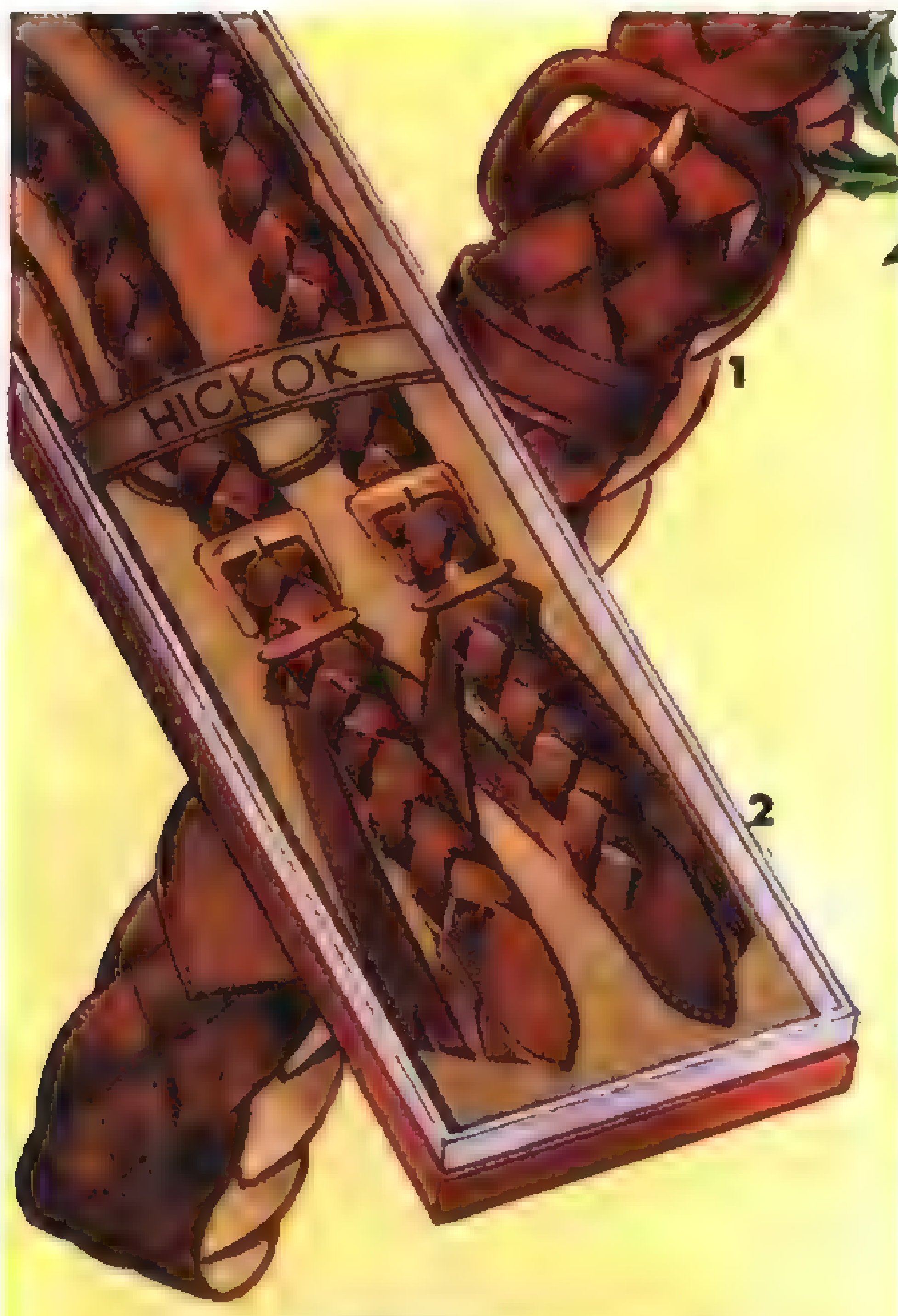
Gifts for a Man

HICKOK

Belts, Buckles, Braces Garters And Jewelry

In Handsome Gift Packages—2 Gifts In 1

Win the enthusiastic thanks of every man on your list. Choose from these latest Hickok gift combinations which denote excellent taste and highest character in gifts styled strictly for a man. Each is packed in handsome box of lasting usefulness—making *two* distinctive gifts in *one.*



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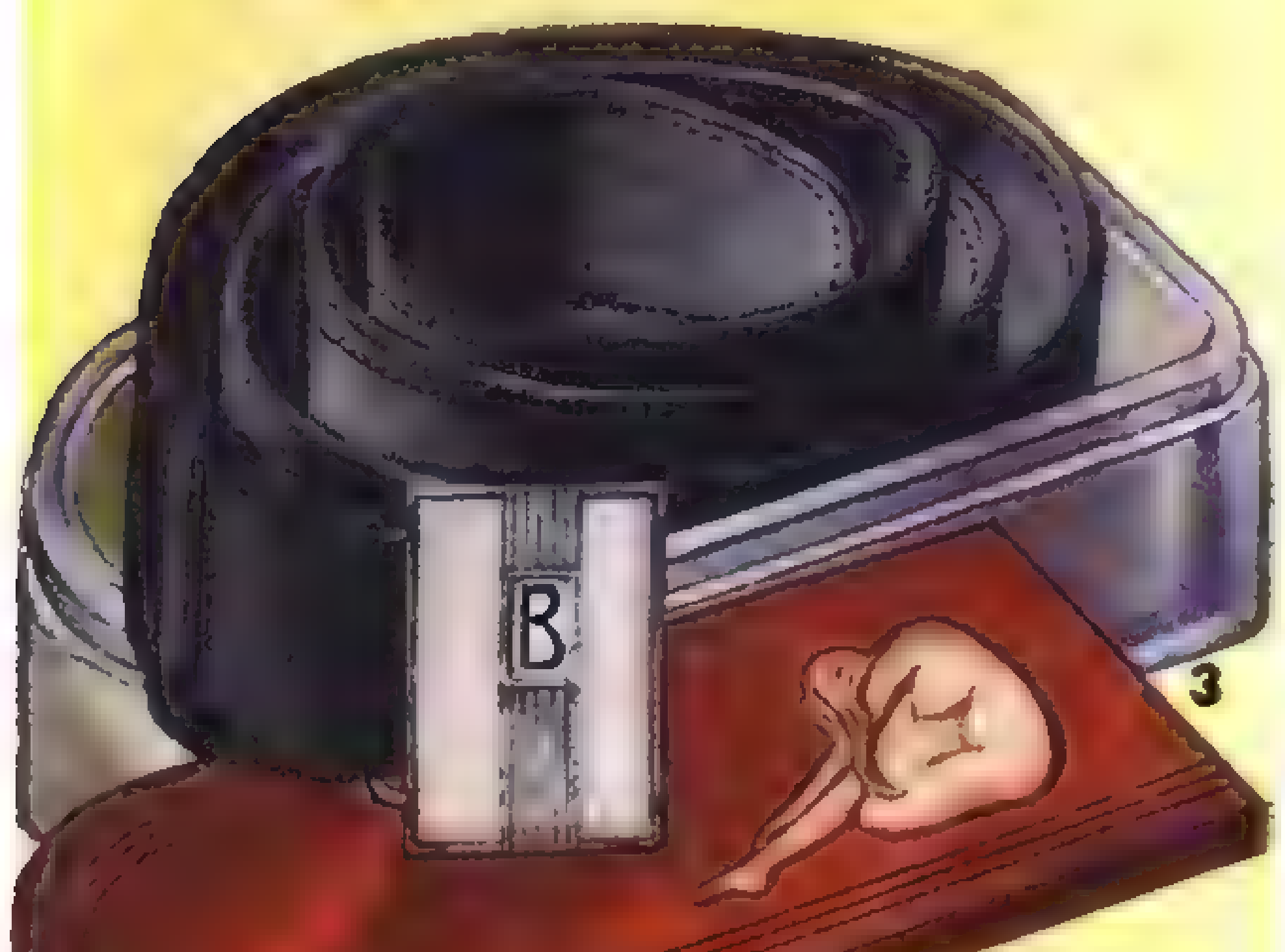

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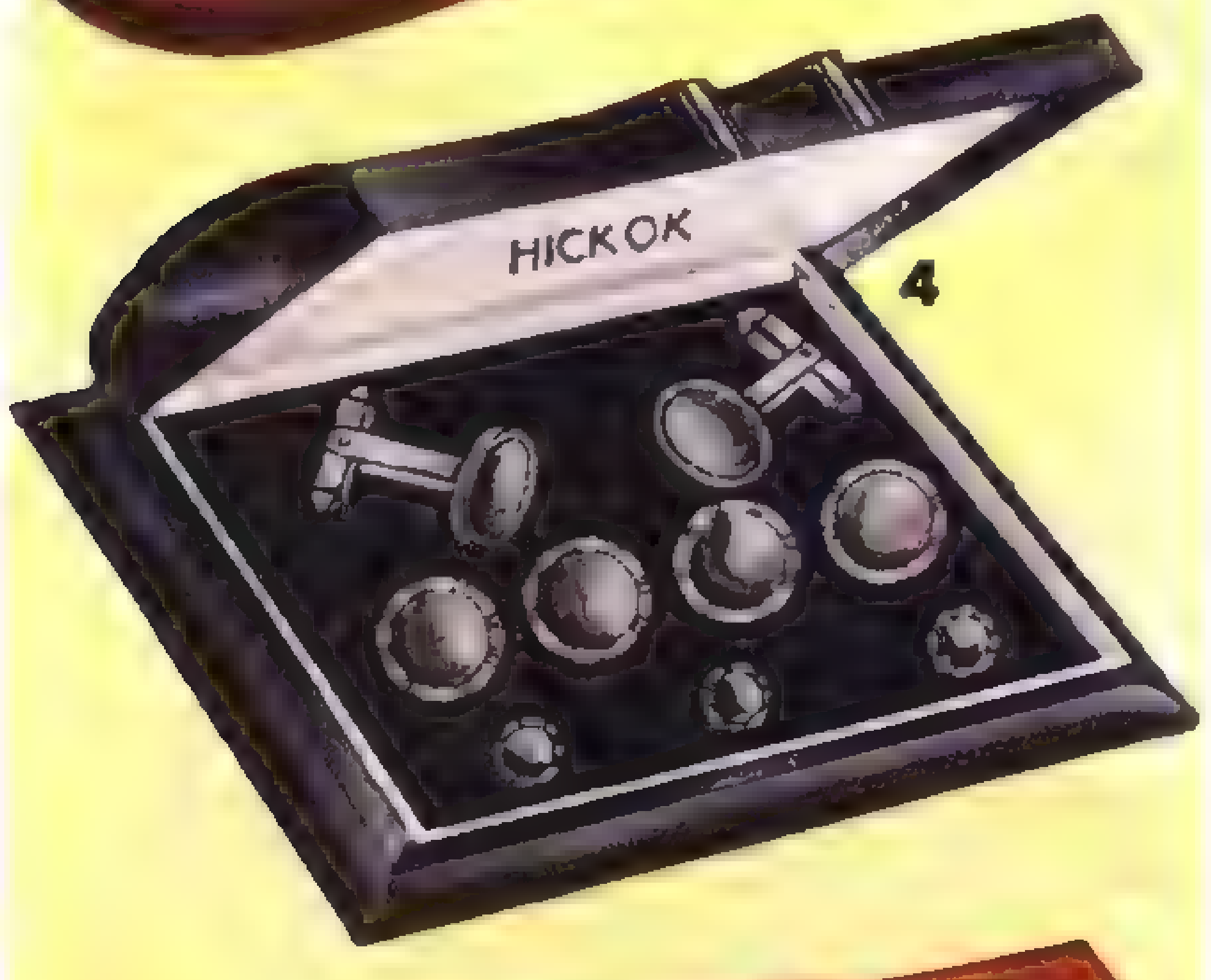

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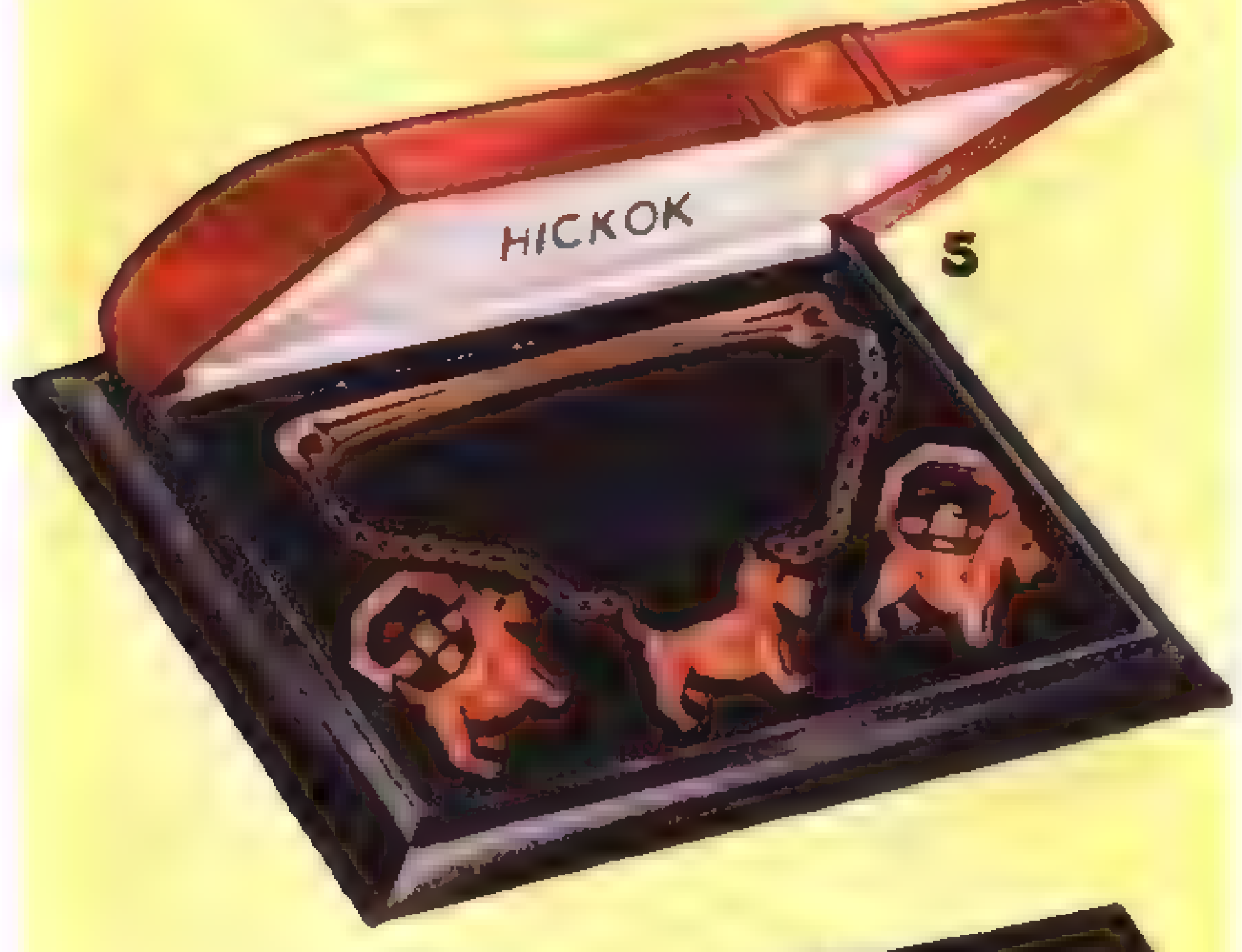

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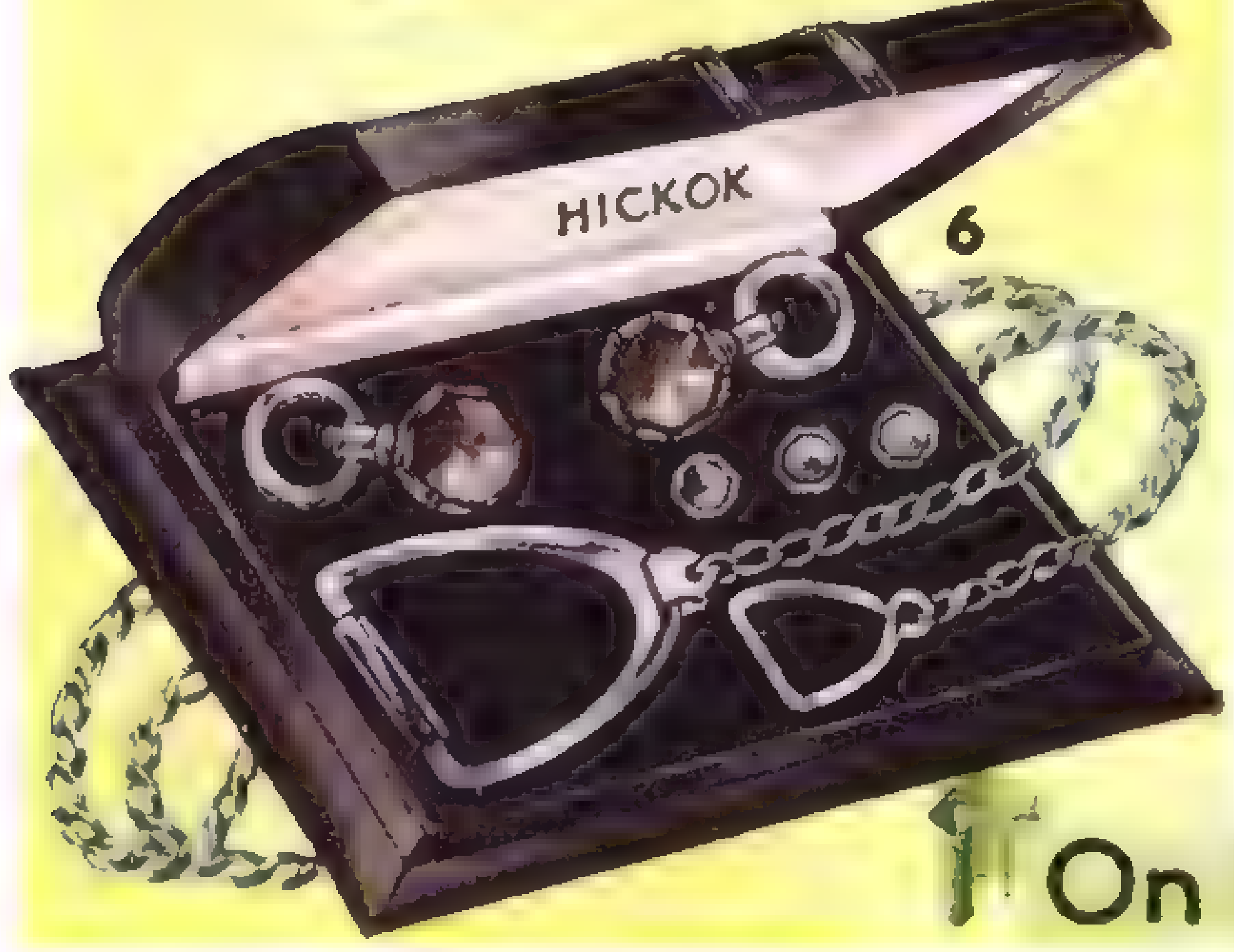

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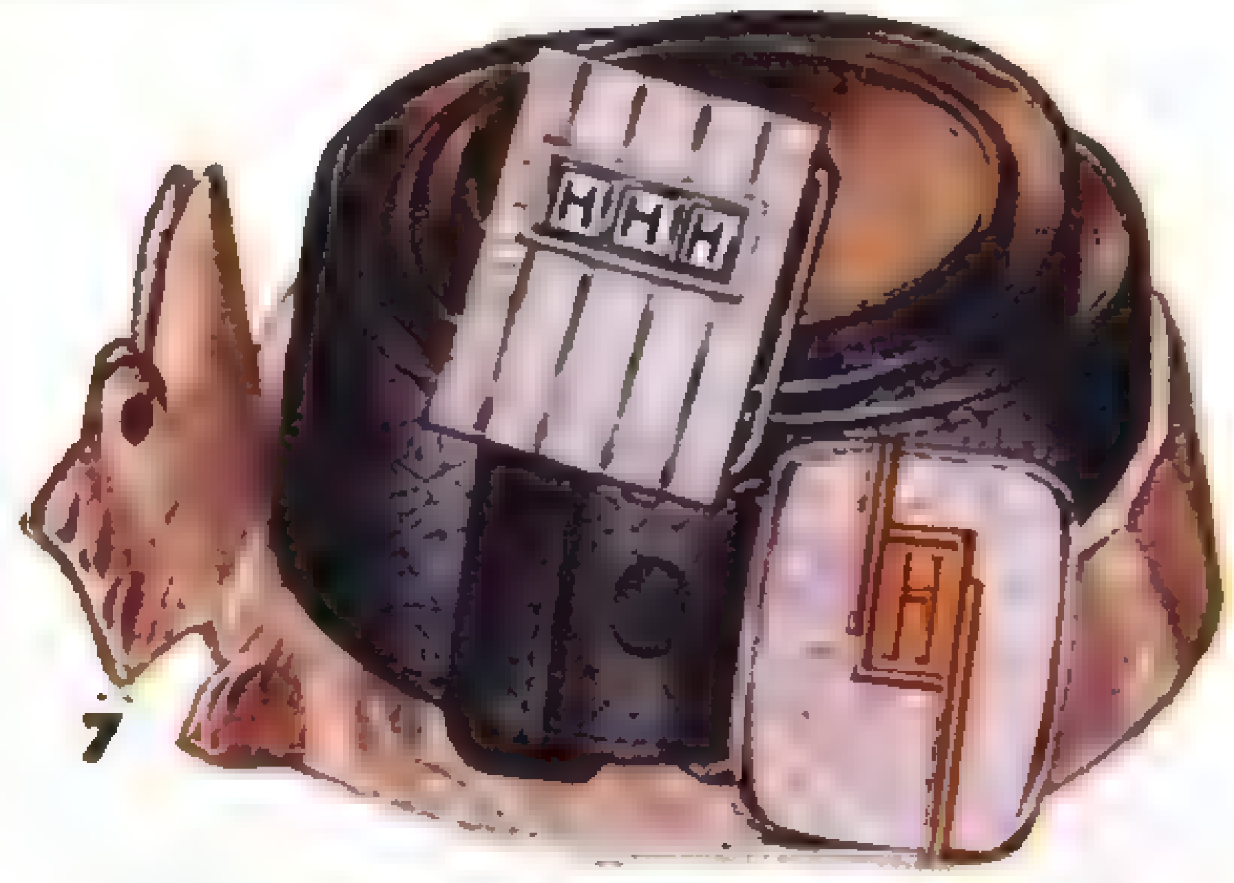


7

7—Saddle-stitched, bridle-leather Horsehide Belt in Black or Brown. Choice of smart Hickok Plate Paneled Buckle with three-letter Black Initial *or* Hickok Plate Buckle with Gold Design and single-letter Initial. Packed in attractive and useful "Scottie" Ash Tray . . Complete, **$2**

1—Hand-braided, full-grain Cowhide Belt in new Hickok India Brown. Leather-covered tongue buckle **$2**

2—New Hickok India-tanned, Baby Buffalo, *Action*BAK Braces. Supremely soft, unlimited flexibility, featherweight and durable . . . **$1.50**

3—Full-grain, hand-boarded Cowhide Belt in Black, Gray or Brown with self-color lining. Sterling Silver Buckle with burnished border and center panel and single Black Enamel Initial. In handsome glass utility box with Bakelite top. Complete, **$3.50**

4—New Airline Links, Studs and Vest-Buttons with smart White or Smoked Pearl or Onyx centers. In handsome jewel case . . . Complete, **$5.50**

5—Gold Plate Cuff Links and Chain Tie Clasp with patented Hickok clip. Reproduction of Champion Scottie "Scotswood Royalist." In handsome jewel case . . . Complete, **$5.50**

6—Evening Dress Set of Cuff Links, Studs and Key Chain with White or Smoked Pearl or Onyx center. In handsome jewel case. Complete, **$3.50**

9—*Action*BAK Braces of half-and-half stripe webbing with gilt buckles having single Black Initial . . **$1**

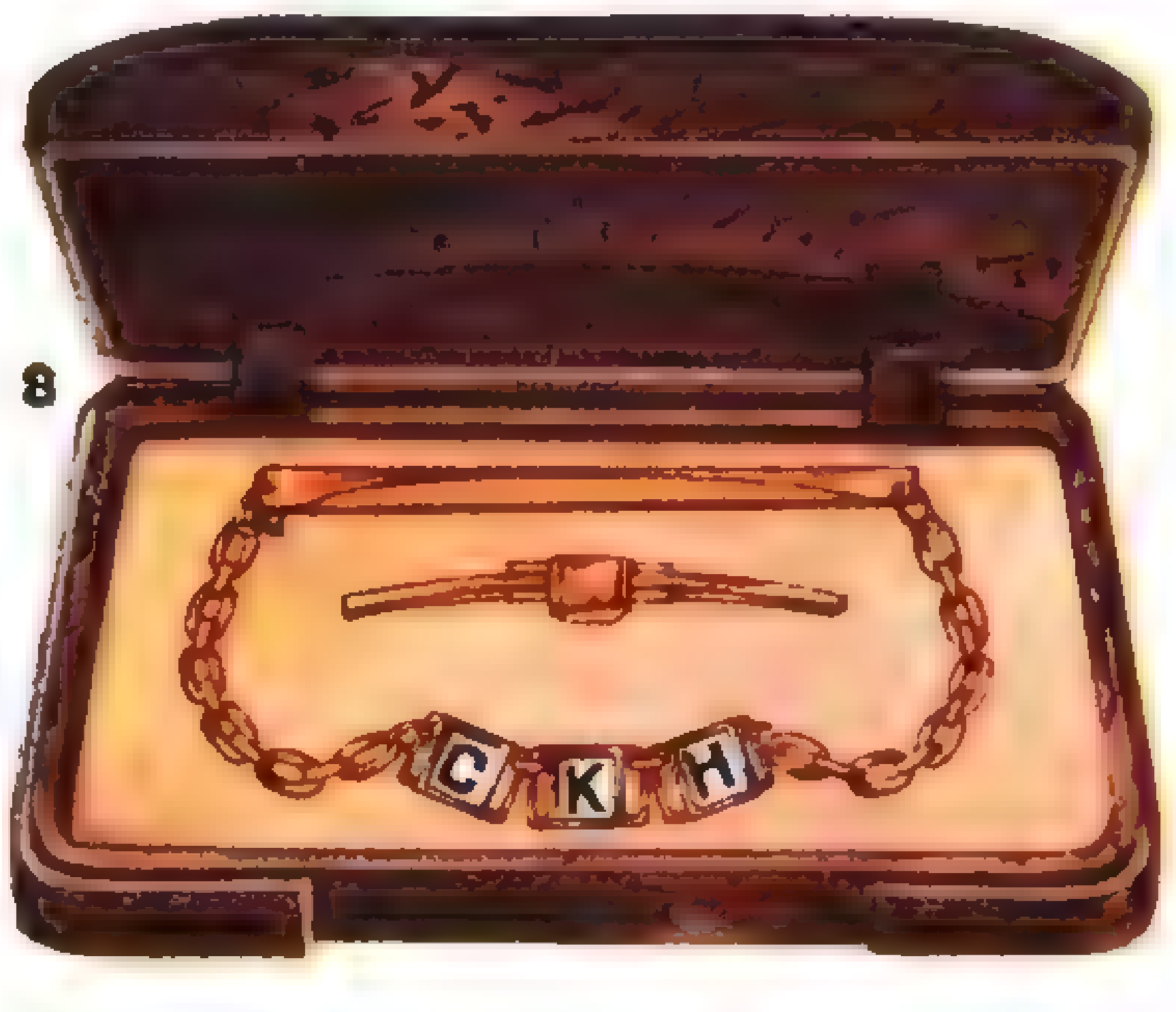
10—Hickok Garter of half-and-half stripe webbing that matches Braces. Strand Garter construction . **50c**

11—Saddle-stitched, hand-boarded Calfskin Belt with Suede lining and Sterling Silver Buckle with burnished border and 10kt. gold inlay stripes. Single-letter Black Enamel Initial. In walnut-finish Bakelite box, with hammered copper top . Complete, **$5**

12—New Airline Links with choice of Ruby-, Sapphire-, Topaz- or Emerald-colored stones and Tie Clasp and Collar Bar with patented Hickok clip. In rich jewel case. Complete, **$3.50**

13—Plain (no initial) Sterling Silver Buckle with 14kt. gold inlay stripes and genuine engine-turned pattern. In rich jewel case . Complete, **$10**

14—An Evening Dress Set of Links, Studs and Vest Buttons with white or smoked Pearl or Onyx centers with half Pearl inserts. Packed in handsome jewel case . . Complete, **$8**



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8—New Three-Initial Chain Tie Clasp and Collar Bar, with Patented Hickok clip, in choice of White or Yellow Gold Finish. In attractive jewel case . . Complete, **$2**

■

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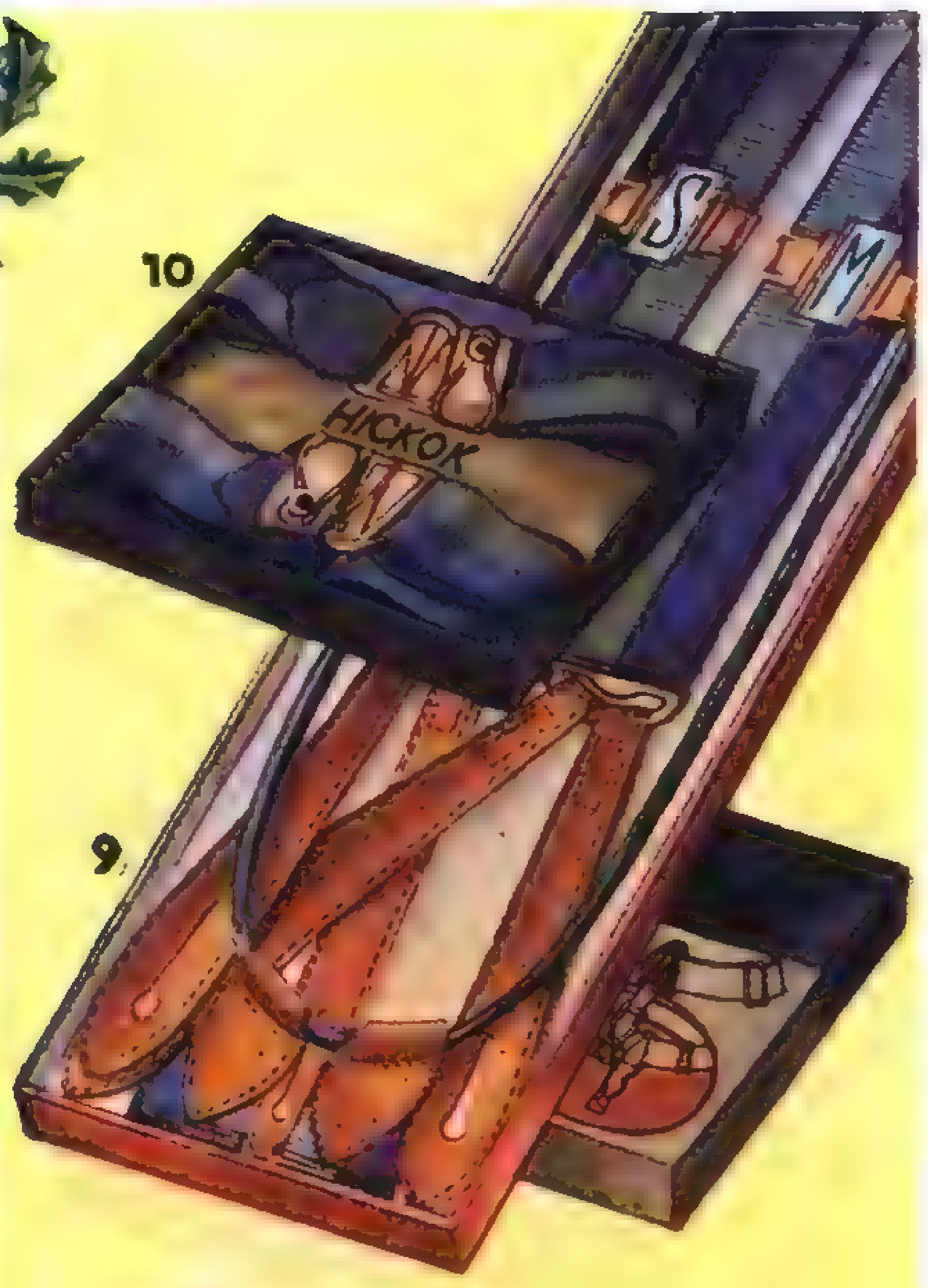
John David, Inc., 1271 Broadway, New York**



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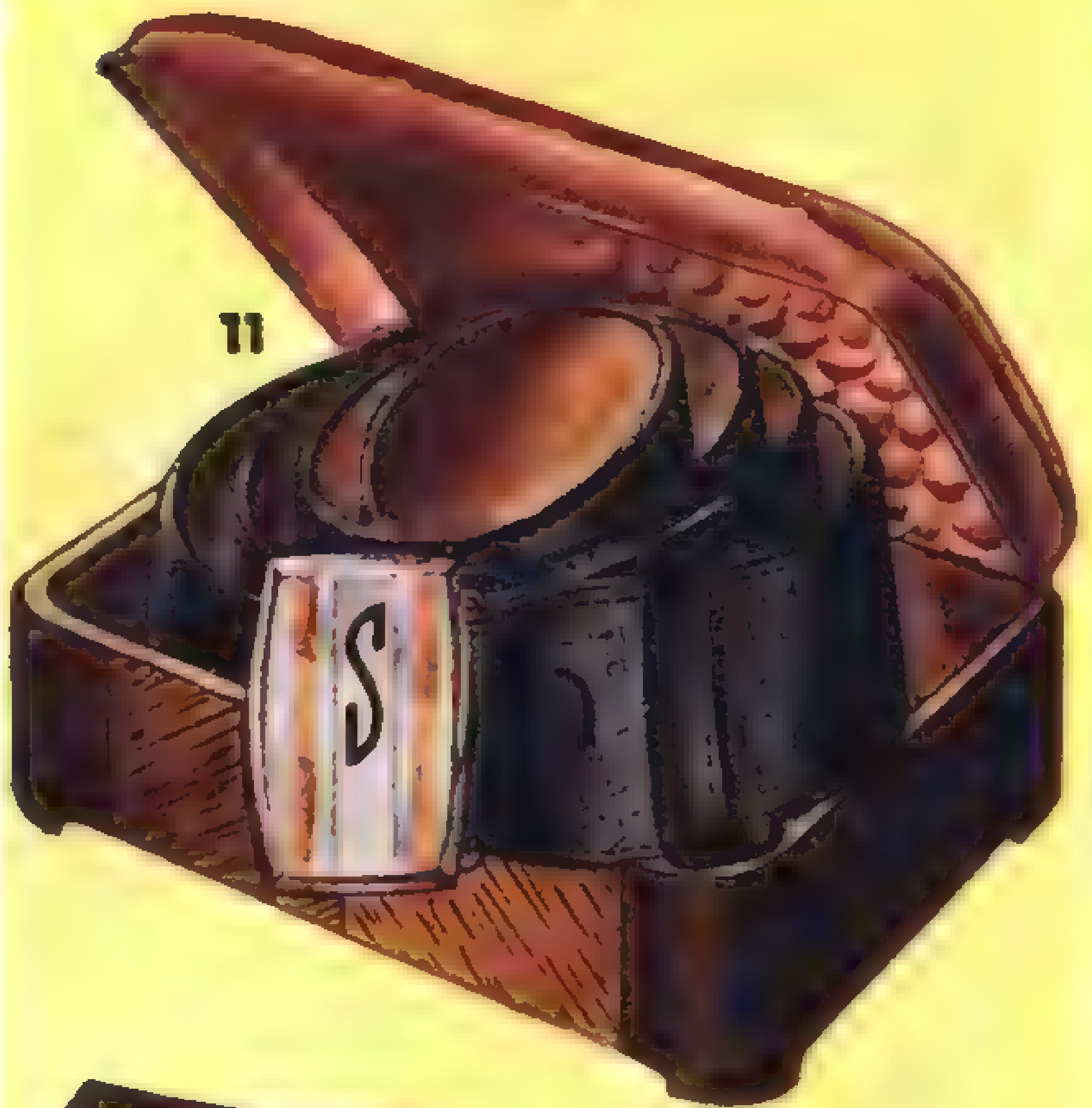

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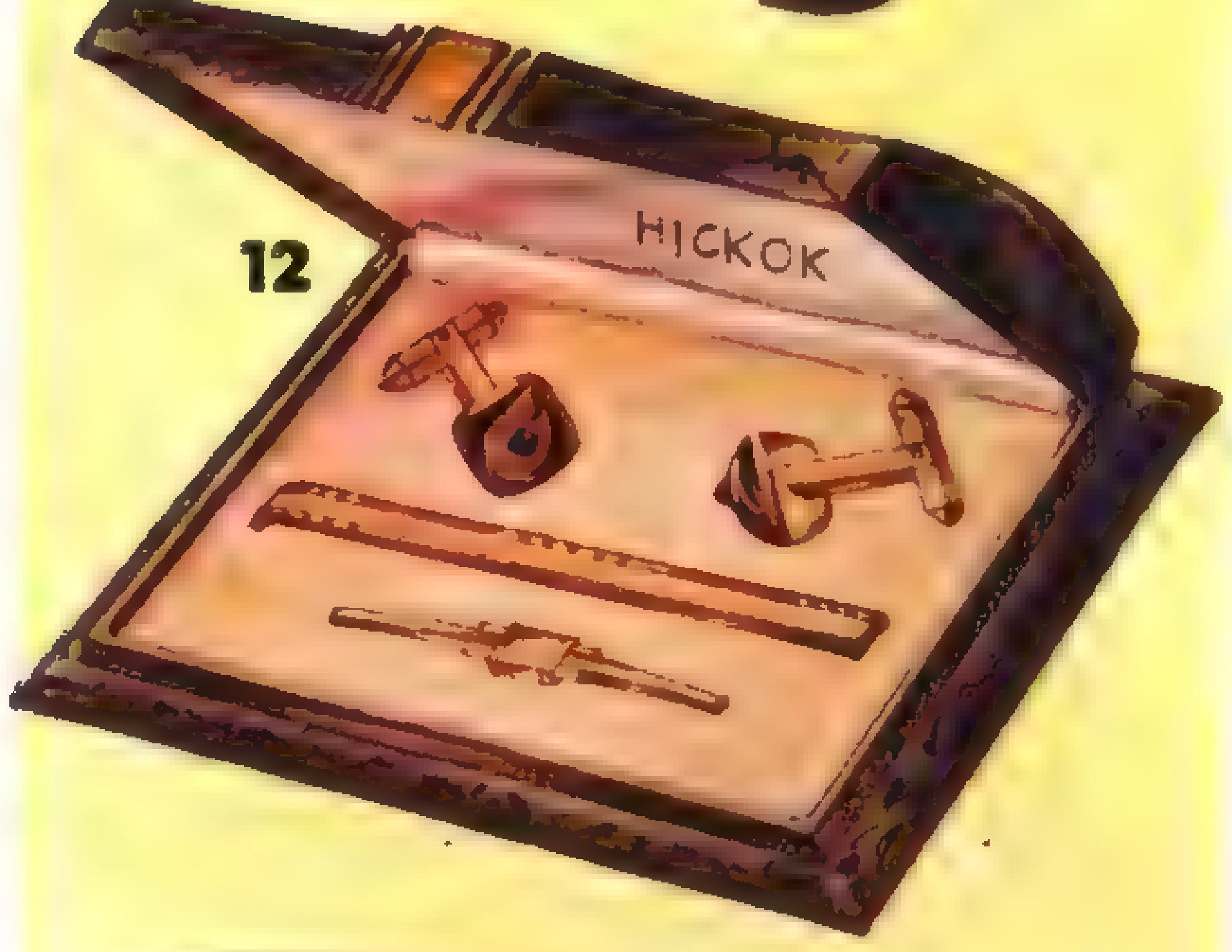

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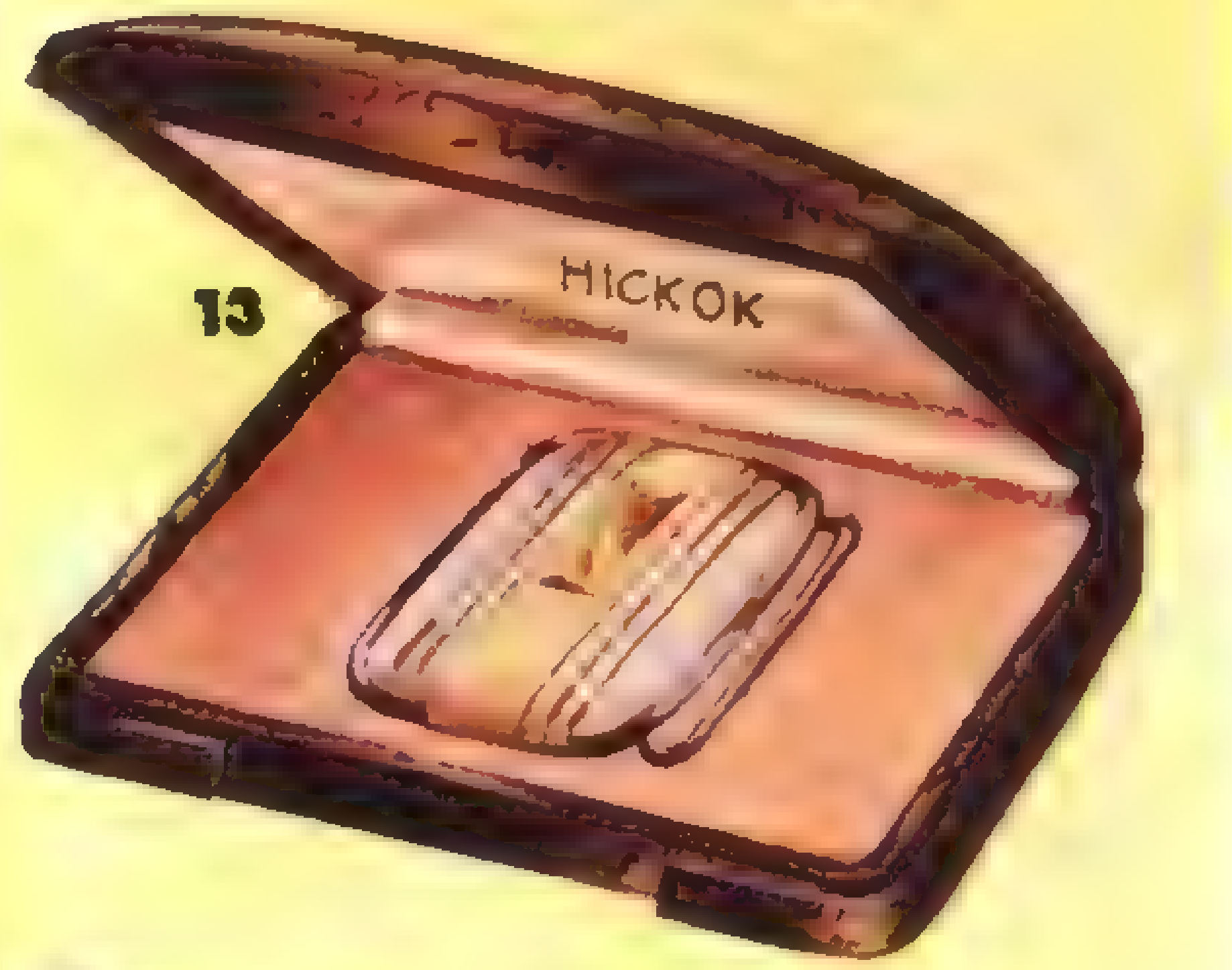

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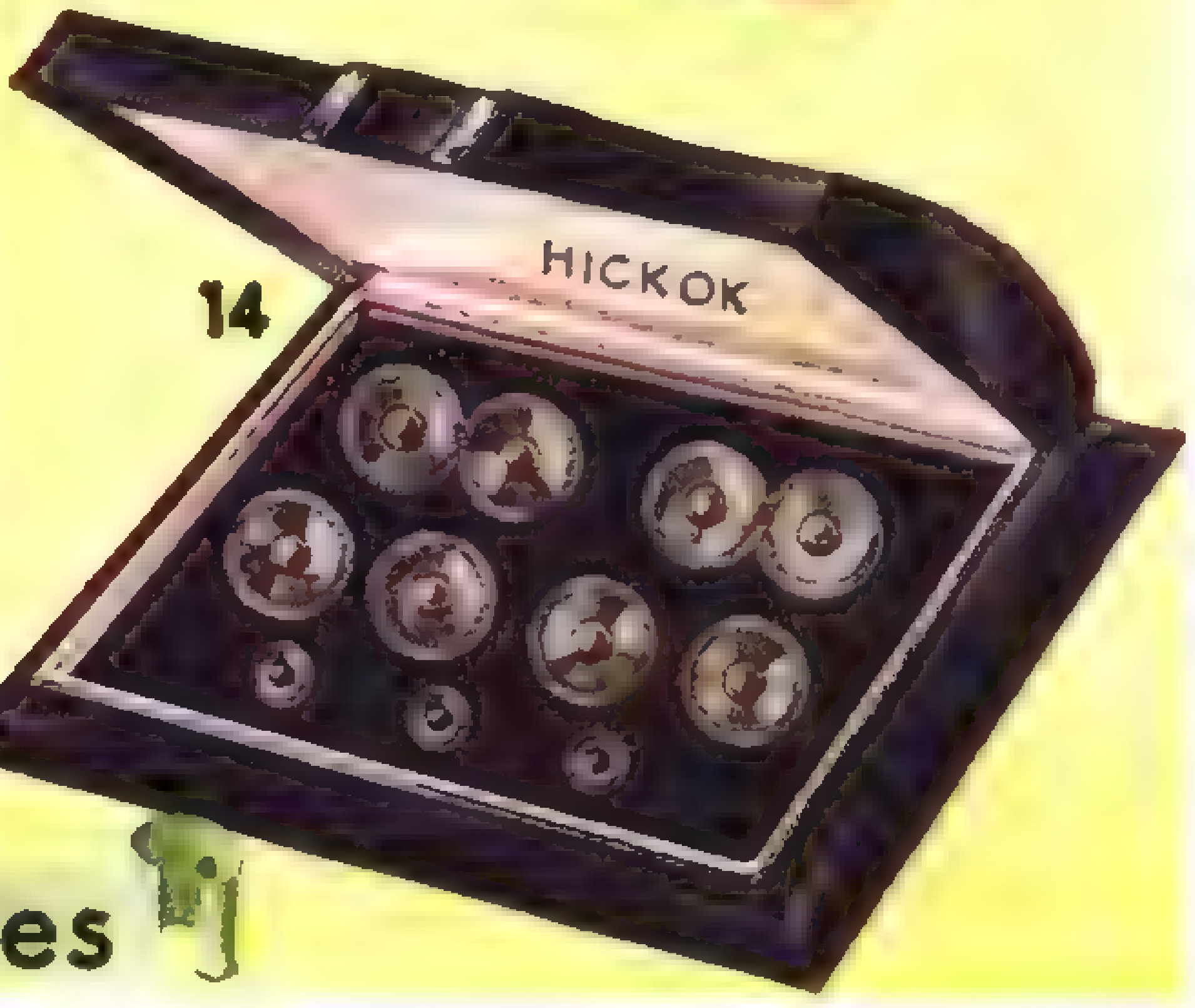

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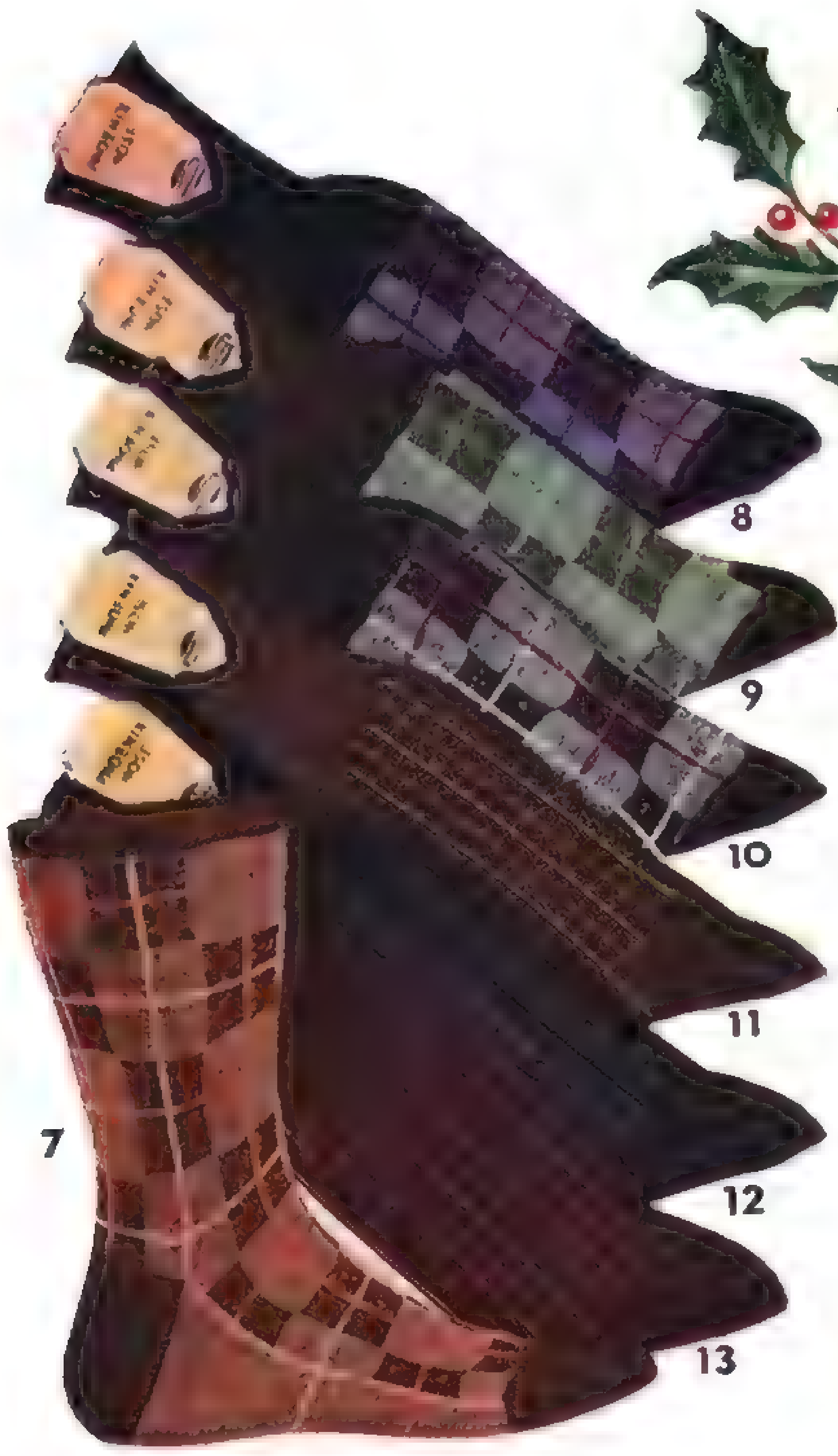
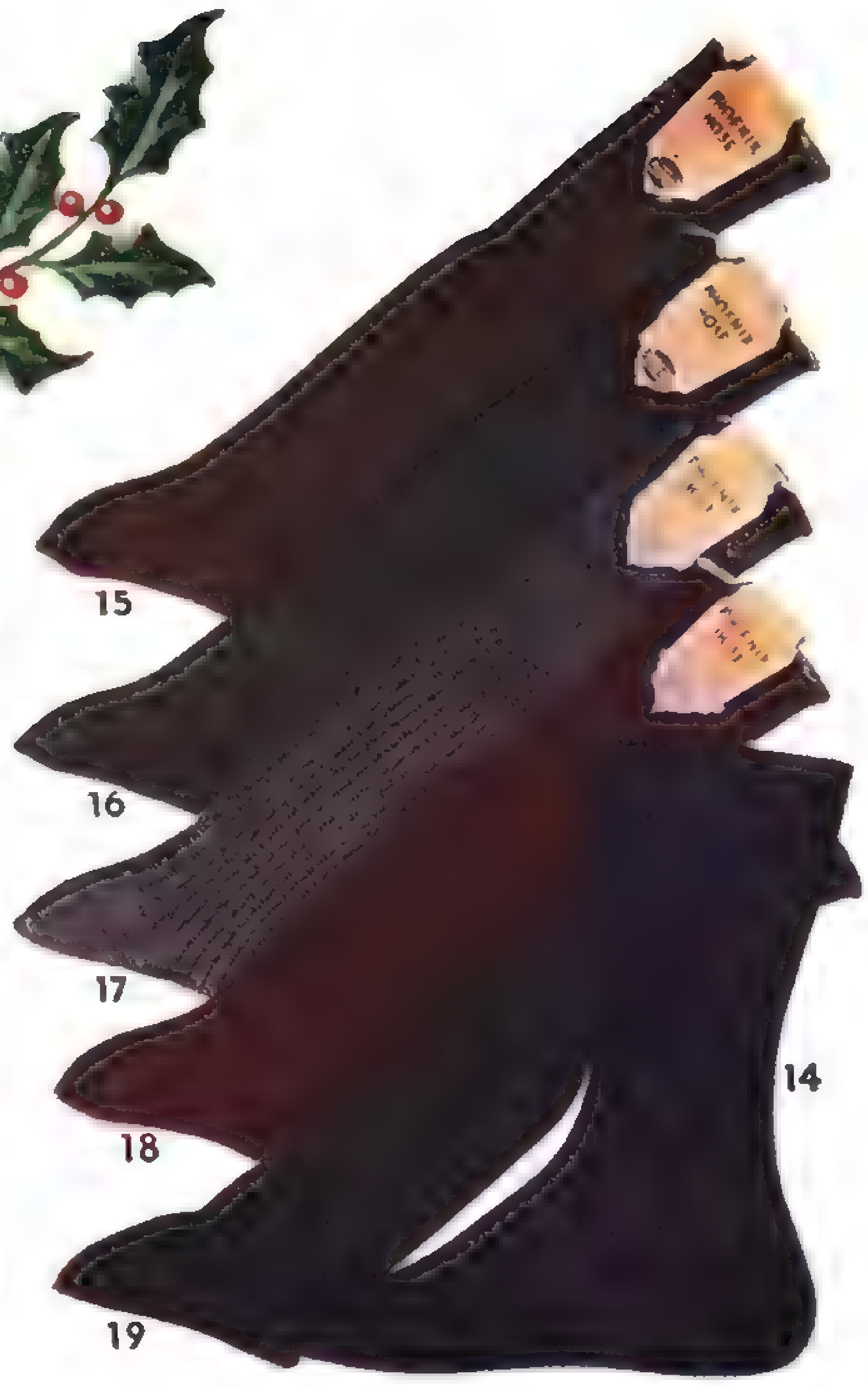
JoHN DAVID

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Gifts for a Man





PHOENIX HOSIERY

For many years Phoenix Hosiery has been accepted for its smart style and exceptional wearing quality. Every Sock is re-inforced at heel and toe, adding strength where needed most. Only the finest yarns are used for making the various price groups of Phoenix Hosiery

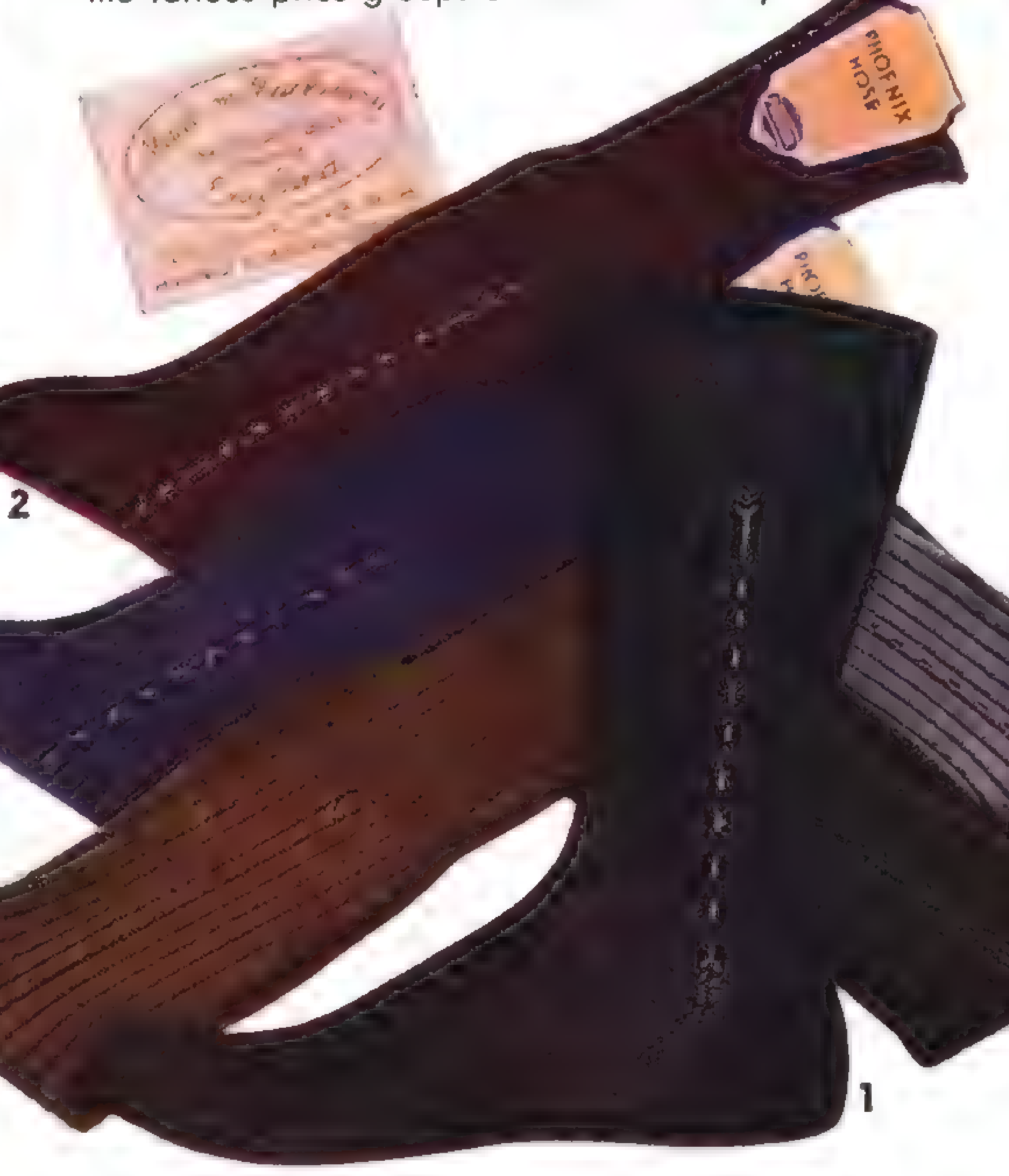
(7 to 10)—Phoenix "Plaids"—Socks of unusually-smart color treatments that are guaranteed fast. Made of fine-quality yarns that will withstand hard wear.

(11 to 13)—Phoenix "Pencil Stripes"—Socks of a heavy synthetic yarn in rich shades with smartly-contrasting vertical stripes Socks that will give long wear.

50c
THE PAIR

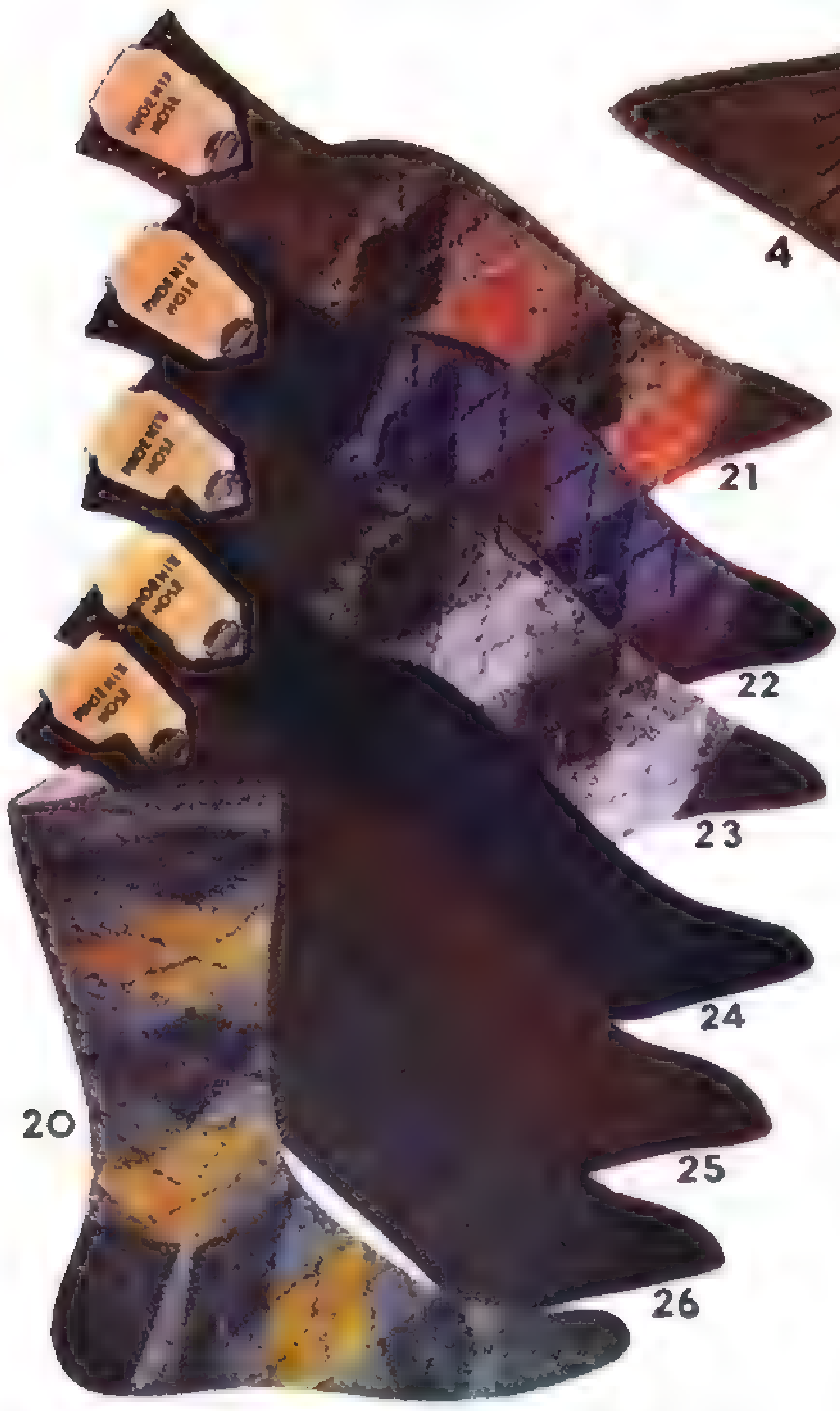
(14 to 19)—Phoenix "Derby Rib Wool"—A genuine 6 x 3 Derby Ribbed All-Wool, Smart-Looking Sock made on special machinery imported from England. Knitted with lisle lining for utmost comfort and extra-long wear. For those men who like fine Wool Socks that will give good wear.

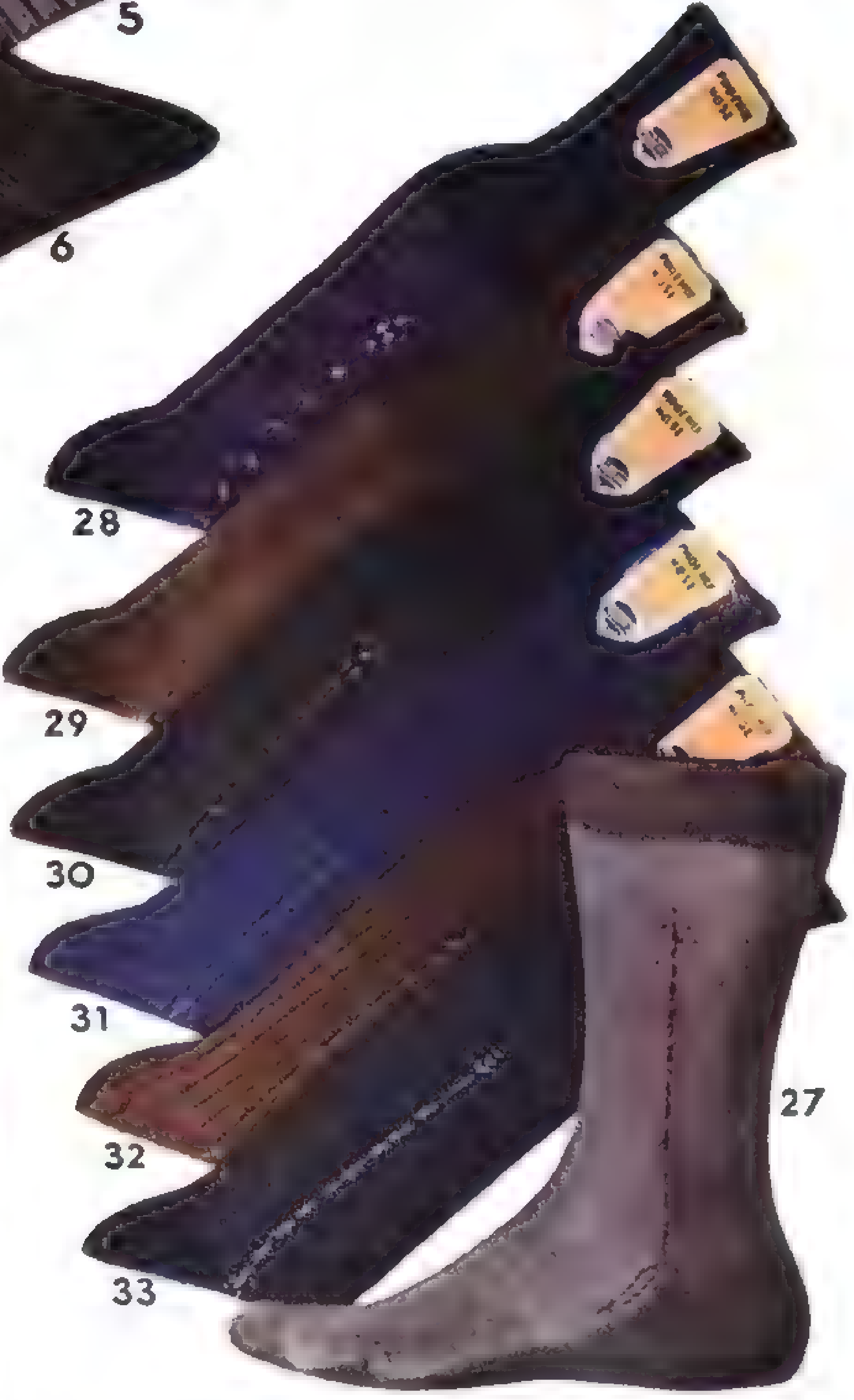
75c
THE PAIR



(1 to 6)—Phoenix "Derby Rib"—a genuine 6x3 Ribbed Lisle Sock made on machines imported from England. A very fine quality Lisle yarn and hand-embroidered two-tone clock. An unusually smart Sock that will give long wear.

75c **THE PAIR WITH CLOCKS** 50c **THE PAIR WITHOUT CLOCKS**





SPECIAL!

PHOENIX PURE-SILK "BUDGET" SOCKS

35c **3 PAIRS FOR $1**

A luxurious pure-silk Sock with re-inforced lisle heel and toe and lisle ribbed top. An excellent value and a true "budget" sock because it is modestly priced. Choice of six plain shades—Pure Black, White, Navy Blue, Medium Gray, Cordovan or French Tan.

(20 to 23)—Phoenix "Argyle"—Socks of the very-popular Argyle Plaids in all their glorious gradations of colorings. An excellent value at an exceptional price.

(24 to 26)—Phoenix "Cordet"—Socks of a conservatively-smart two-tone rib-bed design. Socks that every man likes and no man ever has too many pairs.

35c
3 PAIRS FOR $1

ALL PHOENIX HOSIERY PACKED IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT BOX

(27 to 30)—Phoenix "Duke"—Socks of smart-looking, mottled two-tone effects in full-fashioned Silk-and-Lisle mixtures. Hand-embroidered, richly-colored clocks.

(31 to 33)—Phoenix "Earle"—Socks of genuine 6 x 3 Ribbed Silk-and-Lisle made on machinery imported from England. Mottled two-tone effects. Hand-clocked.

$1
THE PAIR

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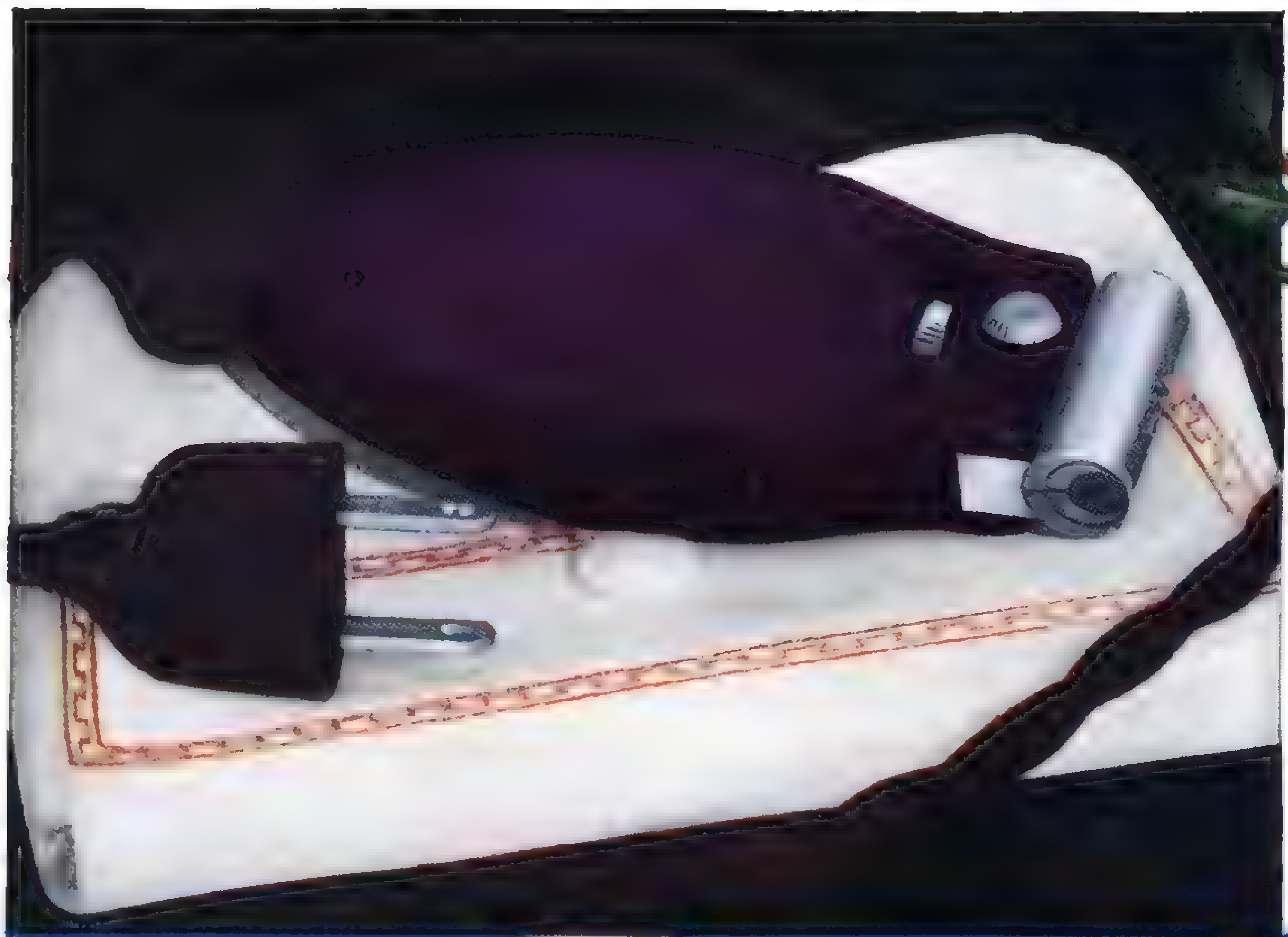


JOHN DAVID

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Gifts for a Man

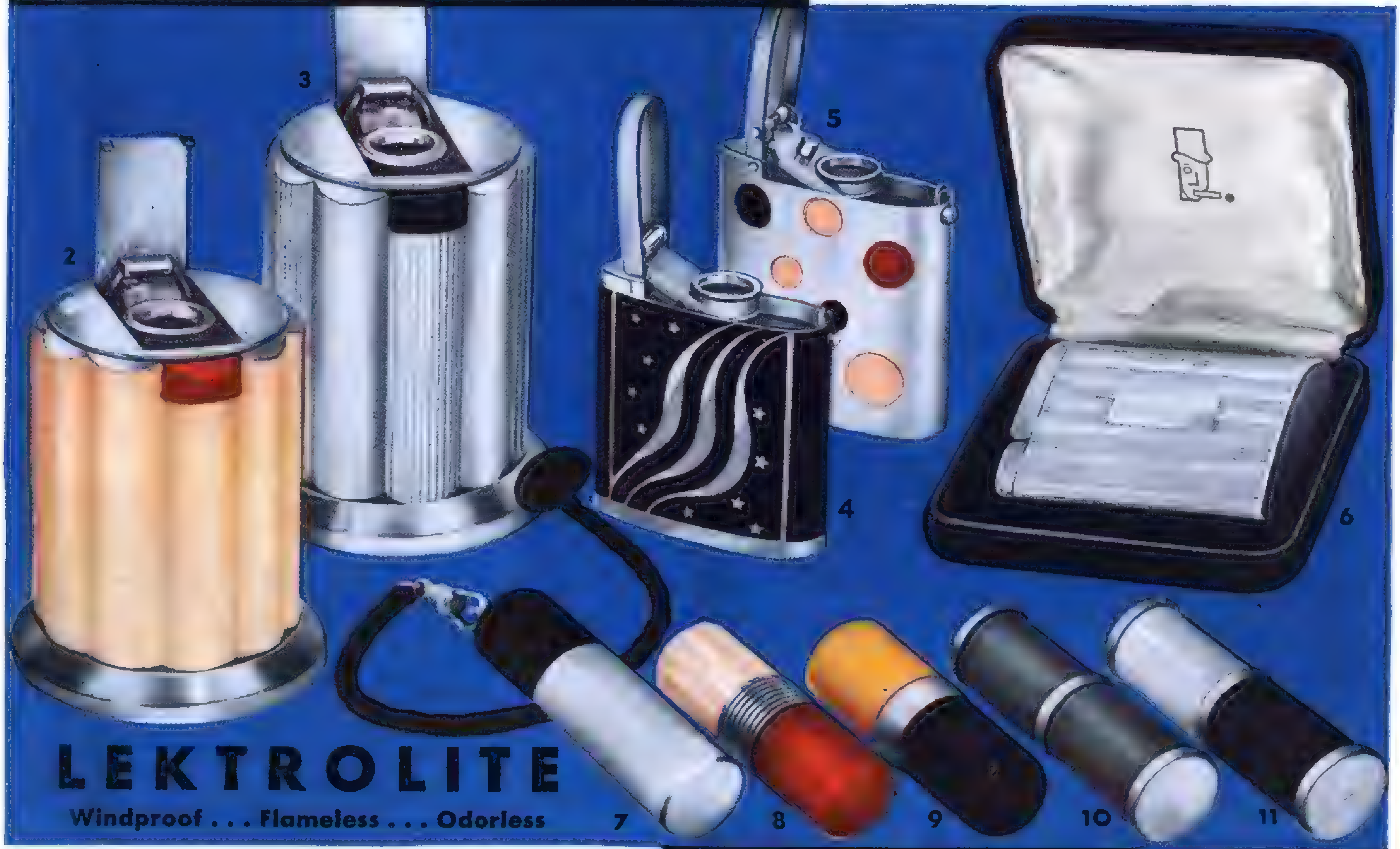
PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER

No Water . . . No Lather . . . No Blades

Banish the fuss and torture of the old-time shave and its painful scraping. The exclusive, patented, round cutting head smoothly whirls the toughest whiskers away. It reaches the hard-to-get-at-places . . . in the ears, the nostrils, and on the ridge of the jaw bone . . . with absolute safety. A fine gift. **$15**

IN RED, WHITE OR BLUE (AS ILLUSTRATED) $20. IN BLACK, $15.

Manufactured by Dictograph Products Company, makers of Acousticon Hearing Aids and Telematic Interior Telephone Systems and other precision equipment for over thirty years.



LEKTROLITE

Windproof . . . Flameless . . . Odorless

LEKTROLITE and GLOLITE Flameless Lighters are a "natural" as a gift or for personal use, regardless of season. Nothing equals them in the car, or in a howling storm. Nothing is smarter when smokers meet at dinner, dance or bridge. The tip to your cigarette . . . a puff or two . . . and presto, you have your light. Operate with fluid and are unconditionally guaranteed for one year.

(1)—LEKTROCASE—Thin streamlined model, with built-in flameless lighter requiring filling once in three months. Holds 19 cigarettes. Chased metal finish or scratch-proof enamel. Nickel, **$7.50;** Chrome, **$10;** Enamel, **$15**

(2 and **3)**—DESK LEKTROLITE—Ornamental Desk Lighter. Requires filling only once every six months. **(2)** Chrome and Enamel, **$15; (3)** Engine-turn Chrome, enamel trim, **$7.50**

(4 to **6)**—LEKTROLITE DYNAMIQUE—Requires filling only once every three months, an exclusive feature no other lighter offers. Either **(4)** or **(5)** in Chrome and Enamel at **$10; (6)** Engine-turn Chrome at **$7.50**

(7)—LAPEL GLOLITE—DeLuxe Flameless Lighter attached to genuine braided-leather fob with button for the coat lapel, **$5**

(8)—GLOLITE—Smartly banded with scrolled Chrome trim. Offered solid color or two-color combinations, **$2.50**

(9)—THE MIDGET—Compact and inexpensive. Enjoys equal popularity with men and women. Available in solid color or very smart two-color combinations, **$1**

(10 and **11)**—LEKTROLITE—Flameless Lighter in metal casing. Finished in Chrome with red, green or black enamel, **$5**

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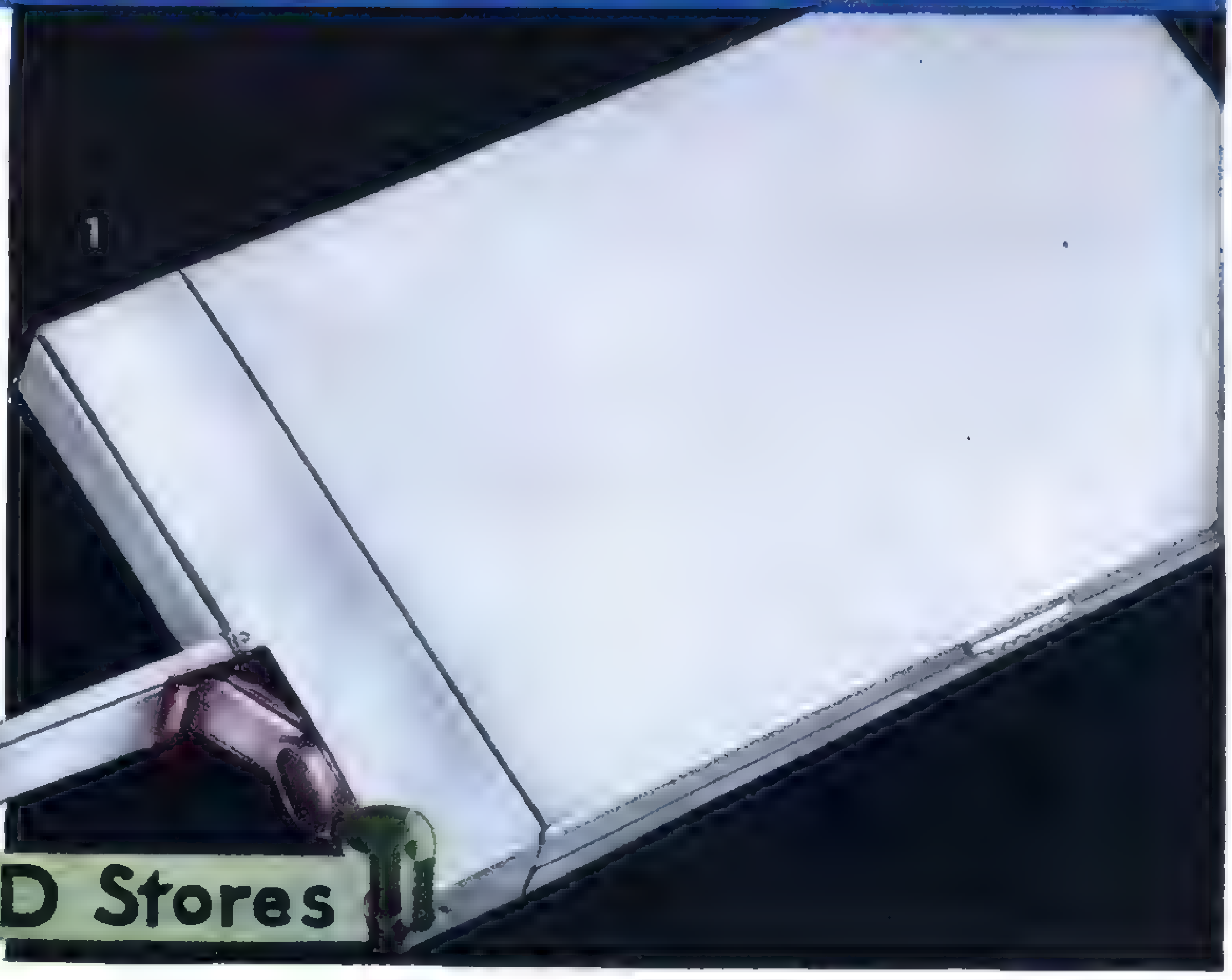

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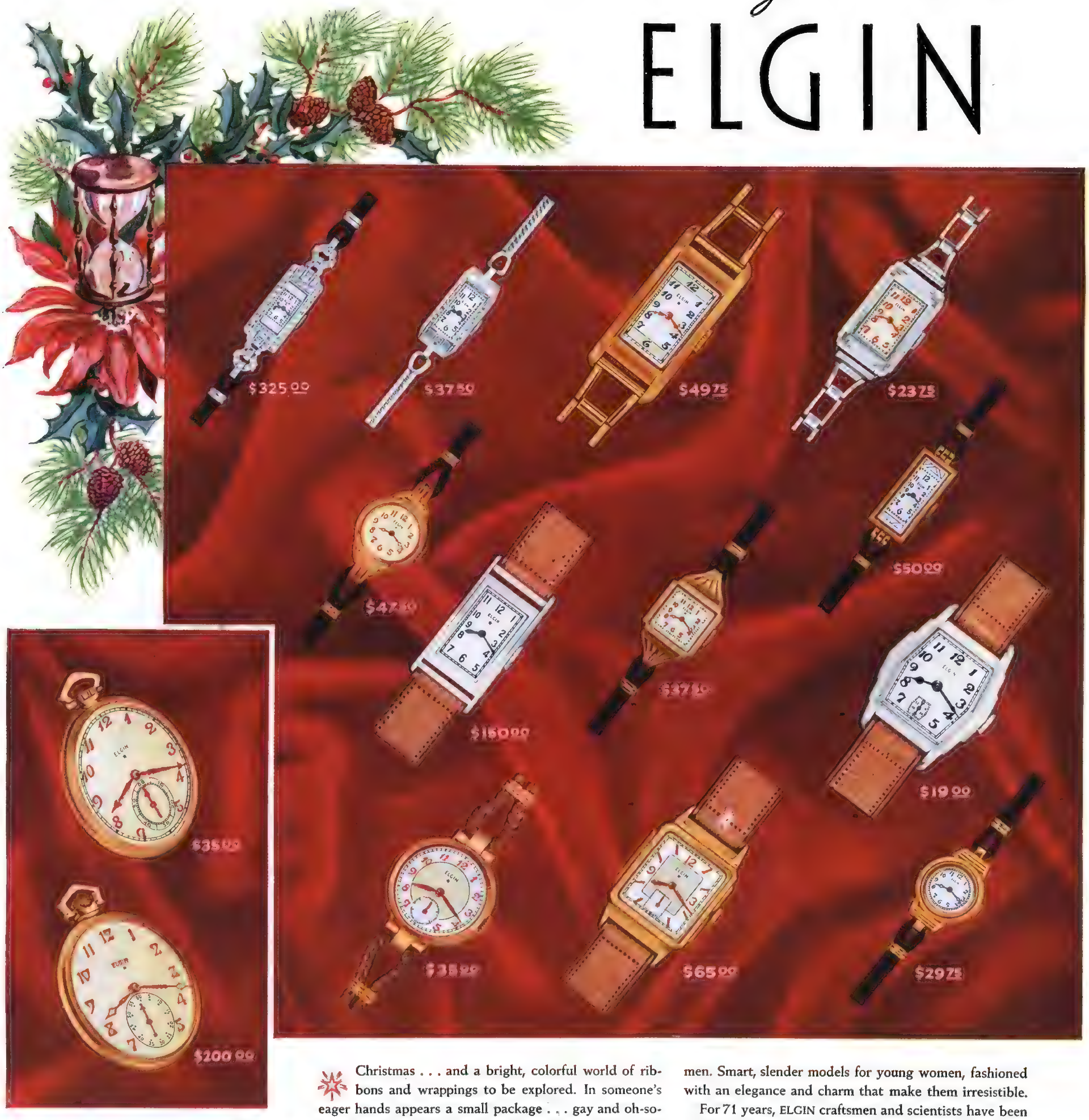
Christmas time . . . WITH THE ACCENT ON *time!*

Choose a smart, distinguished ELGIN



LISTEN IN! *"The Elgin Football Revue", featuring Ed Thorgersen, Fox Movietone Sports Commentator, Kay Kyser's Orchestra, noted coaches! Saturday nights, 8:30 E. S. T., 56 CBS stations coast to coast*

Christmas . . . and a bright, colorful world of ribbons and wrappings to be explored. In someone's eager hands appears a small package . . . gay and oh-so-promising! It is the season's perfect gift—an ELGIN watch!

American families through three generations have made this moment a tradition . . . for reasons you will understand better when you see the newest ELGINS.

These watches are brilliant beyond compare. There are robust, confidence-inspiring timepieces for young men. Smart, slender models for young women, fashioned with an elegance and charm that make them irresistible.

For 71 years, ELGIN craftsmen and scientists have been working together in the perfect partnership to make just such timepieces possible. That is why you find ELGINS flawless, even under the microscope . . . and timed for accuracy to the absolute standard of the stars.

Give the gift of sincerity, of lasting beauty—an ELGIN. Prices are $17.50 to $500—slightly higher in Canada

All the essentials of a perfect gift—

Quality
Beauty
Long Life
Usefulness

DE LUXE "Ink-Vue," in beautiful red-and-gold gift case, $12.50. Emerald Ray (shown), Copper Ray, Jet. Pen, $8.50. Pencil to match, $4.

No better Gifts than Pens No better Pens than Waterman's

INK-VUE

The Perfected Visible-Ink Pen That Tells When to Refill

A new, modern gift! . . . bearing the most famous name in pens. Many exclusive features and simplicity of construction make INK-VUE a reliable and superior gift value.

SIMPLEST FILLING with patented "Double Action Lever." Also, easily emptied for cleaning.

BIGGEST INK CAPACITY of all visible ink pens.

STRIKING BEAUTY—New, modern streamline "ray" design in a variety of colors.

Features of All Waterman's Pens—

TIP-FILLING — Patented feature assures clean filling; no ink on barrel or fingers.

SELF-STARTING—No shaking or coaxing.

PERFECT POINTS as shown by microscope tests. 7 DIFFERENT POINTS individualized for special uses and every style of handwriting.

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At Dealers Everywhere—Sets, $3.50, $4.25, $5, $8, $9, $10, $12.50, $15. Pens, $2.50 to $10. Pencils, $1 to $5.

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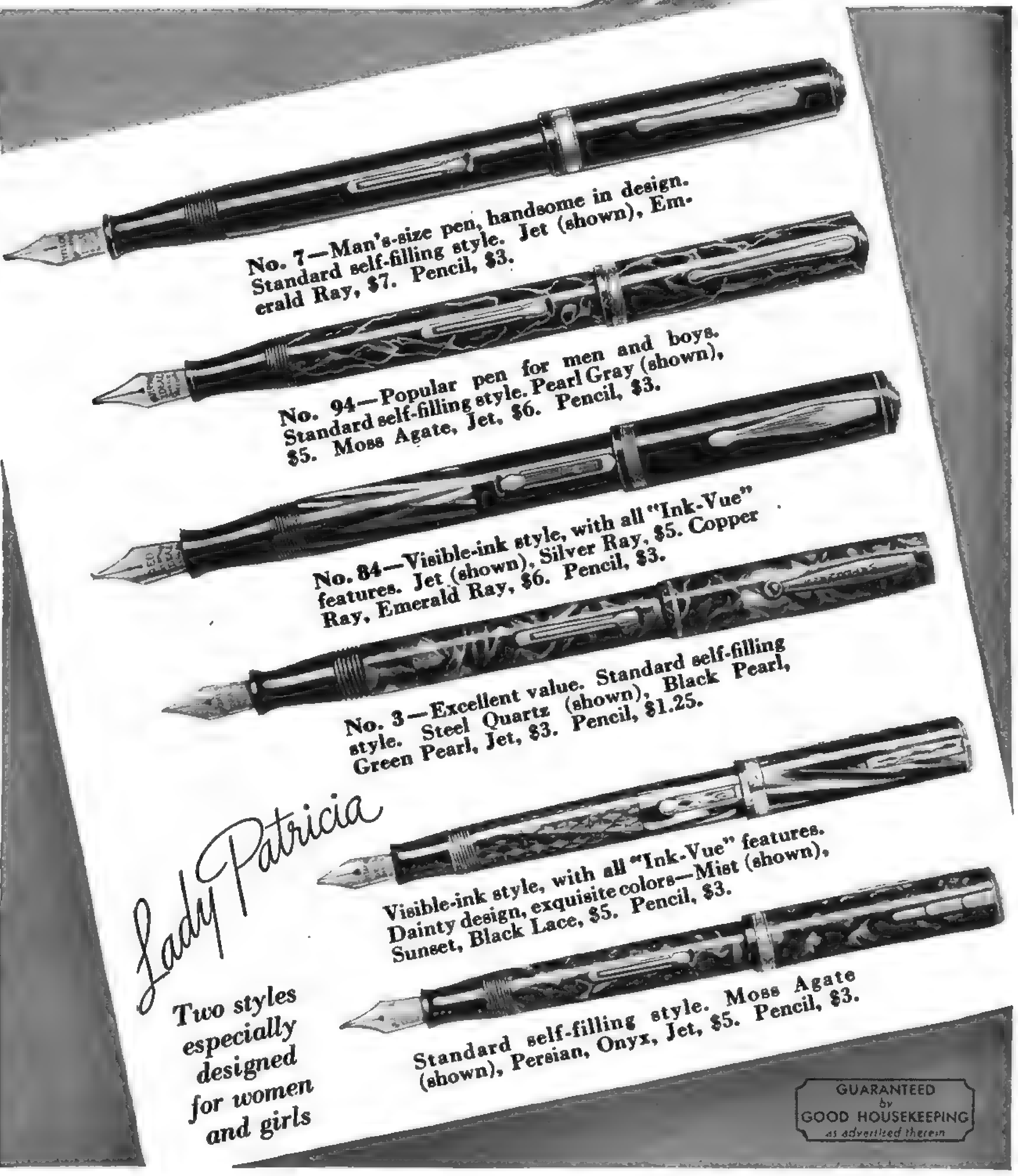

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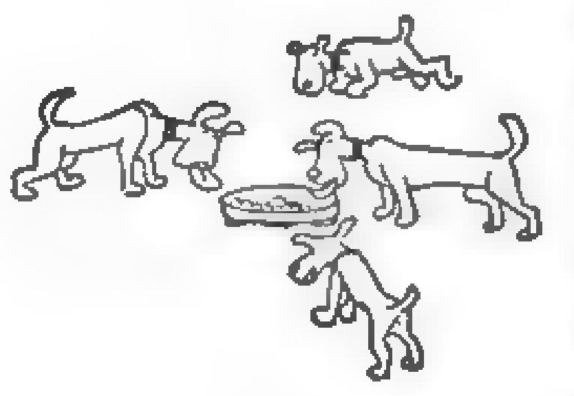
The gold toothpick, from the time of Victorian elegance, which justified some politely obscured dental delving *"au table"* in those dear dead days, is pensively recalled by a gold vest pocket swizzler similar in appearance, at least outwardly, but carried fountain pen fashion. This swizzler may be brought into action at a moment's notice, when you might otherwise be limited to a spoon or your finger for an important bit of stirring.

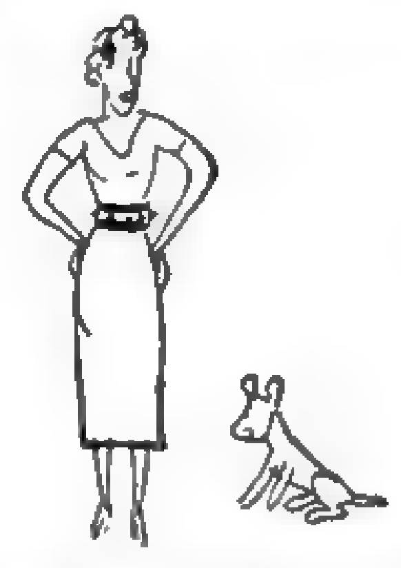
Vest pockets would have to be as commodious as a kangaroo's sac if you attempted to carry many of the devices created for transportation on your person, and designated as of vest pocket size. However, a most useful miniature flash light that can quite conceivably go into a vest pocket along with a couple of other items justifies its specification for this purpose. The medicos should like the idea.

Flashlights have become an indispensable part of the hobby sportsman's equipment on land or water. Recent years have brought considerable advancement in their practical construction, design and efficiency. What appears to be the apex of all efforts in this direction is a hand flashlight that is made of a molded composition of rags and bakelite. It carries a guarantee that it is absolutely indestructible, waterproof and shatterproof. Even the bulb is set in a shockproof socket. We were permitted to give it a fair test by heaving it fifteen feet or so to the floor while it was lit, and it didn't even flicker when it landed. If you know someone who gives rough usage to flashlights, here's a gift he'll remember you by.



Dog doters often appreciate a gift for the pet pooch as much as something for themselves. We suggest a couple that are more than just knick knacks. The usual clatter of a dog's feeding dish being pushed around is eliminated by a non-skid feeding dish doily made of cork. They're to be had with the pup's name in raised cork letters. And if it's one of those pets that insists upon taking his nap on the upholstery, you can get him a dog Morris chair which is made of flea-proof kapok and has backs and sides as well as a seat to prevent any harm to the chair in which it may be placed.

This item at the moment applies to New York cliff dwellers, but it might serve to generate further activity of its kind in other metropolitan areas to the advantage of those concerned. An efficient and economical service is rendered to those living in one, two and three room apartments without the customary troublesome details experienced in employing household help. Service is contracted for on a monthly basis at considerably less than what an individual house worker would cost, and a thorough and continuous job is promised from Monday through Saturday, with complete vacuuming and tidying up, cleaning the bath room and kitchen, making beds and all the other unpleasant details of housekeeping. The service furnishes the house worker in uniform and guarantees the trustworthiness of the individuals so employed.



For dog lovers among the fair sex who can't resist some outward display of their canine devotion, there is an extra large dog collar in tan leather with brass studs, lined with red flannel according to best kennel practices, except that it is made for milady's waist and not for her dog.

While we're on the subject of female panoplies, there is a new article for mid-winter wear that seems to have combined much practicality with smartness. It's a plaid patterned scarf made of soft wool that may also be used as a hood and promises complete protection from a biting January wind.

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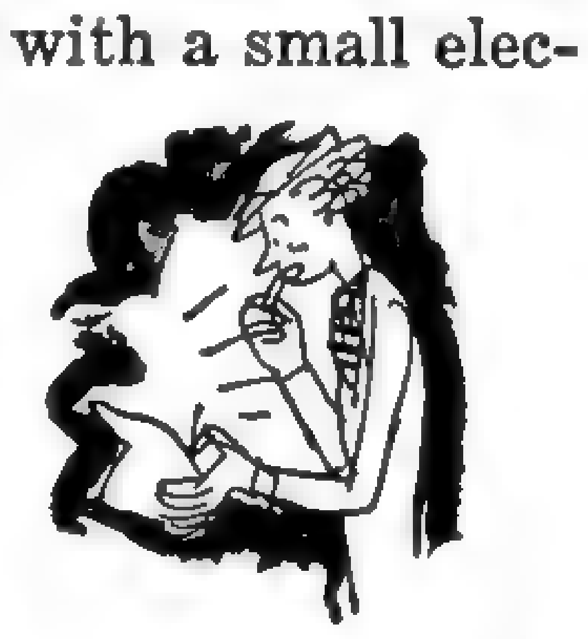
Several items that will appeal particularly to yacht enthusiasts might well be noted on your list as possibilities for your sailor boy friends. Small boat skippers, who do much racing, are sure to be interested in any device that would assist them in more accurately gauging the direction of the breeze. A yacht tell-tale for mounting on top of the mast will do its duty at any angle. It's made of metal, may be had in yacht club burgee colors or private colors and is extremely sensitive to the lightest zephyrs.

Small boat devotees, who are keen on doing their own upkeep and repair work, will break out in a hornpipe and sing a couple of chanteys over a very complete kit containing all the tools of an A.B. from marlin spike to palm. It comes appropriately packed in a small canvas bag with a handle and knotted fringes as a salty decorative note. And for office or home decoration that will appeal to the sea-minded, there are some fascinating small plaques with every type of small sailing craft, including the popular Star, Interclub and the various competitive classes, carved on them in well executed relief. They may be had to order in any type and make a grand gift, if you happen to know the exact class or design of the giftee's favorite boat. Equally fascinating are full rigged ships which carry out all the details of the usual ship model, but are small enough to be used as desk decorations. Still another yachty idea is a tobacco jar shaped like a capstan with a few turns of line and an anchor as proper decoration.



What may turn out to be the winner in the innovation sweepstake has our enthusiastic vote. It's a lady's handbag of smooth calf leather, which hides under its flap a fair sized mirror flanked on either side with a small electric light. The gal that gets this may do a bit of refurbishing under the most adverse conditions, such as, in darkened theatres, taxis or wherever sufficient light for a good job may be lacking. Under the mirror is an aperture for a pack of cigarettes or the make-up essentials. The batteries are concealed inside the bag. It's moderate in price, too.

Few men are without appreciation of old sporting prints and caricatures. In the London "Vanity Fair" there appeared toward the last part of the nineteenth century a number of caricatures of men of contemporary importance. These famous original lithographs by Sir Leslie Ward, Carlo Pellegrini, Max Beerbohm and J. J. Tissot, are rare and it is consequently unusually interesting to find a collection of these for sale individually or collectively at prices that would not discourage those who might covet such prints, but are not equipped with an overabundance of lucre.

A rather well thought out backgammon table has been designed with scissor-like legs that fold up in the old sewing basket manner. This saves unlimbering the bridge table for the purpose. A writing desk made in the same manner seems like a rather smart idea for a small room that cannot spare space for a desk. Both pieces are done with artistic excellence and priced in proportion for such workmanship.

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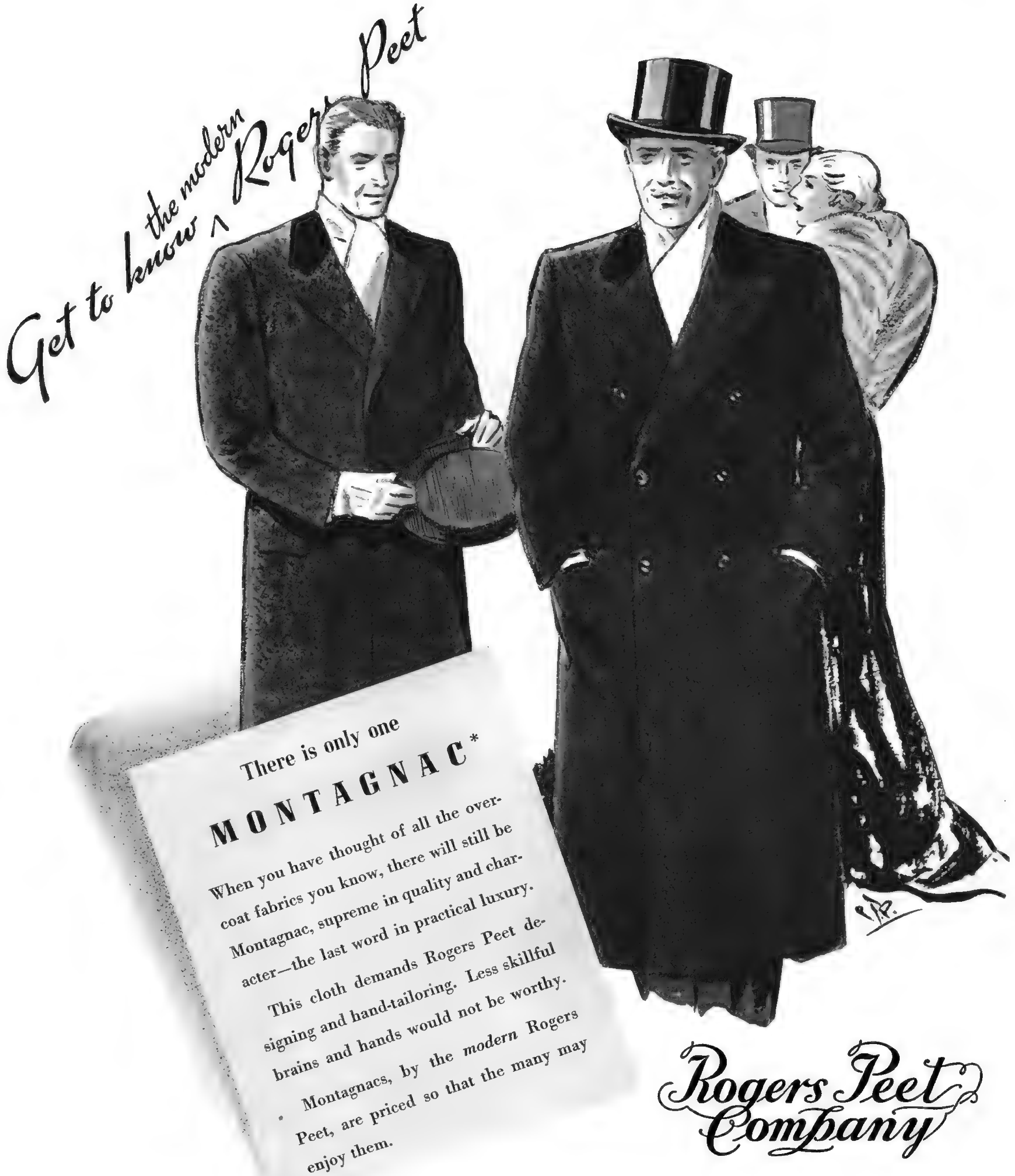
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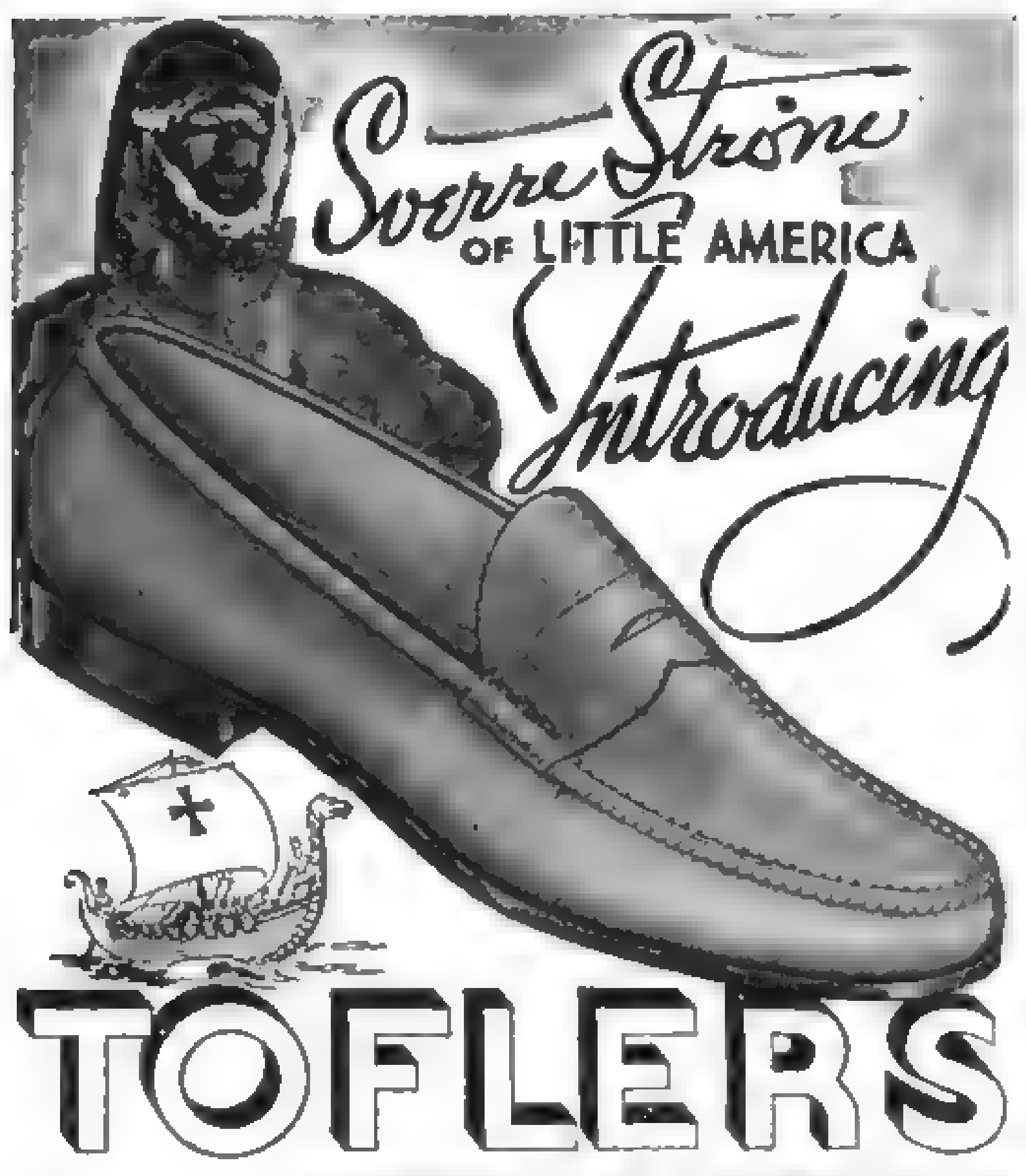

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Most men are unaware of the difficulty in carrying pipes and tobaccos with them when travelling until packing time comes. To solve it a manufacturer has created a carrying case to hold two pipes, and a striped silk pouch full of tobacco. Into the talon closed bag a panel fits that has retaining strips sewn to it to hold the pipes and the pouch.

Spurred on, no doubt, by the fact that the high efficiency of pocket and table cigarette lighters has all but replaced matches for the purposes of polite conflagration, the match makers have come through with a new, self-lighting paper match that is obtainable in rolls that fit into an attractive and excellently designed ash tray and match holder. The matches themselves are placed sticks down in a reversed cup held aloft above the ash tray by a small post, in an umbrella-like fashion.

You may recall the apple-shaped tobacco jar shown on one of our recent fashion illustrations. With Christmas gift-time approaching, it's had pups and you can get the tobacco jar with an identically shaped cigarette jar, smaller in size, to accommodate fifty cigarettes.

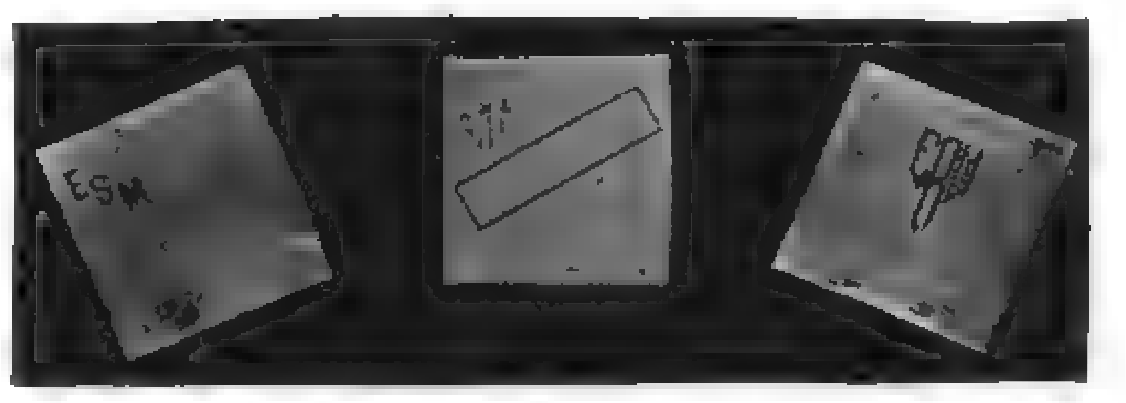
Pipe smokers have really never been quite satisfied with automatic lighters and usually turn back, sooner or later, to the good old kitchen, man-size, not so safety matches. Another attempt to cajole the inveterate pipe smoker away from his matches is being made with a small pencil-shaped affair that gives a highly satisfactory, torch-like flame. Perhaps this will get somewhere.

The growing popularity of badminton and ping pong has created a merger in the form of a new game. Table badminton is played over the usual ping pong table with a net about once again as high above the board. The table badminton bats are shorter handled and have smaller heads than standard size, while the bird is built so that its flight is controlled. You have to slam it full force to drive it the length of the table. The set comes complete with two rackets in presses, net, posts, six controlled-flight birds, and the essential rule book. You supply only the table.

Even though we've shown them several times on our fashion pages, we've never been able to display a complete collection of the Royal Dolton porcelain dogs that are obtainable. Practically every breed of pooch has been perfectly modelled, and a gift of one of these to someone who has a favorite breed will surely be appreciated. You can also get all breeds in hand-painted cast bronze, which are particularly fascinating because of their well executed detail.

We were present when each of the members of the victorious Argentine polo team bought himself a horse's hoof ashtray as a souvenir. This was shown among our last year's Christmas gift suggestions and proved to be one of the most popular.

Wall paper designers have been giving their attention to decorative motifs for rooms with specific purposes. Particularly interesting is a wall paper design that will glorify the walls of a card room. Fine lines divide the pattern into squares that feature alternately a few cocktail glasses, cards, cigarettes, and an ash tray. The corners of each square has one of the card pips—a heart, diamond, club or spade. Another paper ideally suited for a writing room or library is decorated with travel motifs, including a streamlined train, automobile, radio antenna, airplane. Telegraph poles and lines are effectively used as a secondary motif. While there is no news in wall papers for children's rooms, this organization has done a particularly good job of modernizing the usual and appropriate toy and animal motifs.



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Good positions for trained men and women in hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Qualify in FOUR MONTHS — learn on real hotel equipment, under expert instructors. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge New day Classes start Jan., Feb. Catalog FREE!
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Division RMW-8734 Washington, D. C.

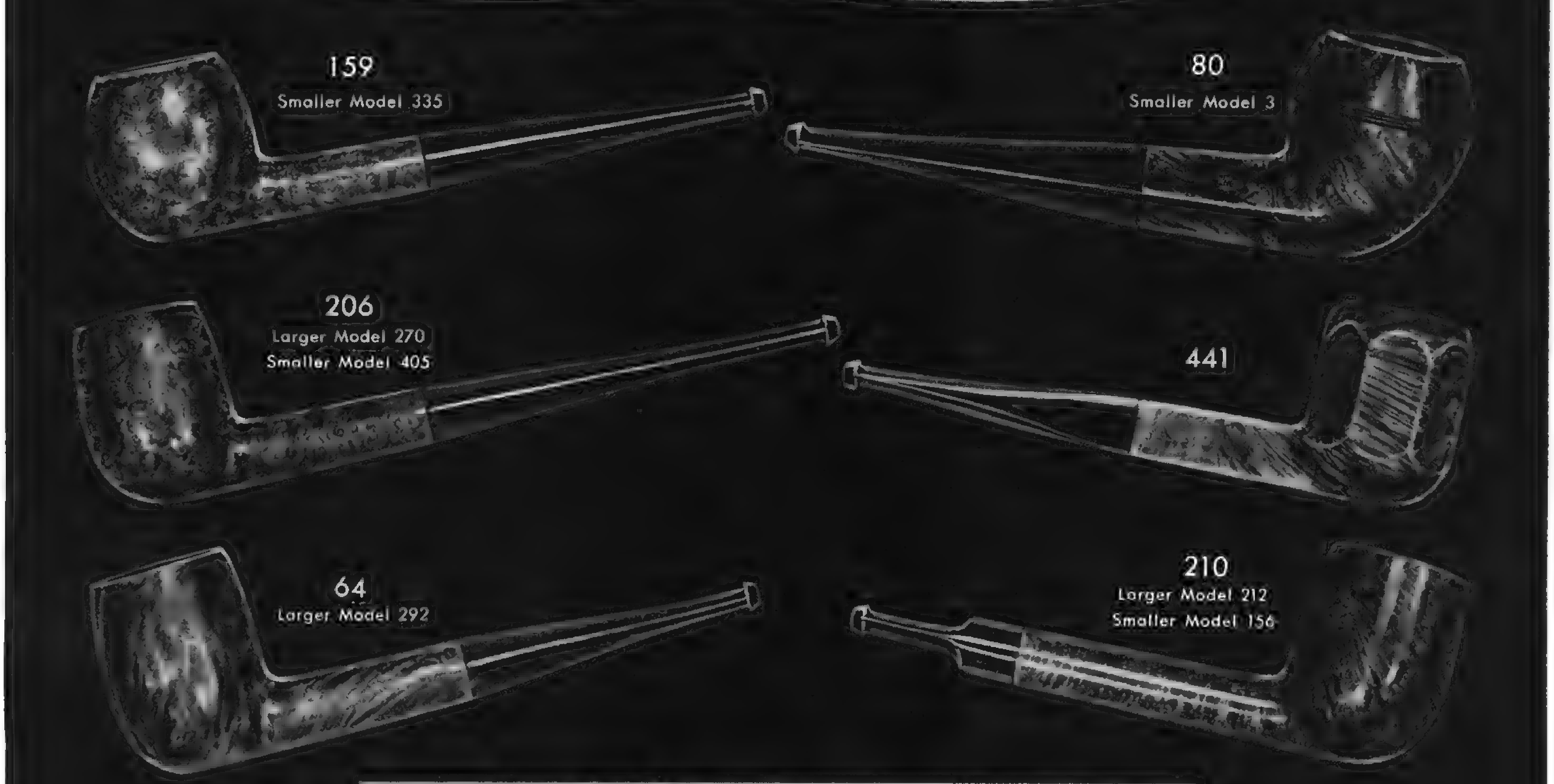
EVEN CRACKPOTS AND STOICS GO GA-GA OVER
4-5-6 PICK-UP STICKS
THE CONTINENTAL GAME
Remember jackstraws? This new game sensation is its second cousin, once removed. Over 75,000 sets already in use! De Luxe set $1.00 — others at 25 and 50 cents.
Department Stores and Toy Shops
O. SCHOENHUT, INC.
1955 East Hagert Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

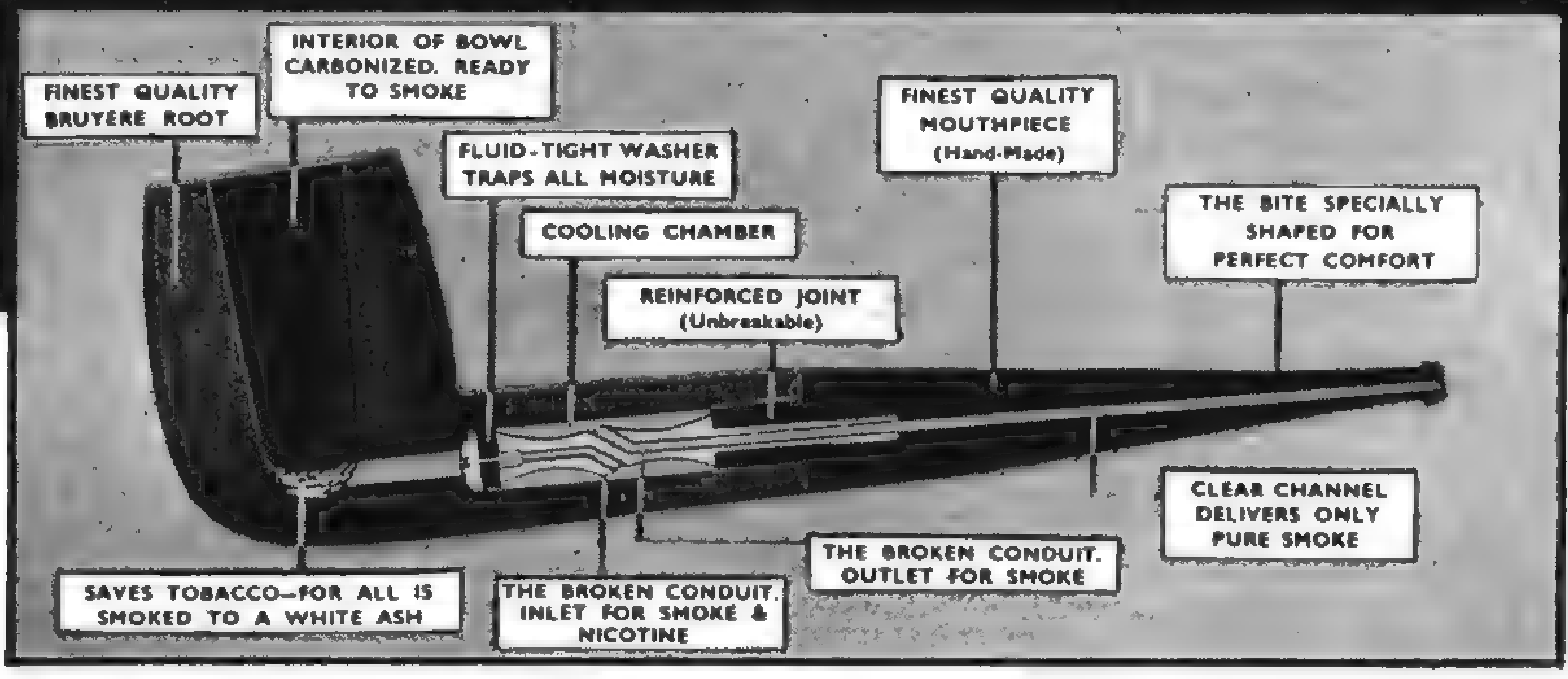
COMOYS

of London Eng.

PIPE MAKERS SINCE 1825

OFFER THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING


159
Smaller Model 335
80
Smaller Model 3
206
Larger Model 270
Smaller Model 405
441
64
Larger Model 292
210
Larger Model 212
Smaller Model 156


FINEST QUALITY BRUYERE ROOT
INTERIOR OF BOWL CARBONIZED. READY TO SMOKE
FLUID-TIGHT WASHER TRAPS ALL MOISTURE
COOLING CHAMBER
REINFORCED JOINT (Unbreakable)
FINEST QUALITY MOUTHPIECE (Hand-Made)
THE BITE SPECIALLY SHAPED FOR PERFECT COMFORT
CLEAR CHANNEL DELIVERS ONLY PURE SMOKE
THE BROKEN CONDUIT. OUTLET FOR SMOKE
THE BROKEN CONDUIT. INLET FOR SMOKE & NICOTINE
SAVES TOBACCO—FOR ALL IS SMOKED TO A WHITE ASH

THE WONDER PIPE $5.00

COMOYS GRAND SLAM

COOL · SWEET · NEVER CLOGS · EFFICIENCY 100%

Since 1825 four generations of pipe makers have made the name COMOYS famous the world over by the quality and originality of their products. To the discriminating smoker, the connoisseur, in search of exclusive and beautiful specimens of pipecraft, we recommend the following

COMOYS Extraordinaire $15.00 to $25.00	COMOYS Straight Grains 12.00 to 25.00
COMOYS Meerschaum Lined......10.00	ROYAL COMOYS..............7.50

COMOYS Virgin 6.00

Each of the above has its own distinctive character and particular feature, each embodying perfection in style, quality and workmanship. They are made to suit all requirements and every individual taste.

The six illustrations of pipes are but a selection from over 350 different styles designed to suit every individual requirement. ● Illustrated lists of other models will be sent gladly upon request — Free.

If you are unable to obtain your COMOYS pipe from your local dealer, Mail the coupon to:

THE HOUSE OF COMOY
620 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
in Canada: 148 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

Please send me the following shapes:

I enclose check — money order for $

Name

Address

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

HE'LL BE EVER GRATEFUL TO LEARN OF

FILTER-COOLED
Frank
MEDICO

SOMETHING WONDERFUL GOES ON INSIDE:

This simple appearing yet amazing absorbent filter invention with Cellophane exterior and cooling mesh screen interior keeps juices and flakes in Filter and out of mouth.

Prevents tongue bite, raw mouth, wet heel, bad odor, frequent expectoration. No breaking in. Improves the taste and aroma of any tobacco.

NOVEL & STANDARD SHAPES

Don't be Misled by low price of

$1 FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY

UNHEARD OF VALUE

Write for Pamphlet E

S.M. FRANK & CO., Inc.
Est. 1900
133 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.

ALSO CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS

THE ONLY PATENTED "CELLOPHANE"-SEALED FILTER—IT REALLY FILTERS

WHO wouldn't want one for CHRISTMAS

Marconiphone
PORTABLE
AUTOMATIC
Radio-Phonograph

Write for Folder No. 60

Beautiful tone. Changes even 12-in. records automatically and will repeat. Long & short wave radio aeroplane dial—with 8 metal and glass tubes, dynamic speaker, built-in antenna, AC—DC, carries own records. Operates closed. Complete. Perfect. Hear it!

DEALERS WRITE

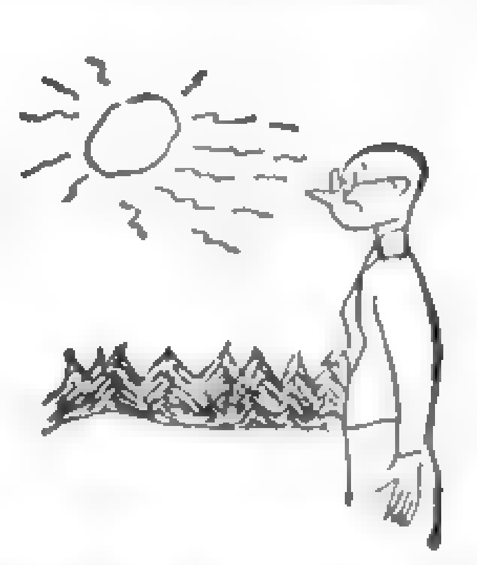
The ideal gift for the cruise. A real companion in your travels or at home. Also available in TABLE MODEL. If your local dealer hasn't it, he can get it for you—or write us.

MARCONIPHONE, INC.
679 Madison Ave., New York

Free
DISCRIMINATING MEN INSIST UPON
DUBLEKEEN
double edged razor blades
No keener, smoother, longer lasting blade at ANY PRICE!
Send 3c to cover postage for 2 Free DUBLEKEEN Blades.
35 for $1 at the better stores or write direct
GENERAL BLADE CORP., 41 W. 23rd St., N. Y. C.

Book reviewing is not within the scope of this Department, and we don't have the temerity to attempt it in the face of Burton Rascoe's accomplishments in this direction. However, having come upon a book that fits into the category of a novelty, we feel justified in reporting it, although we leave the analysis of its literary merit to those better qualified than ourselves. This *novel* novel is a detective story published in the form of a complete murder case file, similar to one that might be used at police headquarters. The file contains correspondence, detective reports, clues, photographs, telegrams, personal notes, fingerprints, hand-writing specimens, locks of hair, match sticks, cigarette butts, etc. The final report is sealed, so that you may develop your own solution before your curiosity overcomes your determination. This would make a good, impersonal and inexpensive Christmas gift.

A new development in eye glasses reduces reflected glare thirty times. For lovers of the great outdoors, who find no fun in squinting all day in the sun, this promises relief. Colored glasses, of course, do the trick, but these new glasses are clear and colorless and while glare is eliminated, they don't turn day into night.



For those with a penchant for Victorian décor who have included among their furniture a what-not or curio cabinet, or even for the corner cupboard, there is a miniature boat in a bottle that is no bigger than the end of your thumb.

If "the one and only" favors sport clothing, she'll be delighted with a pigskin bag in a rich hazel shade. A collection of these has just arrived here from England. One follows out the general lines of a stirrup and is particularly smart and horsey. There are others that are simple in design, depending upon the beauty of the leather and the unusual brown coloring for their effectiveness.

The boys responsible for packages and containers are a great lot of two-timers. They hand you a belt in a cigarette box or an ash tray; you get your dress studs and buttons in a plastic container that turns into a jewelry box for future use; shoes come in bags that you can use for packing when traveling to save soiling your linen; and there are any number of other boxes and bottles that you can use after their contents have been removed. Now the bottling boys have put one of the newest after shaving lotions in a leather covered whiskey flask, just the right size for the hip pocket. You'll probably use the lotion liberally to get the bottle ready for its secondary purpose. Incidentally, this particular shaving lotion is endorsed by one of the stage's great comedians.

One of last year's big surprises in the way of a novelty was a dumb-bell shaped cocktail shaker, which we presented on our gift suggestion pages, as well as in this column. A new edition is out for this year that is made of glass and is considerably lower in price, which should make it interesting to those who have a budget to which they must adhere.

There's an attractive item available for your library that combines appearance with efficiency in a letter file, bound like a book and sufficiently well done to fit in with your best bindings. It has a lock and key, and comes in sizes for either business or social stationery.

The versatility of the industrial designer never ceases to amaze us. One of them had no sooner put the finishing touches to a stream-lined train than he went to work on a vacuum cleaner, and the result of his efforts should speed up the vacuuming job by several rugs per hour.

NEW!
ShoeTrees of
Aromatic Red Cedar!

Here's the newest in shoe trees—CEDARSHU TREES — made from highly polished *aromatic* red cedar. Impart the fragrance. Keep shoes looking new—no wrinkles or upturned toes. Light weight. Remarkably easy to use. Just slip them in—automatically self-adjusting to length and width. A really unique Christmas gift — desired, practical, enduring. $1.50 pair
For men and women . . .

At quality shoe and department stores; if not yet at your dealer, order from us (money-back guarantee) mentioning shoe size, and whether for man or woman.

ROCHESTER SHOE TREE CO.
(Division of Schelter Last Co.)
62 CUMBERLAND ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Dealers: Write for Information

CEDARSHU TREES
MADE FROM AROMATIC RED CEDAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A JULEP WITH CRACKED ICE IS BETTER THAN NO JULEP

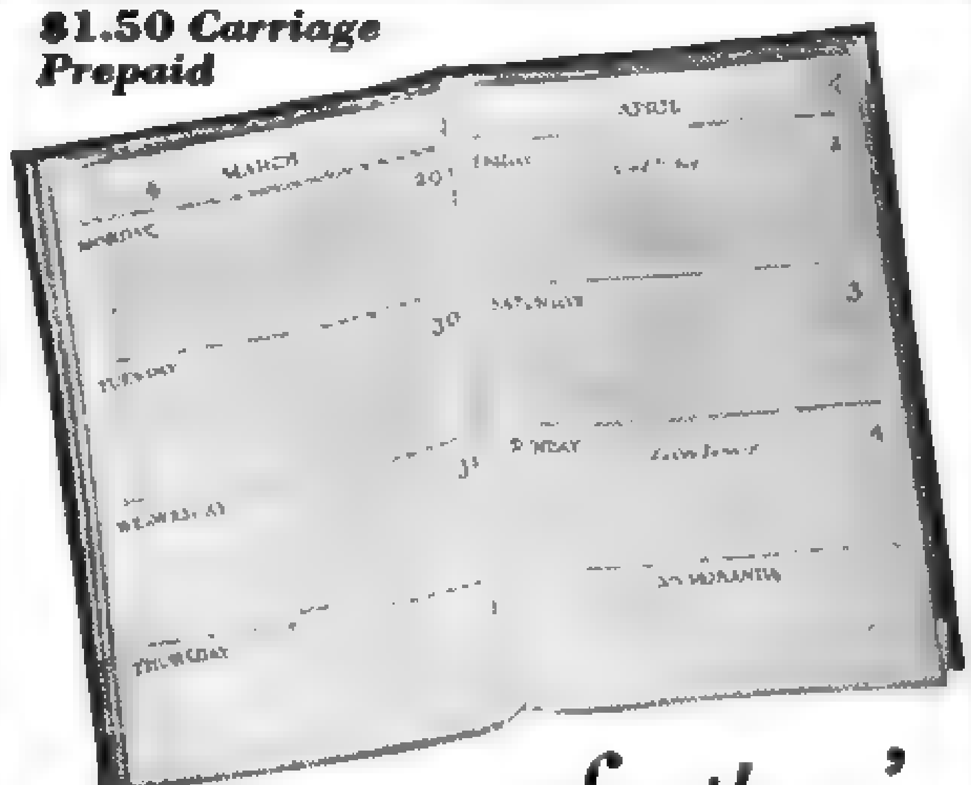
. . . *temperately cold* salads, vegetable, fish and fruit dishes surpass the uncooled . . . numerous ice cubes in hot coffee *eventually* make iced coffee . . . large chunks *can* be used in ice packs.

BUT there is an alternative for Esquire readers who own automatic refrigerators. IGLOO will convert those hard, slippery cubes into coarse or snow-like shaved ice. It fits over heavy glass, jar or can.

Finished in Chromium IGLOO presents a neat appearance in kitchen or bar. Will neither rust nor break . . . it's FOOLPROOF! Two Dollars: charges prepaid.

Ask your dealer or write

POLAR CORPORATION
815 South Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.



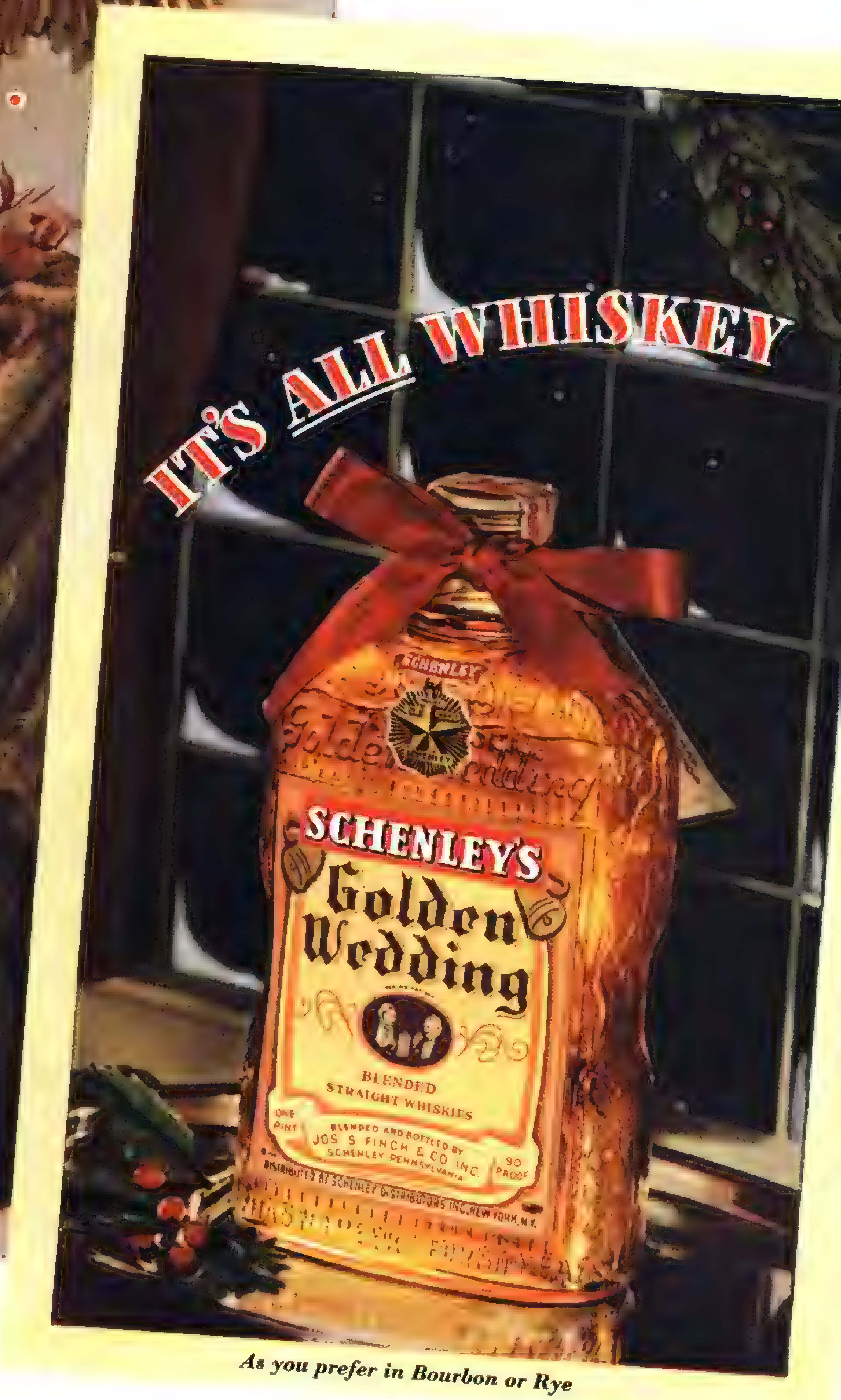
$1.50 Carriage Prepaid

Smythson's
WAFER DIARY
American Edition—1937

- Popular and unique 12 months' diary—4¼ ins. long, 2¾ ins. wide, ¼ in. thick. Printed on blue paper, gilt edges, bound in limp roan. Edition limited, order at once, cheque or money order.

MM Importing Co., Inc
515 Madison Avenue, New York

IT'S ALL SABLE..


IT'S ALL WHISKEY
SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE PINT
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOS S FINCH & CO INC. SCHENLEY PENNSYLVANIA
90 PROOF
DISTRIBUTED BY SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Above: **This fine $25,000 sable wrap from Milgrim, New York, is *all* sable, and *perfect* sable.**

Right: Golden Wedding is a blend of straight whiskies and *only* whiskies! It's *all* whiskey!

As you prefer in Bourbon or Rye

SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Comes in *round* bottles at bars . . . in round *or* flat bottles at your dealer's.

For golden glow on Holiday evenings...

and for cheerful well-being on Holiday mornings

This Christmas give your friends a whiskey that affords not only keen pleasure in the evening but also a sense of well-being the next day...a whiskey that's *all* whiskey . . . a *sound* whiskey!

For many joyous golden hours, select this grand old blend—famous for over 50 years . . . the peerless masterpiece of *old hands* of the industry . . . the old hands whose painstaking skill and rich years of intimate experience make Golden Wedding the No. 1 straight whiskey blend of The House of Schenley.

Copyright 1936, Schenley Products Co., Inc., N.Y.

SCHENLEY'S

Golden Wedding

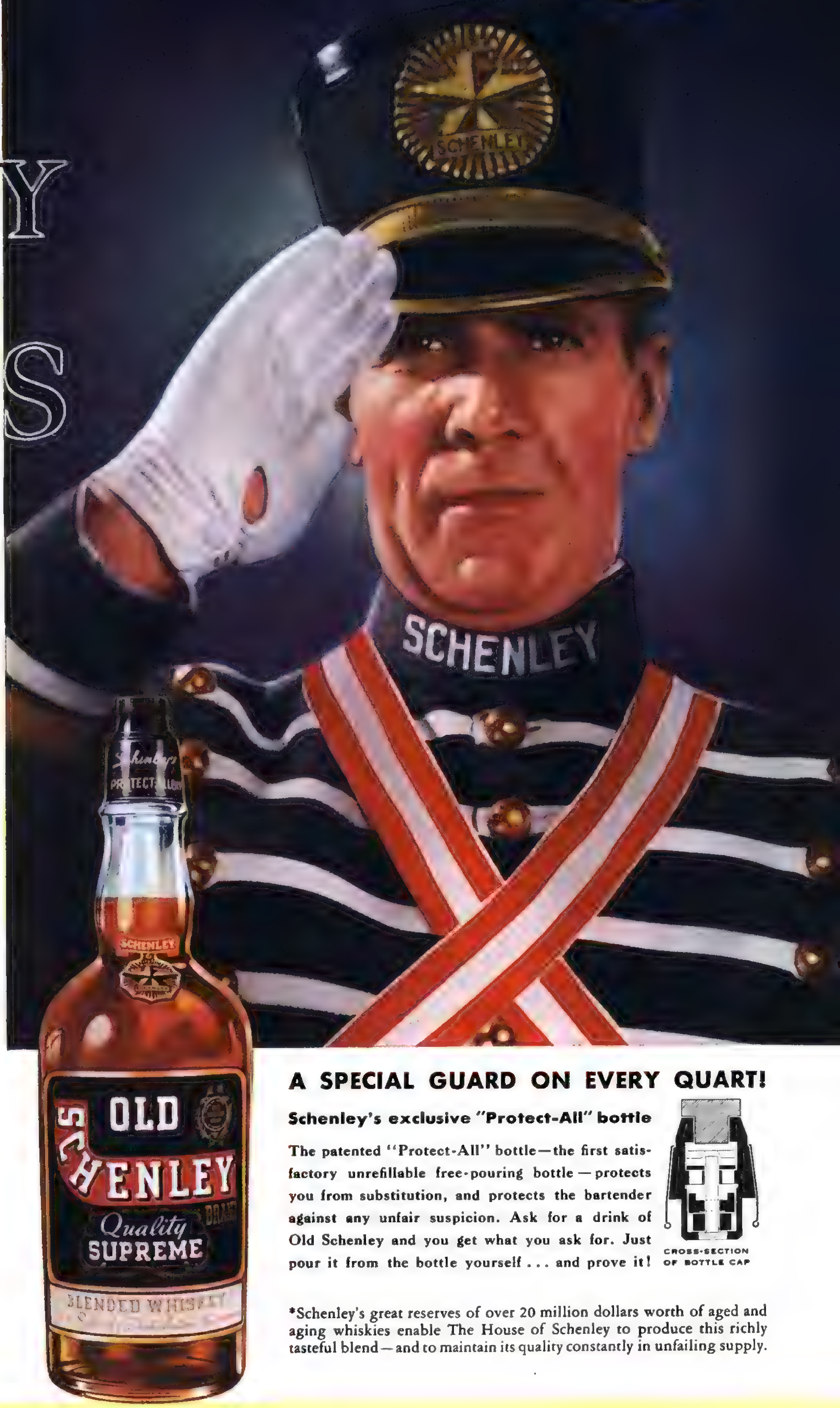
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES . . . 90 PROOF . . . BOURBON OR RYE

ONE TASTE WILL WIN YOU···LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!

LOCK
STOCK BARREL

SCHENLEY Salutes You

*with its 20-Million-Dollar Blend**



- Its goodness *locked* in—by Schenley's "Protect-All" bottle!
- Rich with the taste of Schenley's great aging Reserves . . . a 20-million-dollar *stock* of *barrel*-aged whiskey!
- In taste-fullness it stands alone . . . and sits well!
- A mild, clean whiskey that has a pleasant after-taste!
- At the best—and the busiest—bars it will lead the parade!

A SPECIAL GUARD ON EVERY QUART!

Schenley's exclusive "Protect-All" bottle

The patented "Protect-All" bottle—the first satisfactory unrefillable free-pouring bottle—protects you from substitution, and protects the bartender against any unfair suspicion. Ask for a drink of Old Schenley and you get what you ask for. Just pour it from the bottle yourself . . . and prove it!

CROSS-SECTION OF BOTTLE CAP

*Schenley's great reserves of over 20 million dollars worth of aged and aging whiskies enable The House of Schenley to produce this richly tasteful blend—and to maintain its quality constantly in unfailing supply.

OLD SCHENLEY *is the name!*

BRAND

BLENDED WHISKEY

90 PROOF

Quality Supreme: The straight whiskies in this product are **8** years or more old, 40% straight whiskies and 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

If you like a milder whiskey—**Extra Quality:** The straight whiskies in this product are **3** years and 4 months or more old. 30% straight whiskies and 70% grain neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 10% straight whiskey **8** years old. 10% straight whiskey **5** years old. 10% straight whiskey **3** years and 4 months old.

Copr. 1936, Schenley Distributors Inc., New York, N. Y.

Schenley
THIS WHISKEY IS ELEVEN (11) YEARS OLD AGED IN WOOD
SCHENLEY'S
REG U S PAT OFF
Ancient Special Reserve
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
MADE IN U.S.A.
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER U. S. GOV'T SUPERVISION
BOTTLED FOR Schenley Distributors, Inc. NEW YORK, N. Y.
ONE QUART
100 PROOF
OF THIS SPECIAL RESERVE STOCK THERE IS BUT A LIMITED SUPPLY OF WHICH THIS IS BOTTLE No

SCHENLEY PRESENTS

A RARE GOOD TREAT
FOR THOSE WHO LOVE
AUTHENTIC QUALITY

A Limited Edition *of a* Proud Old Rye

BOTTLED IN BOND

. . . . the last of a limited supply of this 11 year old Rye is now available

ONLY those who are taste-sensitive to the niceties of fine old whiskey will appreciate the soft magic of Schenley's Ancient Special Reserve. Back in 1921, brought forth by masters of the distiller's art, it was laid away in charred white oak barrels — eleven years later bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision, for American connoisseurs . . . Each bottle is individually numbered — here literally is a "limited edition" of a proud old Rye.

If Your Dealer Doesn't Carry It
MAIL THIS COUPON

Schenley Distributors, Inc.
20 West 40th Street, New York City

Please tell me the name of the nearest liquor store that carries Ancient Special Reserve.

*Name*______________________________

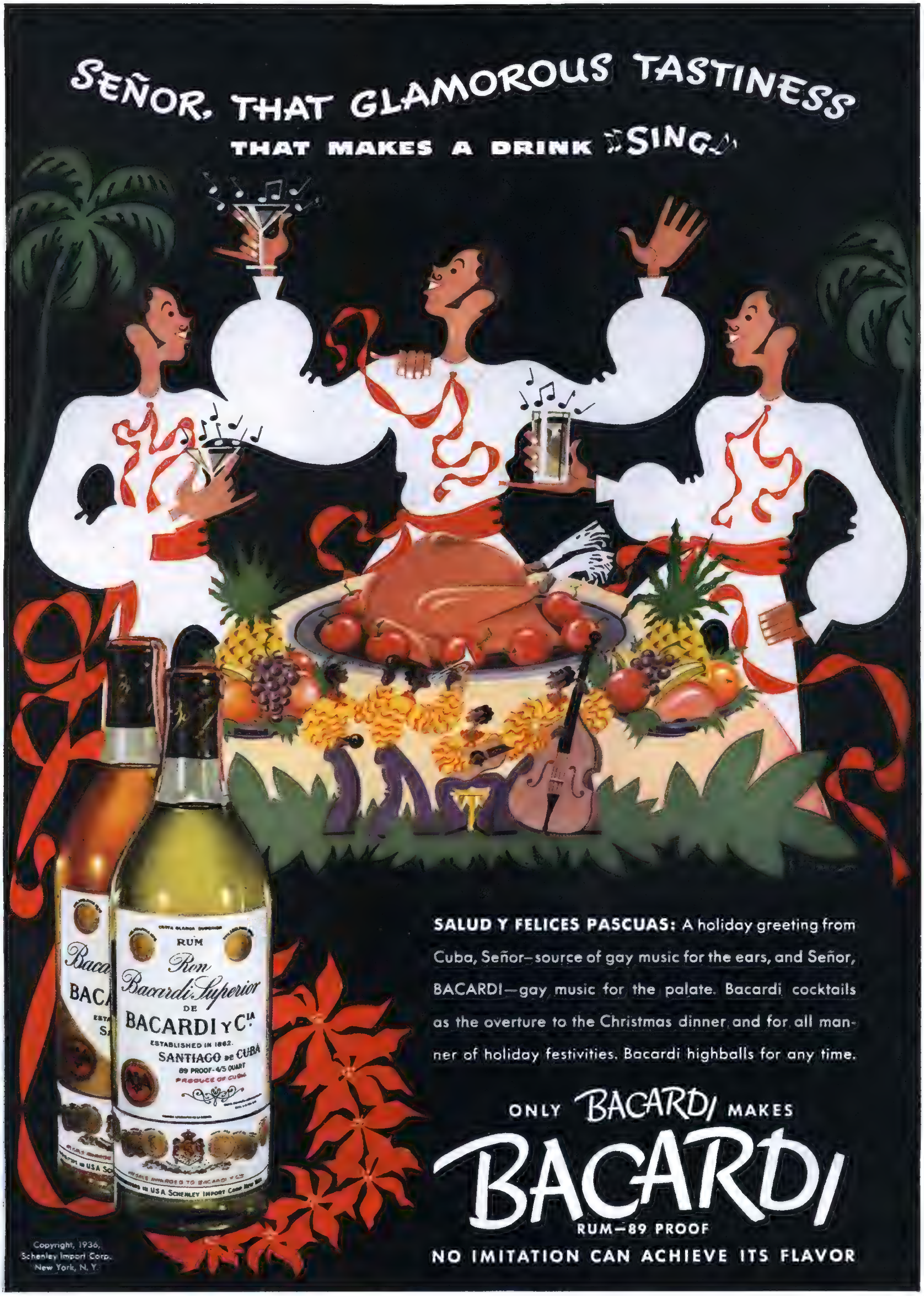
*Address*____________________________

*City*______________ *State*______________

Copyright 1936, Schenley Distributors, Inc., N. Y.

Schenley's
ANCIENT SPECIAL RESERVE

This whiskey is 11 years old — Bottled in Bond — 100 proof


SEÑOR, THAT GLAMOROUS TASTINESS
THAT MAKES A DRINK SING
RUM
Ron
Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI Y Cia.
ESTABLISHED IN 1862.
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
89 PROOF-4/5 QUART
PRODUCE OF CUBA

SALUD Y FELICES PASCUAS: A holiday greeting from Cuba, Señor—source of gay music for the ears, and Señor, BACARDI—gay music for the palate. Bacardi cocktails as the overture to the Christmas dinner and for all manner of holiday festivities. Bacardi highballs for any time.

ONLY BACARDI MAKES

BACARDI

RUM—89 PROOF

NO IMITATION CAN ACHIEVE ITS FLAVOR

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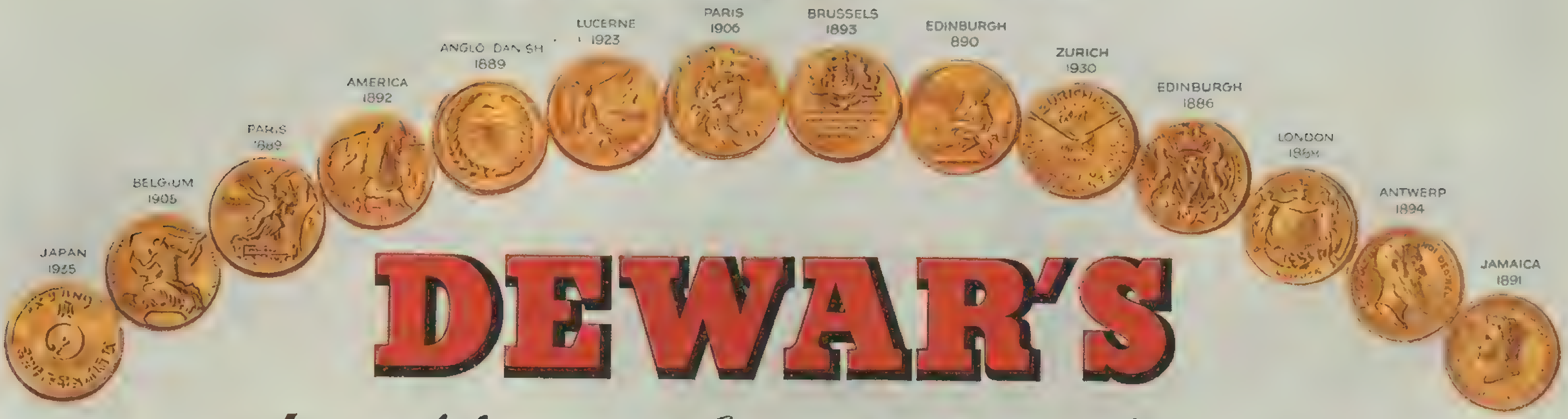
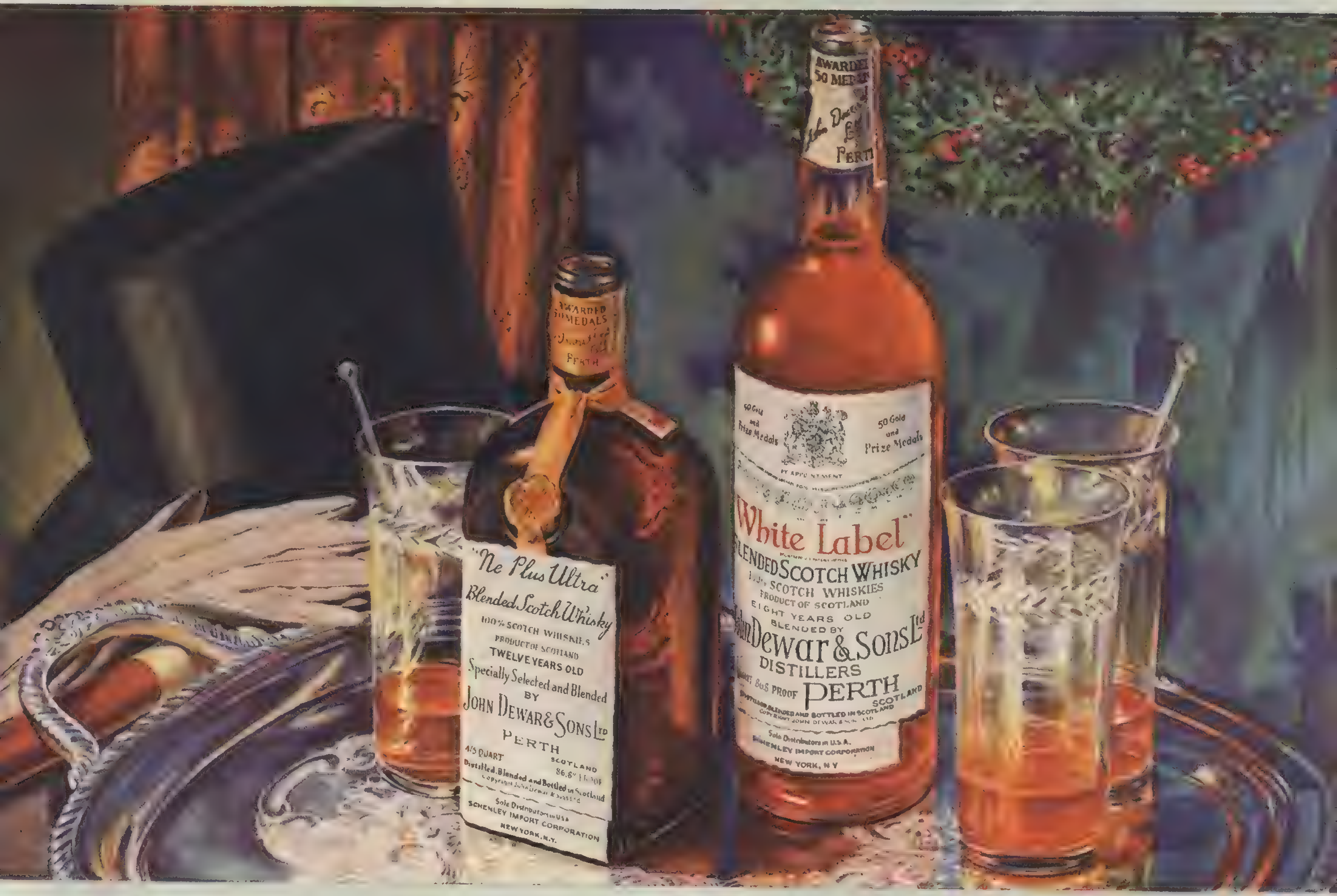
Schenley Import Corp.
New York, N. Y.

Schenley Presents


JAPAN 1935
BELGIUM 1905
PARIS 1889
AMERICA 1892
ANGLO DANISH 1889
LUCERNE 1923
PARIS 1906
BRUSSELS 1893
EDINBURGH 890
ZURICH 1930
EDINBURGH 1886
LONDON 1854
ANTWERP 1894
JAMAICA 1891

DEWAR'S

the Medal Scotch of the World


AWARDED 50 MEDALS
PERTH
"Ne Plus Ultra"
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
Specially Selected and Blended BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH
SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF
Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
86.8 PROOF
PERTH
SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

For a Gentleman's
SCOTCH
Ask for **DEWAR'S**
(Pronounced Doo-ers)
Blended Scotch Whisky
86.8 proof

More than 60 Gold Medals and Prizes have been awarded to Dewar's, the Medal Scotch of the World—from the four corners of the Earth. The outstanding goodness of Dewar's stands behind its world-wide laurels. From its quiet, delicate bouquet to its exquisite, lingering glow, it is the well-mannered Scotch—truly the Medal Scotch of the World. "White Label," 8 years old. "Ne Plus Ultra," 12 years old.

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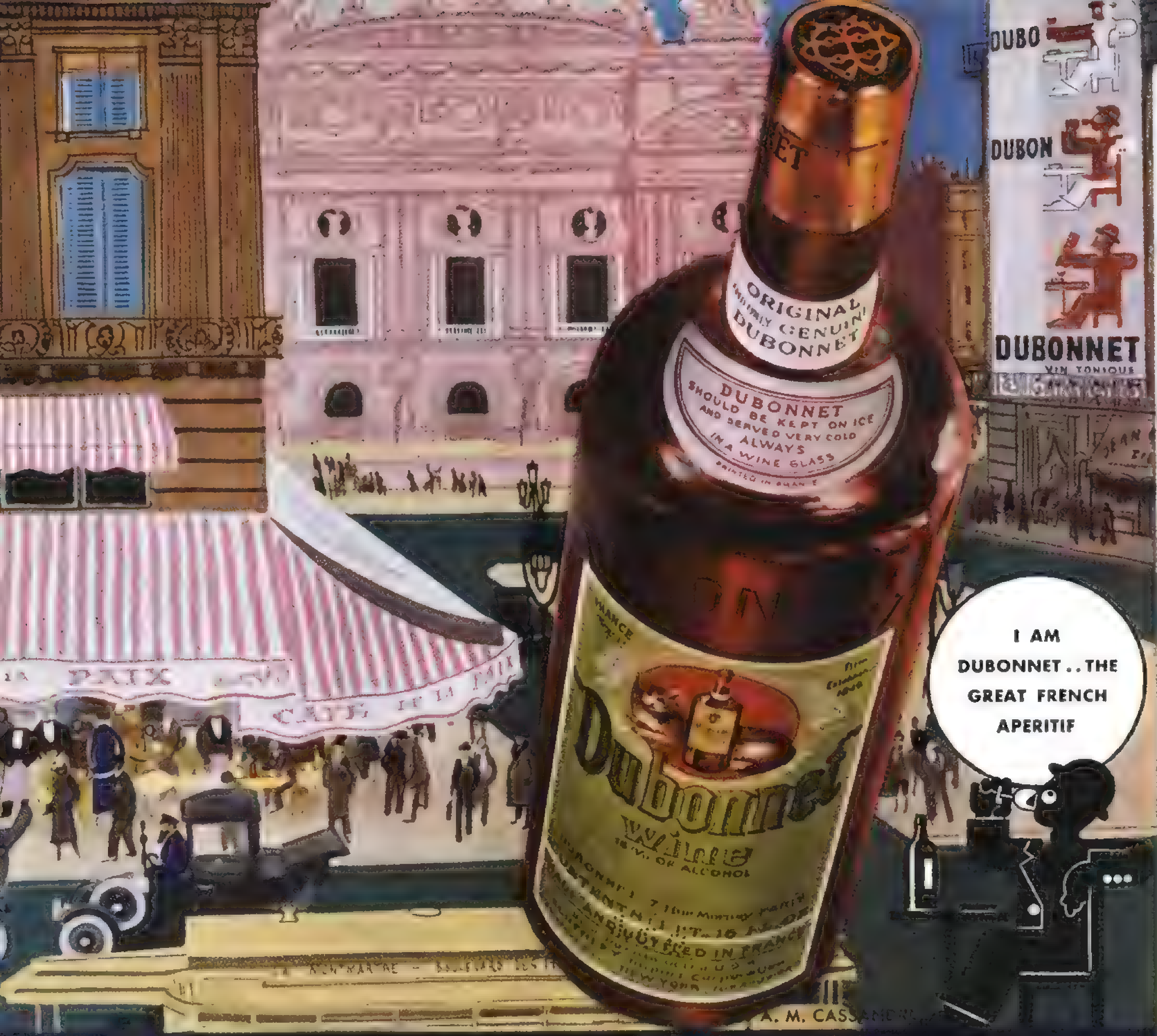
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK


ORIGINAL
ENTIRELY GENUINE
DUBONNET
DUBONNET SHOULD BE KEPT ON ICE AND SERVED VERY COLD ALWAYS IN A WINE GLASS
Dubonnet
wine
I AM DUBONNET . . THE GREAT FRENCH APERITIF
DUBONNET
VIN TONIQUE
CAFE DE LA PAIX
A. M. CASSANDRE

Delicieux! Apetissant!

so say the French as they lift their Dubonnet!

At the gay sidewalk cafes of Paris, they say "Dubonnet, please,"—and they sip to delight their palates, to enrich their senses, to heighten their appetite for all good things. More and more Americans are learning this priceless secret of the French—the delicious drink, light in alcoholic content, smartly appropriate at all times—the "lift" with no regrets. Try Dubonnet straight, or in the Dubonnet cocktail (half Dubonnet, half gin). *Comprenez vous?*

Dubonnet

WINE—alcholol 18% by volume

A SCHENLEY IMPORT

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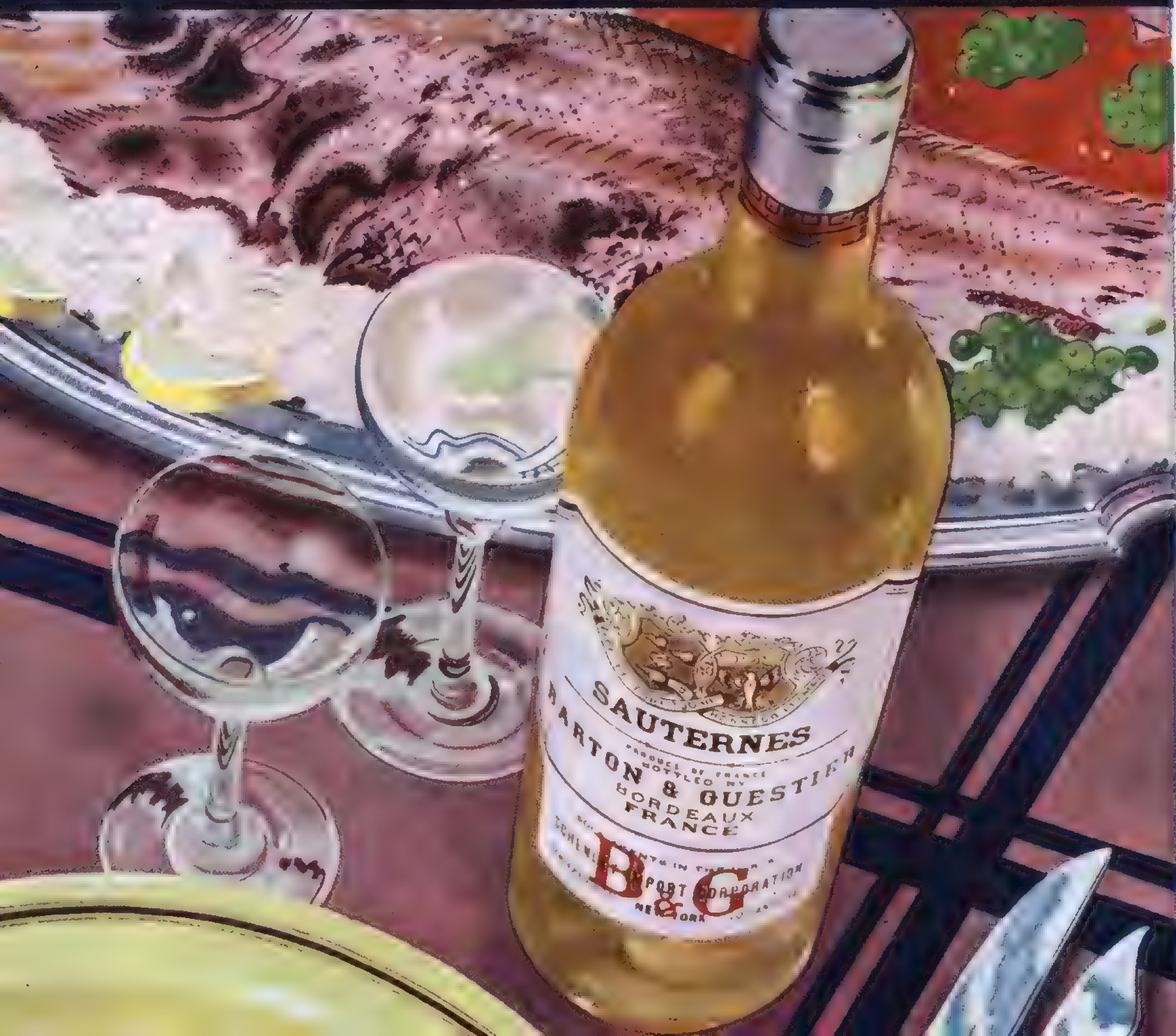
Schenley Presents


SAUTERNES
BARTON & GUESTIER
BORDEAUX
FRANCE
B&G

There's no mystery about ordering B & G Sauternes!

For "B & G" is the one correct and completely satisfying answer to a wine steward's query.

Golden . . . delicious . . . delightful . . . B & G Sauternes is correct with every course of a well-ordered dinner. And—

A bottle costs no more than a round of cocktails.

Barton & Guestier—B & G—are the world's leading shippers of France's finest Bordeaux and Burgundy wines.

BARTON & GUESTIER

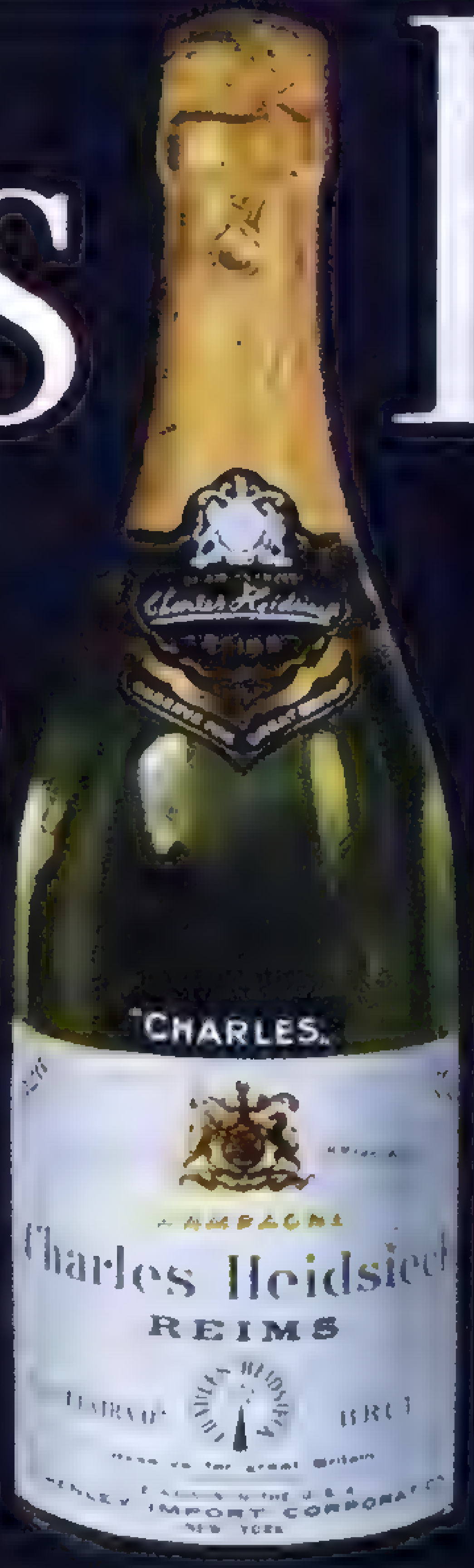
B&G
Sauternes

A SCHENLEY IMPORT

SCHENLEY PRESENTS

Charles Heidsieck

When Champagne is the Order



Throughout the world the Vintage Champagnes of Charles Heidsieck are chosen by those of distinguished taste in fine wines. Charles Heidsieck is made only from the very choicest champagne grapes and is brought to perfection by experts. When champagne is the order, specify Charles Heidsieck — it always commands respect.

A SCHENLEY IMPORT

Gonzalez

The Sherry House of the World

GONZALEZ
JEREZ
SHERRY

From Spain's largest stocks of fine old sherries comes Gonzalez sherry. Gonzalez, since 1835, has given the world the *Greatest of Sherries*—made, aged and bottled at Jerez, Spain. Gonzalez "Diamond Jubilee", a rich and golden sherry . . . Gonzalez "Cochran", pale, medium dry . . . Gonzalez "Royal Amontillado", dry, full-bodied, nutty flavor . . . Gonzalez "Tio Pepe", extra dry. Alcohol 20% by volume.

A SCHENLEY IMPORT

Ode to Otard cognac by Ogden nash

OTARD
COGNAC

Oliver Oscar Orlando O'Dell,
He loved the letter O right well.
Orchids were his favorite bloom,
And he kept an Odalisque in his room.
His dream of a meal in Paradise
Was Ortolans, Otard and Orange Ice.
Whimsical, Mr. O'Dell may be,
But with one of his doctrines all agree—
Wherever brandy and liqueurs flow,
Connoisseurs turn to the letter O.

Ogden Nash

There are only a few great brandies in the world. These come from the famous Cognac region of France. Among these distinguished brandies, *only* Otard is bottled in the Chateau de Cognac, thus assuring the inimitable flavor of France's most famous grape region.

•

84 Proof

A SCHENLEY IMPORT

NOILLY PRAT

America's favorite French Vermouth

NP

The perfect dry Martini is made with French *(Dry)* Vermouth. For more than 100 years the standard Dry Vermouth has been Noilly Prat. 90 per cent of all the French Vermouth imported from France is Noilly Prat. Alcohol 19% by volume.

A SCHENLEY IMPORT

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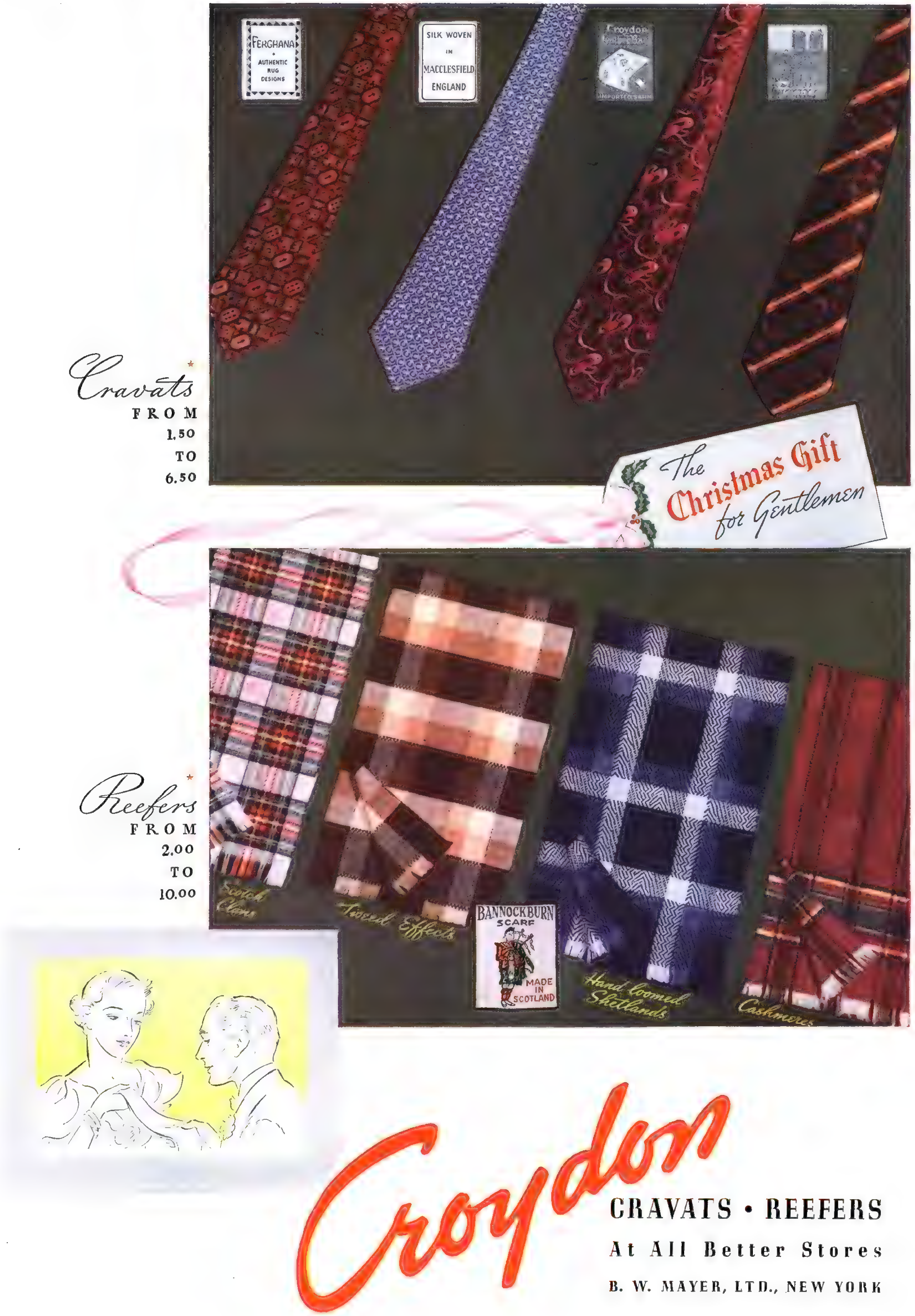

FERGHANA
• AUTHENTIC RUG DESIGNS
SILK WOVEN IN MACCLESFIELD ENGLAND
Croydon
IMPORTED SATIN
The Christmas Gift for Gentlemen
Scotch Clans
Tweed Effects
BANNOCKBURN SCARF
MADE IN SCOTLAND
Hand Loomed Shetlands
Cashmeres

Cravats
FROM
1.50
TO
6.50

Reefers
FROM
2.00
TO
10.00

Croydon

CRAVATS • REEFERS

At All Better Stores

B. W. MAYER, LTD., NEW YORK

IT'S A *Scent-imental* OCCASION

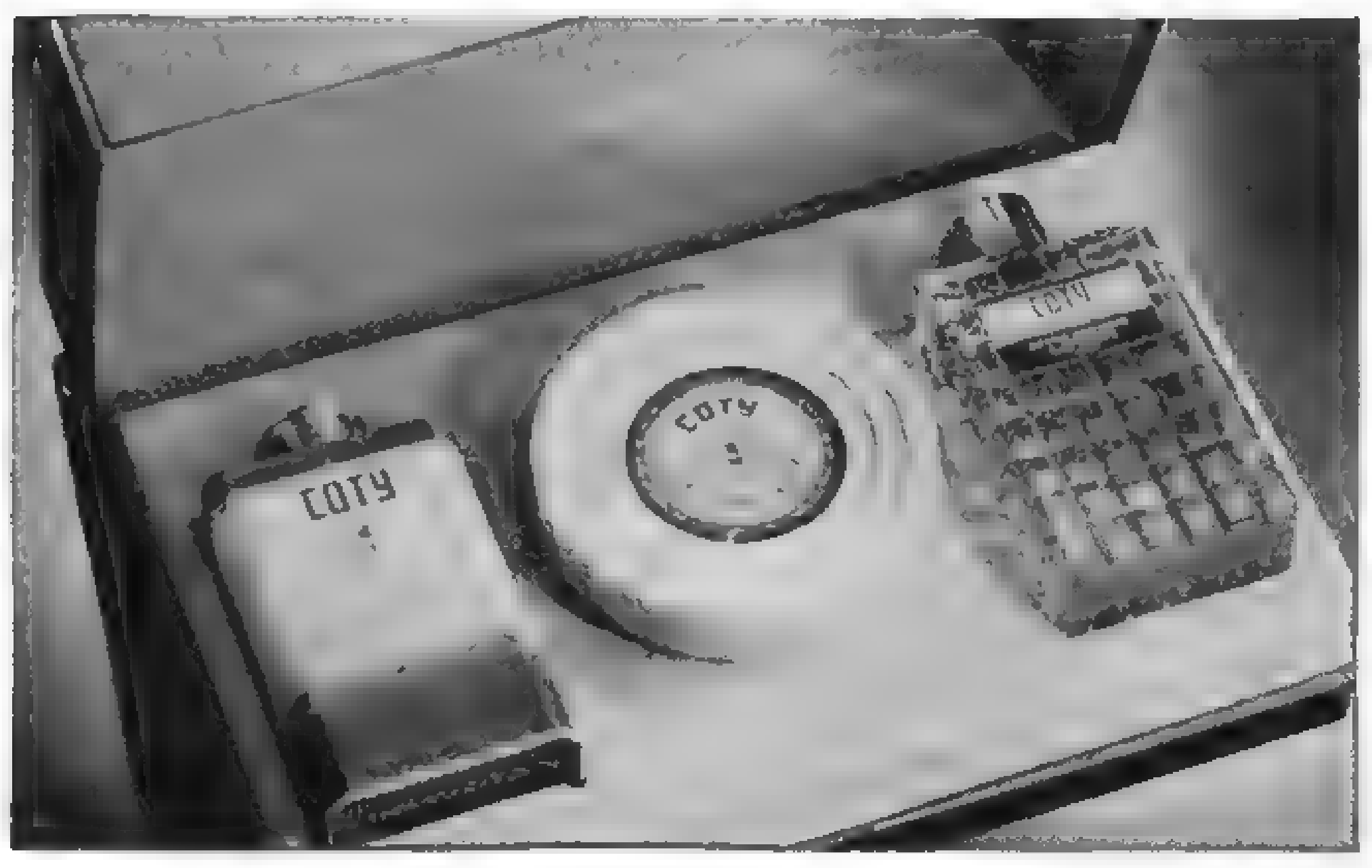
She hopes that at Christmas, at least, you'll show yourself a bit of a poet. Give her a sumptuous bottle of one of Coty's choicest perfumes. Or an ensemble of Coty beauty luxuries, in matching scents. Shyly confess you picked a fragrance that seemed to suit her personality. She'll be flattered, even if you're completely perfume-blind, for Coty artists have seen to it that every Coty creation is a supreme tribute to the lures of Woman. All Coty ensembles are presented in new *jeweled* gift cases which reflect this year's mode for brilliant costume jewelry. So even "at first sight" she'll fall in love with your selection.

Enthroned in a gold and white case are twin crystal flacons of Coty Perfumes. Combinations up to a Sextette. The Duo is $3 85

A new loose powder Double Compact and Coty Eau de Toilette in an intriguing case $3 50

Featuring the new Coty "Air Spun"—the greatest face powder sensation in years—cleverly matched with Coty Toilet Water $2 25

For men...Coty luxury in tailored simplicity. The new Coty wooden Shaving Bowl, Coty Talc and After Shave Lotion $2 50



In the smartest manner, Coty packages Manicure Essentials. Note the plastic, ivory-tone tray with the moulded recesses $3 75

Six of the Coty de Luxe creations regally packaged in a "jewel"-studded case. Quite a breath-taking gift for $12 50

GIFTS OF GLAMOUR BY COTY

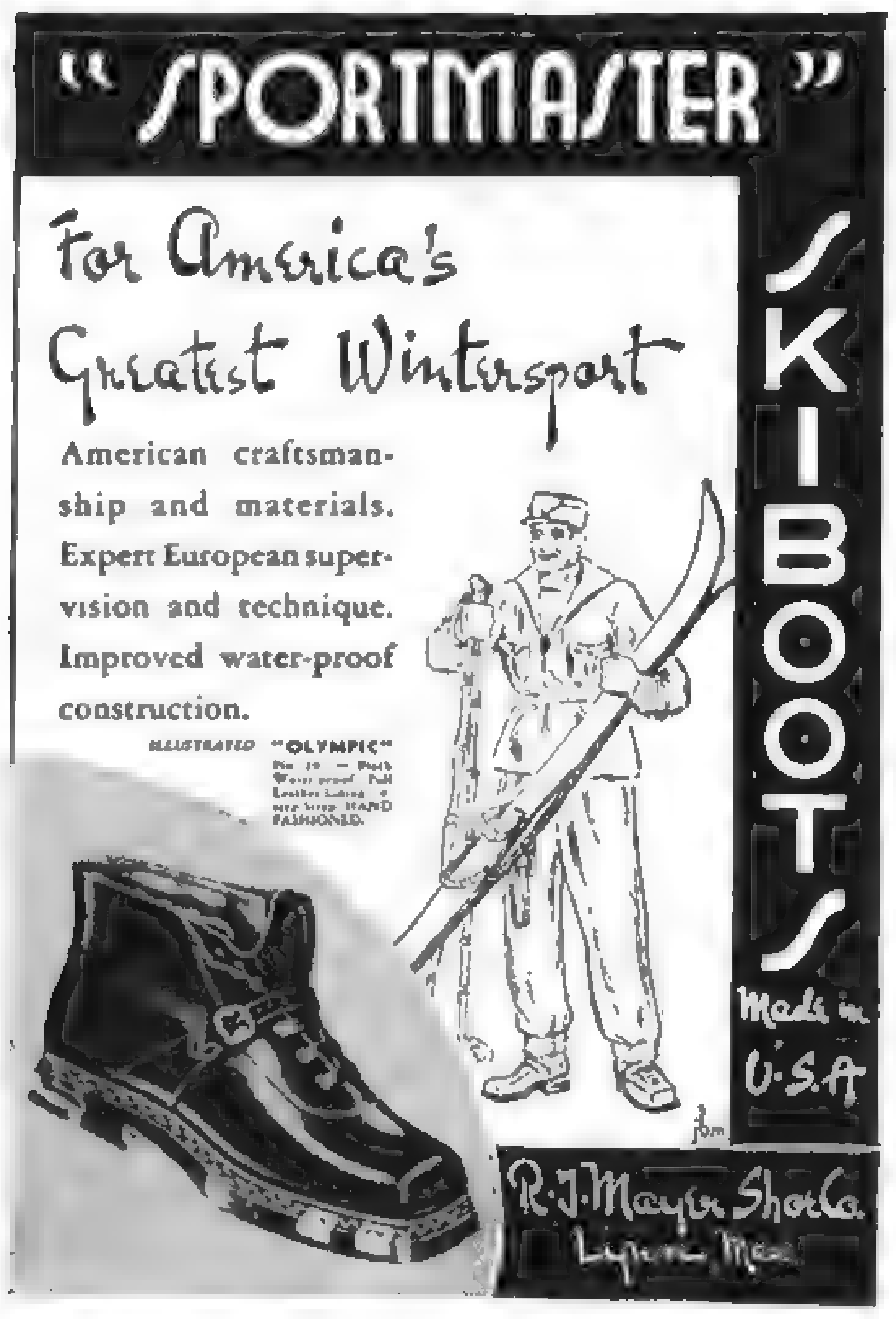
TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

A modern Cellini has created a unique sterling silver cigarette case. It's a perfect replica of an addressed envelope with the exception of thickness. A genuine three cent stamp is affixed to the upper right hand corner, cancel marked and lacquered. The post mark, name and address are reproduced in the exact handwriting of the person for whom it is intended. It opens from the back in the manner of an envelope flap, and holds sixteen cigarettes.

Mass production has been beneficial, in its own way, by making available to many, fine things that might otherwise be too costly for more than a few to own. Our regret, however, is that in this Juggernaut-like progress the craftsman and artisan has practically been crushed out of existence. So, it is with glee that we report an anachronism that is a slap in the face to the Mammon of mechanization and modernity. From way down East, in the depths of that politically important state, comes word of a return to the old guild idea. It all came about during the depths of the late (we hope) depression. A gentleman retired from active business, but keeping himself occupied with a bit of fox raising near his Maine camp, was somewhat affected by the unfortunate conditions of his native neighbors who had been unseated from their lumber mill jobs by the aforementioned depressed business conditions. Considering some way of lending a helping hand that would be within his own financial ability, he recalled the home knitting activities during the last (at time of writing) war. Conceiving the possibilities of selling home-knitted socks of the Sister Susie type, but unable to find hand knitters of that period still in existence, a couple of Scotch machines were imported and placed in the local homes. After some trials in teaching the local talent a new trade, a few more hand knitting machines were brought in with the result that socks were produced in sufficient quantity to justify attempting to sell the output to some of the stores known to have a clientele appreciative of the Scotch counterparts. These Maine-made Scotch socks are now a commercial reality. So much for the transference of Scotch industry to the Maine woods.

But we have our own Highlanders who are contributing something to the welfare of handcrafting that may compensate to a small degree for the deluge of hill billy music. From the hills of Tennessee, Kentucky and the Carolinas and from Berea College, Berea, Kentucky, where students may earn their tuition by handicraft work, comes a myriad of articles having the charm of non-standardized form. These articles have been collected in one shop, and they include homespuns for men's and women's suits, ties, mufflers, rugs, throws, tapestries, ladies' handbags, purses, gloves, pewter, hand carved figures, bookends, handmade jewelry, pottery, furniture, bedspreads, fireplace utensils and kitchen ware. For the most part they are made to order, but there are many items obtainable from stock that would make delightful Christmas gifts.

A table model pepper mill for grinding whole peppers as you go has been molded in a new and modern form. It looks like a little fat lady carved from walnut stained wood with a chrome head. The torso twists at the waist for the grinding operation. A companion piece, although entirely different in design, is a newly conceived salt mill. In addition to its effective appearance, it will dispense salt in spite of the dampness which, in itself, is top recommendation for a salt cellar. It may be had in either a light or dark finished wood.


"SPORTMASTER"
For America's Greatest Wintersport
American craftsmanship and materials. Expert European supervision and technique. Improved water-proof construction.
ILLUSTRATED "OLYMPIC"
SKI BOOTS
Made in U.S.A.
R. J. Mayer Shoe Co.

Hand Wrought
STERLING SILVER
$7.50 a set
RYE
BOTTLE STOPPER AND MARKER
To fit any bottle or decanter.
Price individually $4.00
GUGLIELMO CINI
Jeweler Craftsman
308 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

For MEN and WOMEN
ACTUAL SIZE
NEW HAVEN
$3.95
Small Lapel Watch
Case of unbreakable plastic composition in black and white, crystal, or black and red. Transparent back; aviation numeral dial; modernistic indicators; chrome bezel; unbreakable crystal; black, braided leather cord. *At Men's Wear and Dep't Stores.*
WATCH DIVISION
New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn.

KENNETT BRIAR
(Made in England)
COOL as a cucumber
LIGHT as a feather
SWEET as a nut
ONE SIZE
ONE SHAPE
ONE PRICE
$5.00 *Carriage Prepaid*
M M IMPORTING CO., INC.
515 Madison Avenue, New York
I enclose $5.00 for a Kennett Briar (carriage prepaid).
Name
Address

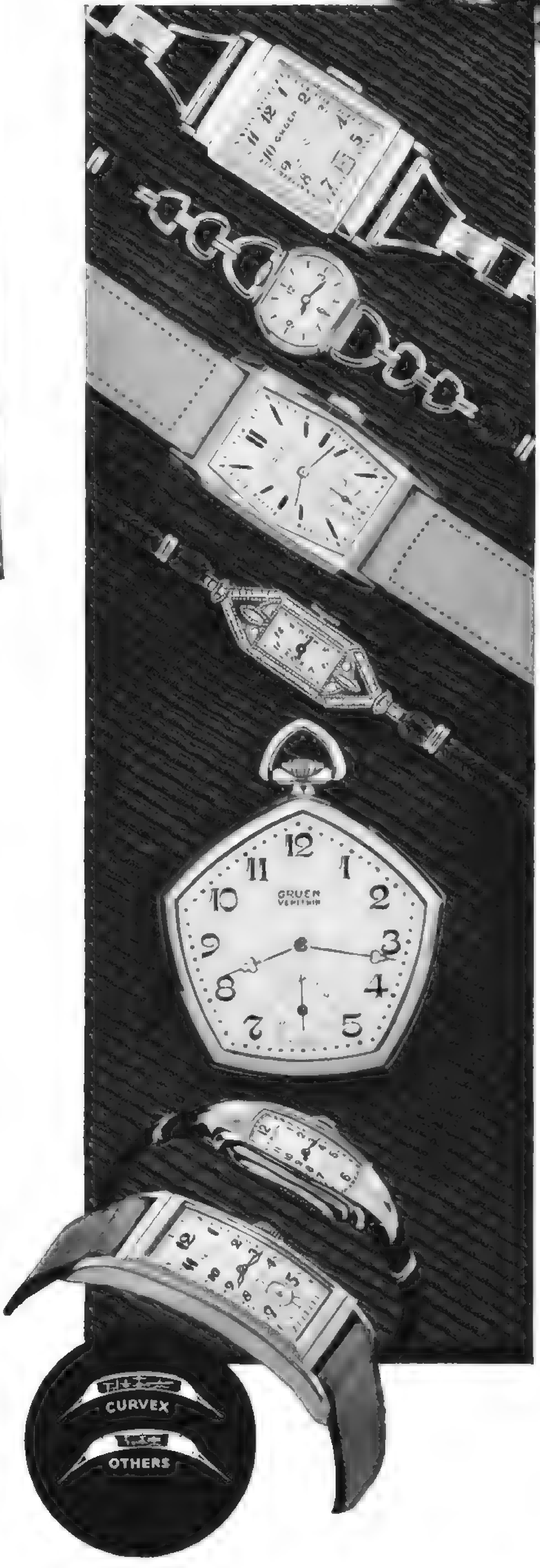
AMERICA'S FINEST!
Smart yet practical
Maximum protection
Minimum weight
Finest materials and workmanship
For expert or novice
SLALOM SKI WEAR
B. F. MOORE & CO.
NEWPORT VERMONT

ONLY BENJAMIN *HAS THE* GENUINE
SAFE
COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL $7.50
For Target & Small Game - Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50, Holster $1.75. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE The Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistols & Rifles On The Market. Full Details - Targets - Free - Write for Introductory Offer. Benjamin Air Rifle Co. 699 N. B'way, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

GIFTS *with what it* TECS
Every gentleman should have quantities of TECS. (Ladies need even more.) These trig shoe jackets are a natural for traveling. Absolutely dust-proof and dirt-proof. TECS keep brogues from soiling fresh shirts (or dainty lingerie). Join the growing Tecs-ocracy of perfect givers. And treat *yourself* to a pair or two! Ask for TECS (with their exclusive Identifasteners) at your favorite shop, or send us $1.50 for two pairs in gift boxes—specifying size A for women; B for men, BB for the Tarzan type. Knit Goods Specialty Co., Dept. E, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

LOST
Stop Laundry Losses with
CASH'S NAMES
You won't lose your shirt—nor any of your belongings if you mark them with CASH'S WOVEN NAMES.
CHRISTMAS GIFT SPECIAL! We will give an extra dozen FREE with every order received before December 15.
Attach with thread or Cash's NO-SO Cement. *Order from Haberdasher or Department Store or write us.*
TRIAL OFFER: *Send 15c for 1 dozen of your own first name and sample tube of NO-SO Cement.*
CASH'S 256 Chestnut St. So. Norwalk. Conn., or 6227 So. Gramercy Pl., Los. Angeles, Cal., or 116 Gray St., Belleville, Ont.
CASH'S NAMES 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. NO-SO Cement 25¢ a tube
9 " 2.50 12 " 3.

SEA SICKNESS
Quick Relief
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY



VICTOR DE LUXE—15 jewels. Yellow gold filled, Guildite back........$37.50

DELIGHT—17 jewel Precision. Yellow gold filled........$49.75

LA SALLE—17 jewel Precision. Yellow gold filled........$52.50

COBALT—17 jewel Precision. 10% Iridium Platinum case, set with 48 round diamonds and 2 marquise diamonds......$200.00

MEDALIST—17 jewel Precision. Yellow gold filled....$65.00 Other Gruen pocket watches are priced from $24.75 to $500.00.

CURVEX COUNTESS—17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. yellow gold filled........$42.50 Other Curvex ladies' watches are priced $49.75—$59.50—$67.50.

CURVEX ROYAL—17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. yellow gold filled........$59.50 Other Curvex men's watches priced $50.00, $67.50, $87.50 and $100.

ANY PLACE, ANY TIME, GRUEN IS THE IDEAL GIFT

Those wandering, sun seeking nomads who wave their Holiday Greetings o'er Southland's gleaming sands—those lads and lassies who insist on yodeling theirs at ten degrees below, or just we ordinary mortals who are quite content to carve the traditional bird in home's more familiar surroundings, each and all share one thrill in common, the joy of time hallowed giving. And, wherever you are, whomever you love (or, if we may presume, loves you) a wee hint—hardly any other gift speaks so subtly of remembrance as a watch by Gruen for Christmas Day.

"Since 1874—the watch of Discriminating Americans"

GRUEN

"THE PRECISION WATCH"

TIME HILL • CINCINNATI • U.S.A

"Make this Christmas, Neck's Christmas"

...says Don Herold

"Under these whiskers is an unruffled shirt"

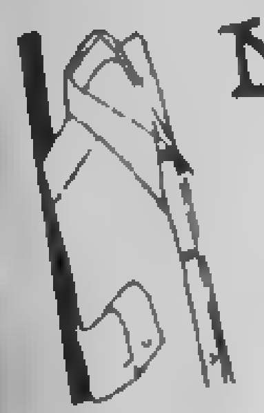
Why Santa Claus wears Essley Shirts

by Don Herold

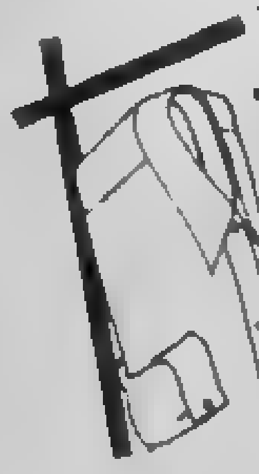
Santa Claus wears Essley Shirts to help him keep his Santa Claus disposition.

You can't be a Santa Claus at heart if your shirt is pinching you here and there, bunching at the wrong spots, crawling or chafing.

Smooth-shaven men like Essleys even more than Santa because Essley Shirts are made in two planes.



Most shirts are built this way -in 1 plane



You and Essley Shirts are built this way -in 2 planes

This means that when you put on an Essley Shirt, your collar does not have to pull the entire front of your shirt up, in order to adjust itself to your anatomy.

Give a man Essley Shirts for Christmas and you will give him all-year shirt smartness, comfort and satisfaction.

The Trubenized collar is so processed that it stays trim all day without starch, launders easily, yields you soft-collar comfort with stiff-shirt style.

Give ESSLEY SHIRTS with the ORIGINAL TRUBENIZED COLLAR

To save his neck, you can't give any man a better gift than Essley Shirts . . . the shirts that banish collar torture and bulgy shirt fronts. ★ Nature (as Don Herold explains at the left) made man a solid, three-dimension fellow. Essley follows nature's lines, plane by plane. Result: a shirt that fits smoother, stays smoother. ★ Give Essley Shirts to the men who mean most to you.

The American Institute of Laundering has awarded its Seal of Approval to Essley Shirts for washability and for wearability; and to the Trubenized Process . . . originated by Essley and a feature of all Essley Shirts . . . as a standard of quality in fused collars.

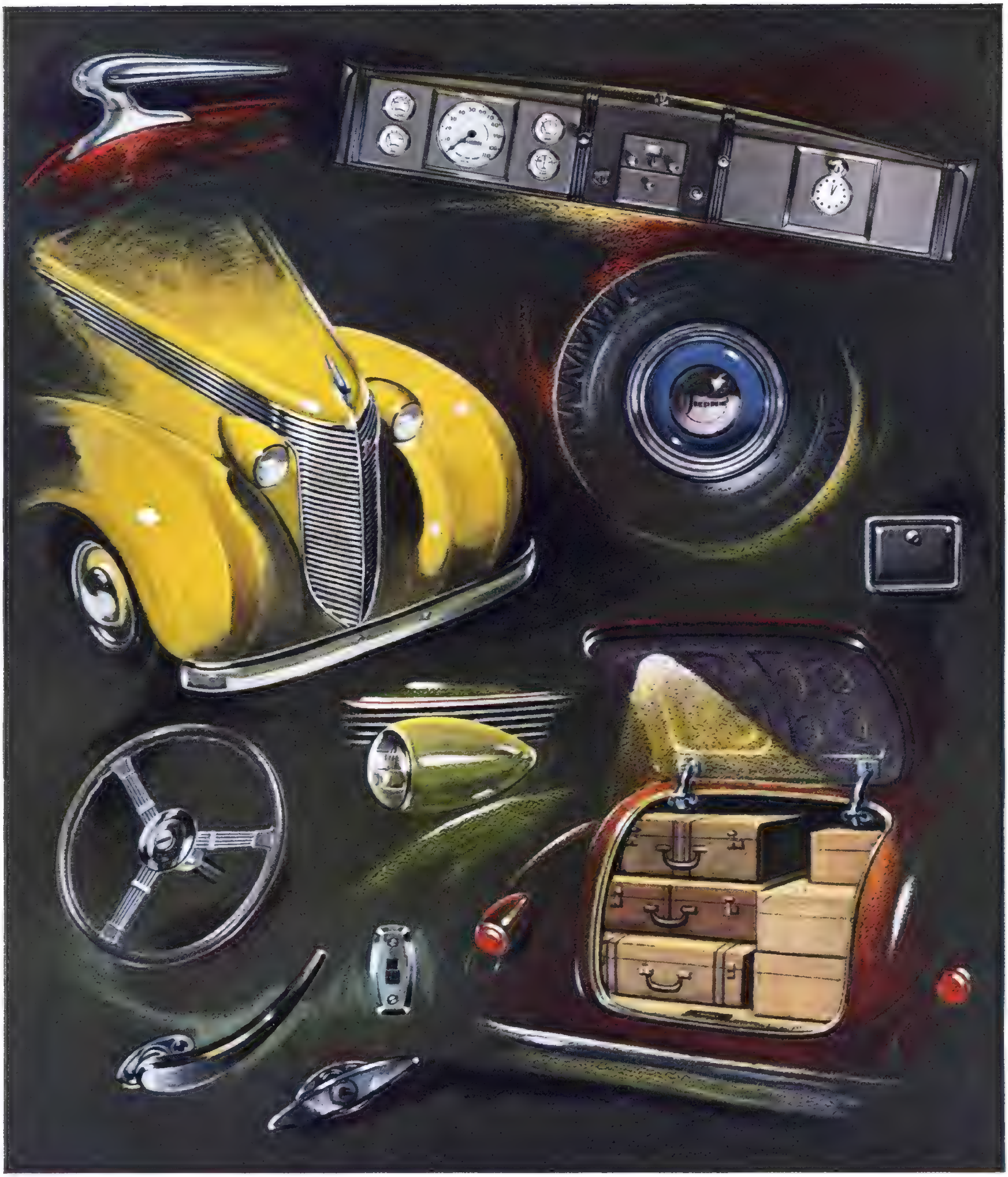
$1.65 to $2.50 at department stores and better men's stores everywhere

ESSLEY SHIRTS

with the Original Trubenized* Collar

ESSLEY SHIRT CO.
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
NEW YORK

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



NICETIES THAT SPOTLIGHT THE 1937 STUDEBAKER PRESIDENT

THIS headliner of the new Studebaker models has silvery "winged victory" radiator grilles and louvers . . . its beautifully rounded one-piece hood top lifts up from the front . . . its wheels are domed discs . . . its smooth, seamless, air-curved steel body has a paint finish twelve coats deep. Its roomy interior, styled in that rich simplicity characteristic of Helen Dryden's designing, features doors that stay closed tightly even if shut only lightly . . . a new dual range steering gear that halves the turning effort of parking . . . built-in warm air windshield defrosters . . . crescent arm-rests in front that "double" as door pulls . . . a clutch pedal that actuates an automatic hill holder when you stop on an upgrade. It takes 84 pages to tell all . . . yet, prices for this 115 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase Studebaker President Eight begin as low as $965 (Dictator models as low as $665), at the factory, South Bend, Indiana.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

One nice thing about Esquire is that for every poison we dish out some reader turns up with the antidote. And sometimes there is an antidote to the antidote. For instance:

"The letter published under *Backstage* in your October issue from A. G. Stoughton, Public Relations Secretary of the New York Y.M.C.A., gives me a laugh, a very dry laugh.

"The 'well bred and gentlemanly young men' who, according to Mr. Stoughton, constitute the membership of the Y.M.C.A. are most certainly not in evidence among the "Y" members who lounge outside the entrance of the 23rd street club. These so-called gentlemen may be seen any evening eyeing, with various remarks, every passable woman who passes by.

"I heard one of them accost two young ladies only the other night with, 'Want to join the Y.M.C.A.? We'll give you a good work out.'

"Perhaps your cartoonist would have done better had he used the above wisecrack for his cartoon. It would certainly be more to the point.

Very truly yours,
Thelma Waterson"
New York, N. Y.

So now you have your choice of two versions. If the official one, as furnished by Sec'y. Stoughton, implies that Y.M.C.A. stands for Young Men Completely Angelic, there is always Miss Waterson's cynical antistrophe to suggest that it stands for You Must Come Across. A wicked world it is, for true, if a seamy side must be exposed for everything, beginning or ending with the Y.M.C.A. . . . In the beginning there was the *Perlu*, and then there was the old fur coat story that was dusted off by Gilbert Seldes, and then there was the time that Jed Kiley sold us *The Tale of Three Cities* five years after having sold it elsewhere and now—well, the easiest way is to let you read one of about one hundred letters that have come so far about *The Odd Dollar:*

"This is merely an indignant voice from an Esquire-reading college town lost in the abysmal wilderness of the Rocky Mountains. Maybe we are still so primitive that unreserved Indians lope through our halls of learning (?) braying in gutterals over Hoff and Petty while the rest of us just sit hunched against a hitching post and say—'Ugh!'

"Or maybe I was pretty sleepy by the time I reached Page 58 of the October issue. (I recall chortling over Anonymous' Disillusionment in Cuba . . . which may explain why so many cruising hopefuls seldom return to the same travel agent.) When I read the title—*The Odd Dollar*, a complete picture of the plot and its denouement cavorted in front of me yelling—'Yeah, yeah!' over its shoulder. Perhaps there is an Editor's Note to allay my worst fears. (If there isn't, let the Editor put up his guard.) No note. I read. Perhaps the Author found it among his Early Papers or in a Collection tagged with Rejection Slips. But no. There is a date—1925—blandly staring me down in Paragraph 3.

"Some of us female readers may still horde in our ventricular attics shreds of the protective maternal instinct but, in this case, whom to rend and tear . . . the Editor or the Author? Perhaps the joke *is* on me. (Usually I turn to *Golden Book* when I feel like reveling in literary preserves from the dusty shelves of long ago.) *The Odd Dollar* thrilled my sophomoric heart as a vaudeville sketch under the name of *The Practical Joker* (or something like it) . . . the lady on the bridge played in melodramatic silence by Ethel Clayton . . . some years before the 'Babbitts of 1925' were 'startled' by the flapper version of 'young newspaper men.' Perhaps Maurois wasn't listening with *all* his ears when Blondel played *raconteur*.

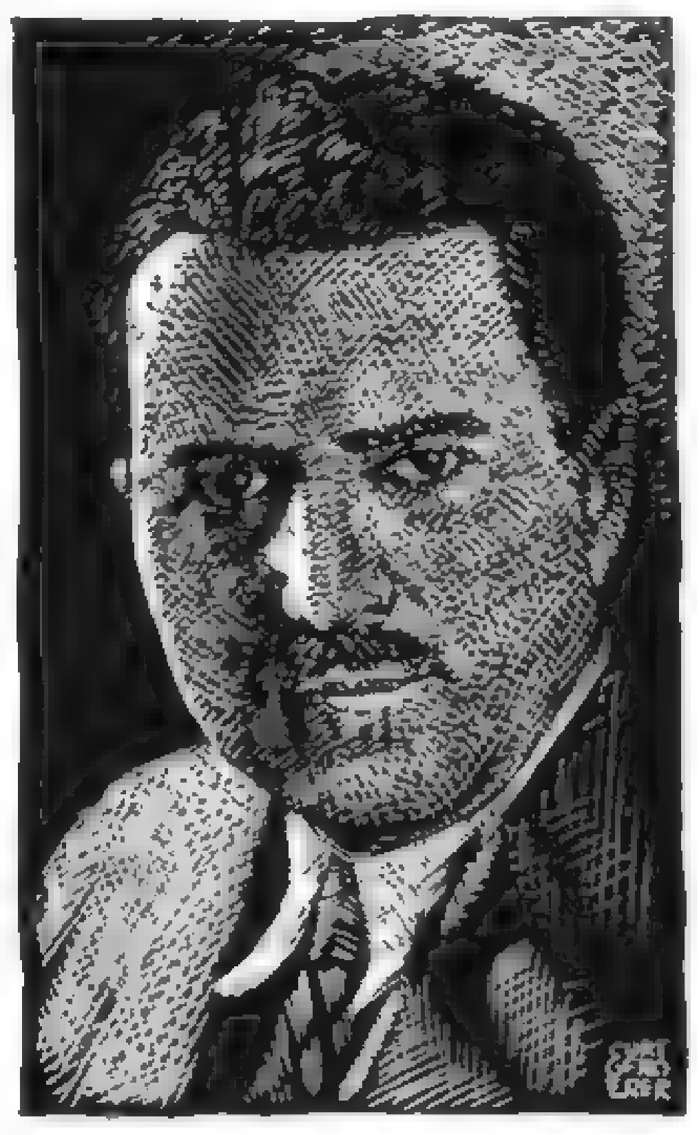
"The grouch is over. Henceforth I shall scan the index at the stand . . . only to find myself disgustedly tugging and tussling to get the burly old gentleman home before my neighbors have a chance to beat me to him.

Affo y atmo,
Violet E. Ohlsen"
Bozeman, Mont.

P. S.—Chief Yellowtail (Crow Agency, Montana) explained, between bites of barbecued buffalo, that he enjoyed reading Esquire but would lose caste if caught doing so by his fellow tribesmen. (The Crows jealously guard their ancient honor as mighty horsethieves.)
V. E. O.

•

The Portrait of Mrs. Morton by Arthur Davison Ficke (page 116) is the second story we've run about that character in Esquire; the first, *A Candle for St. Christopher*, appeared in the March issue. Mr. Ficke begged us not to run a cartoon of a painter doing a nude cutie opposite this story. So we asked Gus, who has a lot of fun in a quiet way, placing cartoons, to lay off.



Arthur Davison Ficke

•

F. Eliot Westlake (*The Land of the Forbidden*, page 118) attended the University of Pennsylvania after being tossed out of a Cincinnati private prep school for calling the attention of visitors to the Adam's apple of a math teacher. In New York and Philadelphia he floundered in the shoe and the security business for awhile before trying advertising copy, Sunday newspaper features and trade papers. He lives in Cincinnati, but says he doesn't know why, and is married to an action photographer who keeps him hopping in order to get unusual poses.

•

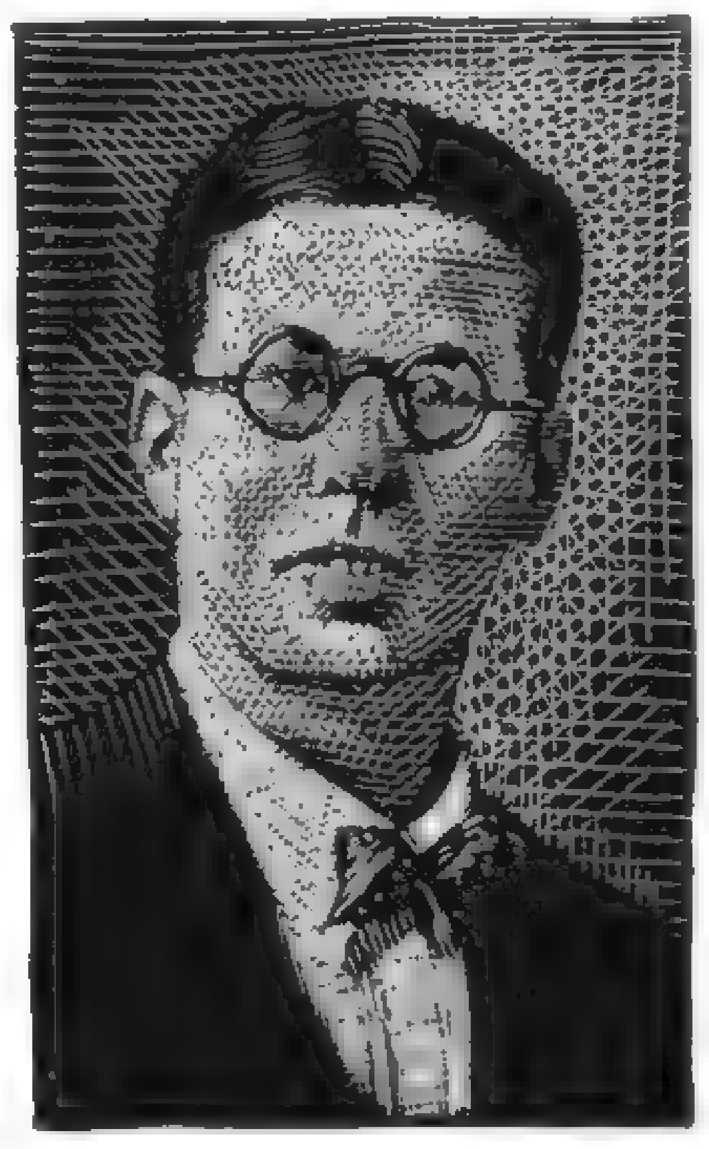
Gerald Griffin (*The Black Pig*, page 74) is an Irish journalist and schoolmaster. He was intended for the church (Roman Catholic) but at the age of nine, when carrying the altar wine to the church, he felt thirsty, drank it, got drunk, and was sent home. He speaks Gaelic, German, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Ancient and Modern Greek, Latin, and English—all with a strong Irish brogue. While he was a schoolmaster, he quarreled with every head-master on the subject of early school (forcing students to work an hour and a half before breakfast) and eventually became a journalist. His first job was on the *Freeman's Journal* in Dublin, and he was present when the I. R. A. attacked and smashed up the building and machinery. He now does nothing but translations, among them, Tardieu's *France in Danger*, Balbo's *Air Armada*, and Paul Schevesta's books on Congo Pigmies. He has also done a biography of Gabriele D'Annunzio. He is forty-eight years old, five feet two, and has long jet black hair. He never listens to anybody, but loves talking himself.

•

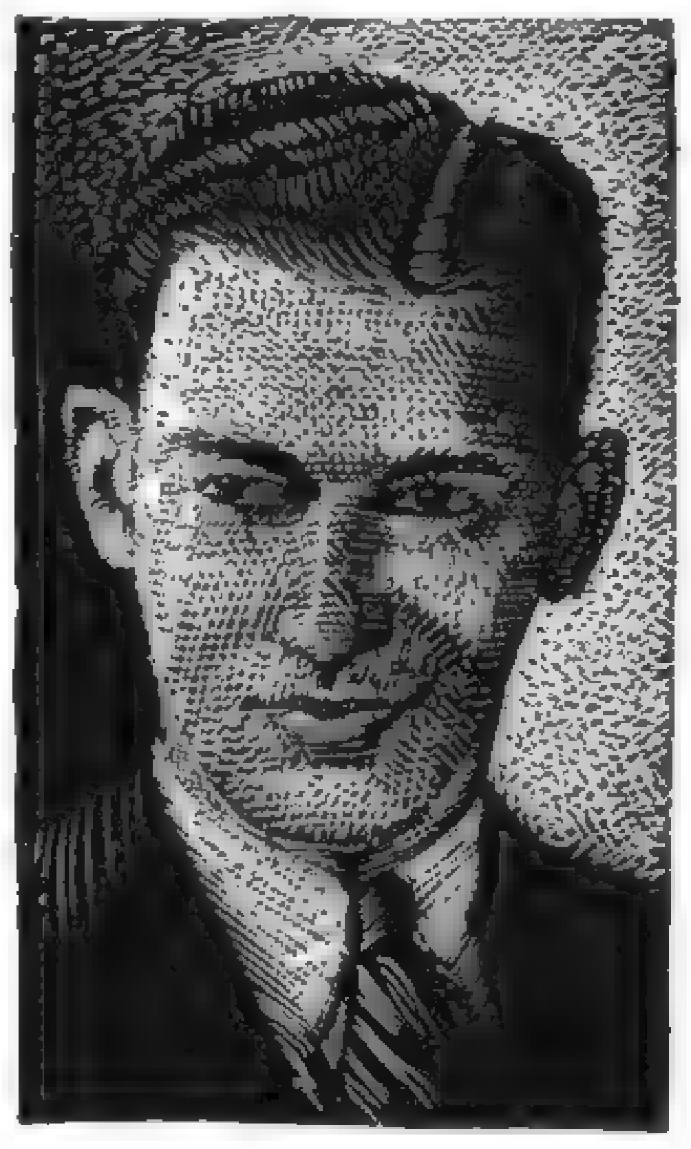
If George Halas wasn't voted "boy most likely to succeed" by his fellow students at the University of Illinois, he should have been. He was one of the best ends they ever had on the Illinois football team, and is generally conceded the greatest guard they ever had in basketball; he played baseball so well that he joined the New York Yankees after he left school, and then he went into pro-football, playing with the Chicago Bears, whom he now coaches and controls. Under his guidance the Bears won the National League Championship in 1931, '32 and '33, and the Western Championship in 1934. It appears that they are heading for another championship this year. He operates a big laundry on the North Side of Chicago and is Vice-President and Treasurer of May & Halas, Inc., a national sporting goods and wholesale jewelry house. He also has the Halas Craft Realty Company, and, finding that he still has time on his hands, is forming another business that will conduct sales contests for large companies. He discusses pro-football in the article, *We Play Football For Keeps*, which appears on page 106 of this issue.

•

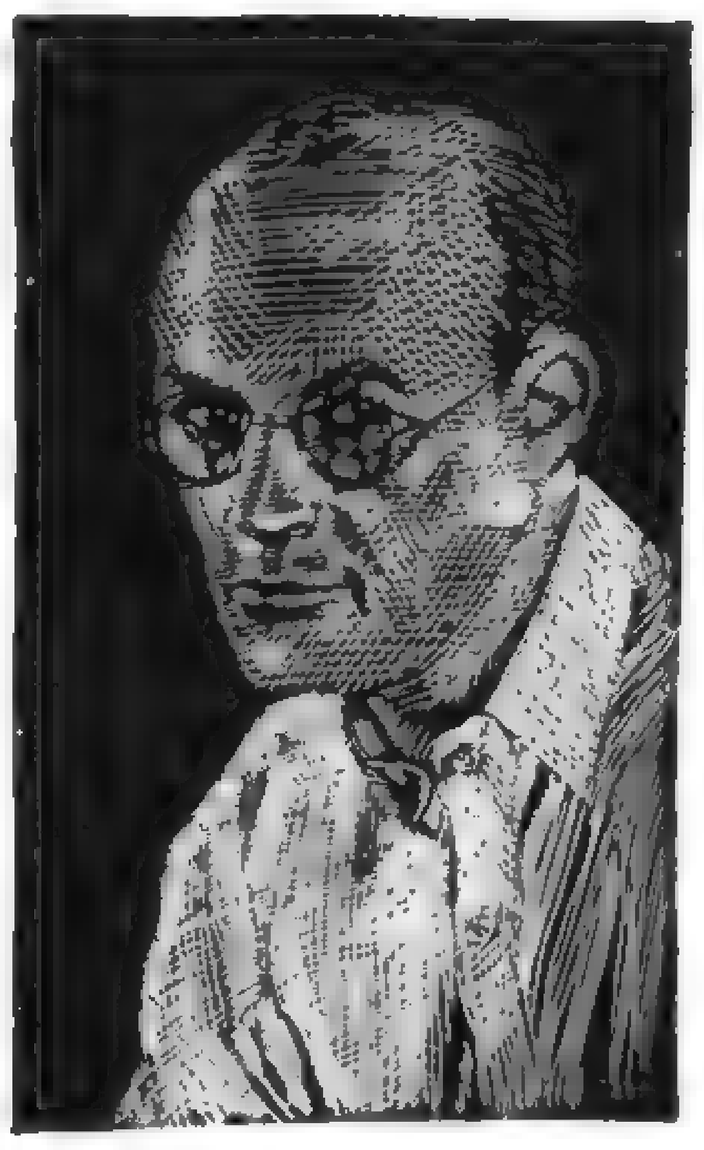
Martin Dreyer (*The Mob*, page 111) is our Discovery of the Month. He says: "I was born in Louisville twenty-seven years ago. Was honor student at L. M. H. S., a male high, but barely skimmed through two years at the University of Louisville, where there are females. My mother wanted me to study law, my father wanted me to go to work. I did neither. Studied art awhile, and then to Chicago with the Art Institute in mind, but ended up at Northwestern. Woke up one day to find myself broke and succeeded in getting a job and a higher education doing house-to-house selling. Now living in Houston where I reported for the Texas *World*, a weekly tabloid. Do publicity when I can wangle a job. At present am engaged in compiling a book of coincidences."



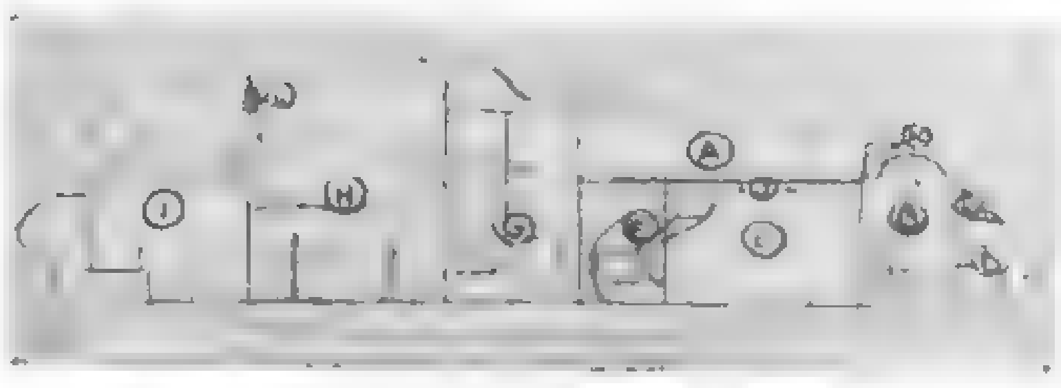
Gerald Griffin



Martin Dreyer



Coleman Clark



A—Sun Deck.
B—Shower and Lavatory.
C—Pressure Pump, etc.
D—Luggage Compartment.
E—Beds.
F—Spiral Stair to Sun Deck.
G—Galley.
H—Drawing Room.
I—Servant's Quarters.
J—Water Tank.
K—Bar and Radio.
L—Second Loud Speaker.

The detailed sketch above is presented in explanation of the designs for a trailer on page 78 by Radebaugh. This trailer provides an after sun deck with an all-weather enclosure, and such technical features as aircraft fuselage of duralinim, concentration of weight behind the dual wheels, a water tank in the floor of the sun deck, a bottled gas storage tank heater with a high recovery rate, high capacity car batteries and converter for standard voltage, an electric water pump for pressure and a front wheel assembly which retracts to form a hitch.

Radebaugh, the designer, has always been a proponent of this aerodynamic sort of thing. When he was a child, and all automobiles looked like buggies, he drew a picture of one that looked like an egg on wheels. He studied art in Chicago and has painted such a variety of things as signs, barns, cars and lampshades. He also drove buses, ushered in theatres, clerked in hotels, and decorated furniture. Recently he has been in the Big Time, having completed illustrations for Studebaker, Bendix, Checker Cab, Hastings Piston Rings, the Burlington Zephyrs, and United Airlines. At the moment he is working on illustrations for the William Stout Scarab. He says that of all remarks heard over his shoulder the most conducive to apoplexy is "That's beautiful—What is it?"

•

Donald Wandrei says that twice he has invented purely imaginary characters which he has subsequently met in real life, complete in every physical and psychological detail—and he'd hate to go to another cocktail party and meet the Eye or the Finger, which he writes about on page 70. He says he has terrible nightmares now and then, and that the dream-bogies used to scare hell out of him until he wrote a few stories that scared hell out of the dream-bogies. He was born in St. Paul twenty-eight years ago, graduated from the University of Minnesota and fooled around with three years of Ph.D. work before deciding to write, not teach. He has contributed stories to some of the better pulps, and has written two books of poetry, *Ecstasy* and *Dark Odyssey*. He is six feet three, not married and not interested.

•

Coleman Clark (*Table Tennis Comes of Age*—page 80) was born in Chicago, March 13, 1896, along with a twin brother. He attended University of Chicago (his father was professor of public speaking there) and played on the football, basketball and tennis teams. During the war he drove an ambulance overseas, winning the *croix de guerre*. He is in investment securities with a firm in Chicago, and finds time to play a lot of table tennis. In 1932 and 1933 he won the Western Table Tennis Championship and in 1932 he was National Champion. He has written a book, published by P.

Continued at top of page 300

DISTILLERS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
DISTILLED AGED & BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
6 Years Old
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
Time Works Wonders
Seagram's
"V.O."
A Fine Imported Whiskey
A MASTERPIECE OF SEAGRAM SKILL

Seagram's "V.O."

A Fine Imported Whiskey

AS ENJOYED IN THE HOME OF

Mr. James J. Bush

MR. BUSH IS PRESIDENT OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, AND A BUSINESS MAN OF EXTENSIVE RAILROAD AND INVESTMENT INTERESTS

THE delicate mildness of Seagram's "V.O." especially recommends this famous whiskey to men whose many interests demand clear thinking and sound judgment. Its rich flavor and mellowness meet every requirement of their discriminating taste. Use it regularly for the full enjoyment of yourself and your guests.

RARE OLD CANADIAN WHISKEY
AGED IN CHARRED OAK CASKS

6 years old

90 PROOF

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: N. Y.

1939
SECTIO
E. Simms Campbell

"I don't mind him dating my girl—but the mug's got on my new Hart Schaffner & Marx coat!"

THIS poor fellow has trouble enough ahead of him this afternoon playing opposite that 220 pound All-American tackle without having to worry about what's going to happen to his new Rarepack coat. After all, there are plenty of coeds on the campus—but that coat's got to last him for a while!

Actually, if he's not worried about his girl he won't have to give another thought to his Rarepack. For regardless of whether the game is played under cloudless skies or on a rain-soaked field Rarepack will keep his room-mate (and bosom companion) snug and warm—and be none the worse for wear!

That's the beauty of Rarepack . . . and while we can't guarantee a coed like this with every Rarepack we *can* guarantee you a fine, smart, luxurious coat that will give you all kinds of wear. Why not stop in at your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer and let him show you one of these sensational Rarepacks!

Rarepack offers you extreme luxury plus long wear! Visualize, if you can, one square inch of a silky, soft, resilient material, which under a magnifying glass shows 25,184 tightly woven alpaca, mohair and fine wool fibers. It's almost incredible! Yet that is how fine Rarepack is! And because Rarepack has many more hair fibers than any ordinary fabric of this kind, it gives much greater wear. Rarepack is probably the most distinguished coating fabric made today. Tailored to perfection by Hart Schaffner & Marx skilled needlers, it represents the outstanding value of the year!

Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

It's a Helluva Note

The judge he charged the jury, as plain as plain can be: "Let us hang the witness and set the killer free!"

by MICHAEL FESSIER

• SATIRE •

I'M STANDING there in my garden, not doing anything nor thinking of anything in particular, just kind of looking at some growing stuff and Mr. Welt he comes a hooting and a screaming and a hollering out of his back door with his wife right after him. She has a gun in her hand and she's batting at him with it, hitting fast and hard like she's trying to swat a fly off his head, but not quite reaching him. She isn't making the grade because he's running like sixty and her skirts are catching on rose-bushes and things. He's going around and around in a circle, screaming at the top of his voice, running like he's blind, bumping into things and falling and clawing along on his hands and knees and then getting up and running around and around again, always keeping far enough ahead of her so's she can't bat him on the head with the gun.

And there I am standing there so damned surprised and all that I can't think of a thing to do. I guess it happens so sudden and all that it seems perfectly natural that Mrs. Welt should be chasing her old man around and around in a circle in their garden, her batting at him with a gun and him hollering so's hell wouldn't have it.

Finally Mrs. Welt she get close enough to Mr. Welt and she donks him one with the gun and he stumbles and shrieks and falls down but doesn't stop going away. He crawls around the corner of the house and I can't see him any more. But I can see Mrs. Welt. She's stopped and she's standing there looking at the ground, breathing hard and doing things with her lips like she's got something caught between her teeth and's trying to get it out without using a toothpick. That's the way it looks at first, but then I realize the dame's gone clean out of her head and the things she's doing with her lips is what a dog does just before it makes up its mind to take a bite out of you. She stands there showing her teeth for a second and then she holds the gun about even with her stomach and she fires five times.

Well, that's the end of Mr. Welt. He's deader'n a doornick when I finally snap out of it and jump over the fence and go around to where he's laying on his back with his hands over his face and with blood all over everything. I just stand there looking at his face and the blood, thinking hell allmighty nobody'd ever commit a murder if they knew what the body'd look like afterward. That's what I think then, but afterwards when the defense lawyer starts in on me I'm not so sure.

The cops come along and gallop around and around and in and out of the house and don't accomplish anything important excepting to get the body hauled away. They take me down to the station and ask me questions and sometimes they seem to figure maybe I'm a pretty untrustworthy fellow. They seem to believe I'm holding out on 'em or that maybe what caused Mrs. Welt to kill Mr. Welt is me playing around in the wrong back yard. I tell 'em this isn't so. The Welts have just moved in next door to me and I don't know anything about them except that they're always having some sort of a beef, him swearing at her and her screeching back at him until all hours of the night and sometimes in the day.

They still seem to think I'm some kind of a dirty rat, but they let me go and tell me I'm a material witness and if I try any funny stuff like leaving town they'll know what to do about it.

And so I go away from there thinking, what the hell. I see a murder and I don't want to see a murder. I haven't got a thing to do with the murder. I want to forget it. I don't even stick my beak in and offer to tell the cops about it.

They just collar me and drag me into the thing and then all of a sudden it turns out I'm some kind of a heel and the cops have got a perfect right to kick me around like I was something they found chasing a little girl down an alley. I'm pretty sore about it and I want to go somewhere and raise hell about how the cops treat decent citizens, but I don't know where to go and besides it turns out I haven't seen anything yet.

The newspapers start tracking Mrs. Welt all over the place. First she's seen in Jersey and then they're breathing on her neck in California. They finally catch her four miles out of town in a shack by the river. She's living on crackers and drinking whiskey out of a coffee can. She offers the cops a drink, but they won't take any. They tell her she's nothing but a low-down husband-conker and she offers to fight 'em. She won't believe she murdered her old man. In fact, she won't believe she's ever been married. Mrs. Welt's been drinking too much and she don't remember anything. The cops take Mrs. Welt to the station and the matron and all of them argue with her about whether or not she kills her husband and by the time they get through with her she's sobered up and thinking how will she photograph for the papers and she remembers all about killing Mr. Welt. She gives out like she feels pretty low about the whole thing and says what she wants the state to do is to hang her right away. She loves Mr. Welt, she says, and she doesn't know why she kills him but it's too late now and the only thing she can do to make up for her crime is to get herself hanged as quick as possible.

Well, I tell myself, that settles that. She'll be on her way to the gallows in another week and I won't have to go to court and tell what I know about it. But it turns out I'm mistaken. It turns out that Mrs. Welt talks with a lawyer and she decides she's not guilty and she wants a trial.

When I hear this I go down to the station and I tell the cops if they'd just as soon I don't want to be a witness in any murder trial, I tell the cops they've got enough on Mrs. Welt without me sticking my beak into the case. I don't want to be responsible for a dame getting herself hanged, I tell 'em.

But the cops can't see it my way. They tell me I'm nothing more than a low-down slacker and that I'm probably one of the lousiest citizens they ever hear of. I'll be a witness they say and I'll like it and if I try any monkey business they'll take and throw my pants in the klink.

Well, that is that, and I decide the cops are right. A citizen's got to do his duty and it's my duty to get on the stand and tell the jury what I see that day when Mrs. Welt blew her top. I still don't like the idea, though.

Well, the papers come out about the trial coming up soon and me being the state's principal witness and all of a sudden I'm quite a guy in my neck of the woods. I was almost as important as the doll who commits the murder, but naturally not quite. It turns out Mrs. Welt has been reading in jail and she starts spouting a poem about all men kill

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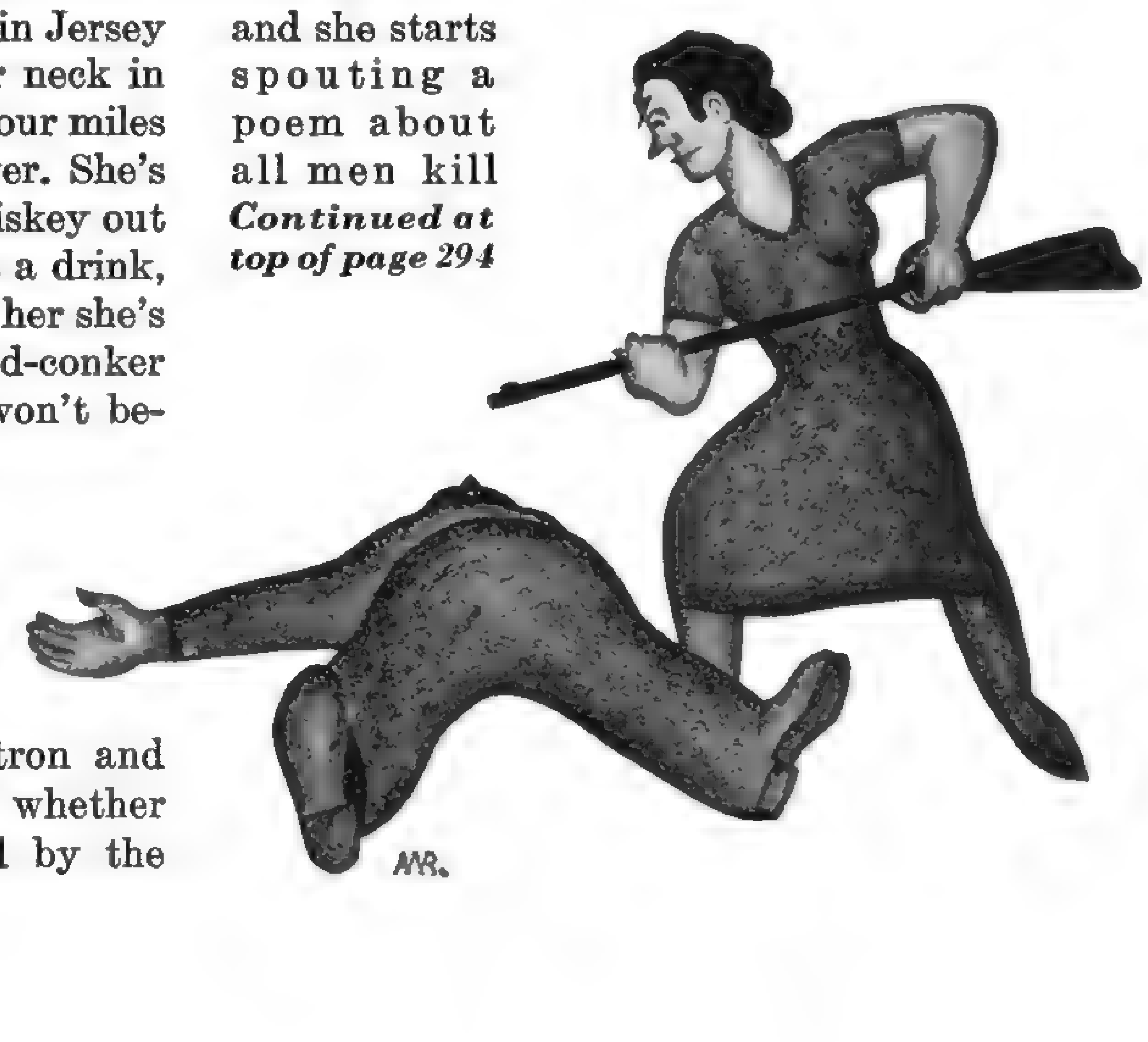


This Is the Place

Rhapsody out of the new rich dust of a Kentucky hillside, where the tall Powderjays and Sheltons shall sleep

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

Uncle Mel's breath is a little shorter than it used to be. He is puffing, puffing like wind rattling the dead leaves on the January white-oaks. He moves along the path, pulling his gigantic frame, his muscular two hundred pounds of muscled clay—his bald head with its fringe of graying hair—glistening in the sunlight—his arms at the old magnificent swing—like the pendulum of a clock, that old faded blue shirt, his faded blue overalls that always look clean on Uncle Mel, with one suspender over his shoulder—the other swinging loose—his giant hands flexibly attached to his huge hairy arms—lumbering along over the narrow path—squeezing between the trees with his broad shoulders, under a Kentucky sun, under the Kentucky skies—and on the hills that gave him birth, clay for his gigantic frame—and food to nourish his strong body and give him his great strength to throw the green crossties on the wagon and lift one end of the small saw-logs.

Uncle Mel walks down the hill—down the path past the strawberry patch. He takes the lead—his eyes, black as midnight, gleam brightly in the sun. They flash at the trees that Uncle Mel has seen so often—the tough-butted white oak trees on the steep banks below the strawberry patch—the land too rough and too steep for Uncle Mel to clean of brush, briars and sprouts for strawberry land. "Well, if I could recall the years," says Uncle Mel, "recall the years and had a new pair of legs. I'm like the apple on the tree. I'm getting ripe. There's a few soft specks in me. When the apple gets ripe it's likely to fall." Uncle Mel walks on out the path—out past the old logs left at the edge of the strawberry patch to burn on April nights and May nights and fill the heavens with smoke to ward off the frost that kills the strawberries. Ah yes—you are not fooling Uncle Mel. He always has strawberries. Uncle Mel knows how to handle the frost that kills the young berry in the blossom. In front of us is the little knoll with the grove of tough-butted white oak trees—with thousands of sagging branches that sway with the wind-seeded Johnson-grass where men would love to roll and drink a keg of cool beer.

"This is the place," says Uncle Mel, "right here. You see this is a real place for all of us to be buried. Here is a good place for us to be reunited in the end—reunited for the long sleep." Uncle Mel stands beneath a branch-entangled white oak tree—the sun is high now. Uncle Mel is looking at the sun. "You see the sun comes over from the east. It goes down quietly in the west. It does not leave a path. It goes the path of wind and sky. That is the way we are in the end. The sprouts will grow on our farms. We'll go over as the sun—come to a quiet setting on this little knoll. There'll not be any path in the end. The sprouts will come up here—they will cover this hill unless countless generations of our kin are born in this hollow and live here—that these hills are to breed Sheltons and Powderjays forever and take back their dust in the end."

We are the blood of hill people. We have always been hill people—back, back, back, back, for so many, many, many long years that the hills have become a part of us, in our brain and the dirt of the hills is the clay of us—the mood of the wind in the pinetops and the sawbriars are the mood of us—the freedom of the woods, the wind and the skies—quietly, quietly, quietly, with little change. We have come the paths of the rocks, the eternal rocks, and the clouds that float above our land—and the trees that grow upon it. We have come a long path down—long, long, long. The hills have claimed our dust—Cold Harbor has claimed it, Virginia has claimed it, Gettysburg has claimed it, Big Sandy has claimed plenty of it—enough for a fertile acre—Antietam has claimed it and the hills of West Virginia and North Carolina—France has claimed it, and Flanders and Bull Run. There has not been a lot that we have owned to hold our dust—we are lone sleepers under the skies that float above the backbones of hills—under the skies that float across America—Kentucky holds our dust, bushels of it—her trees have grown from the strength of it and her wild flowers have blossomed from it.

"Yes," says Uncle Mel, "we could all get along here very well I think. Your Pa being a Republican—that will be all right then. We can sleep under the same cover." And then I could say to Uncle Mel: "It will be the first time the Sheltons and the Powderjays ever agreed on politics. It will be when we are all sleeping together in this silent city that we have planned—where we perhaps will not have the croaking frog to tell us spring is here and the crow building in the pines. Lord—Lord—Lord—I have heard Republican and Democrat—until I am sick of it all—down from 1854 the taut lines have been drawn—it will soon be the hundredth year if the two parties last that long. What does it matter? It should not matter in a graveyard—it should not matter when we are dust—when we have at last come under one cover on a land that is our own at last."

"I used to have a funny notion about where I would take my rest," says Uncle Mel. "I never said anything about it. I used to think I'd like to dig my bed down in the ridge of rock that is the line between your Pa's place and mine—where that pizen vine is and them initials cut all over the rock at that little sand gap—then I thought the sides of that rock would crumble off and I'd be in there and they'd crumble right down to me—expose me. Then I thought that rock would be too hard to sleep on. I've thought a lot about my bed here lately and I believe this is the right place for all of us."

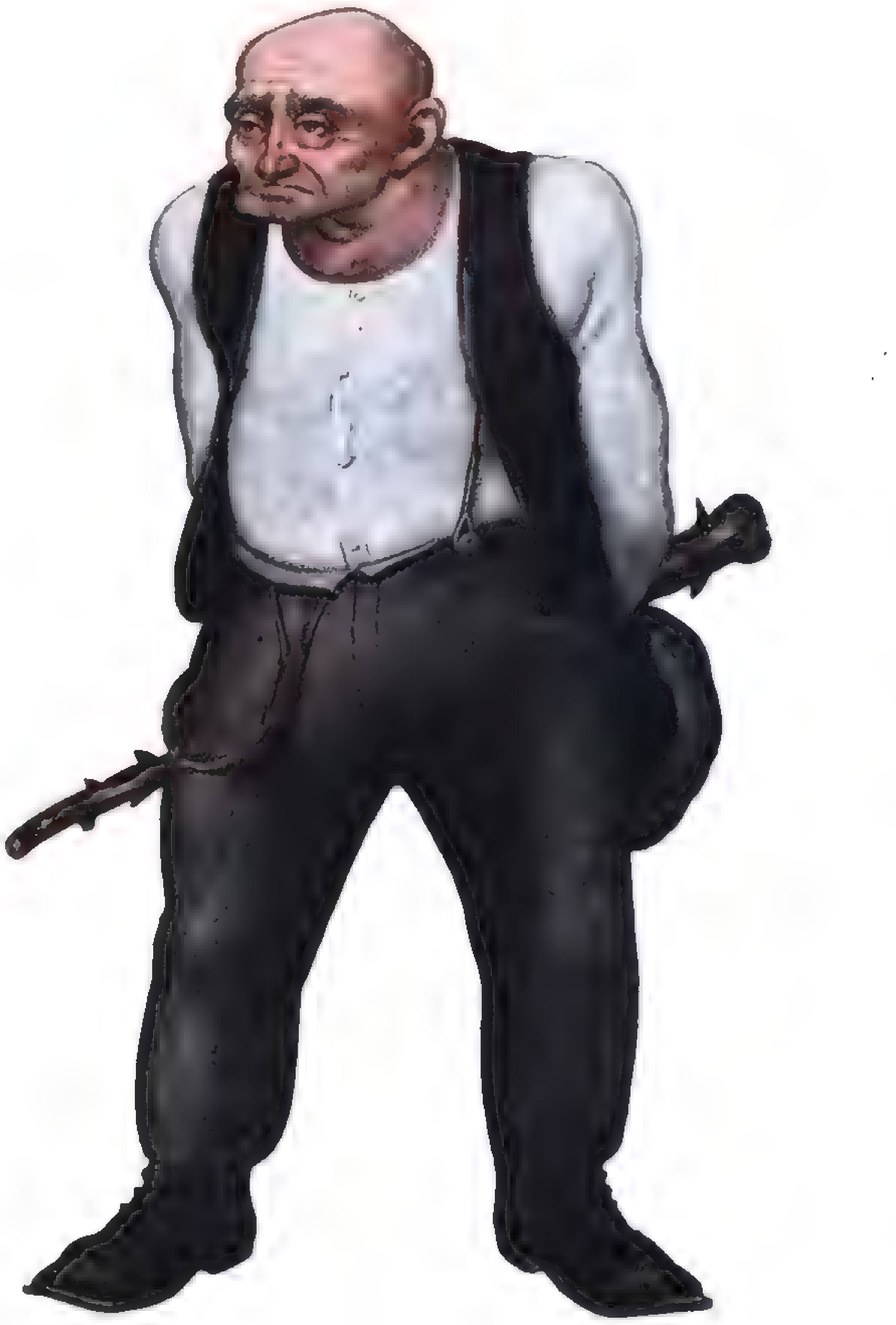
"The Powderjays are about all gone, Uncle Mel," I say, "they sleep other places and under different skies—they sleep on the river from whence they came—the Big Sandy. You know why we got to this country—why we came to the hollow years ago—and we have lived here ever since in this small world. There are not many of us to come to this knoll—my brothers ought to be here. Don't you think we should bring their dust back from the low-hills on the other side to this west side. Grandpa don't own that land any longer over there—it is in the hands of strangers now—only a few rusted wires keep the cattle off the ground where they sleep."

"Just them two boys dead—let me see—isn't that right? Not one of my eight dead, not Jan's seven, nor Jake's nine—and let me see—one of Mammie's fifteen died when she was a little thing—buried on Trip Creek—all ought to be brought back—all of them ought to be brought into one family instead of sleeping on so many hills that other men own—not that it matters—for the dust of them will sprout wild flowers and trees and corn, my son. But that dust will rise you know and we need to be on the same hill where it will be a family reunion in the flesh—we can be together and then we will be able to tell who is right in this world and who is wrong. We can have a lot to talk about then—a lot my son, a lot."

Uncle Mel stands under the white oak tree. He looks up through the tangled branches moving in the wind—his bald head gleams—shines where the sun plays through the openings between the branches and leaves bright criss-crosses of sunlight on his head. Uncle Mel moves his hands when he talks—a giant man standing in the rays of the setting sun, Uncle Mel speaks: "Never was in the whole Shelton race of people where a man killed a man. We have had fights but we have never killed a man. See the prints of boot-heels on my temples! That's where they stomped me when I was a boy—old Jim Fonson's boy—stomped me—got me down. Thought they had me killed. I got up and I followed them. They went on laughing. The other fellow who helped do it was Ron Green. Two of them on me. Busted a bottle over my head and left me. I was drunk. They were not near as drunk as I was. I never forget it. They've stayed out of my way all of these years. That happened when we were boys. I could break either one of them in two. We have killed in wars—but never a fight—man to man. Pap got knocked out once for an hour or two. Went in a coal bank to get a man. It was dark in there and Pap walking in against the dark—the man could see Pap for he was against the light. So, he took Pap in the head with the coal pick. Got the scars on his head yet. He never went in any more coal banks to get a man."

Uncle Mel stands and he looks over the fields. The wind blows with a scent of sweet smells from the cane heading in the sun and the tasseling corn. It is good wind to breathe. Uncle Mel breathes it and he talks: "No my son—the Sheltons have loved books. They have been book people my son. W'y my Grandpa, old Percy Shelton, used to have a big room of books—big stacks of them and he read and preached all the time. Before he died when he was past four-score year and five he walked five miles and preached four hours. The old men said it was the best sermon he ever preached. He was a dead man the next day. When a man started anything in his church—he went back and got him. He had order and he preached. He was a officer in the Union Army, my son—and his son, your Grandpa, turned against his own father for the South. And when he cast his first vote my son—Grandpa was there with a withe—and he made Pap haul his coat—Pap hauled his coat and he said: 'You can lick me Pap but I'll vote the way I see fit.' And he saw fit, my son, to vote the Democrat ticket—the only way to vote my son. It stands for the poor people—it is the right ticket my son. That is why I say your Pa is wrong. You can't tell him that for the Powderjays took after the old man Powderjay who fit in the Union Army. That ruint the whole family on down even among you boys—my own sister's boys.

"I can see the silent city here—the grass among the ridges—the old rose bushes that will grow here among the lichen stones. That will be forever—oh so many, many years—that will be so many years that there is no need for any one to count—the oaks will have grown taller and their branches spread more as to keep out the sun and the myrtle will blossom with tiny blue blossoms—it will climb over the mounds and around the roots of the trees—the lichen stones where the Powderjays and the Sheltons will have at last come to dust—all joined under the same cover—the Kentucky earth—sleeping, sleeping, sleeping—where there is no noise save the tinkling of the sheep bells on the hills, the love calls of the whippoorwills, the katydids—and the wind blowing through the seeded grasses. The Blue and the Gray will have at last come together—quietly in the dust side by side—and who will remember then among the generations unborn where the Democrats among us sleep and where the Republicans sleep? And who will remember then about the dreams of two families—about the great strong man Uncle Mel—his strength of muscle and his clearness of mind—his old fields where he had in corn where timber grows tomorrow? Sawbriars trail over the thin banks of sterile earth—ah, then, who will remember the millions of dreams of those who sleep in the silent city and whose blood goes on and on—blood that is American—cradled in the laps of American hills, under American rocks and American skies. And shall they who pass by laugh and say: 'There's the dust of yesterday—dust old sleeping with cornfield stones to take their names and numbers—old, old, old—ancient dust—dust of America—sleeping—wonder if they await a day when they'll pop from their graves like young rabbits from a nest!'"



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

If Uncle Mel could just hear them and answer he would say: "You damned right we'll come popping out 'n here. The whole dad-durn push of us. That's why I walked out on that summer day—or was it spring—what does it matter now—that's why I told that college boy of my sister's that day that we ought to all be buried together—that boy got a lot of sour pudding stuck in his head at college. Got to doubting until I got hold of him and showed him some light. I says to him: 'W'y look at the butterfly in spring how it wakes up in heaven. Comes from the tomb—the stout cocoon. Look at the flowers how they bloom in spring and the great magnificent earth—how it has its seasons and how it works right on the dot. Bound to have order back of that.' So I took my watch and I says: 'Son look at this watch. You see it don't you. See how it runs and keeps time to the second. If there wasn't somebody back of that watch in Switzerland—a God of that watch—its Creator—how in the hell could it keep time son? Now how can the time of this world click like it does—got to have a Creator son—got to have a Master.' And you can laugh all you want to laugh but when that old trumpet blows you'll never see such strings of Sheltons and Powderjays coming from under the cover—all right here together under these trees where it will be cool and the blossoms of the myrtle will be sweet to smell. I hope resurrection will be in June. That's the month I've always loved.

"And to think, here on this hill—this little hill where life goes on quietly and undisturbed save by the wind, the sheepbells, the whippoorwills and the katydids—I shall sleep beside of my brothers, my sisters, my mother and father and all my uncles on Mom's side of the house—the big Shelton uncles and all their children. It will cover the knoll already—the generations already living if they were all dead—and there are the generations unborn to be brought here in the hollow to this silent city—where there is not a silent city nor has there ever been as far as we know and can trace—it might have been in the dim years past—but we do not know—we do not find their shin bones working out of the earth nor their elbows—it is a land that gives birth to men who live and die here and are hauled away to some other place to sleep where there is more noise.

"It does not matter so much about dust," says Uncle Mel, "holding to the twig of a white oak. Our dust sleeps during a winter waiting for the trumpet just like this oak tree will sleep during this winter when the sleet covers its bark. We'll sleep just like one night. Then we'll all wake up and be our natural selves again—Now our dust doesn't matter. I never could see why people cried and went on so over a man when he died. Let him lose a leg in the lumber woods and have that leg buried they never thought about crying. Just went on and buried that leg and forgot about it. One of his arms the same way—both arms and both legs. You'd never hear a lot of crying and going on. But let the man die—the whole of him—and then you'd hear them crying and going on. What I never could understand why we grieve over the whole and never any 'scat' about one of the parts. It never matters about our dust so we all get close and can be

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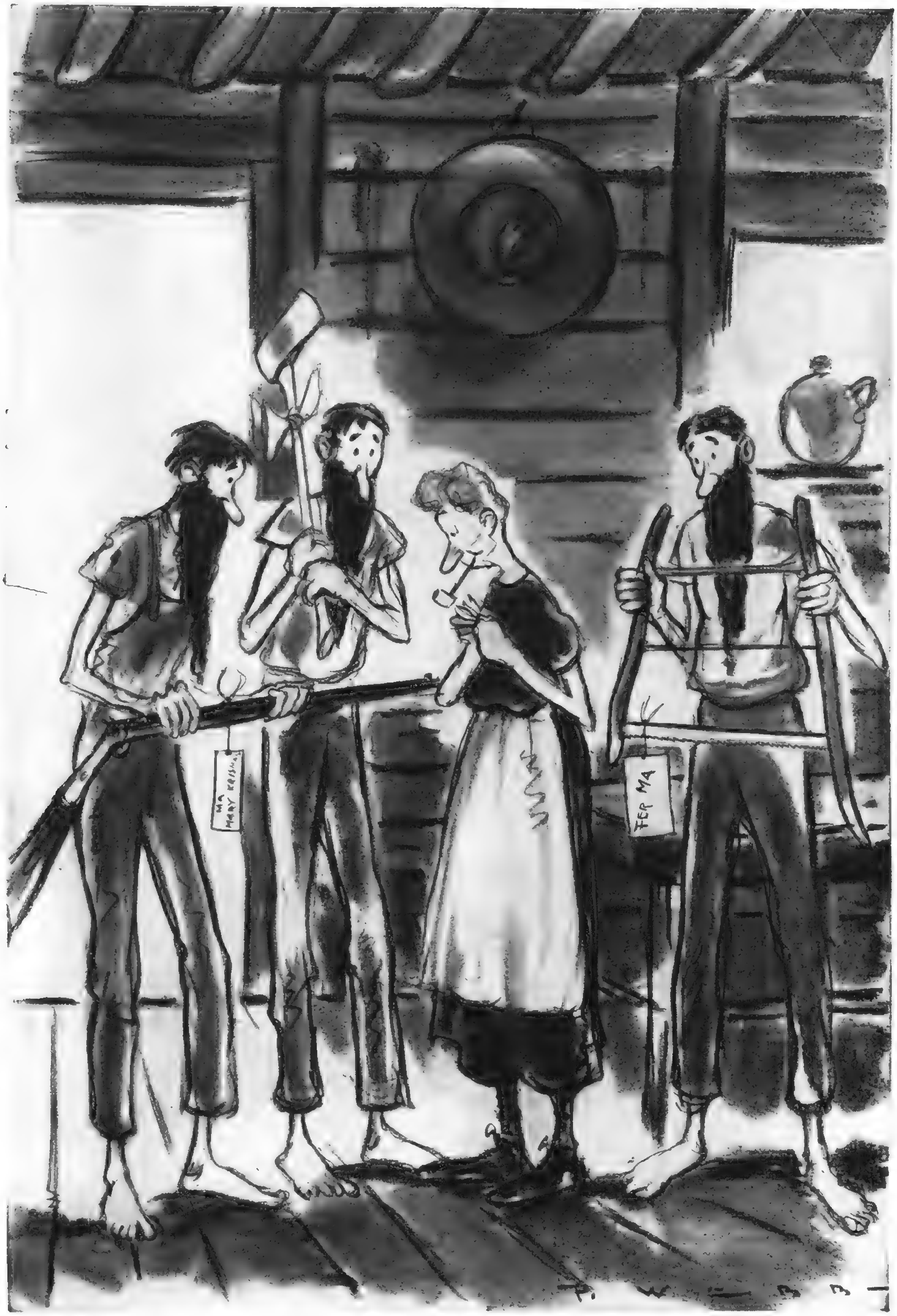
MA MARY KRISMAS
FER MA
P. WEBB

"Shucks, boys—I reckon this is 'bout th' nicest Christmas I ever had"

Take Along the Little Pal!

There is a time when every little woman should have the sense to stay at home

by DONALD HOUGH

• SATIRE •

UNDER the general heading of Little Pals come those women—newly married, as a rule—who can hike as far as any man, shoot ducks with the best of them, carry a full pack over the portages, whip a stream with an iron wrist, and for whom the lash of storm, cold of winter, heat and flies of summer, hardships of the wilderness, hold no terrors: little rays of sunshine in any man's life: the life, that is to say, of any man's party. Little Pals, in fact, get into my hair. My hair is full of Little Pals. They have been put there by Big Pals, those self-assured grooms who think they have married, not a wife for their own private use, but a Pal for mankind.

Big Pal's wedding present to his squaw-woman consists of a fly rod, a set of golf clubs, some hiking boots, a neat toy shotgun, a shooting jacket, some hip boots, a pair of skis and a stack of poker chips.

"But of course," says Big Pal when his companions indicate that the old crowd will try to get along without him, "my Little Pal will go right along with us. She's just one of the gang, from now on. You fellows don't know that girl. She's an outdoor *man*, if you know what I mean."

(*We know exactly what you mean. You mean we've got to take turns carrying her.*)

"She can stand right up to me any old day, doing anything. She'll take her turn just like the rest of us—you fellows won't have to give her anything. You won't have to worry about *her*. For example, she never gets tired.

"She's a he-man, that girl. She don't care what happens. The more it rains the better she likes it. And she sleeps right smack on the bare ground."

(*Of course she does, Oscar. We've lugged enough spruce boughs for Little Pals-Who-Sleep-On-The-Ground to float the Queen Mary. We ought to know.*)

"Say, she loves the old outdoor life. Shoot? She'll knock mallards that you and I'll miss.

"Another thing, she can paddle a canoe like an Indian—I often call her 'Squaw'—and she can pitch a tent, make a fire, and hit the trail like a veteran. She's a born woodsman. She knows what it's all about. You can't lose that girl in the woods. I've tried it, and I know."

(*You didn't try hard enough, maybe.*)

"You ought to see her fish. Boy! She can lay that fly on a dime. She's a better little old fisherman than I am, any day. Her fishing's like her golf game: hits from the men's tees. None of that washwoman swing. She clicks 'em, that girl. On the stream it's the same way. Just let her whip that stream beside you for one day, and you'll know what I mean. When evening comes you'll know that you been up against something.

"Another thing you fellows don't want to forget. The cooking." (This is Big Pal's ace. He plays it.) "She can do all the cooking. All we have to do is loaf around: shooting, fishing, any old thing we want to. When meal time comes all we have to do is listen for the old dinner bell."

(*With our hearts in our mouths.*)

But you can't down Big Pal. Having played his ace, he tosses in the joker. He draws himself slightly up: "Well, anyway, she's good enough for me. Where I go, she goes. The way I figure it, any place a man goes, he shouldn't be afraid to take his wife."

Now this is subject to so many wise cracks we won't put any in italics. Make up your own. Go easy. After all, Big Pal has been through hell and highwater with you. He's regular. This temporary illness of his won't last. Let him bring along the little dumpling. Some of the boys may object, they may think good God what are we up against now, but Big Pal can count on me for one. You might as well plunge in, Oscar, all of us might as well plunge in, Little Pal included, and have done. It won't last. One bright day you'll show up alone, as of yore. It seems that Little Pal—just for this once—has to stay home to put up some preserves, something she couldn't let go, and so on. That's all. That's all. (Maybe you ought to hurry home, Oscar.)

As for me, I've waded through many a Little Pal in my day. I've seen them come and I've seen them go. The little he-man comes out for the first outing all dolled up in her new pants. She's one of the crowd: you can tell by the way she puts her hands in her new pockets and whistles through her new lips. Go ahead, fellows, swear if you want to, I'm just one of the gang, God damn it.

She wields her fly rod with a magnificent, careless flourish, and Big Pal climbs out on a limb to untangle the fly with many a robust joke on his lips, lips that heretofore registered nothing but contempt for any fly-hanger. "Hell," says he, his eyes in a mute plea to the rest of us, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Squaw, getting your fly up in a tree like this, the very first thing." He chuckles, shakes his head. "Old timer like you! Getting your fly up in a tree! Good joke on you, Mate: good joke on you. Ha, ha, ha!"

(*Ha, ha, ha! Good joke on you, Mate, ha, ha, ha!*)

And on the golf course, where, so Oscar has assured us, you don't have to give her any handicap, you don't have to give her anything, she clicks three or four balls over the fence at the right of the first tee, and does Big Pal rise to the occasion and laugh it off. "Why, darling, that isn't like you, not a bit like you, you usually straighten them out a couple hundred yards or more darling, gosh, darling, you better look out the fellows here'll get to thinking you don't play a very good game, darling."(*§-!!-?¶&! Darling*)

Down at the shooting lodge our friend Oscar loudly proclaims Little Pal's determination to relieve everybody of the kitchen drudgery. What a comfort she turns out to be: scooting around under everybody's feet and managing to monopolize the space around the door to the gent's toilet just at a time when some old wool underwear is the best you can scrape up in the way of a company negligee. In the kitchen she's a dream. She can't find things, she isn't used to this kind of stove, how can she be expected to make coffee in this old tin thing, and in the end she is down with a headache and Big Pal is assuring us all that he never saw her this way before, usually she's the life of the party, like the time down in Florida . . .

On a camping trip Little Pal is virtually indispensable. She takes things so easy!

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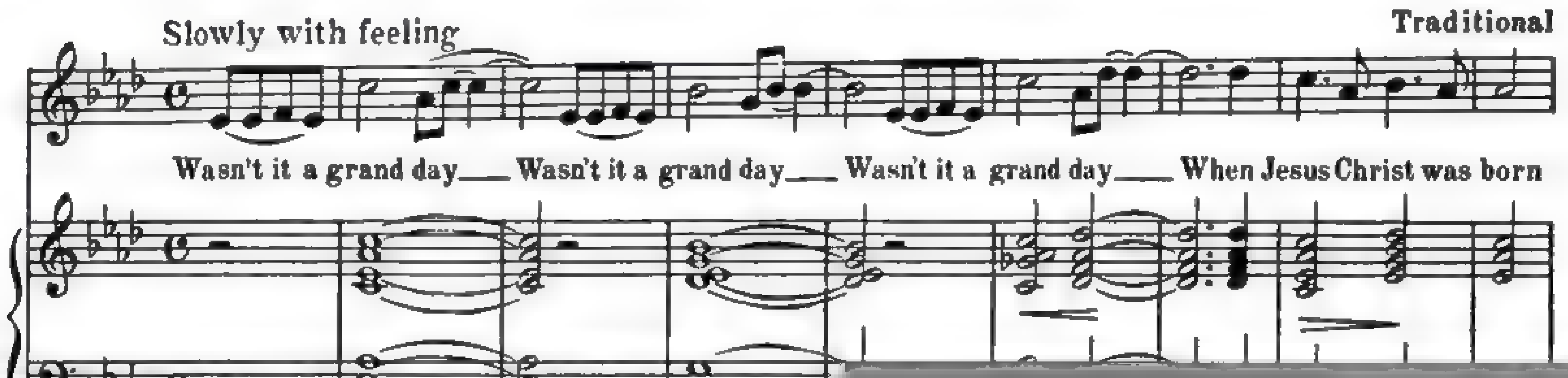
TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

A Christmas Sermon

by ROARK BRADFORD


Slowly with feeling
Traditional
Wasn't it a grand day___ Wasn't it a grand day___ Wasn't it a grand day___ When Jesus Christ was born

A Harvest Memory

Sharp memories of a writer's beginnings, as a wanderer who met a girl on a Dakota farm

by JIM TULLY

• ARTICLE •

THE note came to my hotel in New York. The stationery was of excellent taste. "Please forgive me," it read, "I have watched your career. I wonder if you remember our friendship."

The heavy door of the past creaked open.

* * *

Beating my way on fast trains, I had arrived in Chicago from California, twenty-four hundred miles away, in five days. With gnawing hunger and bloodshot eyes, and an aching body upon which the rags hung loosely, I made my way to West Madison Street. It was crowded with wanderers.

A frail fellow sat at the horseshoe counter of a Greek restaurant. I knew he was "on the road."

"How's chances to scoff, Brother?" I asked.

"Swell," he returned, "if you don't eat too much."

"I'll go easy."

"Take what you want. I'm kiddin'. I plinged two bucks tonight—Wabash Avenue was swimmin' in money—everybody I bummed gave me fifteen cents—one guy gave me a quarter."

I rubbed my worn eyes. "Thanks, Buddy—you're a pal."

"I try to be," he said. "Somebody gives it to me. I pass it along."

"Well, you hit a guy who needs it today."

"You look it," he asserted, as the food was placed before me. He waited a few minutes. "My name's Doc Pierce," he said.

"And my moniker's Cincy Red—which way?"

"The harvest fields—North Dakota," was the answer.

He looked across the restaurant. I glanced sideways at him. Trained by the hard observing rigor of the road to read faces at a glance, I caught the pity in his sad gray eyes, and the weakness around his mouth. He shambled before me to pay for the meal. He might have been forty-five, and the shredded product of a better day. I noticed his hand as he reached for the change. It was long and slender, the fingers tipped.

"Where'd you come from?" he asked.

"The Coast—left there Sunday—"

"Gee—you've been travelin'—"

"I'll say—"

We strolled to the "slave market," as the Imperial Labor Agency was called.

On a huge blackboard were the words, "400 MEN WANTED FOR NORTH DAKOTA—GRAINSVILLE AND ADJACENT POINTS—CHARGES $2.00—FULL SHIPMENT MUST BE HAD IMMEDIATELY—"

"That's a good place," said my companion, "I've been goin' there for years."

Like passengers gazing at train bulletins in bleak railroad stations, the large room was full of jostling, unkempt men, anxious for a chance to toil.

Young and old, the weak and the strong, some who had been up in the world, and were now going down, jailbirds, willing to burn long bridges of misery behind them, all were in the throng.

Some had blankets tied to sticks and slung across their backs, the familiar "bundle stiffs," or men who carried bundles in a wandering world. Old "jungle buzzards," the parasites of tramps, loitered about in the stench-filled room asking for cigarettes, cigar stubs—the poor begging the poor.

My new found comrade took me to a bald-headed fellow in a pink and white checked shirt. He listened for a moment—

"All right—two dollars each—step over to one side—North Dakota—Rolling River Farm—Red River Valley—first gang—get in line there, boys—move fast—you're not in church."

My comrades in the march of necessity, though apparently carefree, also had problems. Others allowed them to labor during the entire season, then robbed them in saloons and along the railways. Even had they been disposed to pay railroad fare, a third of a season's savings would have been required to return them to their starting point.

After "following the harvest," provided they did not become drunk and "get rolled" or be robbed otherwise, the majority would go to a small hotel where shelter from the cold could be had for two dollars a week.

Miserable as were their conditions, they still had a restless and filthy freedom. They could read old books and magazines, or play checkers or cards in the dingy lobby. Others, younger and less listless, might read in the public library for days at a time.

I was one of the "others, younger and less listless."

"All ready for N. D." The man in the checked shirt scanned us as a lieutenant would a group of green soldiers.

"Come on!"

Grumbling and laughing we marched to the railroad station.

Though carefully herded, two men deserted at Minneapolis.

"Five hundred miles for two bucks—not bad," a rover laughed scornfully.

The train rumbled through small flat towns. As much alike as knots in a string, they combined a red railroad station, a freight depot, a listless flagman at a crossing, a short main street, a cattle pen, and a tall grain elevator. Small school buildings and fantastic frame houses, with lightning rods gleaming above turrets and cupolas, were scattered over the land. It stretched, flat as a billiard table, to the far horizon.

We reached Grainsville on Sunday morning, and were taken to the four thousand acre Rolling River Farm, owned by Peter Lund.

A graveled road went directly to the house. Half hidden by trees, of faded brick, with green shutters, it was a huge, sixteen-room box.

Red buildings, with slate roofs, were all about. An office built of logs was at the edge of the barnyard.

He watched our caravan approaching from the door of his office.

A girl joined him. "That's Lyndal, his daughter," said Doc Pierce, nudging me.

Alighting, we went into the office and signed our names in a huge book.

A wide map of the United States was on the wall.

Peter Lund was a large man. Hound lean, he was built like the letter V. About sixty, his jaw was wide as his forehead.

There was a puzzled expression in his eyes—as if he were wondering for a moment about such mysterious people as ourselves, who came and went in-

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The Dead Cat in Beekman Place

It was a perfectly dead cat but it got around in several different circles of society

by MANUEL KOMROFF

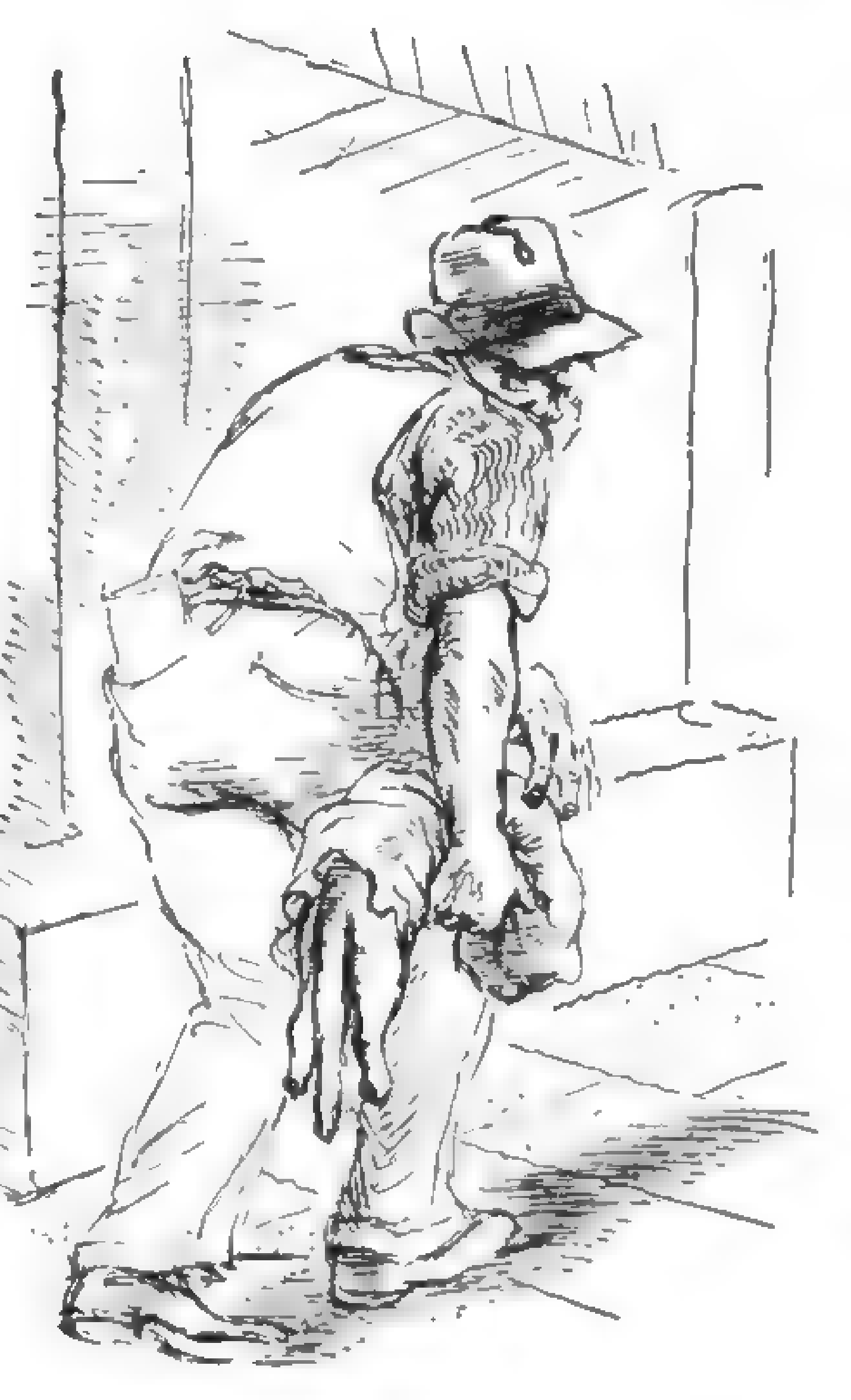
▪ FICTION ▪

A DEAD cat is a dead cat. You may talk about economics and the class struggle or you may talk about something quite high-brow, possibly the second law of thermodynamics, which deals with the running down of the universe, but a dead cat remains a dead cat. She is free from the struggle for existence and her backyard energy is all run down to a dead stop.

Mrs. Wellington Kingsbridge has a beautiful duplex apartment on the river. Some of her windows look out across the water and some face Beekman Place. She can see the yachts on their way to the Long Island estates and she can also see the limousines as they are parked before the homes of her neighbors. She has little else to do.

Yesterday she was talking to her daughter.

"It looks as though the Kents are going shopping. Their car is downstairs. I thought they were going to Europe last week. Something must have happened. And the Warrenford's car has been waiting almost an hour. I guess he doesn't care what time he gets to his office. I bet he has a hang-over from the Briddles' party last night. I can't stand those Briddles. They have such strange friends. Where they find all those odds and ends I don't know. I was saying to Lady Leslie last week that I thought Mrs. Briddles' looks were going and she agreed with me. She said it was too much bridge but that I think is putting it rather kindly. Her son is now taller than his father but she still calls him Little Teddy. His father wants him to play polo next year. I hear the boy is running around with the Loganborough girl. I wonder if his mother knows. Guess she wouldn't like it much. The Loganboroughs are kin to the Woods of Virginia but it's a funny thing you never hear of the Woods visiting them. I guess there must be a good reason."



At this she glanced out of the window and from behind her beautiful Belgian lace curtains she saw a dead cat in the gutter of fashionable Beekman Place. She turned her head the other way.

"As I was saying . . . Yes, the Clarksons. It is good we did not go to the reception she gave for her sister. I hear there was hardly a soul there that really mattered. It was most tactless of her and I believe she won't make that mistake again. Her sister is only just back from Reno. She should have waited at least a month or two because . . ."

Again she glanced through the window and saw the mud spattered dead cat in the gutter.

"Because the papers were full of the trial and there was so much bad feeling on both sides. Their lawyers didn't care what they dragged into court. But she insisted on having the child."

Somehow or other she could not get her mind off the dead cat. She took another glance and saw that the cat was not only muddy but there was blood around its half-open mouth. She frowned and tried to turn her thoughts to pleasant matters. She spoke about the decorator who was making plans for re-doing the apartment and about the charity concert for which she had bought tickets. But the dead cat was always coming up in her mind and oddly enough her conversation turned to the accident that the young Brummel boy recently had with his racing car which killed a workman. Then she sailed into the sordid drinking bouts of Mrs. McDonald's husband and that juicy scandal that was being whispered all over town about Mrs. Spencer and her good looking chauffeur.

But while she was talking about Mrs. Spencer she was thinking about her uncle who married a young chorus girl when he was fifty-five, and oh, how full the papers were at the time! It was strange that this thing should come to her mind when it had been so comfortably forgotten for years. And she also reminded herself about the big diamond that she took off her mother's finger after her mother was dead. Did her mother really intend her to have it? She might have said something about it. She might have said something kind at the end. "Why did she not trust me?" The diamond was certainly a present from someone not her husband. Perhaps that would explain it. Perhaps not.

These thoughts ran through her head as she was talking about Mrs. Spencer and her good looking chauffeur. How is it possible that a dead cat in the street gutter could have brought on such an ugly flow of memories?

She saw her daughter move restlessly in her chair and suddenly she broke off and cried out: "Really, I don't know what is the matter with me this morning. I am so nervous."

The dead cat was raising the devil with her.

At length she could stand it no longer and went to the house phone. "John," she called. "Have that horrible sight removed from the front of the building at once."

John the doorman spoke to the elevator man who in turn told the handyman who told the porter and the porter went to the furnace man and said that Mrs. Kingsbridge had just called down and he better do it at once.

And so the furnace man got a shovel and scraped up the remains of the dead cat and he looked about for an ash can because he did not want to bring the messy thing into the cellar. Finding no ash can at hand he carried the cat around the corner and dumped her in the roadway before one of the brownstone houses in 50th Street.

The brownstone house had once been a private residence but had been made over, as so many are in New York, into apartments. The block is clean, respectable, middle class and some of the houses even have window boxes with fresh flowers. The people who live in these apartments, for the most part, work in offices. They can be said to belong to the white collar class and to the small professional strata of society. They are pleased to live on the fringe of Beekman Place. Not knowing Mrs. Kingsbridge and the others of her class they feel it quite a distinction to be "just around the corner." Nice cars are parked there anyway.

But a dead cat is a dead cat no matter where.

In the brownstone house the Fullers were

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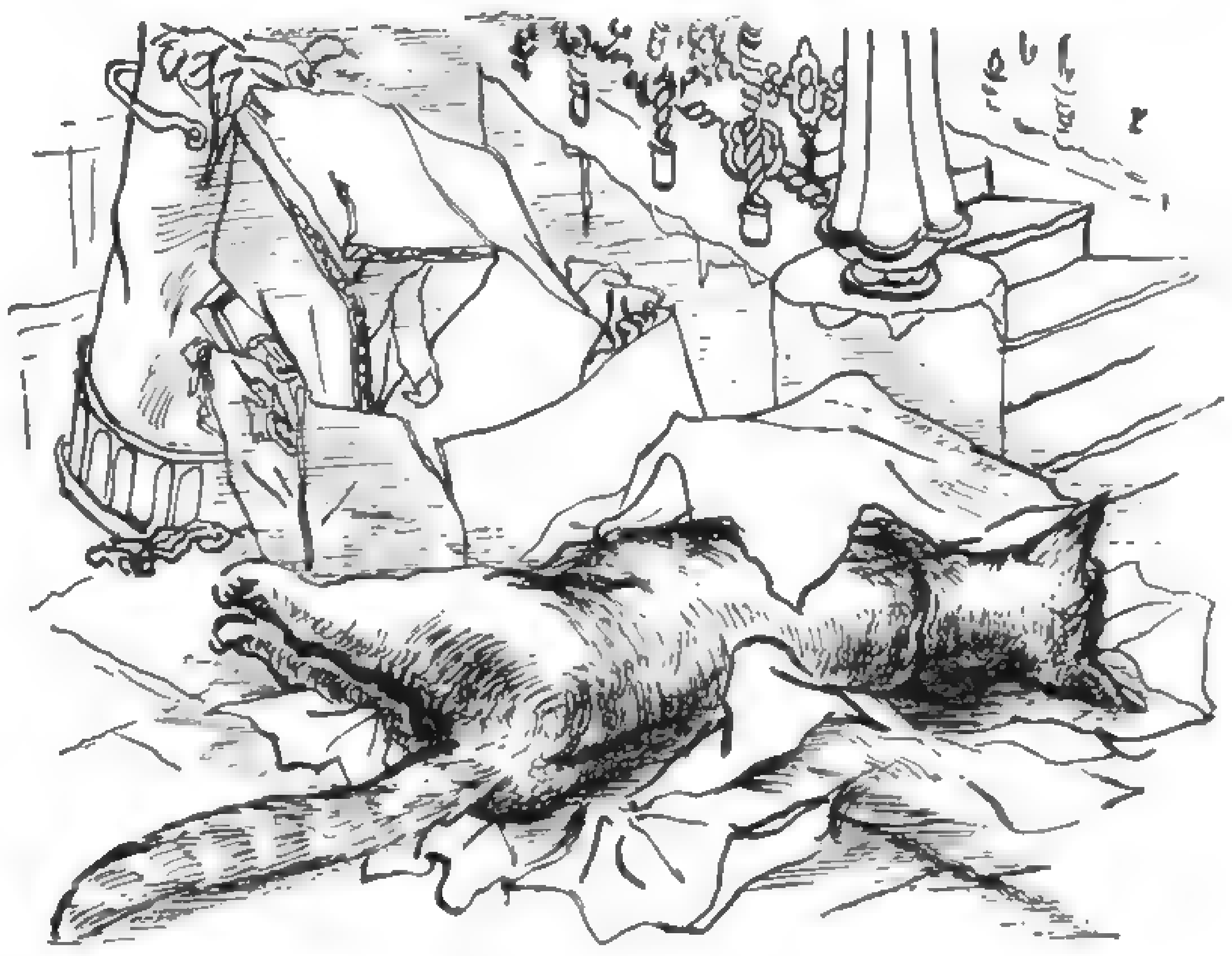
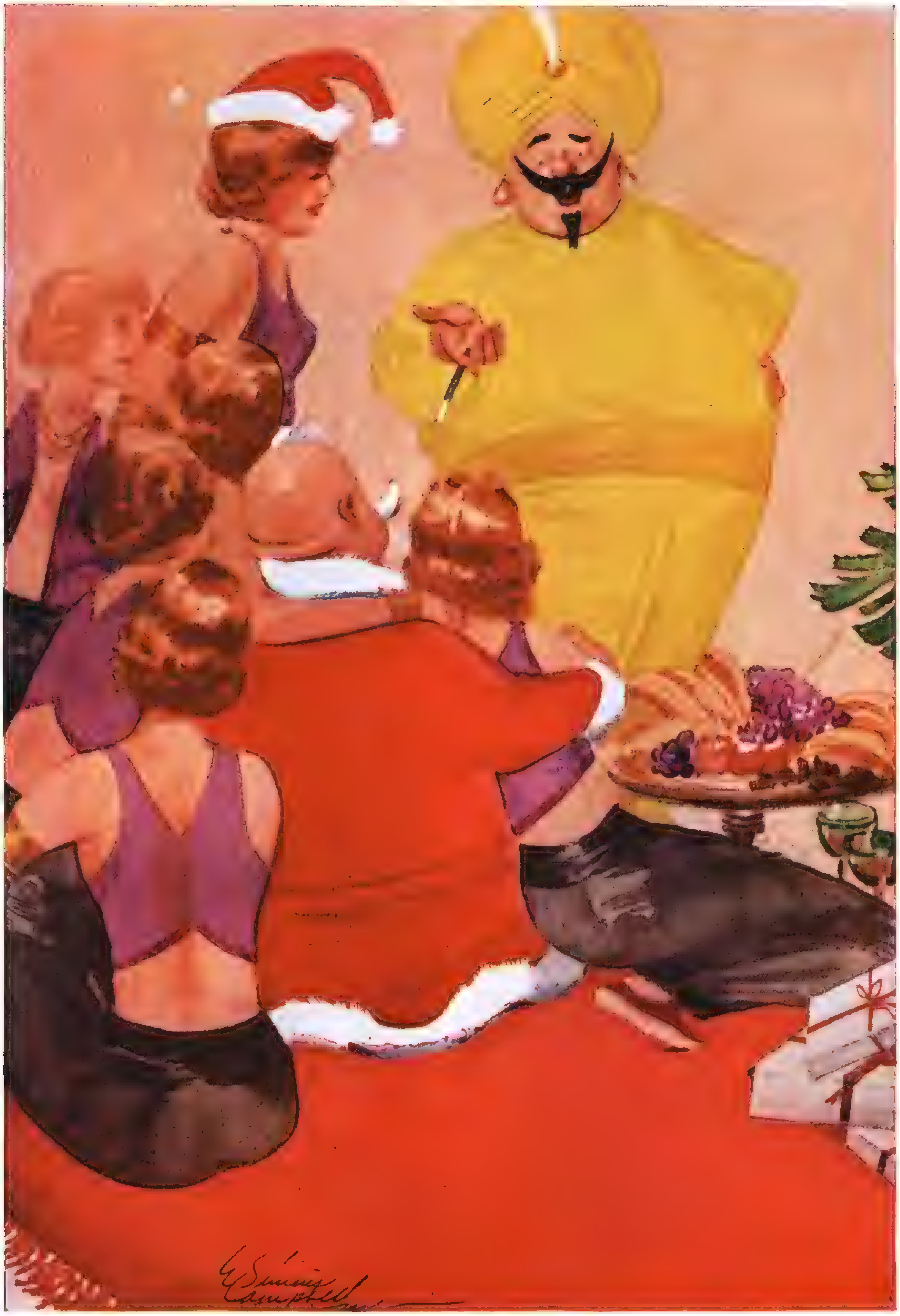


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

"Oh San-n-n-ta Clau-s-s-s!"


E. Simms Campbell

"I don't mind your fooling around—but you'll be mighty late for your other stops"

Portrait of a Bomb-Thrower

Proving that Sasha Berkman had a serener last act than many moralists would like to believe

by FRANK SCULLY

ARTICLE

FIFTEEN years ago, when Seeing Red was a formless fear, not a political career in America, the Chicago *Tribune* lost its temper and called Henry Ford, an eminent citizen of a rival city, "an ignorant idealist" and "an anarchist." And he, not having read *Lawyers Laugh Last*, sued the *Tribune* for a million dollars and got a six cent verdict for his million dollar pains.

What got him the six cents was that "anarchist" billing. The *Tribune's* learned counsel found it no job at all proving that Ford's erudition hardly erred on the side of Aristotle, but when they tried to prove that in calling him an anarchist they were really trying to flatter his intellect, they took a pratt fall that sent all the chiropractors in town scurrying hopefully to their operating tables.

The more the *Tribune's* learned counsel plagued Ford about anarchists the more he stuck to his point, that an anarchist was a bomb-thrower and that he never had thrown a bomb in his life. Tying him in with Tolstoi, Kropotkin, Thoreau, Voltaire, Shelley, Byron, Swinburne, Proudhon, Morris, John Milton, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Edward Carpenter, Benjamin R. Tucker and all the other eminent anarchists found Ford no spick English. To him, raised on the *Tribune's* own cartoons, an anarchist was a bomb-thrower. That was their story, and they were stuck with it.

The years between have not sharpened the distinction between a nihilist and an anarchist. If anything, thinking among the peasantry has got muddier. All waters are now as white as lime-water, or red as the Colorado.

Only the other day J. W. Greenberg, a New York publisher recently returned from a trip to Europe, tore out a copy of an obit about an internationally known personality who had just committed the Dutch Act, and sent it to me in Hollywood with a footnote.

"What a monster," he wrote, "they make of our sweet, mild-mannered friend! I smile when I think that the thing he was most het up about in the most recent years was his collection of airmail stamps. And how delighted he was when I sent him one of mine, rescued from a burning plane."

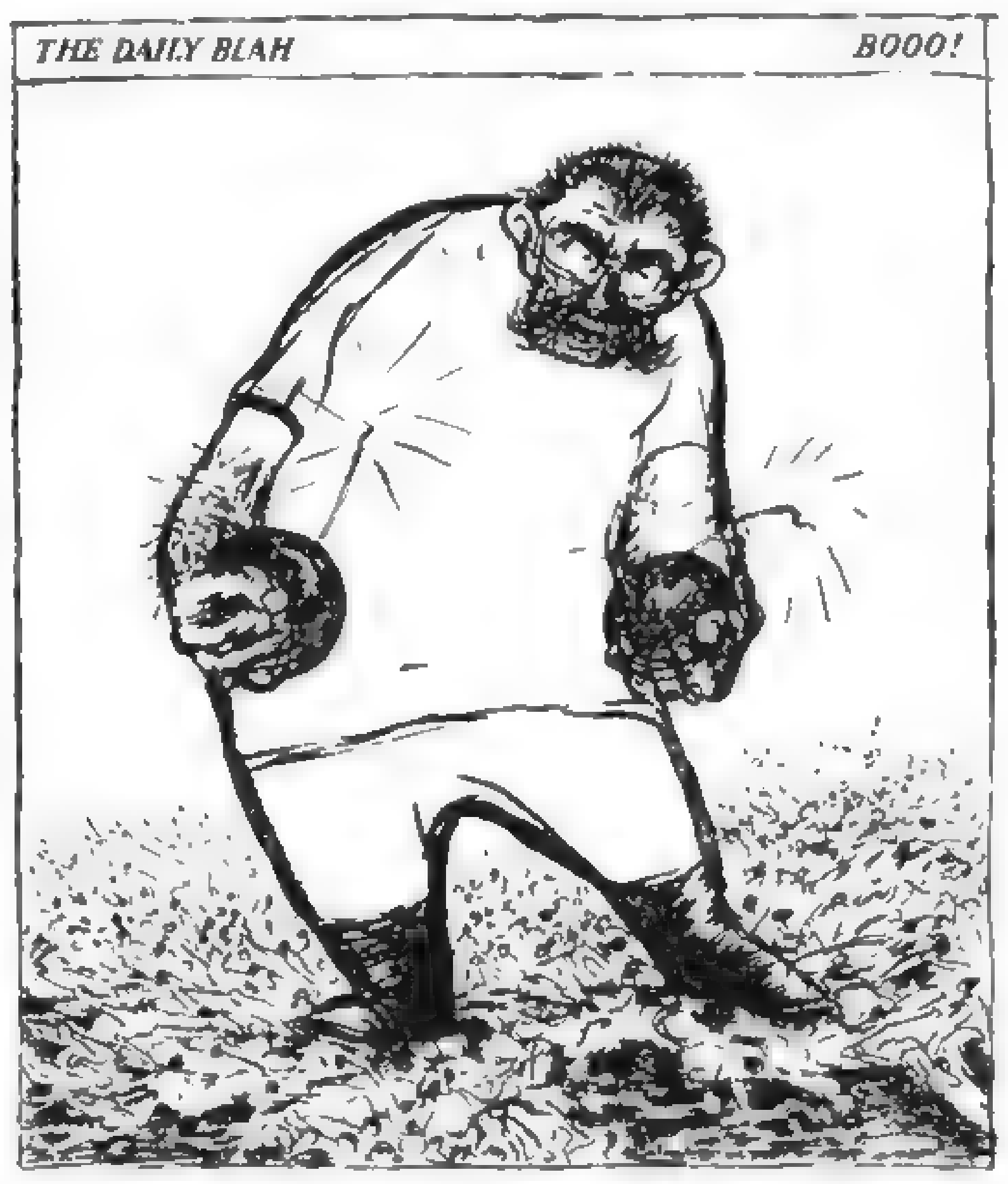
I picked up the clipping and read two columns about an ogre. Forty-odd years ago the ogre had attempted to assassinate a steel magnate and had been tied-in ever since with every spectacular crime against the current social order. In the end he had been kicked out of America and so his death in *la belle France*, a man without a country, was considered a highly moral tale for the peasantry. It shocked me a bit to realize they were talking about Alexander (Sasha) Berkman.

Of course, I knew Sasha's newspaper record as well as the next re-write man, but all that happened long ago, and to have it all tossed up again in print seemed a silly waste of white space. Sally Rand would have made better use of it. She would have left it bare.

After all, Berkman's shooting of Frick for which Berkman got a twenty-two year rap, settled nothing. At best it was a success *de fiasco*. Frick outlived Berkman's sentence, and Berkman outlived Frick. So it's hard to see what either they or the newspapers proved by playing up gun-play.

Time in the end liquidated them both in its own sweet way. Their feud began in 1892 when the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, finding their contract with the Carnegie Steel Company was about to lapse, negotiated for a new one. Andrew Carnegie, peace-lover, proposed a new deal in the form of a wage cut. The steelworkers refused to take the cut, and Carnegie, sensing trouble and hating rows, skipped to Scotland and left the job to his manager, Henry Clay Frick, who loved them.

Frick refused to negotiate with the union. Not only refused but went the hard way and put barbed wire around the Carnegie plant at Homestead, Pennsylvania, locked the union men out, and imported strikebreakers. He topped that by bringing in three hundred Pinkerton detectives to keep the strikemakers out and strikebreakers in.



The Pinkerton dicks arrived at Homestead on a barge at 4:00 a.m., July 6, 1892—two days after everybody was through celebrating the Declaration of Independence. The union men shooed the dicks away. There was some thunder on the left, and a class war was on. The battle lasted thirteen ominous hours, and twice as many workers as detectives were killed before the state militia could stop the shooting. In four months the strikers were starved into submission and their union crushed. Carnegie returned to be greeted by a pretty yeasty Frick.

But up in Worcester, Massachusetts, the owner of an ice cream parlor who had been through pogroms in Russia was seething under all this feudalism. He blamed Frick for all of it. He was only nineteen at the time and saw world-wide economic issues between capital and labor as very personal issues. He decided Frick must go.

He talked it over with his friend and sweetheart, Emma Goldman, and they decided to bump off Frick. He didn't make a bad bomb and throw it at Frick's doorway, thereby killing a butler. He bought a pistol and went straight to Frick's offices in Pittsburgh. Posing as a straw boss of strikebreakers, he found himself ushered into Frick's offices the same day he arrived in town. He shot at Frick four times. Frick nose-dived under his desk, but two of the bullets had flicked him.

Seeing his shooting was wilder than his emotions, the guntoter slashed at Frick with a knife, but a union carpenter coming in on the scene hit the direct-actionist over the head with a hammer, and out went Sasha Berkman like a wet match. It always seemed to me a perfect payoff that a laboring man should have cracked in the skull of his best friend.

Frick recovered, but Berkman got Jersey justice. Seven years was the routine sentence for attempted homicides, but Berkman, as I say, got twenty-two. He got out of jail for good behavior in fourteen. His first day out, he was hustled out of Pittsburgh, and Frick spent ten thousand dollars a year after that to see that he kept out. He didn't have to pay it between the years 1917 and 1919, because Berkman was clapped in the can during those two years for obstructing the draft. When he got out, he and more than two hundred other agitators were shipped to Russia, deported as undesirable aliens.

Shortly before the mob sailed, reporters came to Berkman with the news that Frick had died and asked him what he had to say about it.

"Just say," said Sasha, "he was deported by God."

By the time I met Sasha all this was so far behind him that he played it for laughs. He had come to see me in Nice about a job. He didn't know how to get to our villa, and Madame Scully offered to meet him in town and drive him up.

"Meet me at the American Express," he said to her over the instrument the French use for a telephone. "You'll recognize me by my looking like a baby—a baby with glasses." This didn't seem to match any of

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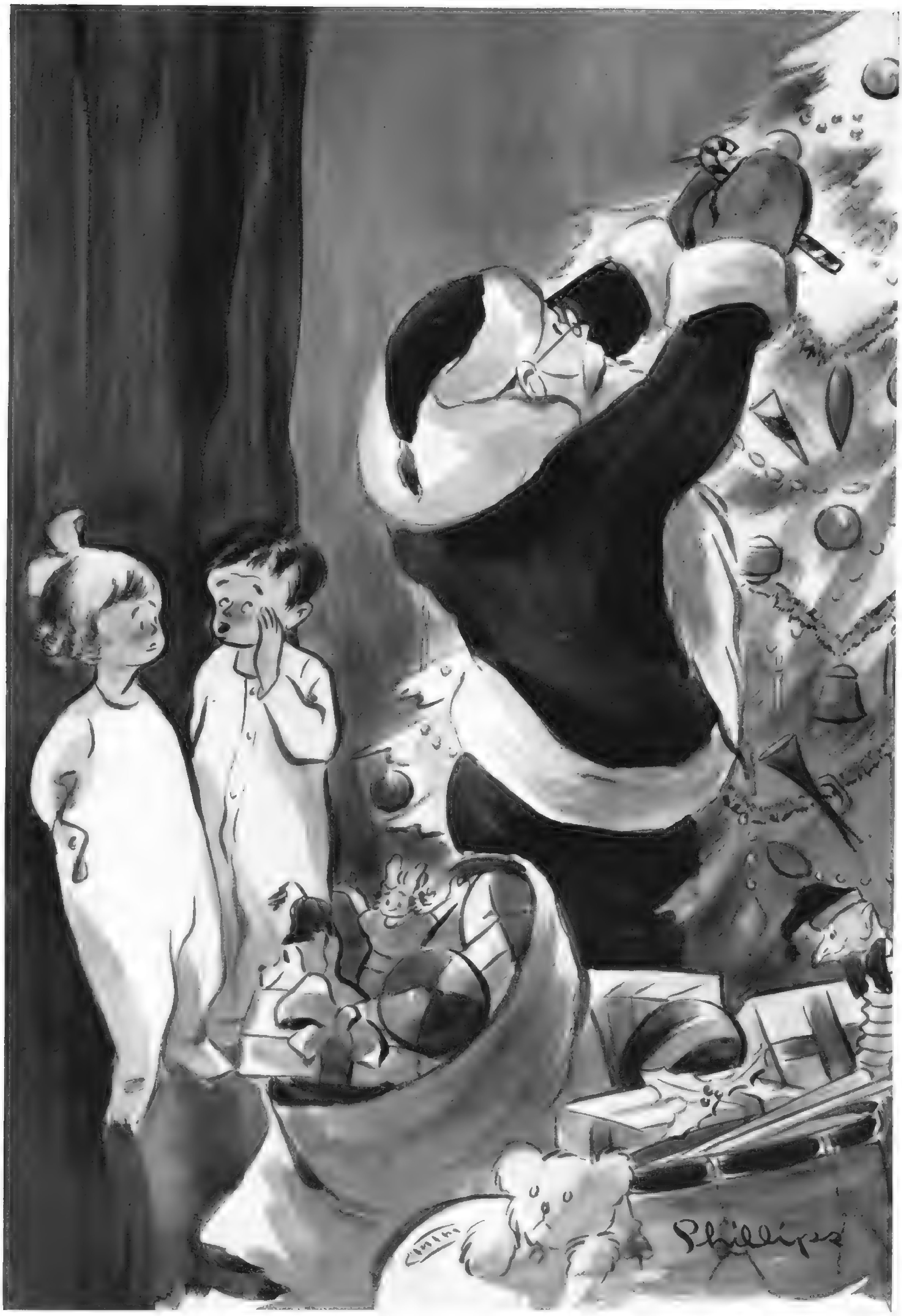

"Now remember, act surprised—let Pop have his fun!"

Grandfather Dies with His Boots On

The old gentleman, who was nobody's fool, pulled a pretty fast one on his loving heirs

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

THE great, barrack-like town house echoed with the whispers of distant relatives who do not know how to whisper. Legatees dropped in from time to time to inquire the prognosis of Grandfather's decline. Physicians in threes, walking about with a nice studied decorousness, discussed in undertones the merits of the overhead game. Even a movie audience would have suspected that Grandfather was dying.

Grandfather was an unconscionable time a-dying; the physicians gave it up. They would come back and try tomorrow, leaving the sick bay of a bedroom in charge of a corps of white-capped nurses. Instead of dying properly Grandfather merely slept weakly, saving his own agony and prolonging it in the legatees. There was a great deal of money to be distributed, and the thought came to his granddaughter, Mrs. Edward McN. Morrison, that the law was somehow remiss in not providing for an age of incompetence in order that one might achieve one's own social grace before it was too late. Lengthy expectations became unendurable; the unwarranted delay, in other words, was a hell of a note.

Mrs. Morrison did not realize that it is very difficult to kill people with a sense of humor. Grandfather, who had made a huge fortune in the 70's by patenting a trick nail-clipper that did not work, never tired of asserting his own financial and intellectual inadequacy, *taking* it as the funniest joke since oil had been discovered in Indian Territory. To such people there is small point in dying. Life has always one more jest in store for them. Mrs. Morrison, who could never afford the luxury of a sense of humor, was pretty upset about it. Grandfather had decided to die four or five times now. It was a bum joke, characteristic of the old hound.

In the morning she corralled one of the triple-threat groups after their examinations. "Well, gentlemen," she said, an explicit note of reproach in her voice, "what may we expect in the next twenty-four hours?"

"Grmpftftt," murmured the chief consultant, somewhat worried. "We discover the cardiac lesion widening. The patient passed a quiet night, but we must not of course be misled: there is a general *passé* condition of the arteries which must bring its inevitable result; pulse is faster than we hoped for—looked for, rather. I doubt if the old gentleman can weather the afternoon. I not only doubt it, madam; I give you assurances. Grmpft—I should say we can count on the worst, so to speak. Clear indications of approaching coma, dilation of the muscular apparati and so forth and so forth." He looked up hopefully for a nod of commendation. Mrs. Morrison's mind leapt ahead to more practical things.

"We must prepare," she told Mr. Morrison.

Mr. Morrison was in bad humor. He knew it would be impossible to convince his partner at the brokerage office that he was not out playing golf.

"We must indeed prepare," he mumbled absently. "Can't I go into the office this morning, Annie? Fred'll be sore as an ingrown toenail if I don't show up. I don't know what you do with dead people anyway."

"I wish you would," said Annie. "I'd rather you were out of the way. I want to deal with that Mitchell family. They hang around here eating our food, getting under my feet, asking silly questions, annoying the doctors, and breaking my Ming vases. Why Grandfather ever named those hoodlums I cannot conceive. That Mitchell woman drives me nuts."

"The boy's been wearing my derby hat," Mr. Morrison added sorrowfully. "The one that makes me look dignified."

"You can be of some use if you'll stop in on your way down town and see Mr. Greering, the undertaker," she said.

"What'll I tell him?"

"How do you know enough to eat to keep alive, Edward? Tell him we expect the worst this time, and to go ahead with his preparations."

"Yes, Annie," he said.

He stopped off at the funeral parlors. "How is everything?" said Mr. Greering, who, apparently, had had a few nips.

"Just fine," said Edward. "I mean, the worst has come. Mrs. Morrison asked me to tell you to go ahead with your preparations."

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Greering. "Ah, well. Into each life some rain must fall."

"Spare no expense," said Edward, inspired.

"No expense, Mr. Morrison. Who knows but what some other world is a better place to be. No expense shall be spared. Our services shall be a fitting monument to a man who lived the good life and died with his boots on—died fighting the good fight, rather."

"Exactly," said Edward, not relishing the display casket in the undertaker's office. "I must hurry. Business, er— demands."

"Business, indeed," said Mr. Greering. "Business indeed does demand. All shall be taken care of. Wipe your mind clear of fears. This is our racket—our profession, rather. Good day."

Mr. Greering did not spare himself the time to rub his hands together. He rattled off a number into the telephone. "Pete? Rush this along. I want that aluminum job, the one we've been saving for the Morrisons. Get it over right away—George'll give you the key to the warehouse. That's right. Goodby."

Pete loaded the casket on his truck. checked the Morrison address in the phone book, and in a few moments had his truckmen unloading it at the brownstone mansion. The Mitchells were the only ones in the drawing room at the moment.

"This ain't the way we do it back home," said Mrs. Mitchell, "but I guess it's all

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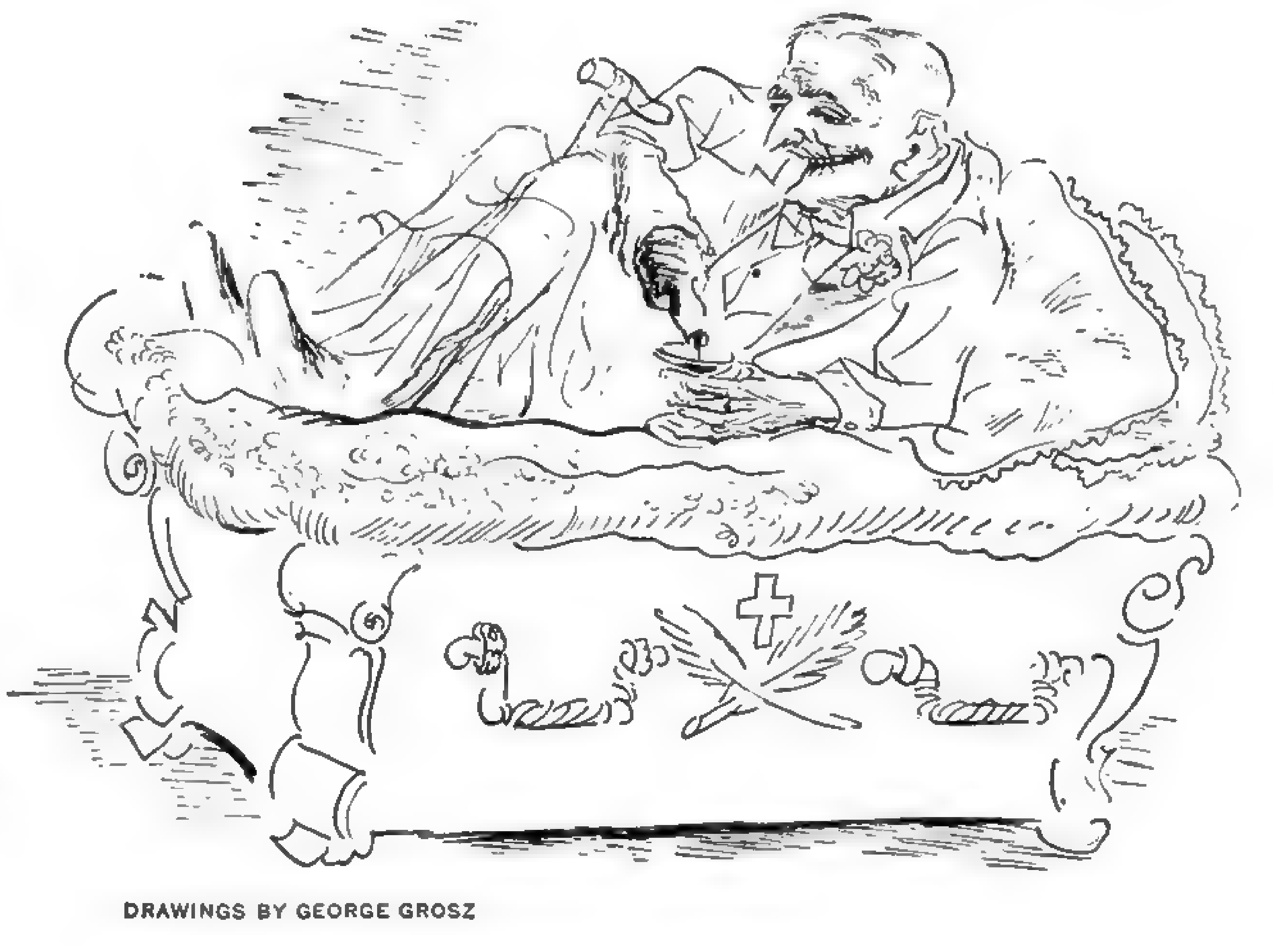

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Popular Young Matron

Mr. Simpson's daughter only proved the generalization that stupidity is no handicap to a proper woman

by GEORGE B. ANDERSON

SATIRE

I

Albert Simpson, proprietor of the Simpson Department Store, sat slumped forward turning the little cream-colored card over and over in his hands.

The mildly efficient, comfortably well-to-do little man tried to assume the severe facial expression which had worked so well so often at the store, and achieved a nervous frown above dulled eyes that kept returning to the cream-colored card.

He turned almost hopelessly to Mother, standing there beside Alice. Mother. A tired, timid, colorless woman, he realized and was surprised to find that his discovery caused him no pain. He glanced again at Alice.

Alice, his last born, spoke.

"I don't see why there's so much fuss. Lots of kids besides me has flunked. And I never flunked enough to get set back before. And I'm clear up to the seventh grade."

If only she had said it with some show of spirit. But he saw that she was making a commonplace, emotionless, stodgy statement of fact.

"It isn't that you've failed in your seventh grade work," he said. "It's the fact that you've failed, apparently, through no fault of anyone's. What hurts is finding out that you just aren't—"

"Albert!" Mother came to life. "You will not talk to that child that way. Do you hear? You shan't. I won't have it! Go on up to bed, Alice."

"All right," Alice said in the same stolid voice she had used all evening. "Good night." The 13-year-old girl walked unhurriedly, serenely, up the thick-carpeted stairs.

Mother watched her ascent and then whirled around to Albert.

"I know what you were going to say to Alice," she snapped. "You were going to tell her that she wasn't smart enough to pass her school work. You were going to tell her that she's dumb. And you're not going to do any such thing. Understand this, you're not going to do it, no matter what I have to do to keep you from it."

He almost forgot the tired, washed-out feeling that had dulled his nerves, looking at this determined, desperate woman. "I don't know Mother at all," he marveled. "She's positively dynamic. She'd do anything, absolutely anything, to have her way in this." He masked his astonishment at his newest discovery.

"Well," he said, "it's all very well to talk about not telling her she's dumb. But the fact remains. If the teacher had only said Alice hadn't tried, that she was too frivolous—anything! But the teacher says Alice studied harder than anyone in the class. She says Alice is really conscientious. It seems that our little girl is simply lacking in mental capabilities."

"That's true," Mother said, quietly.

Albert looked up from the report card, more hurt than ever.

"It's true," Mother repeated. "I've known it for a long time. I can't understand your failing to see it. I never mentioned it because I thought it was obvious. She doesn't grasp meanings. Have you ever heard her read aloud? She doesn't do it often. She can scarcely read, and I'm sure she hasn't the slightest idea of what she's read when she's finished. She hasn't the remotest interest in anything outside of her immediate sphere, either. I used to think that maybe it was her complete unconcern for the world outside her own range that accounted for her—slowness. I've known for quite a while that I was wrong about that."

Albert was incredulous.

"You mean to say," he demanded, "that you've known about this for a long time and haven't done anything about it?"

"Now that you know," Mother replied, "what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he admitted, weakly, "but I'll certainly try to do something. There must be some way to handle her case. After all, she's Mary's sister and Mary graduated from Nebraska *cum laude*. Mary was always the smartest girl in her class in high school. She wasn't nearly as pretty as Alice, either. She got a darned good husband and she has a nice home. Her life is fine. Surely, Alice must not be completely lost."

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II

"Alice," Miss Bascomb, the tutor, said wearily, "you must try to get some ideas on something—anything. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Bascomb, after a week with the girl, was suspicious. "Alice," she asked, "what is an idea?"

Alice tried to think. "I guess I don't know," she admitted.

"An idea," Miss Bascomb said, "is a picture in your mind. It's a picture or something you're thinking about. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Now, we'll—" Miss Bascomb stopped, still doubtful. "First, Alice, use the word 'idea' in a sentence so that I'll be sure you know what an idea is."

"All right."

"Well, go ahead. Use the word."

Alice cupped her chin in her hands. After what seemed many minutes to Miss Bascomb, the little girl lifted her head.

"The idea," she said, "hung on the wall."

Miss Bascomb stayed in the Simpson home a month before she resigned. "It's no use," she sighed, trying to explain to Mr. Simpson. "And it's ruining my nerves."

III

"Dear Mrs. Simpson," Sister Clemence wrote, "It is painful for me to write this letter to you because I have learned to understand and to love your daughter, Alice. I write, knowing that what I am writing will hurt you. But because I know it is the only honest thing to do, I must say what I find so hard to express in words. We have found Alice to be a sweet, charming, obedient girl and we admire her for her many good qualities but we do not feel that she belongs to this school and we cannot honestly say that our educational methods have made any imprint upon her. She is not to be a scholar, it seems. The good Saviour gives many gifts and He has given Alice an abundance of domestic capabilities. Where some must rely on mental attainments, Alice will achieve her place in the world by virtue of her lovely disposition, her household efficiency and her beauty. I hope this letter has not been unkind, as I have not meant it to be. We think, under the circumstances, that it would be unwise for Alice to return to Ste. Therese next year."

IV

"Dear Mother. I do not like this trip to France at all. I was very sick on the boat. I wish you and Dad would quit trying to make me smart and would let me

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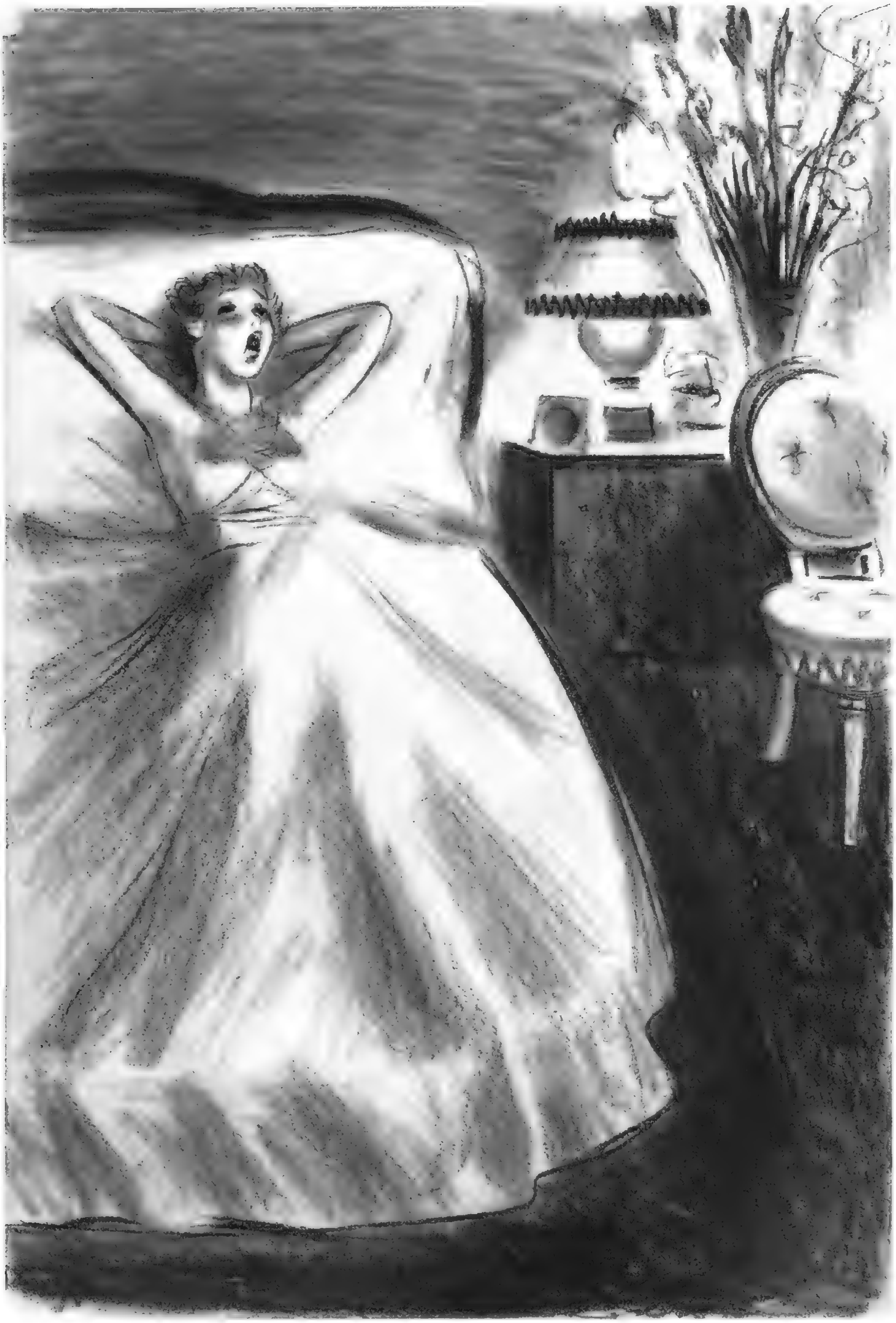
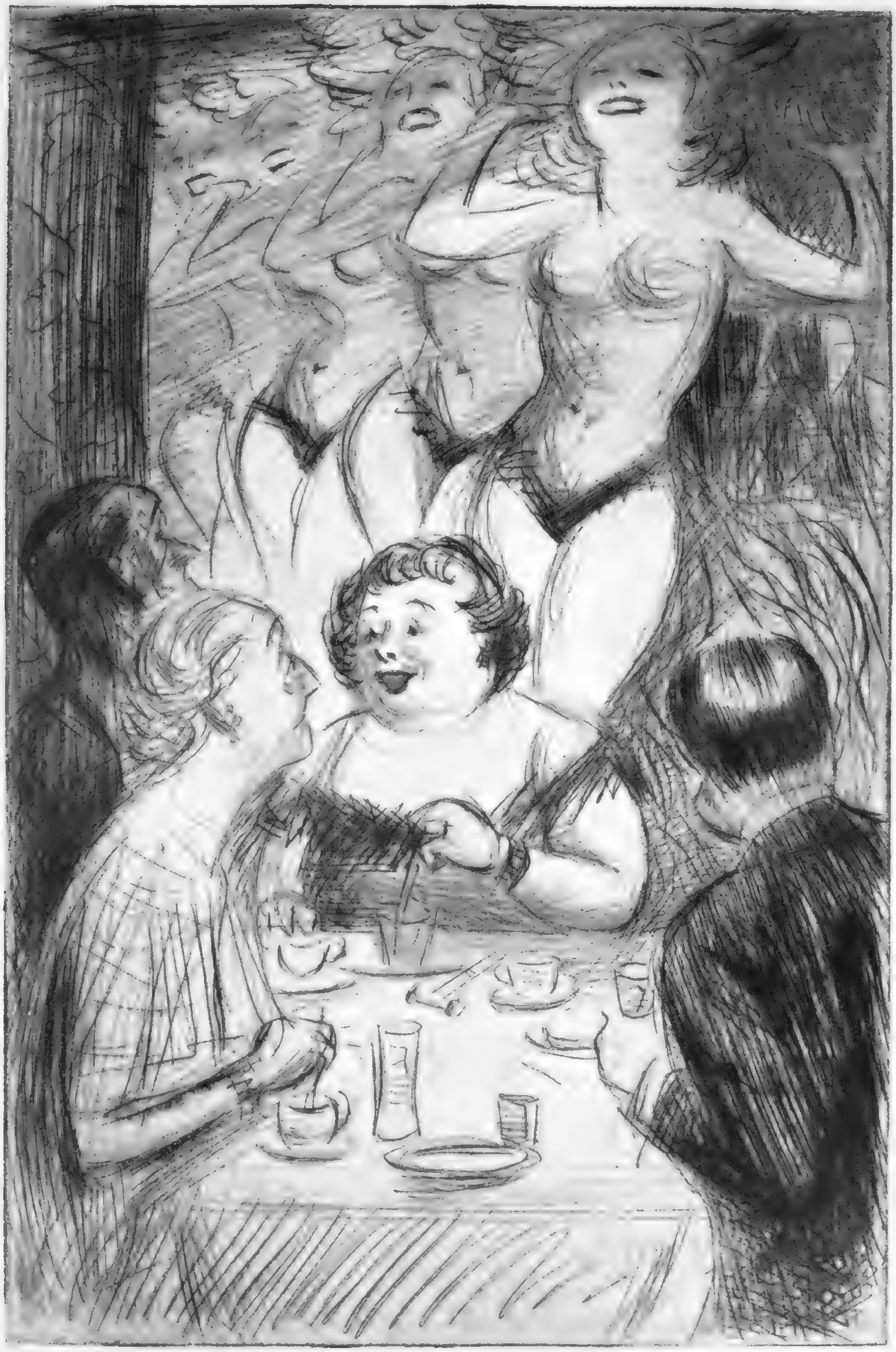


"I think you'd better go home now, Mr. Norton—it's Sunday"



ETCHING BY HOWARD BAER

"George likes to come here because the food's so good"

Why I Stopped Collecting Stamps

The racket is called international supply and demand, with plenty of supply but try and find the demand

ANONYMOUS

ARTICLE

I should have known, when I started collecting stamps some ten years back, that I was going to end as another living proof that you can't mix business with pleasure. All stamp dealers, and a certain proportion of philatelists who read this need go on no further. They have heard it.

I wish I had heard it. But I hadn't, and when my innocent hobby, undertaken to help a bad case of insomnia, developed into a major vice and I became a full-fledged stamp collector, I operated under the spell of that Utopia which sounds so much better than it works out: combine business with pleasure, earn while you learn, make your hobby pay, etc. Smoke screens, all of them, behind which hide those of us who can not afford the innocent vices which eat up our pay checks and who haven't quite the courage to come out and say it's all in fun.

A few years ago I was taken with a lingering and stubborn case of insomnia. Nothing helped me. Then one day I happened to glance into the display window of a dealer in stamps, my childhood pastime flashed back at me, and on a sudden hunch I went in and bought some. This quiet, absorbing evening-killer soon banished my sleeplessness. It nearly banished my pay check, in time. Still later, it brought me a case of induced insomnia which made my first attack appear to be one long orgy of sleep.

It was great fun at first. Mounting the pretty stamps in the albums, lying in bed and admiring the colorful, regimented array, produced a sort of hypnotism which soon persuaded the body to follow the mind into restful repose. This was swell. It was swell until my interest in stamps began to transcend my interest in merely being put to sleep. I began to haunt the stamp shops with an intensity of interest which nobody in search of simple restful slumber ever could work up.

For a while my conscience hurt me, for about a fifth of my salary was going for stamps, and my wife was beginning to suspect that a two cent stamp might be as effective in pulling the eyelids as one that cost twenty dollars or more. Then I got the other idea. I pointed out, both to my wife and myself, that the whole thing was an investment. If I fiddled around with cheap stamps I would be put to sleep all right, but on the other hand it would be an out-and-out expense. Only by going at it in an orderly and intelligent manner could I build up a valuable property, even as I slept over it. I convinced myself easily. My wife was harder.

But the dealers helped me. As soon as they saw what was in the wind, they rallied behind me beautifully. They wouldn't let a pal down. Not in a case like this. "It's based on supply and demand, on an international basis," they told me, "so you can't lose." This had a fine, ringing sound to it. I never in my life had been even remotely connected with anything on a basis of international supply and demand. They explained that stamps were better and safer than stocks, and had a quicker market than diamonds. I could, they assured me, go on and on and on, enjoying myself, keeping full of sleep, and building up an investment second to none. Well, no use trying to do all of these things at once. I was modest about it. So for a starter, I just went on and on and on. Periodically my idiot wife would begin shaking her head over it all, and periodically I would go to the dealers, my pals, and get fresh ammunition.

Came the depression, and a cut in salary. I tried to cut my stamp allowance in half, and kept this up for a couple of weeks almost without weakening. But logic got the better of me. In the first place, if we needed the financial bulwark of a fine, sound stamp collection in good times, didn't we need it ten times as badly now? In the second place, rates of exchange were such that an alert collector could pick up pretty fine stuff from European dealers for what (considering this was medicine, sport, and business combined) was little more than a song. In the third place, I now was thoroughly diseased. I don't know the names of the various stages of philately, but if I had been taken with syphilis instead, this would be the stage when you shake all over.

Another cut in income, and I boldly cut down on food and rent. "In a depression," I told my wife, "you got to grit your teeth and take it. Call a spade a spade." Cut down on stamps, did she say? Never! You might as well suggest cutting down on Liberty Bonds. No matter how much it pained me to do so, I was not going to endanger that sterling investment. That was our hope. (It turned out to be our faith and charity, too. I mean entirely.)

At the depth of the depression I was hit. I joined the unemployed. As I pointed out to my wife, I had joined the unemployed, perhaps, but not those unencumbered with wealth. How lucky that our money was not hopelessly lost in the banks that failed! So I took out my collection and we prepared to cash in.

At that time I had a collection—all nineteenth century—of about four thousand, five hundred stamps. I owned none of the great rarities, but I had a number which were valued in the hundreds of dollars, and my collection as a whole catalogued at eighteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Catalogue value in philately is a rather peculiar thing. Fifty per cent of the listed price is nearer the buying value. I had bought stamps at one-fourth catalogue price or less—usually at auction—but generally these are scarcely bargains: they are often soiled, creased, notched, straight-edged or otherwise in poor shape. Conservatively, then, I expected to realize at least one-fourth value. In my heart I thought I'd do better than that, but since I wished to surprise my wife and also fool myself a bit I decided on one-fourth.

I sent the whole accumulation to the Boston firm from which I had bought most of my complete sets—at sixty per cent of catalogue value—and they returned it without making an offer. This was a blow. But I suspected a misunderstanding someplace and talked myself out of any pessimism. I sent the collection to a New York firm. It was rejected on the excuse that it contained too many "damaged" items. Well.

I now made a serious and slightly alarmed survey of the whole stamp situation. I mentioned "international supply and demand," the quick market of diamonds, and so forth and so on. No matter how hard I tried not to believe it, however, I found that many persons in need of sudden money during these dark depression days were selling for ten per cent of catalogue value. I needed money badly, and put my collection in the hands of a New York agent. I sat back and waited for the money. After all, even ten per cent was nearly two thousand dollars. And I had been put to sleep regularly for

Continued on page 298

The Eye and the Finger

Floating segments of reality, beyond hallucination, beyond imagination, and beyond science

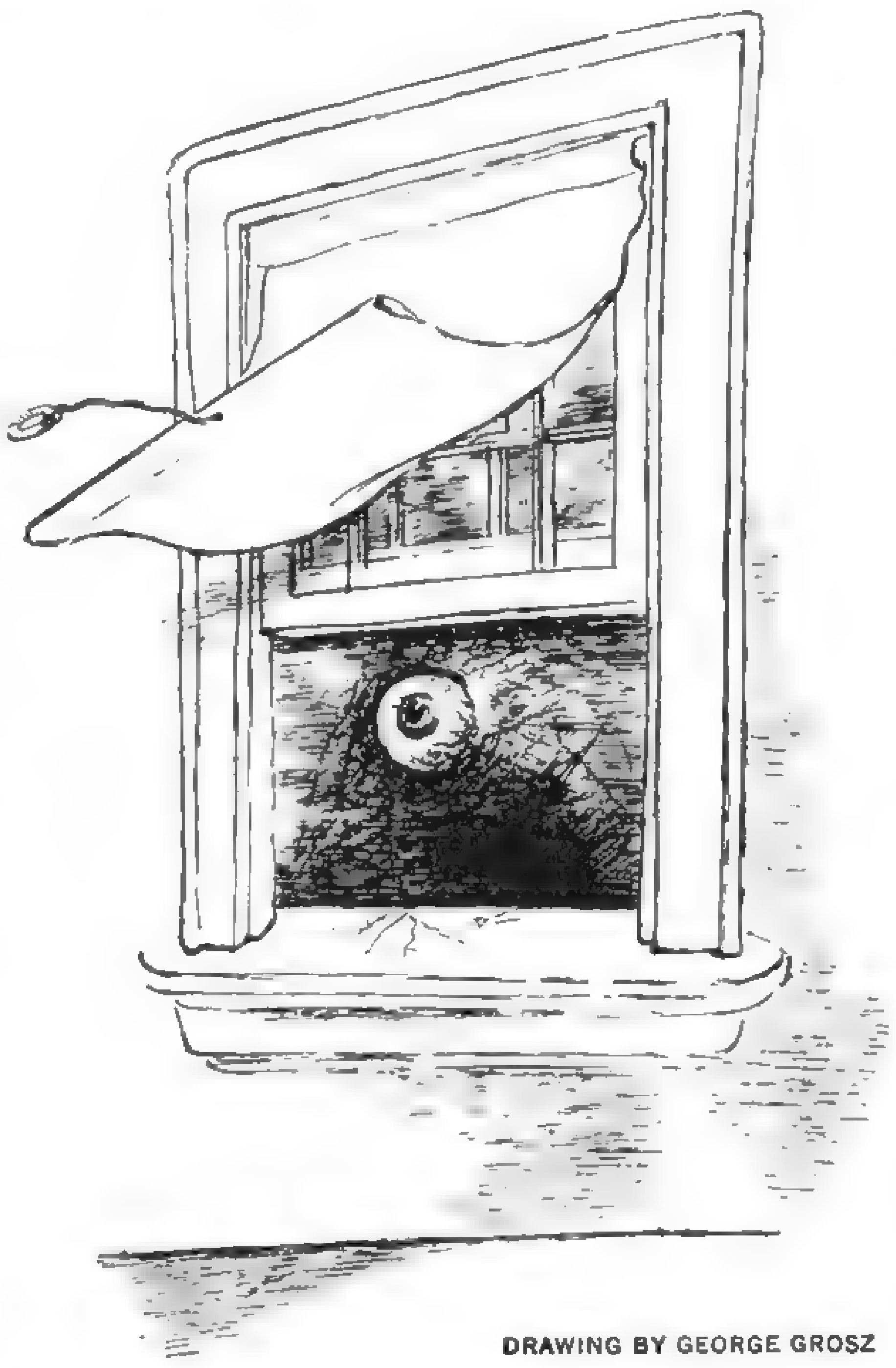
by DONALD WANDREI

▪ FICTION ▪

He was neither contented nor unhappy as he plodded up the five flights of stairs toward his room. His eyes felt weary. They always ached a little at evening after he had finished his day's work, for the bright lights of the department store bothered him. Not the shrill voices of women, which swept into his ears for eight hours like a thin, far scream. Not the mask of calmness that rules compelled him to wear. Not the standing on his feet, the smirking, bowing, directing, explaining, and approving. He had long become used to these. They varied. Their relative values changed. But the glare of the lights was a tireless, implacable enemy.

He reached the second floor. The half-gloom of the staircase-well soothed him.

Tomorrow he would draw his salary check. The twenty-five dollars would guarantee his existence a week longer. If the fatal pink slip came with his salary, he could last about three weeks by scrimping and letting the rent slide. He was vaguely conscious of these possibilities, but they didn't prey on his mind. Five years of steady employment had fitted him into routine.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Passing the third floor, he smiled politely at a woman. He had seen her before, and was often on the point of speaking, but didn't know her name.

At the fourth floor he hesitated. He had a notion that he had forgotten something. He checked off the evening newspaper under his arm, the toothpaste in his pocket, the laundry that would arrive later. Halted there under the bulb on the landing, he showed no distinguishing features. No one would notice him in a crowd. Away from the store he was diffident, mild-mannered, and he himself found it hard to characterize his appearance whenever he faced a mirror.

He climbed on to the fifth floor. His room had an old lock on the door, which he had never yet succeeded in opening on the first try. He worked the key back and forth until the lock turned.

As soon as the door stood open he felt for the wall switch, and when the light came on, he closed the door with a backward kick of his foot.

An eye was lying on the top of his bureau.

He saw it instantly, for the eye was staring at him.

He grew ill at ease, for he had few friends and did not like practical jokes. Or perhaps one of the children in the building had thoughtlessly played a prank upon him. That must be the explanation. He felt relieved, though he couldn't imagine how the locked door had been overcome. He walked over to the bureau and picked up the eye.

A strange, colossal silence all at once enveloped him, in which he distinctly heard the tiny paws of a mouse scampering through the walls. Then a great roaring swept up, so that his eardrums throbbed to the hammer of gigantic poundings.

The eye was living, humid, and horrible to feel.

He dropped it. The eye made a soft, dull plop as it hit the bureau. It rolled and came to a stop staring unwinkingly at him. A moist film clung to his thumb and forefinger.

He backed away from the bureau, his gaze glued to the eye. Surges of thunder and blankets of incredible silence alternately shook him and numbed him.

The eye watched him retreat.

He backed into a chair and jumped nervously from the contact. The room whirled. Among the shifting objects, a cup crossed his vision. He remembered a piece of cardboard in a box of stationery.

He got the cup and the cardboard, but was loath to approach the eye. It continued to look at him with a singularly intense, compelling, and mournful fixity, as though it wished to convey a message.

He turned the cup upside down and dropped it over the eye. The cardboard rustled as it slid across the cloth spread that covered the bureau, and slid under the cup. Something rolled around inside the small area of the prison. He lifted the cup and cardboard, walked to the door, and went out, down to the street. A terrifying motion, like the slow progress of a slug, took place between the pasteboard and the cup. The faint warmth that seeped through seemed searing flame upon his palm.

He deposited the cup in a waste-can, and weighted it with a brick so that whatever was on the inside of it could not escape.

He returned to the main entrance of the building where he lived. The threshold blocked him by an invisible barrier that he could not force himself to cross. Walking on, he felt better when the doorway receded behind him.

Passersby did not register upon his consciousness. He had no memory of streets, nor of pavements flowing beneath his measured tread. It startled him to discover that he walked indeed with solemn paces, instead of strolling at random as he had planned. He was tramping through night, but the street lamps at spaced intervals broke the darkness with rings of light. They measured in time to the beating of his footsteps, in rhythm with the far roaring and alternate silences that divided his ears.

If he had been walking in a funeral procession, he could not have chosen a more appropriate gait.

He paid no attention to the lapse of hours, until he looked up and found himself again in front of the entrance. Aching weariness made him realize the miles he must have covered during his half-stupor. The shock, the grip of horrific nightmare, only now waned. And as it passed away, he began to wonder what had caused him so vivid an illusion of living through an experience that had no connection with any previous part of his life.

He began climbing the stairs, the five flights. His hand, clutching the banister, helped pull him along. The wood felt clammy as though sweating to damp air. The atmosphere must have been saturated, for beads of moisture collected upon his forehead.

The heavy pounding of his heart commenced upon the third floor. He went on, a sense of constriction and of doom accompanying him.

Arrived at last in front of his door, he listened, and heard the creaking sounds of the building. What else could he have heard? he wondered, breathing audibly.

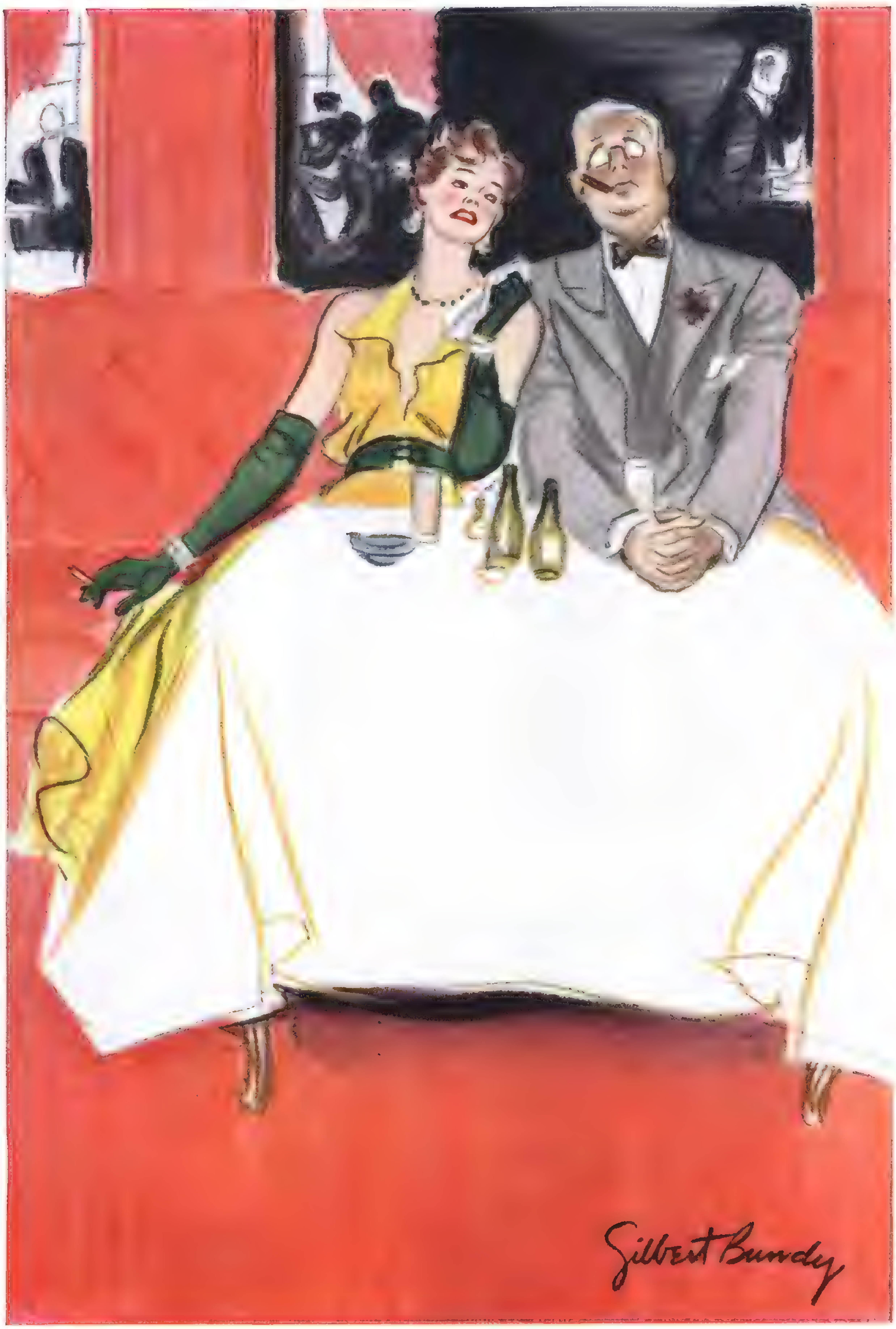
The key wouldn't work, until he remembered that he had forgotten to lock the door. He pushed it open, slowly, and the light in the room gave him a moment's panic until he remembered that he had forgotten to press the switch when he carried the eye out.

He entered. Frozen into immediate paralysis, he jerked only when the door swung shut, of its own accord, upon its ill-balanced hinges. The click came to his ears like a detonation in the midst of a desert of solitudes.

A hand hung in mid-air, a hand that pointed at the open window.

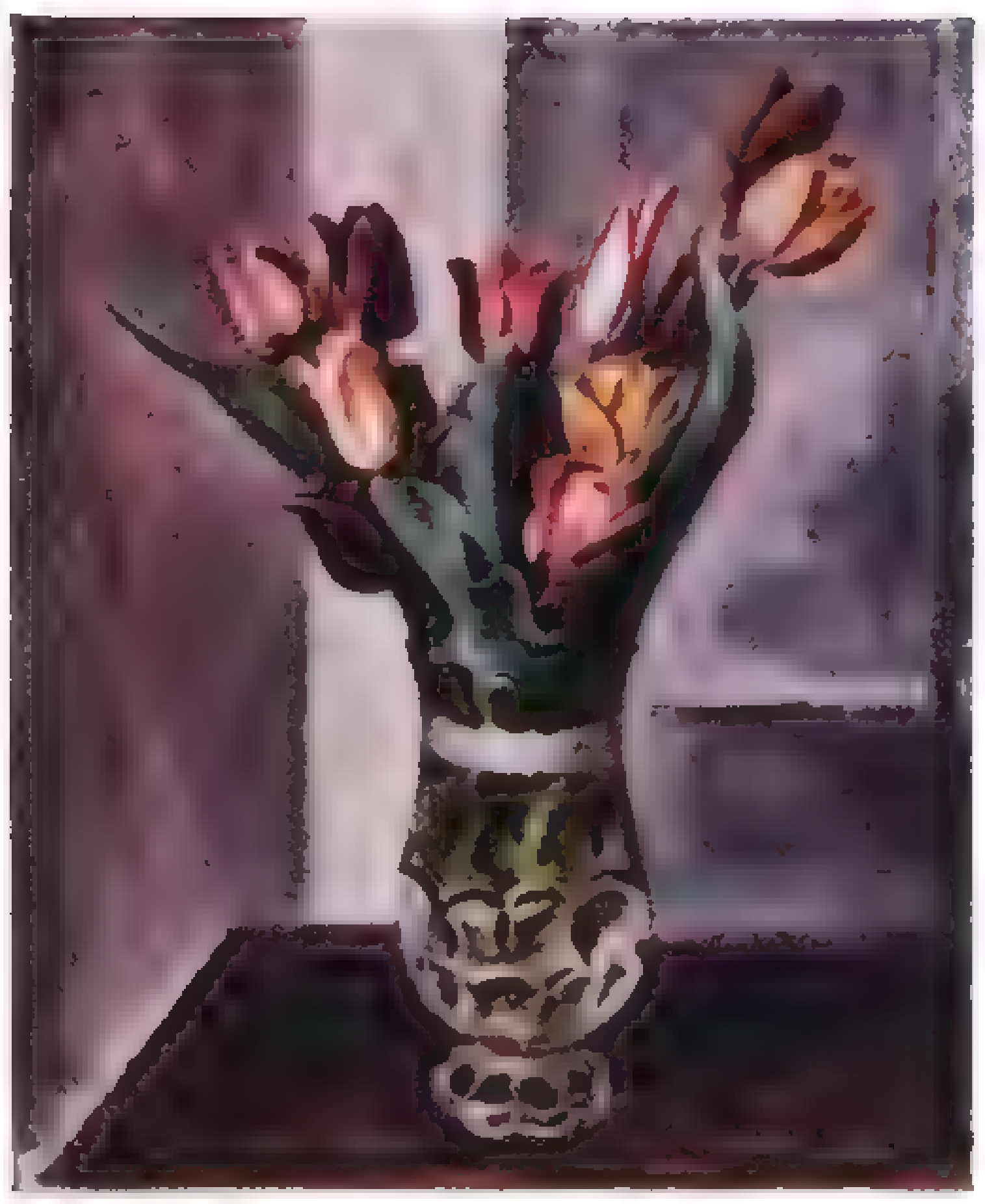
Where it should have been attached to an arm, he clearly saw blood, veins, flesh, muscular tissue, and bone. But it did not bleed.

Continued in center of page 319



Gilbert Bundy

"And there's a mortgage on the old homestead—but I don't know why I'm telling you all this, Mr. Calvert"



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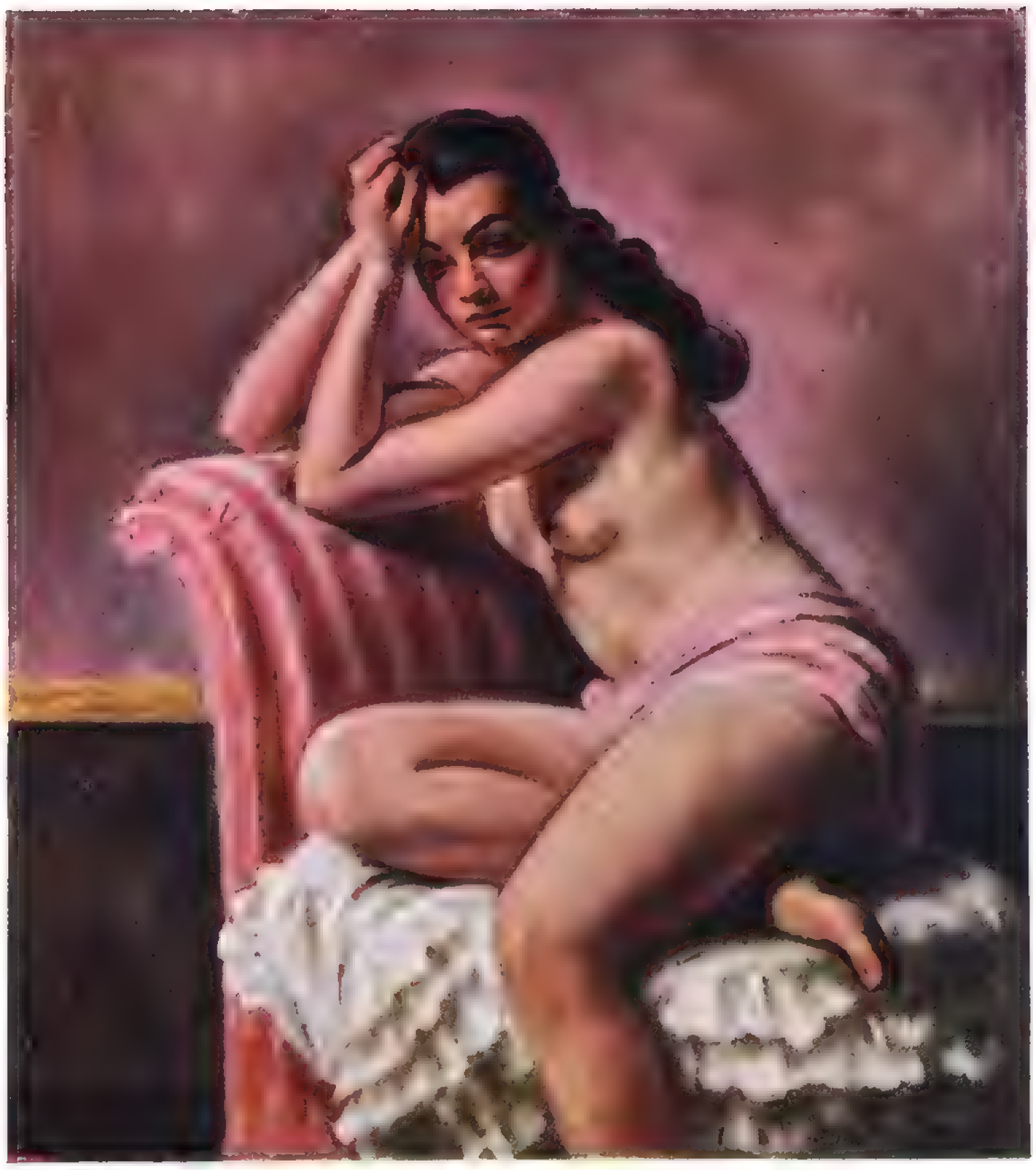
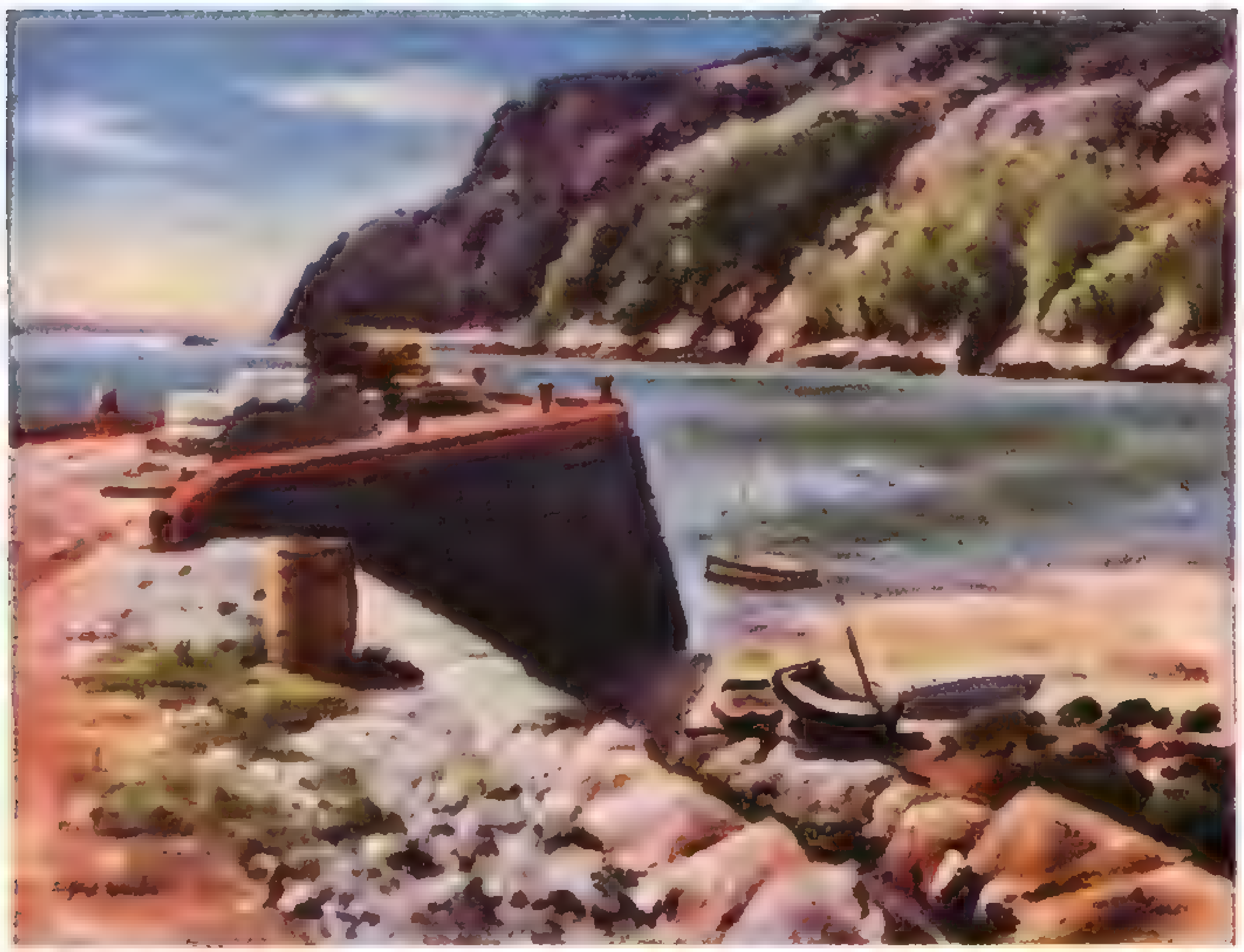


MARY R.

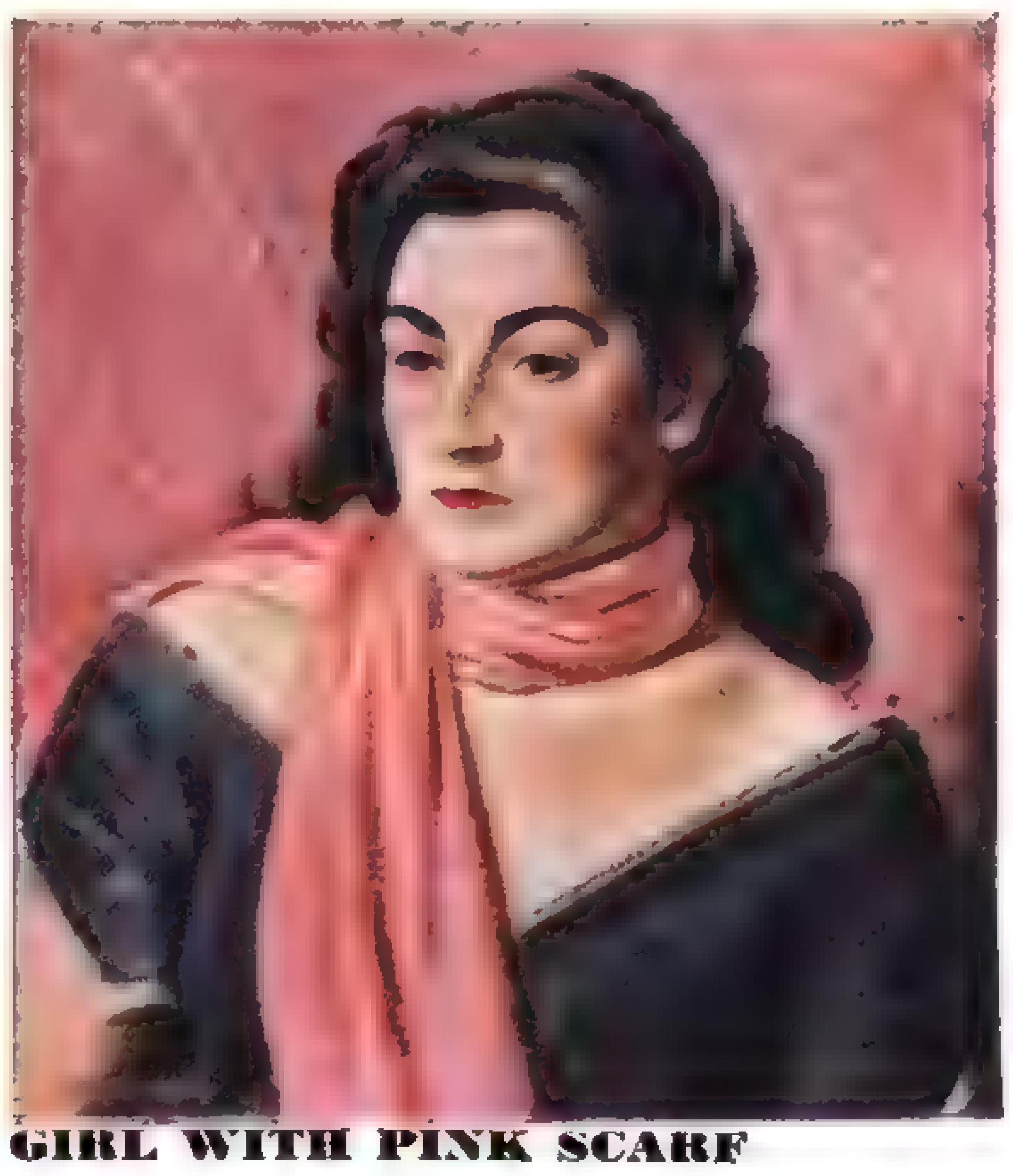
Six Paintings

by EUGENE SPEICHER

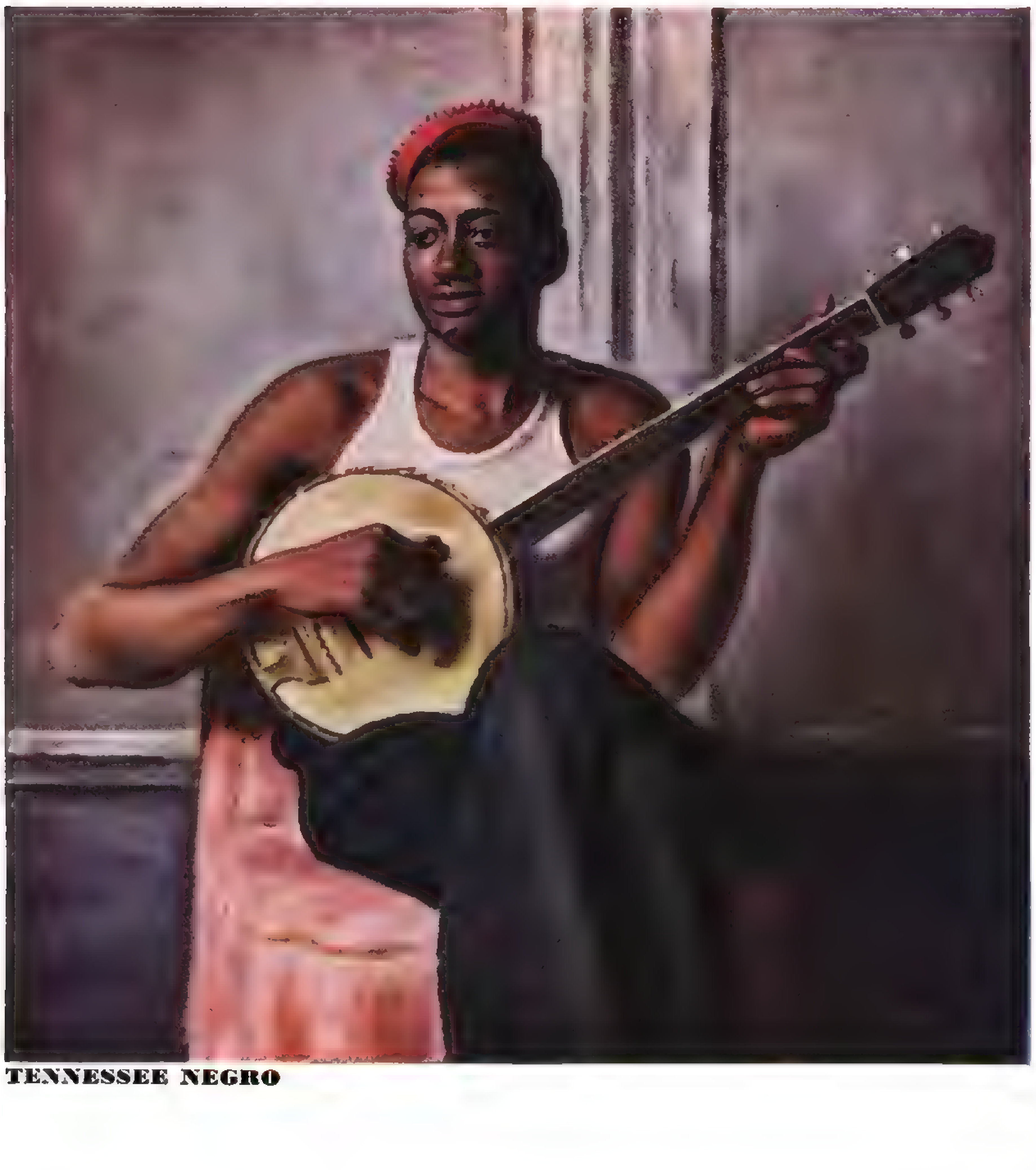
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the artist and of the Frank K. M. Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York City, where these and other representative examples of Speicher's work are permanently on display and sale.



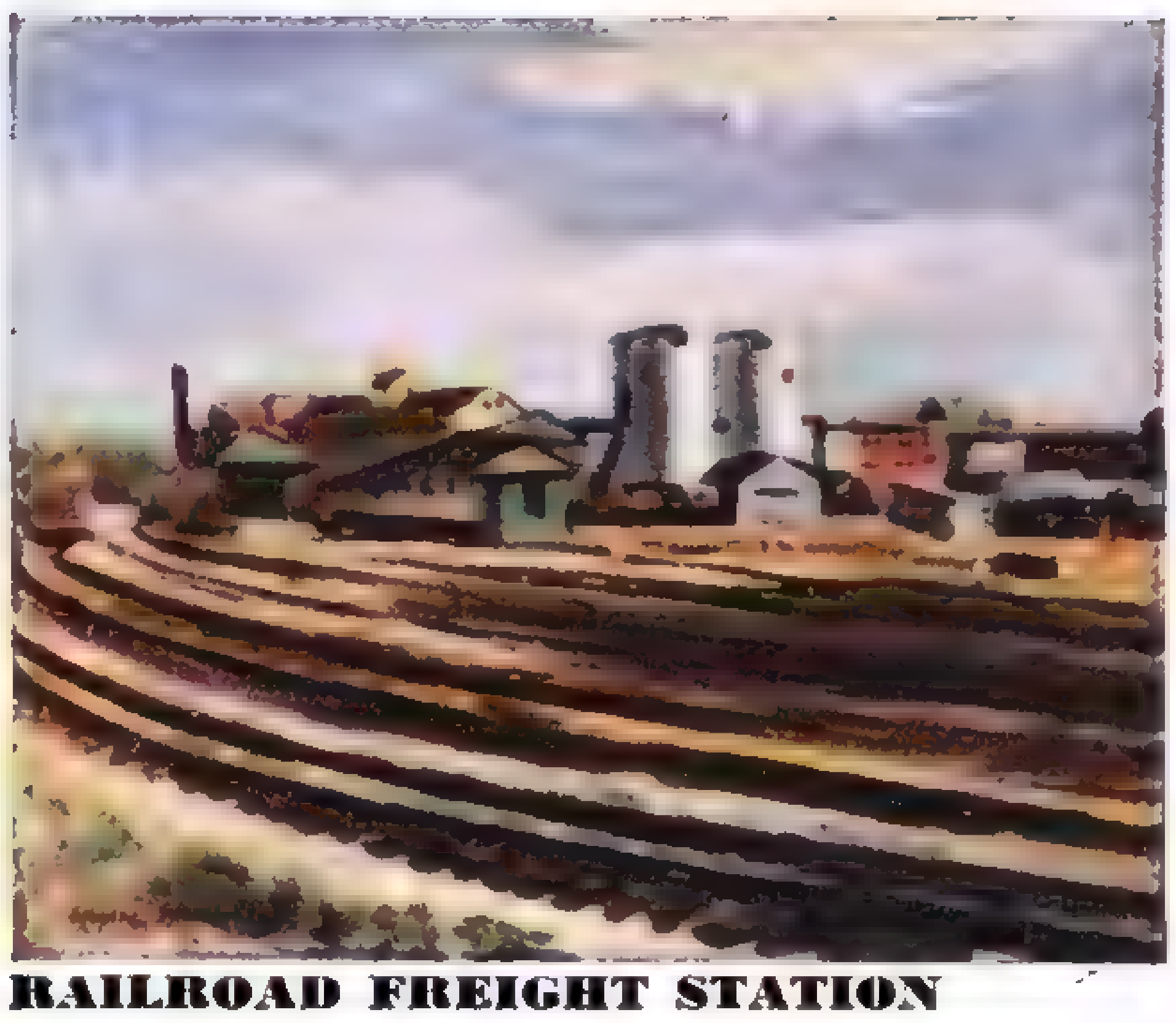
PORT-AU-PERCIL



GIRL WITH PINK SCARF



TENNESSEE NEGRO



RAILROAD FREIGHT STATION

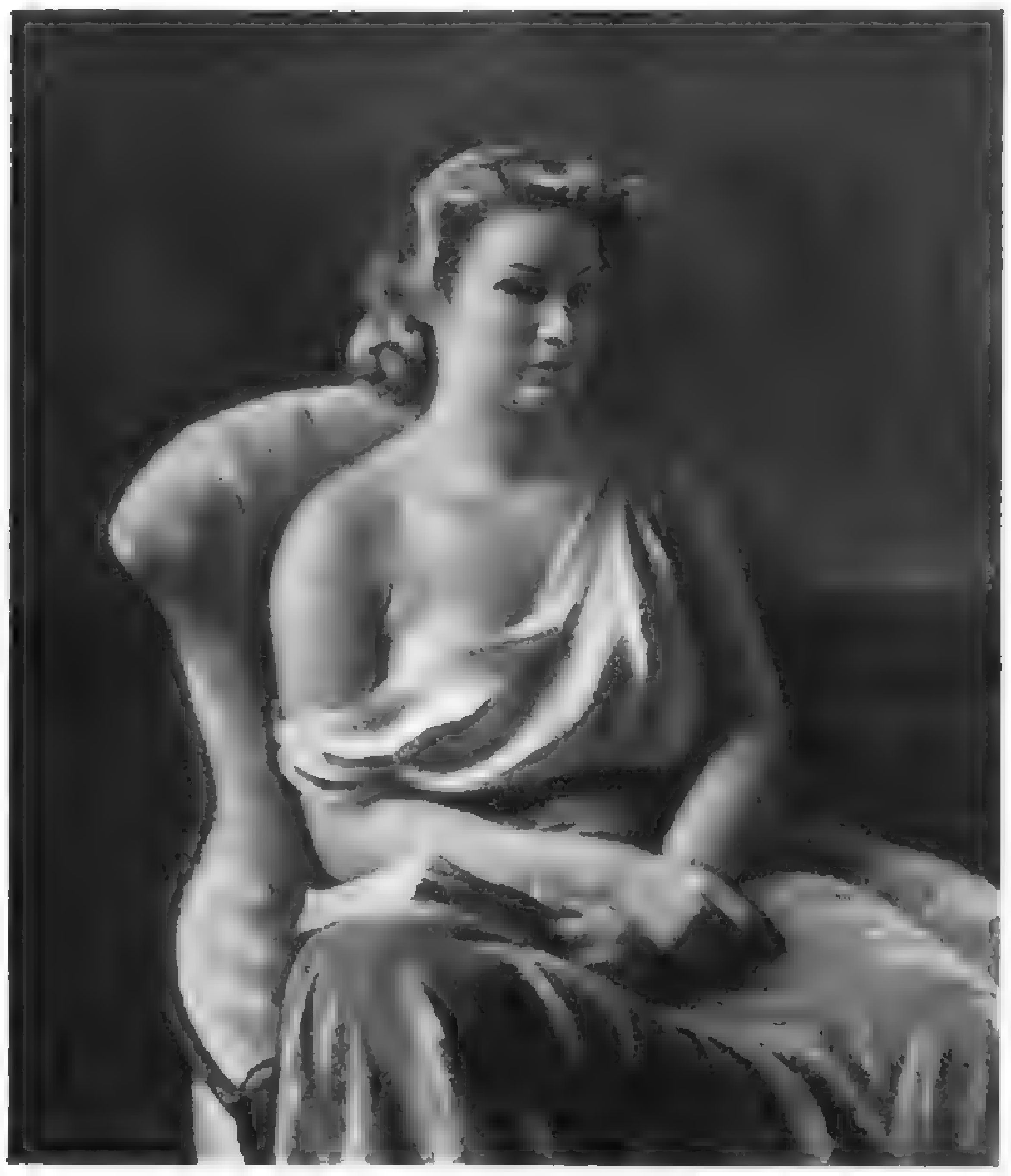
Big American: Speicher

Our most important living painter, once a prize basketball player, happens to be a swell painter, too

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Eugene Speicher is America's most important living painter. This is not to say that he is the most daring, the most experimental, the most brilliant. It is not to say that he is the rebellious trail-blazer, founder of a school. It is not to say that he is the most promising, for he is now, in the early fifties, in the fulfillment of his promise. His pictures have been made to last for more than the period of a shock and the full body of his work is in the great tradition of paint, whether it be claimed by the academic or the non-academic. He has taken what he has been able to use and what he has been able to fructify. His painting is for deep satisfaction, not for sensation. It is dignified, aloof and sure, rich in color harmony, but not emotional, not tricky. He is the only American painter who is so certain of himself and of his position that he dares to run what to another would be the risk of neglect by giving one-man shows only once in five years.



SUSAN

To call Eugene Speicher America's most important living painter is to say, among other things, that the only American museums which have not Speicher paintings are (1) those which are going to get them and (2) those which cannot afford the luxury. And it is to say also that those American museums which have only one Speicher will not be at rest until they shall have acquired a second (a portrait is the first and a landscape or flower piece the second), while no collector of Americans can presume to say that he has formed a collection unless there is at least one Speicher in his gallery or drawing room. (Carl Hamilton, who almost bought thirty-one Sloans, has eight Speichers.) It is to say that Eugene Speicher is important in terms which both the clergy and the laity understand. It is a situation which makes the painter and his dealer comfortable. It is a situation which removes the artist a considerable distance from the WPA line, even if he cannot yet claim to be as rich as a banker, as important as Bernard Baruch.

He is pre-eminently a portrait painter. Until 1926 he lived by portrait commissions. Today he paints whom and as he pleases. The envious call him fashionable, and he is, in the sense that a good painter also may be in fashion. But he gave up filling portrait commissions because, to use his words, there were to many ifs, buts and ands to it. He has taken the way of pride if not of poverty. If wealth were his exclusive object, he would be rich instead of somewhat more than comfortable. If wealth were his exclusive object he would not refuse annually the fifteen to eighteen portrait commissions which come his way, the proceeds of which would be enough to maintain half a dozen painters, at least, for a year. Perhaps his rejections of these commissions add factitious value to the portraits he does not paint as well as to the pictures he does. The painter who can afford to say No to a blank check which is backed by pots of money must be good. Eugene Speicher wants to hang on the best walls of America, but he is going to hang on his own terms. And what he wants to do is to paint great pictures, perhaps one superbly great picture. In the words of a friend of his, Speicher "wants to do a great painting in full orchestration of color that would be in the tradition of painting and that would live for all time." That's an ambition more worthy of a strong man than becoming a Howard Chandler Christy or the Bernard Baruch of the world of art. Maybe he has already painted that picture. Maybe it's at the Metropolitan, the Carnegie, the Whitney, or perhaps in the possession of Edward Root or Carl Hamilton. And if he has not yet done it there is no reason to despair, for the frame of the painter is fit and supple and his eyes clear and his intelligence unclouded. His latest exhibition was in January, 1934. Perhaps by January, 1939 we shall see the picture Eugene Speicher wants to paint—if we have not already seen it.

But to whatever heights his gifts as a painter lift him, they include those of the successful portrait painter. With a little less concern for his *amour-propre*, his independence, his integrity, Speicher might be the Sargent of our time, Sargent who died rich if not happy. Speicher possesses, among other abilities or knacks, that of making every sitter posed and important. Practically no portrait Speicher has ever done is intimate, casual, off-guard, on the wing. The blacksmith, the quarryman, the young man who likes to be seen around the village in cowboy clothes are all as remote and cool as if they were Katharine Cornell. Looking at Speicher's full-length portrait of the actress, even an escaped convict from Devil's Island could tell that the sitter, or, rather, the stander, is a person of Thespian consequence. Which is to fill the bill of portrait painting. But even a Speicher painting of a nobody has the air of having been done for posterity. But whether he is painting somebody or nobody, Speicher puts a great distance between himself and the model, often a professional who has never been surprised in the act of paring her nails or combing her hair. Perhaps it is significant that Speicher has never done a portrait of his wife Elsie, a charming and capable hostess, in whom the husband finds a resemblance to the lovely Madame Charpentier whom Renoir has immortalized in the family group hanging in the Metropolitan. Some men are always painting their wives; for example, the late George Bellows. It is no reflection on Speicher that he prefers to portray comparative strangers, men and women about whose souls, to use an old-fashioned word, he has neither insight nor curiosity. But that is simply another quiver in his bow as a portrait painter.

There is no spying in his portraits. He does not tell on his sitters. The vision is a two-dimensional one. No secret of the sitter is divined by the painter. When you look at a portrait by Speicher you know no more than the surface, which is usually pleasant, engaging and picturesque, with picture and color values fully exploited. He is a glorious colorist and no matter how large the square or oblong of canvas that he fills there is never any feeling of emptiness, never any sense that the plan was more ambitious than the technique required to fulfill it. He would rather be larger than life than miniature—it is the scale of a big man and an ambitious painter. Bigness implies also importance. Perhaps it is his concentration upon picture value in the sitter rather than character that has led one critic to call his painting wholesome and healthy. The successful portrait painter rarely serves as diagnostician to a psychoanalyst and if he did he wouldn't be healthy, and maybe not successful. Speicher's early inspiration was

Continued on page 195

Tale of the Black Pig

Of a pig that tried to eat an Irish lad, and thereby caused a queen to build a railroad

by GERALD GRIFFIN

• FICTION •

Mrs. Donnellan, my old nurse, did not recognize me when I called on her the day following my return to Rossmore after an absence of a quarter of a century. On the other hand, I was able to trace, with an effort, of course, the features of the very comely woman of thirty of my childhood's memories, in the furrowed cheeks and sunken eyes of the prematurely ageing creature of fifty-five, who sighed deeply as she gazed at the glowing embers of the turf fire.

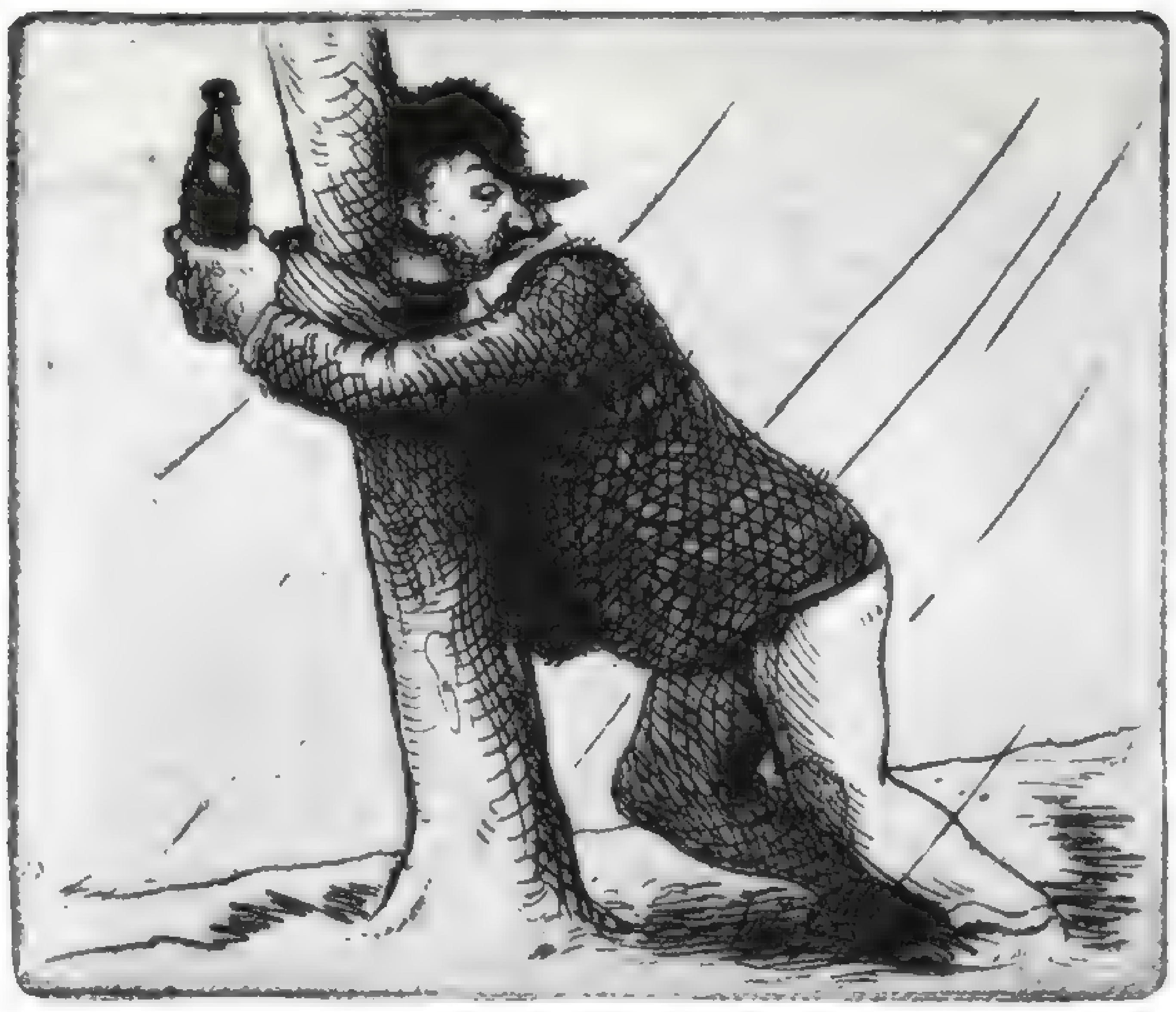
"You haven't changed very much, Bridget," I ventured with thoughtful and chivalrous mendacity.

"Musha, asthore, machree, I have changed, and changed terrible—in body and in spirits," she said mournfully. "And small wonder with all the trouble I went through. 'Twas a very foolish woman I was to marry a tinker, and, more be token, a shocking drouth of a tinker, the likes of Darby Donnellan. Three children I had for him, and the sorra bit he ever done to provide for them, only spending every penny on porter. Yes, agrah, machree, a rotten drouth he is, and lately he has the shakes so bad by dint of all the porter he drinks, that he's no good at his trade, only spoiling tin and cracking people's heads with his soldering-iron when he is lit up with liquor. And the I. R. A. is after him now for him to have robbed a mail car in the name of the Irish Republic, him letting on he was a volunteer, moryah! The only money he makes at all now, barring what he gets from stealing anything from hens and turf and asses to postal orders, is by singing ballads and selling them for a penny a sheet at the fairs and patterns and races, and by playing the fiddle at porter dances."

"Oh! I believe I saw him singing outside a public house as I was passing through the square of Rossmore, Bridget. A tall, dark, lean—"

"Dirty-looking, red-nosed, ragged blackguard—that's him, agrah," cut in Mrs. Donnellan, completing the word-picture of her mate with deft swift touches. "He's much younger than me—only forty-six, and, as you remember, agrah, he is my second husband. He was only a gosoor of nineteen and me twenty-eight when we got married. My eldest daughter, Mary Bridget, made a grand match—she's a D. M. P. constable's lady in Dublin. But there's no use in me bothering you with all this talk and you moidered and bothered with traveling over the seas. And, now, 'tis few people you would remember in the town of Rossmore, agrah, and you coming back after all those years, I suppose."

"Well, Bridget, I didn't meet a soul. Why, I was arrested by an officer of the I. R. A. yesterday on suspicion of being an English spy. The man who arrested me is a native of Rossmore like myself, but some five years younger. His name is McGrail—a son of the widow McGrail. Oh! by the way, for some years I kept up a correspondence off and on with my old tutor, Shemus Duffy, but for several years he has not answered my letters. Is he still living?"



ETCHINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Well, the poor man is as good as dead," replied Mrs. Donnellan with a sigh. "'Tis a good while now since he went simple and dark. You might see him any day, and him tap-tapping with his stick and him led along the roads by a knowledgeable little terrier, and him talking sometimes to himself and sometimes to anyone would be bothered listening to his blather. He thinks he is still living in the days of the Land League, and that John Redmond is still at the head of the Irish Party, and sometimes he thinks it's Parnell is in power again, and then you'd hear him shouting at the terrier:—'Trust Asquith,' and 'Don't embarrass the Liberals.' I don't know what he means by them queer sayings. Sure, myself didn't I meet him one day, poor man, walking along the mountainside there, and he said he was walking to Mallow Cottage in Westport to coax William O'Brien to make the 'Mollies' and the 'All-For-Irelanders' shake hands? And when I was deludhering him that I would walk with him to Westport, and me all the time bringing him back by another road to his own house, he said that the Sinn Feiners got the upper hand of John Redmond by dint of the D. I. that put his sword through the drum of a U. I. L. band that was playing *High Upon the Gallow's Tree.* And another queer notion that poor old Shemus has is that your father (God rest his soul!) is still alive, and is going his rounds attending to the sick people. Aye agrah, poor old Shemus is getting more simple every day, and all by dint of his head being too full of brains."

"As I walked through Rossmore, Bridget, I noticed the very names over all the shops were different. The only familiar name was Jimmy McGloin's. He was a member of Parliament and a Justice of—"

"Poor old Jimmy is gone a bit queer too, agrah," cut in my old nurse. "It broke his heart when his letters were took from him. He was that proud of them letters that you'd see painted on his carts that goes to the railway station for goods: 'J. P. McGloin, M.P., J.P.'

"Denis O'Malley—the old Fenian, 'The Citizen' we used to call him, was a great friend of old Shemus. He is a long time dead, I hear."

"'Tis years and years he's dead, agrah. He was killed fighting for Kruger against the English. 'Tis queer, agrah, what a change twenty-five years will bring. People living still on the old spot see the boys and girls growing up around them and taking their places as the old people slip quietly into the grave like dead leaves dropping without no breath of a sound from the trees on a day in Michaelmas when there would be no wind."

"Yes, Bridget, and that's why I felt that I was walking through a graveyard as I passed through Rossmore. I didn't recognize a soul. Oh! yes I did—just one—your daughter."

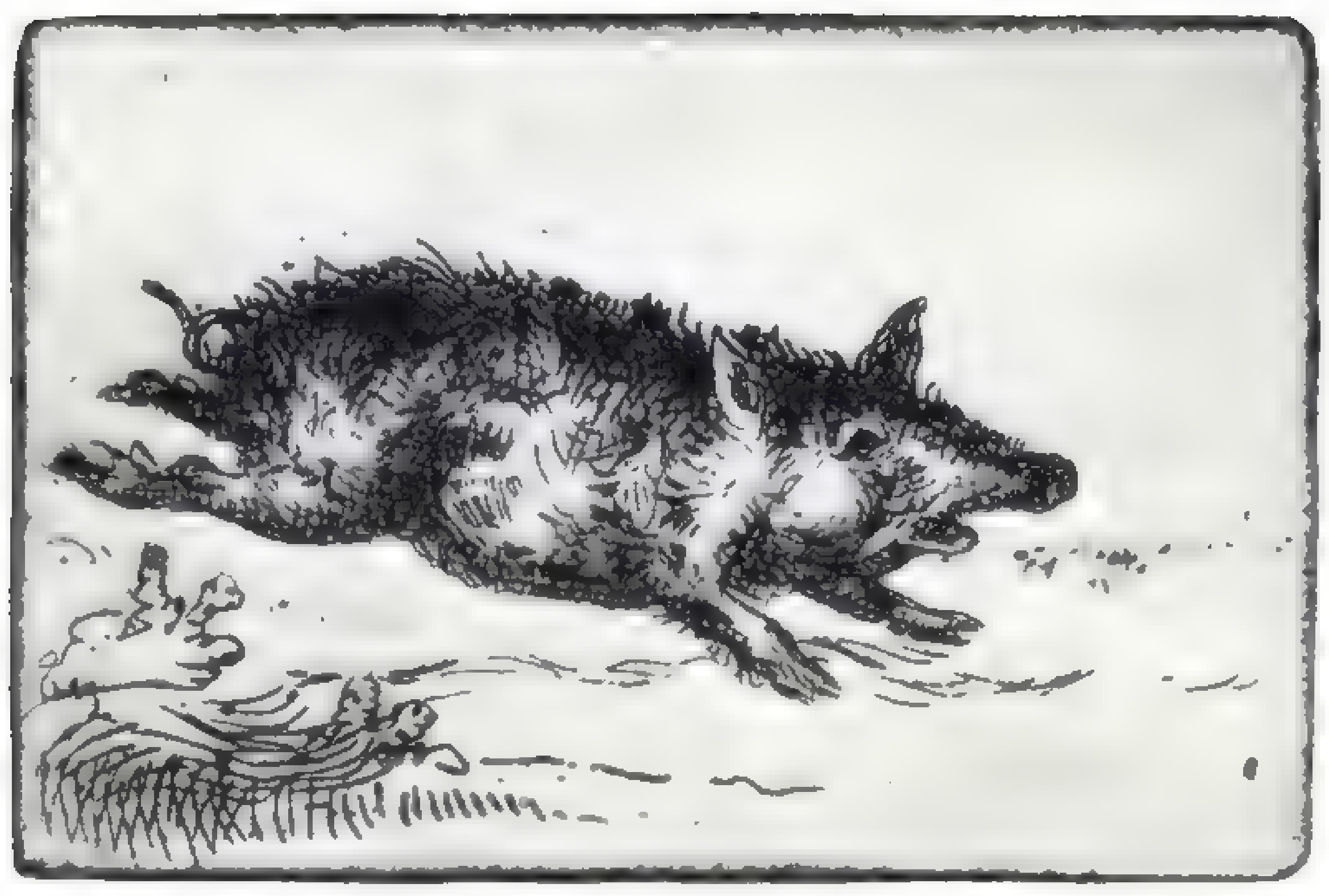
"My Rosanna—is it? My little rosheen Dhu? Sure she was only born a few months before you left Rossmore."

"Well, Bridget, I recognized her because she is the exact image in every way of what you were when I last saw you. And a very beautiful girl I must say she is."

A faint smile played on the furrowed face.

"They say my Rosheen is the dead spit of me, asthore. But isn't it you has the great brains to remember what I was like so many long years ago? And asthore, machree, barring something in your face and your voice when you laugh, I disremember even what you were like."

She rose with a sigh, and, taking a piece of bog-deal from the recess under the hob



alongside her, placed it on the fire. As the flames leaped up, they lit up a face that was suddenly suffused with a queer, impish expression of mirth.

"You can think so far back, agrah," she said with a merry twinkle in her eye, as she resumed her seat, "that I wouldn't put it past you to remember the day I saved you from being ate up alive by the black pig."

"The black pig, is it, Bridget?" I became suddenly all agog with amused curiosity about this adventure of my babyhood, about which my aunts and mother had often given me such scrappy variants. "Is it really true that you saved me from being eaten by a pig?"

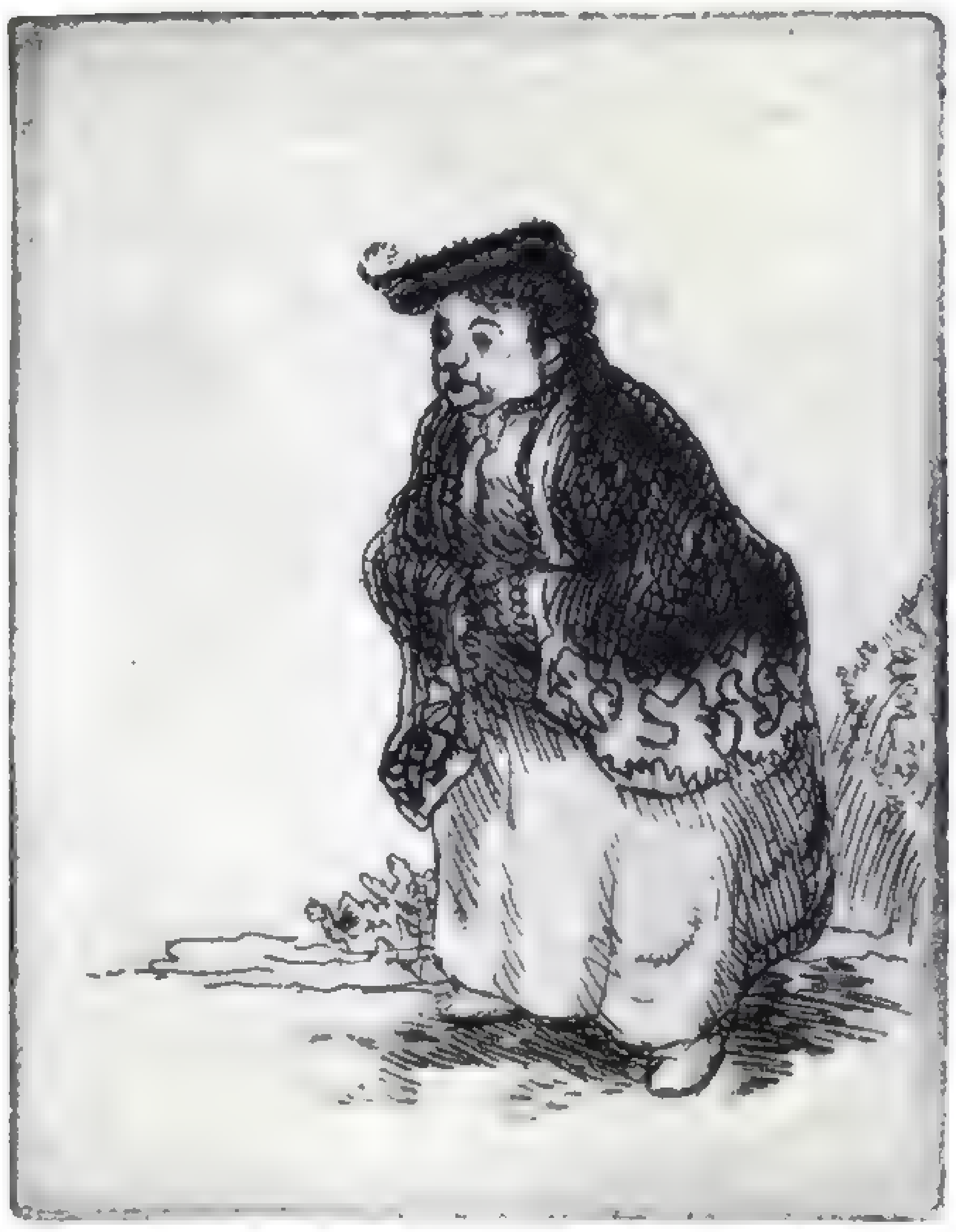
"It is the truth, allannah, machree," she said, bursting into such a hearty fit of laughter that the tears came into her eyes. "All the same it was no joke at the time I tell you," she went on, mopping her tears with the end of her apron, and lapsing again into the gentle lethargy temperamental to her. "I mind the day well. It was a lovely August morning, and I had wrapped you nicely in your perambulator, and wheeled you into the garden, when the missis called me into the house to tell me to take in all the washing that was spread out on the whins whether it was dry or not. She was afeared it would be stole, because a big crowd of tinkers from Galway and Clifden had camped in Parc Mor—a big field that was convenient and what's more, the North Mayo Militia was doing a route march from Castlebar that same day to Rossmore, and was to camp for a week in Carramore, and she was more afeared of the militiamen even than the tinkers stealing the clothes—"

"Militiamen stealing clothes, Bridget?"

"Steal clothes—is it, agrah? The militiamen would steal the coppers off a dead man's eyes. They wouldn't leave a hen in the parish if so be you didn't lock them up and them passing. Well, anyways, I heard you crying terrible loud, and I ran out into the garden to see what was up. And if I didn't see the perambulator upset, and you lying on the grass and a black pig had half the clothes tore off you, and he had bitten your arm and you were all covered with blood. The Lord save us! Well, there was a big stick of slack-na-mara handy, and 'twas a hard fight I had to beat off that same pig. I drove him through the garden gate and out into the yard. And didn't I give Pat Moran the length of my tongue for him to have left the gate open? By the same token, agrah, the garden is now a pasture field. They call it Gort-na-muc-dhu—the field of the black pig."

"Yes, I remember Pat very well. He was your first husband, Bridget."

"He was. God rest his soul! And a decent man, and your mother always found him an honest and industrious workman. But where was I at all, at all? Oh! Yes. All the old people said that it was not lucky nor right to let a pig live who had tried to ate a Christian. Your father, who was a very knowledgeable man, of course, him being a doctor, laughed and said it was all pishrogues, but all the same he gave in to the old people. But the queer thing was, acushla, that while they were argufying as to the ways the pig should be killed, whether he should be shot or get his throat slit by the butcher, if the pig didn't die that very same night in a fit of dancing staggers! Well, they buried the old pig, and if the tinkers that were camped in Parc Mor didn't dig him up again, and cut him up and divide him among themselves! Darby Donnellan, the blackguard I'm married to, was among the tinkers that dug him up, and him only a gosoor of ten at the time. 'Twasn't many days after when some queer disease broke out, and flattened the whole field of tinkers and some of them died. You mind me mentioning the militiamen? Well, they stole one of the hindquarters of the pig from the tinkers, and the next thing was all the militiamen in Carramore were on the flat of their backs too, raving mad with fever, and letting terrible curses against the tinkers. Soon the fever spread all over the parish, and—"



"Excuse me just a minute, Bridget," I interrupted. "Wasn't the fever really caused by the people eating diseased potatoes? It was the year of the great blight."

"'Tis true, alannah, there was a terrible blight on the potatoes that same harvest, but 'twas queer that the sickness started among the tinkers who stole and ate part of the dead pig and spread to the militiamen who also ate a good share of the pig, and from them it spread to the people. Well, your father (God rest his soul!) was killed out with attending night and day to the sick, and there was a good lot died too, and he said that the fever was caused, maybe, by the bad potatoes, but all the old people, and my mother too, who was a very knowledgeable woman, and used to read fortunes at fairs and races, said that the fever was caused by dint of the tinkers and the militiamen having ate a pig that had died after him having bit the doctor's gosoor."

"And do you still believe, Bridget, that it was the eating of the dead pig that caused this terrible disease?"

"Of course I do, agrah."

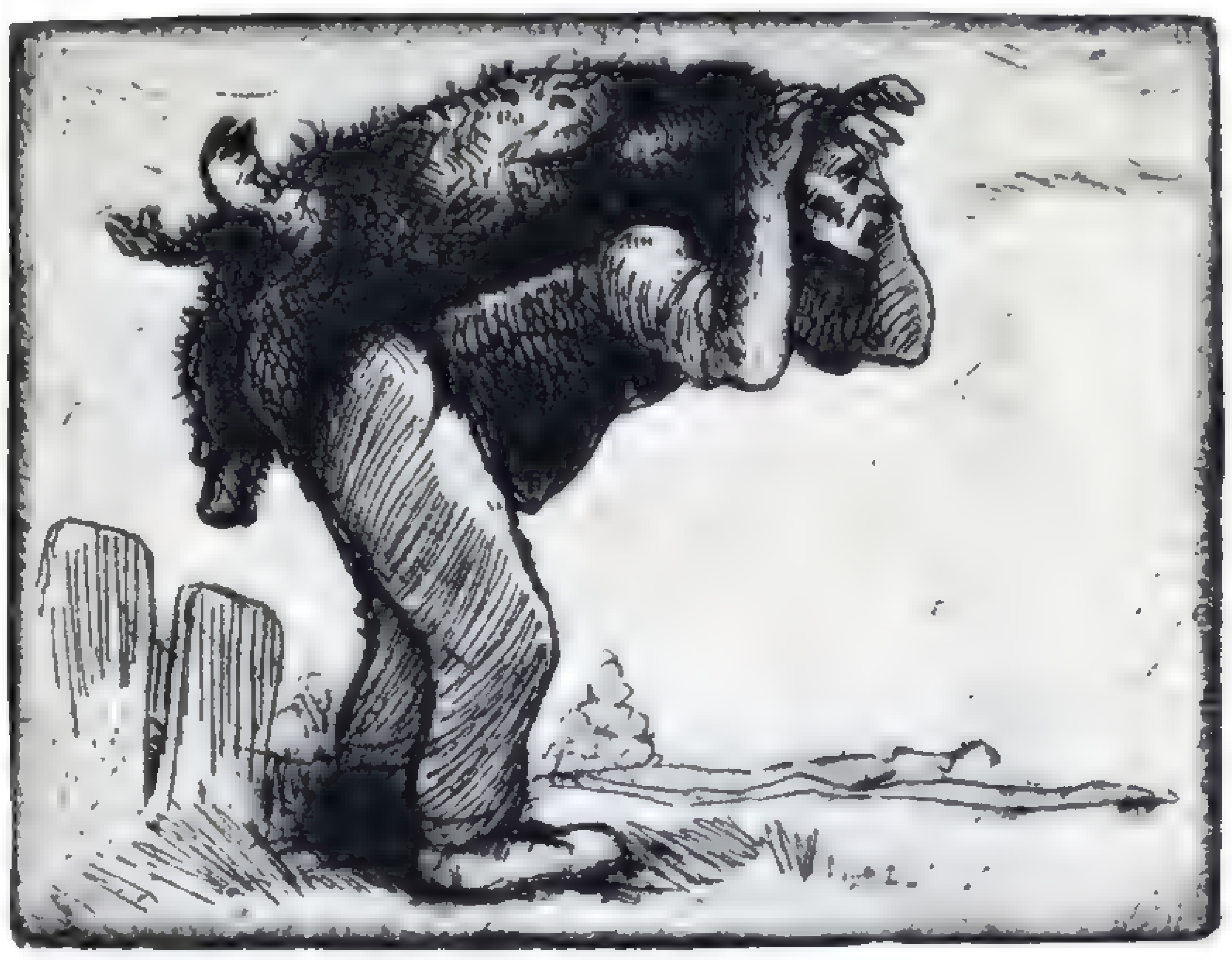
"Then I fear that a very heavy responsibility weighs on me. Did it ever occur to anybody that possibly I poisoned the pig that sickened the whole countryside?"

"Some of the tinkers and militiamen did say the same, but nobody heeded their ignorant blather. But there was a good deal of argufying, and a meeting was called at the Town Hall, and the P.P. and the M.P. and the R.M. and the D.I. and the P.L.G.'s were at it, and the doctor made a speech at the meeting, and he said that, whatever caused the fever, the people would have to get relief from the Government to help them to buy nourishing food instead of the diseased potatoes that were growing black in the shucks. Well, the long and the short of it was that Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary, him that they used to call 'Bloody Balfour,' came down all the ways from Dublin Castle to enquire into the cause of the fever."

"Is it a fact, Bridget, that the Chief Secretary himself went into some of the potato fields, and actually dug up potatoes in different places in order to see the state of things for himself?"

"He did, indeed, asthore. I can see him before my eyes this blessed minute, a long, lean lath of a man, with a black moustache. And don't you believe the stories going around that Mr. Balfour had a cloven foot like the devil! 'Twas the Citizen (God rest his soul!) that spread them lies. Now I seen Mr. Balfour's boots with my two eyes when he was digging potatoes. They were good townsman's boots with spring sides. Well, anyways, Mr. Balfour said that the potatoes was unfit for inhuman combustion, and away with him to Dublin, and when he got there he leaped into a ship at once and sailed over the seas to Queen Victoria, and he told her flat that

Continued on page 192



"It Ain't Always the Breaks"

After all a picture producing genius is only one man, no matter how many first mortgages he sells on himself

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

▪ SATIRE ▪

It ain't always the breaks, either. Sometimes it takes some manipulating. Like, take for instance, the time I made *Queen Edna*. Nobody'll ever know the heartbreaks and the headaches I went through to make that lousy picture. I don't mind telling you, even if I do say so my ownself, there probably ain't another guy in the whole world outside of me who could have made as fine a job of that as I did and turn it into such a big click. But it wasn't no cinch.

And luck didn't have no part in it, neither. It was all—well, maneuvering, manipulating, like what I said.

The way it happened, I can remember it like as if it was last week when I first got the idea. I'm gonna make a moving picture, I decided. Just like that. If those guys in Hollywood can make pictures and clean up and be big shots, so why can't I? What the hell have they got that I haven't got? They can't act. They can't write. They don't know how to grind away at a camera. What the hell have they got?

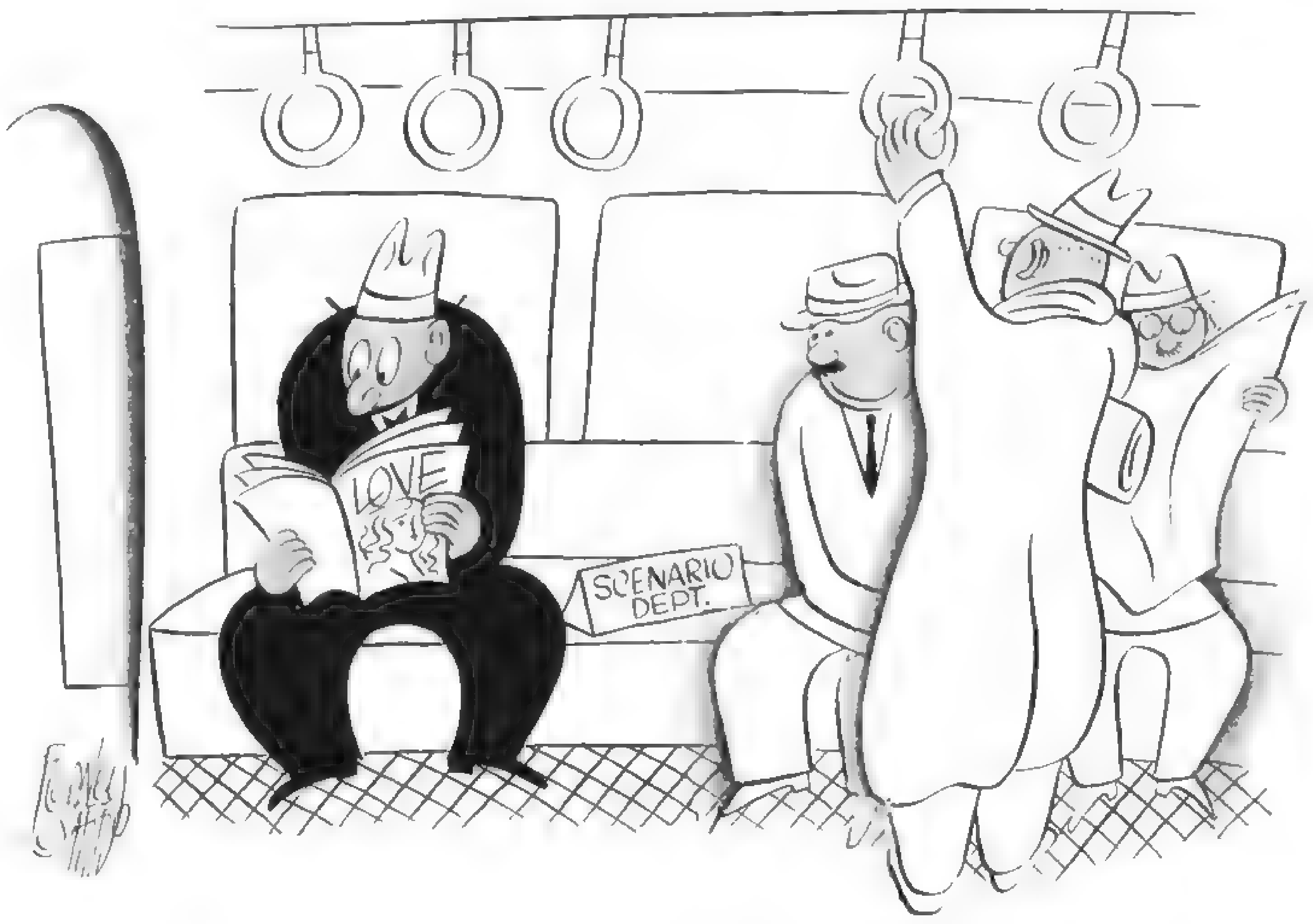
They got money? So what? The world is lousy with money.

All I gotta do, I decided, is figure out how to get myself some money and then I can be just as big a producer as any of them. That's all I gotta do.

So that's how I got started. I made up my mind just like that and I began looking around.

The first thing, I figured, is you gotta have a story. Well, it happened I had a great idea about that.

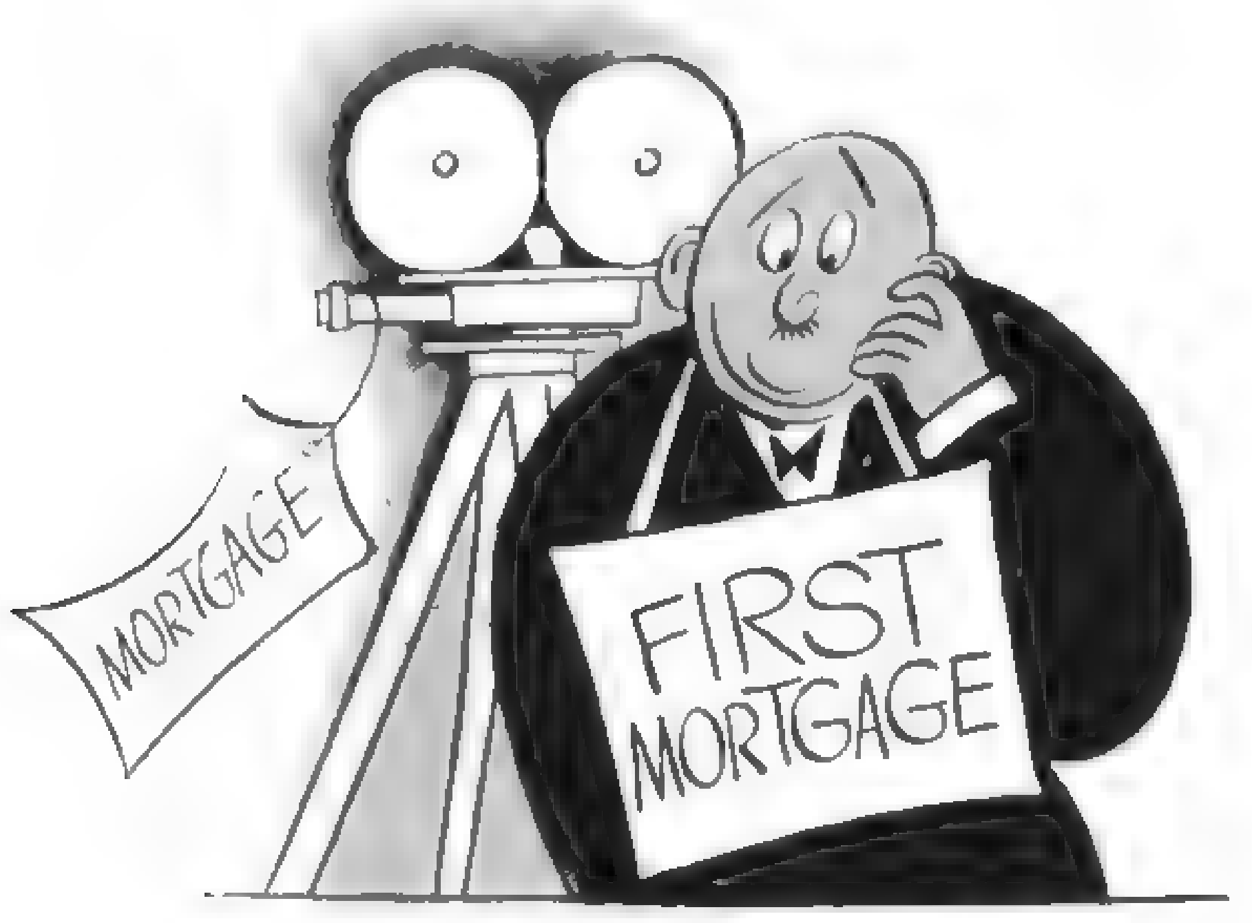
The week before, just to show you how luck will break sometimes, I was riding in the subway and someone left a magazine laying there and I picked it up and it happens I was going a long distance (where I was going, I was going to my cousin Ben's house in the Bronx to borrow a couple of bucks) and, like I was saying, I picked up this magazine and read it. And there was a swell story in it about how a guy picks up a dame and gives her the business and they begin going places and then he goes to town and says how about it and she says nothing doing and he says how come and she says because I ain't that kind of a dame and he says okay will you marry me and she says yes and he says but there is only one thing I ain't got a quarter in the whole world and you'll have to sew buttons on my pants and wash the dishes and maybe even get yourself a job in a ten cent store to get yourself some chow with and she says it don't make a nevermind because I love you and he says okay so let's go down to city hall right away and she says okay and they do and they're married and then it turns out that it's all a lot of malarky and he's really in the chips and he was only giving her a runaround because he didn't wanna get himself stuck with no golddigger.



Well, this time, when I was thinking of a story to make a picture out of, I happened to remember this story I had read in the magazine on the subway and I figured it's too bad I didn't own the rights to it, because it's dopey, but it's kind of cute, and it would make a swell picture.

Of course, there was nothing to stop me from stealing it, because I couldn't even remember the name of the guy that wrote it. And if I couldn't remember it, probably nobody else could. But still and all, that's not the way I play marbles. One thing about me, I play the game on the square. I don't steal things without at least seeing can I get them honest.

And anyway, like I told you before, I don't believe in luck. This story came to me too easy. I like things the hard way.



So I give the thing some thought and I decided that what I oughta do is give it a twist.

And then I thought about it some more and I decided the hell with it. I wouldn't even use the story at all. I would write a story my own self.

So I did.

I sat down and doped out a completely different story of my own. It happens the beginning of my story was like the other one. But my story was completely different. In my story, at the finish, the way it ended, it turned out that the girl is a rich broad and the guy's a bum.

So there was a good story, and that was the first part of it.

Then, the next thing to do, was to get myself an actress.

So I thought it over and I decided that what the hell's the sense of kidding myself. I probably couldn't get Garbo or Dietrich, or nobody like that, and anyway this wasn't that kind of a story. And right there I had another break.

Well, not a real break, of course, because I don't believe in breaks, but I'll tell you about it and you'll see for yourself.

I was talking to a guy I know who works on *Variety* and he was chewing the fat about all the lice on Broadway and how they were all a bunch of chiselers and then he happened to mention that this Anne Ingalls, who was in a show at the Century, was a cinch for Hollywood, only those dopes in Hollywood didn't know enough to grab her.

So I said what the hell, a dame like that probably doesn't even want to go to Hollywood, she's probably got a million offers and if she wanted to go, she'd be there.

So he spills his guts, like all them stupid reporters do, and says she's really got a yen to go, but she's also got a yen for sugar and she's holding out for three thousand a week.

So I got to thinking about it and then it come to me and I went out and dug myself up a punk I know who thinks he's a writer and I tell him the story I got and I promise him ten bucks to write it up for me, two in cash, and he does, and then I go to see this Ingalls dame.

I tell her I'm an independent producer and I

Cont. in center of page 210

FRANCES DEE

Second of a series of Hollywood portrait studies by George Hurrell

After-Dinner Witch-Doctor

Appealing to their intellect will only waste your time but mumbo-jumbo always gets them

by **GEORGE ANTHEIL**

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I was born rather one-tracked, and the technic of living came to me somewhat late in life. Only as few as three years ago I remember reading for the first time that famous advertisement "THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAID THAT I COULD PLAY THE PIANO BUT THEIR LAUGHS TURNED TO ASTONISHMENT WHEN I . . ." This advertisement portrayed a young man playing the piano for a rapt group of pretty girls, all leaning pretty breathlessly upon his piano. I turned aside with a bitter laugh. Who should know that this was baloney better than I . . . a former concert pianist? Present day girls do not lean upon the piano raptly after dinner; they raptly drink whisky and gin.

Of course it is a little hard to lean upon any piano upon which Schönberg's *Orchestral Variations* are being played, but just the same the fact that no American girl will lean upon an after-dinner piano, but insists upon either sitting on or inside of it, is a bitter pill for any idealistic fellow to swallow. I had, during all of my dreamy young life, attempted to acquire merit in feminine eyes through the reading of worthy books, the intense practice of creative endeavor, and the attempted cultivation of True and Genial masculine Friends. These new and very attractive girls did not realize apparently that I could have discussed with them, at the drop of a hat, Einstein, spiral nebulae, the Mirror-Universe, Aragon, Milhaud, or anything.

Young bitterness wears off, and I remembered in time that I had once written a motto for myself—"The green tree bends but does not break." So in proceeding to bend quite a good deal I adopted what is loosely known as "underhand methods," deciding arbitrarily to become a winner, and in so deciding becoming a non-professional after-dinner fortune teller.

One word of excuse. Just having returned from a ten-year-stay in Europe where every little flapper prates of Jean Cocteau or the Russian theater, I saw immediately that America is another and very different country and that it is particularly full of very beautiful American girls who know nought and care less about European snobbism, spiral nebulae, and the Picasso hanging in my living room. This abundance of beauty interested me and being a poor loser I bethought myself.

What indeed, is the most salient fact most primitively and fundamentally true about all women? Are they not laden with jewelry, feathers, trinkets, amulets? Are they not more superstitious, more quickly responsive to the tom-toms, more fundamentally savage than the male? So thinking I became morose and silent at the dinners to which I now found myself invited.

My brooding, however, was entirely spurious. I was eavesdropping, collecting sundry bits of information about my fellow-guests, and memorizing each bit. After dinner my hostess would attempt as usual to steer me towards the piano, but I would now decline pointblank. But—I would —if the ladies wished —tell fortunes. I assured them that I was very good at fortunes and it was a psychic and inherited gift possessed by innumerable hoary Antheils. A delighted cry of relief and appreciation would ripple around the table . . .

To come down to hard scientific facts, fortune telling, especially by cards, consists mainly of unabashed, facile, and highly greased fibbing. If you cannot lie unabashedly you might just as well give up right here, for my fortune telling demands for its chief protagonist a frowning, important, and unreserved liar; I am not a completely expert liar, but I am fair to medium and I have a psychic baby stare that helps out over the worst places. If you are not a good liar, practice lying in secret; go up to your mirror and let forth such a flow of lies that even your reflection blanches and turns away its head in shameful meditation that it is your exact counterpart. Moreover you must learn to so go on that the fib-flow is never stopped. When you can do this well, you are prepared to take your first lessons in card-laying.

Presupposing that you have learned to lie well, you must now exert what is loosely known as "hypnotic influence"; this is very easy as it consists mainly in astounding the "subject" through telling him or her that which is most apparently obvious concerning himself. If, during the course of an ordinary business conversation, I should tell a farmer from Illinois or an automobile salesman from Ohio that he was a farmer from Illinois or an automobile salesman from Ohio, he would hardly be astonished, preinformation being the rule rather than the exception in business. But if I tell him this same thing hunched up over a bunch of cards the whole statement automatically becomes miraculous, and I am, in consequence, a Seer from Heaven. Always remember one thing, people having their fortunes told are under a kind of hypnosis anyway and will believe extraordinary almost anything you tell them. It is quite possible that thought-transference or mental-telepathy actually does take place, for even I know that I am often able to flick a quick thought out of the mind of my victim if I don't think too much about it. And it needs only a glance to see whether your stab into the psychic has reached home and if you have struck, then you are indeed in luck. One little strike and you may go ahead and foretell her practically anything.

From the scientific point of view I have always noted that it is well to foretell that she is going to fall in love with a young man. If she presses you to add his description and you can think of no one else describe yourself. That is, of course, if you cannot think of a friend.

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STREAMLINED AUTO-TRAILER

by **RADEBAUGH**

See Backstage (page 50) for explanation.

Table Tennis Comes of Age

Pushing the ball is passé since slicing and slamming experts made a hot sport out of the game

by COLEMAN CLARK

•SPORTS•

What to do on a rainy afternoon has long occupied the best brains of man. Small wonder then that table tennis was invented by the English where rainy afternoons are fairly frequent. But apparently it didn't take much to amuse our English brethren in the early 'nineties for we gather the impression that the diversion was simply a matter of picking up a nearby hand mirror or hairbrush and swatting a soft rubber ball over some improvised net. A dining-room table or a bare floor served the purpose of a court.

Around 1900 an Anglo-Saxon did to table tennis what the invention of the self starter did to popularize the automobile. This gentleman introduced the light, lively celluloid ball. About the same time a certain Mr. Good stepped into a drug store one day, and, on receiving some change on a pebbled rubber cash mat, suddenly got the inspiration of covering his racket with a similar material in the hopes it would give him better control over the ball and impart more "english" to it. He was so right that he proceeded to crush all opposition, and to this day the pebbled rubber racket is used by all the great players. The innovation of these refinements improved the game so much that almost overnight it became an international fad. Like all crazes the thing was overdone and owing to the fact that there were no uniform rules or standardized equipment, the pastime wearied people and by 1905 had run its course.

But it sprang to life after the war and slowly began to win admirers in every quarter of the globe. The new game that was ushered in at this time was a distinctly better one. This was due in no small measure to the formation of an international governing federation which fostered competition, adopted uniform rules and laid down specifications for improved and standardized equipment. But even this rejuvenated game was looked upon by skeptics as nothing to brag about.

But table tennis is not the only recreation that had to overcome prejudice. You will recall that not so many years ago tennis and golf were called "minor sports." Golf was "an old man's game" and tennis, with its white trousers and "love game" business, was frequently associated with pretty boys and pink tea. But they were games that had the real stuff and time proved it. Table tennis, too, has finally won the praise and respect of the leading figures in athletic circles everywhere. Hearken to the words of A. A. Stagg, veteran football coach: "Few people realize the enormous amount of table tennis played." (At least 5,000,000 is the author's estimate. 22,000 participated in a novice tournament sponsored by a Chicago newspaper). "I have come to the conclusion that it is not only a great game but is entitled to hold a position among our national sports." And here is what Arch Ward, well known sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune* writes, "I don't believe the general public realizes the physical exertion and scientific play table tennis demands. I didn't until I saw it. I consider it a fine, vigorous form of exercise."

People who are familiar with the present day sport see red if someone who never saw a good match utters such a remark as "Aw, there's nothing to that kids' game." As a matter of fact it's swell recreation for the youngsters (don't I know it. Nearly every night my ten-year-old son marches me to the basement for a session before I have a chance to swallow my dessert), but it is also a stern test of the ability and resourcefulness of an adult. Why! it takes years to master all the strokes and learn the various intricacies of spin shots. Cannon ball serves? No, but a first class player can put so much stuff on the ball that the average novice would be doing well if he got a third of them back on the table. Incidentally the element of spin on the ball is part and parcel of the modern game and is one of its fascinations. Exercise? I'd like to show you a big man who indulges three or four times a week and who, in the past four months has lopped off twenty-one pounds! I'd also like nothing better than to watch some of these scoffers, who have never taken a crack at the game, huff and puff and groan and altogether wilt, and actually suffer, after an hour's workout. Excitement? During the national intercity matches which were played before a packed house at the Lake Shore Athletic Club in Chicago, the incessant roar of the cheering crowds as each match eclipsed the preceding one in excitement and tenseness, was so disconcerting to Hal Totten, who was trying to broadcast an enlightening account of the matches over a national hookup, that he was all but forced to give it up.

As further evidence of the progress of the sport, national championships have been held in America since 1931, and in 1933 the U. S. Table Tennis Association, which is now already composed of twenty-four state organizations, was admitted to the international federation comprising twenty-five member nations. Since 1926 world championships have been run off in the capitals of Europe. A vast enterprise, these yearly contests, a nightmare to conduct, and, for the athletes a mighty tough assignment. Imagine the strain on the nervous system and the body after competing morning, noon and night for eight days against the class of the universe! The program is even more strenuous than the Wimbledon tennis ordeal because the same number of singles and doubles events are contended for, and in addition the athletes are called upon to vie for the Swaythling Cup, which is to table tennis what the Davis Cup is to the outdoor game. Entries train for this grind as religiously as Jesse Owens prepares himself for some major track meet.

Finally these table tennis Olympics aroused the curiosity of the Americans who sent representatives abroad in 1933 and 1934 to discover how our experts compared with Europe's best. We finished far from the top at Paris and London, but they couldn't keep the Yanks in the cellar very long. In 1936 enthusiasts passed the hat and in no time raised enough money to send the first full men's and women's team to Prague, Czechoslovakia, for the tenth world championships. They were played March 12-18 in the largest sports arena in Czechoslovakia, the Lucerne Palace, under whose great roof are several huge halls, each spacious enough to house a circus.

DRAWINGS BY G. REHBERGER

This is what a youthful, inexperienced U. S. team accomplished. Our men finished seventh in the international team competition (14 nations competing), while our women did even better, tying with Germany for second position among ten challengers. If the galleries were mildly surprised with the good showing of our teams, their surprise turned to bewilderment when America proceeded to walk off with two of the five major crowns.

Ruth Hughes Aarons of New York had easily annexed three successive American championships. We all thought she was awfully good, but she had never been tested

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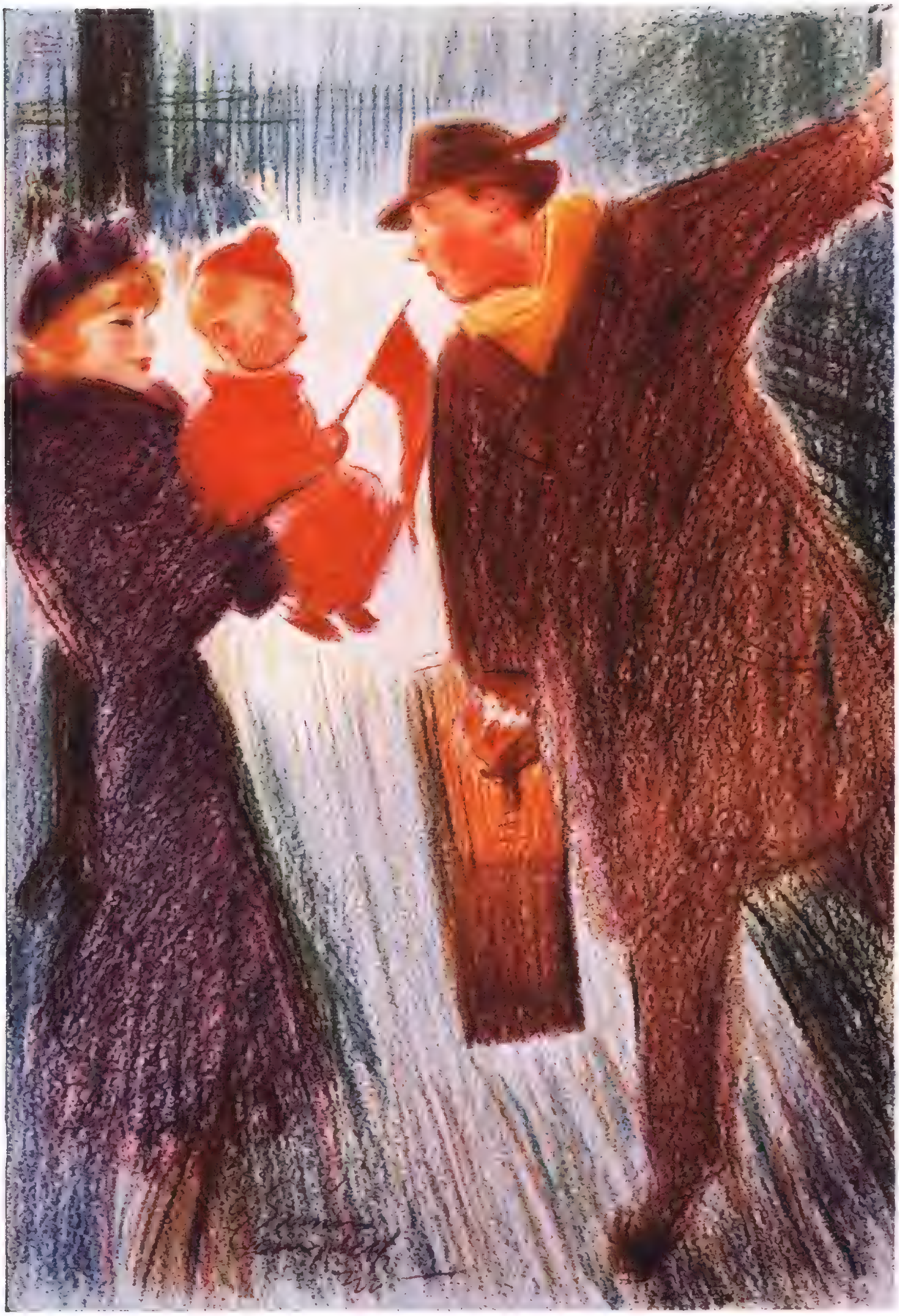


“Look who’s going to watch you play football this year!”

I, Voluptuary

The enlightening experience of a youth who thought he could get away with nibbling on grapes, and Jenny

by PETER DE VRIES

▪ FICTION ▪

For a long time I thought of myself as a voluptuary. I saw me reclining on couches, sipping wines, reaching idly for iced fruits and things and turning now and then to dangle a bunch of grapes over a luscious mouth, or take an unbothered kiss. There would be passion no more than gluttony—on the woman too I would just nibble!

I had this tableau of myself.

I thought in this vein a lot, my desire nurtured on the crimson authors, and on descriptions of Alexandrian banquets. People had finesse then, I mourned. Today they take barbecues on the fly and when they have a banquet they don't loll, they eat fast to get to the speeches and sit up straight on chairs. Who really lolls, I said. Loaf, yes, but not loll, I dwelt nostalgically on the lost times; and on my tableau.

When appraising girls into whose company I chanced I judged them according to their fitness for the tableau. I spotted one evening at our high school alumni dance a particularly palatable female, a bit younger (even) than I. Delicious, graceful, ripe, she floated by in a tight green dress. I goggled. Here, I perceived, was something. I got an introduction.

Her name, inauspiciously, was Jenny. Now I have no issue with the name Jenny. It is a splendid name for one's wife. It is solid, comfortable. The ideal name for calling to the kitchen for something, and the mere sound of it should fill any man with a profound sense of well-being. But it is obviously unsuited to the lush hour, the dash of scarlet. One cannot be a bacchante and be Jenny—at least not without the gravest incongruity. For that the name is Thyrza. Or Chloe. Maybe Carmel. But not Jenny. Thyrza, let us say, before you are married and Jenny after. Thus the perfect name would be Thyrza Jenny, so that one could call her Thyrza during the courtship and the first eight weeks of marriage and use Jenny from that point on, when the engrossing interest has definitely shifted from pyjamas to pork chops.

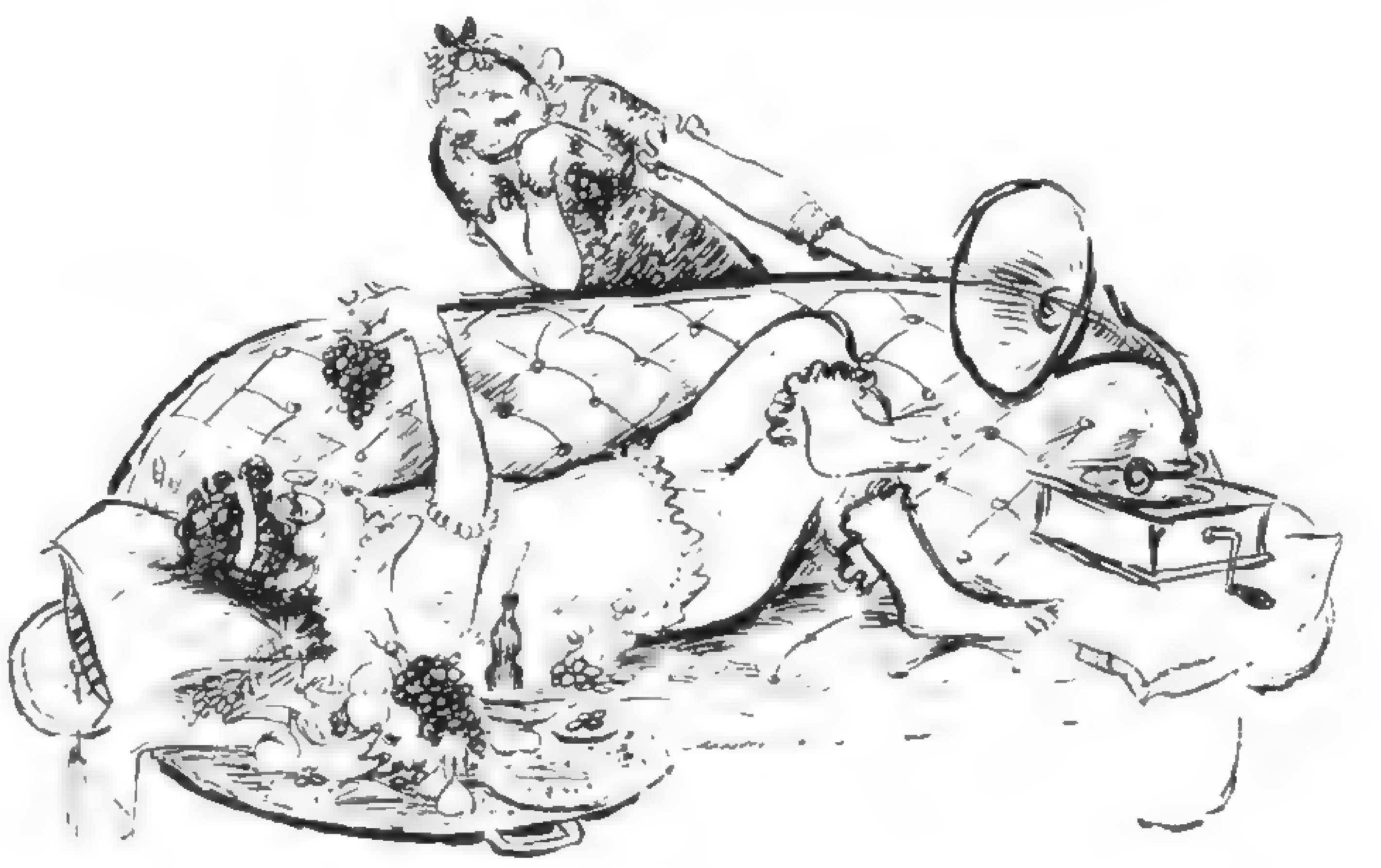
Jenny proved charming, with a fine figure and lovely large eyes, and had that ripe wonder. Here, I thought, is something I can mold. She, in turn, said she wanted to "go" with me.

I asked her, after I had known her for some time, how she would go for an intimate party, for just the two of us. She said fine she would make some muffins. At this point I inaugurated specific mental preparations.

I told her in detail what I, as epicure, had in mind as a good time. I drew in detail my tableau. She was delighted and clapped her hands but a moment later her face fell and she said that we would probably have great difficulties realizing the tableau in her house, since her father, a most earthy fellow, usually insisted, as he had the few times Jenny took me in, on being present when his daughter entertained and moreover he often sat about the parlor with his shoes off, a touch which for the moment did considerable violence to the tableau.

"Well, maybe we can have it at my place," I said. "My folks are going away soon for a week end."

I made inquiries about this next evening.



"Pater," I said. It was the pater period—the one which immediately follows the guvner period. "Pater, when are you and mother going on the week end?" "We're not going, we can't afford it. Why? What are you so eager to have us go away for?" "I'm not eager," I said. "I can hear overtones and undertones," he replied. "Well? What have you got up?"

So I told him.

"Hm," he said. "Is she Frank Caswell's daughter?" I told him she was. "Well, all I can say is you'd better not let him catch you dangling grapes over his daughter. Not if I know him." "Why?" I asked, knowing, of course, full well why. "I don't relish the thought of a shotgun wedding." "What! For dangling grapes?" I said. "You get the idea."

He proceeded to chide me more gravely. He didn't like the way I'd been developing lately. He vehemently disliked the sensualizing process. If I kept it up I'd soon have a soul like an over-ripe peach. He had for some time suspected my sybaritic direction but his definite fears dated from the time I came home with a record of the *Afternoon of a Faun* and lay about playing it over and over. He said that effeminate piece of marmalade marked the beginning of a long period of sensuality in human life (he was never very scholarly on this point) and he was sure much of the decadence of our day could be traced to this composition and he was sorry he couldn't write an article on it because it ought to be done. He wished G. K. Chesterton would do it.

He adored G. K. Chesterton. He said he was level. G. K. he called him, as though he were a fraternity brother or vice-president of the company. G. K. was new and old, fresh and dogmatic. He gave the pater an experience like having gone on a devil of a tear with a modern, without ever having left the fundamentals—like a joyride on the kitchen-porch swing. First he stimulated you, then he left you comfortably glowing. A kind of intellectual alcohol rub.

The pater questioned me in detail about Jenny. The name reassured him. But then some deft probing revealed the fact that Jenny was curious, a candidate for initiation. Moreover, she was naive. "Be careful," he warned me, "it's those innocent eyes that can get a man into the most trouble," and then he went on to remind me that convention did not allow any young man to put back into the box—that he might do likewise with another—a piece of candy out of which he had bitten a portion. The opposite did not hold, since this whole business was based on the idea that the woman is partaken of and the man partakes, and on the further monstrously cockeyed corollary that in this matter a man can wrong a woman but not vice versa.

"So look out," he scowled. "Can the grape dangling. Avoid even the appearance of evil!"

But I refused to heed. The tableau was too impelling a thing. And we finally agreed on a certain evening when her folks would be gone to the country to visit a relative, from whose place they never returned before one o'clock.

We set to work planning. First, then, the food list. By this time Jenny had more or less gotten the idea and no longer had in mind a homey evening together, a kind of taffy pull. Still the tableau took a serious jolt when she spoke of popcorn balls and she caused me a further pang, when we came to the sandwiches, by suggesting salami. Speedily, however, she redeemed herself on the sandwich score by offering finely chopped olives and almonds to be mixed with a small amount of grated Edam cheese and a little mayonnaise. I okayed this enthusiastically. Then I told her to have ready chilled orange and peach slices and a few bunches of chilled

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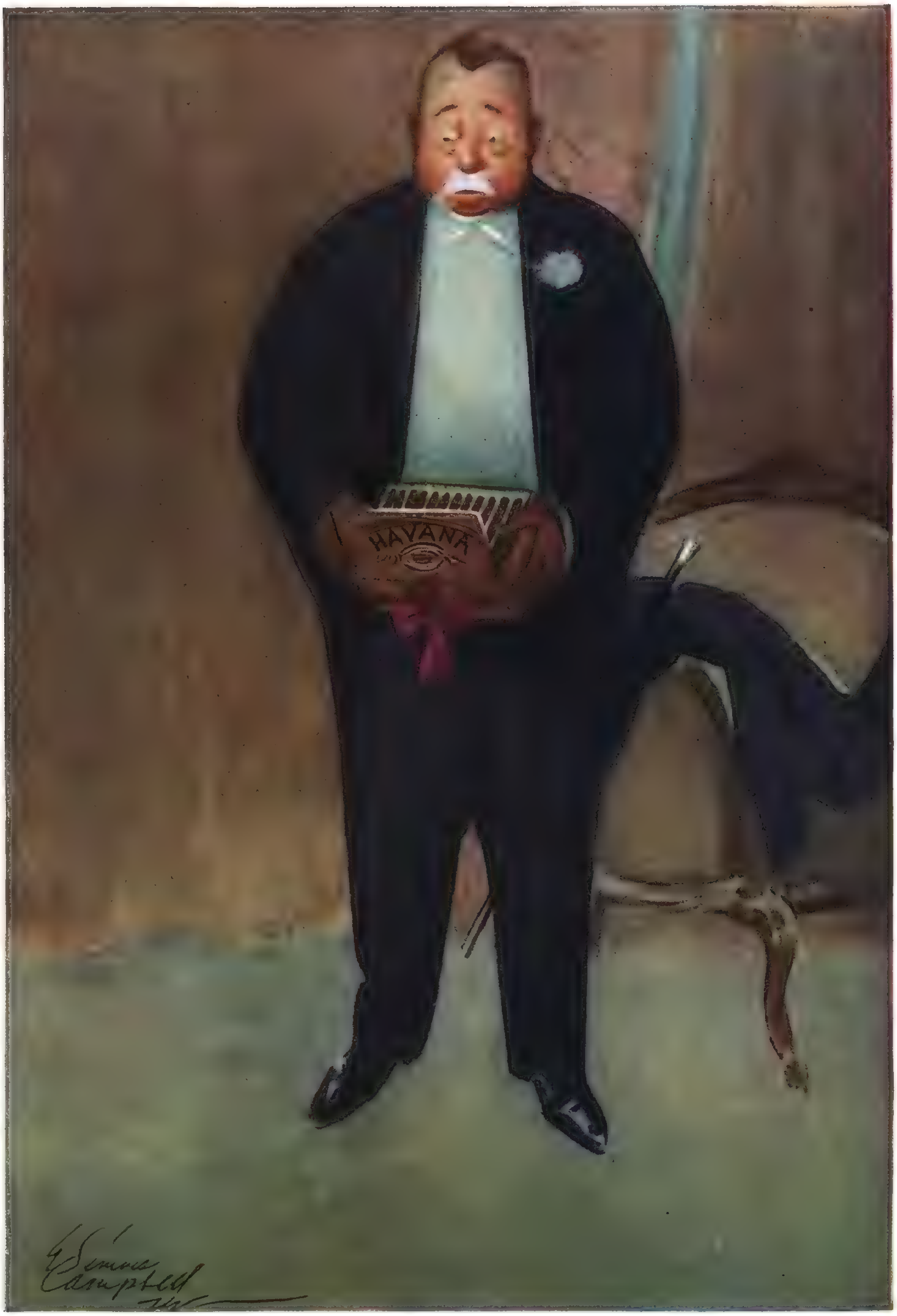
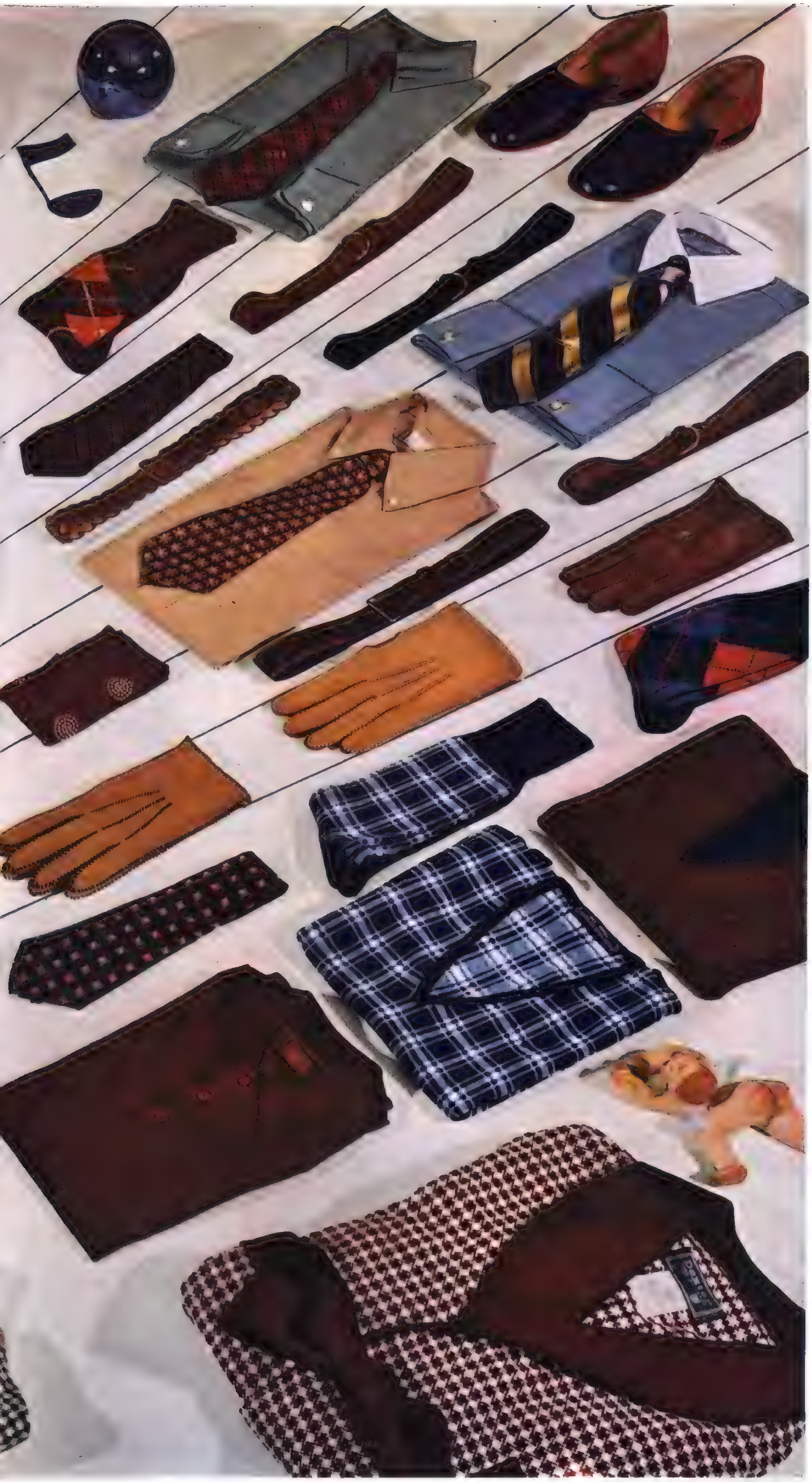

HAVANA
E. Simms Campbell

"Frankly, Miss Jennings, when I gave you this apartment, I expected a little more for Christmas"

DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW



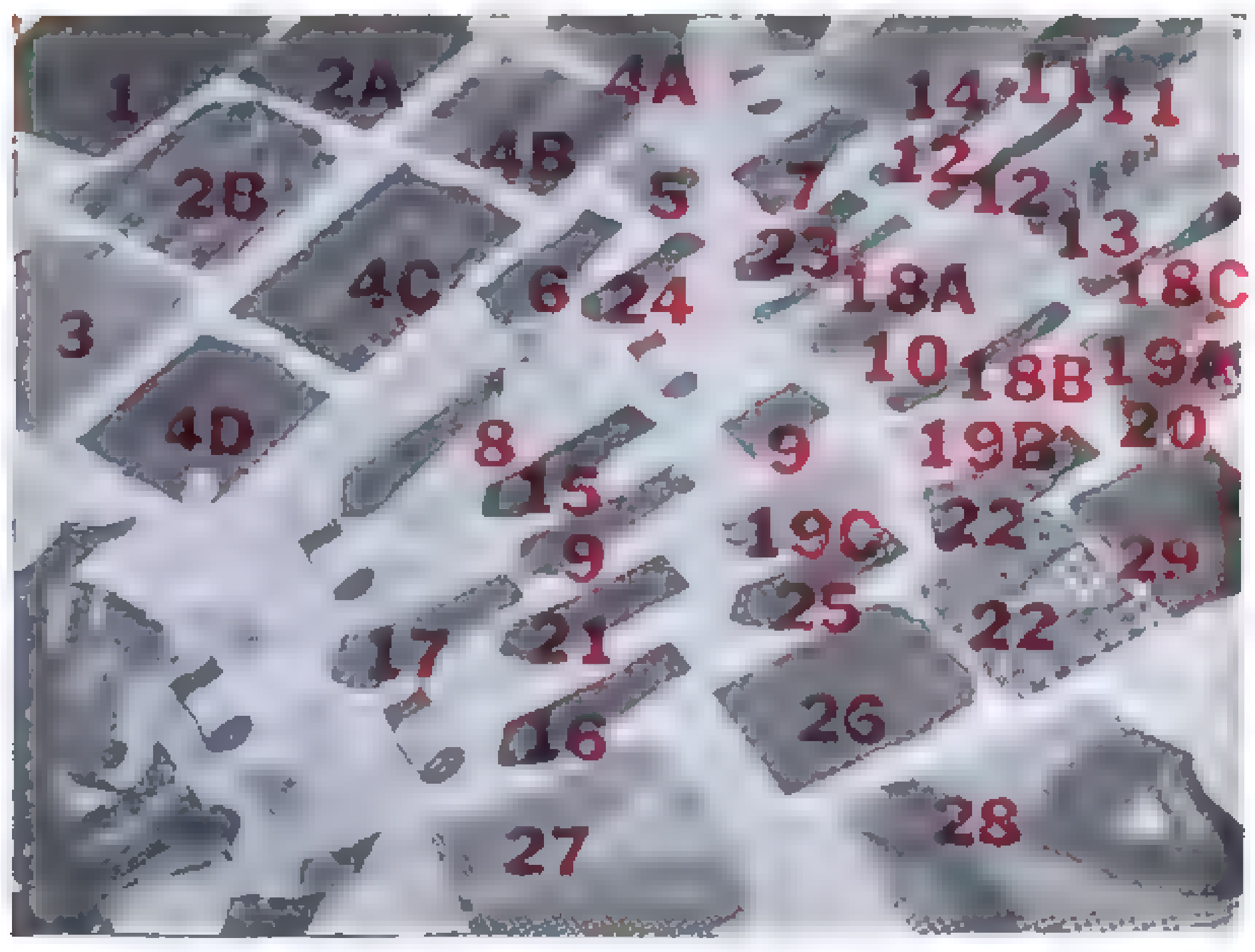
GIFT PAGES DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

Gifts guaranteed to ring the bell

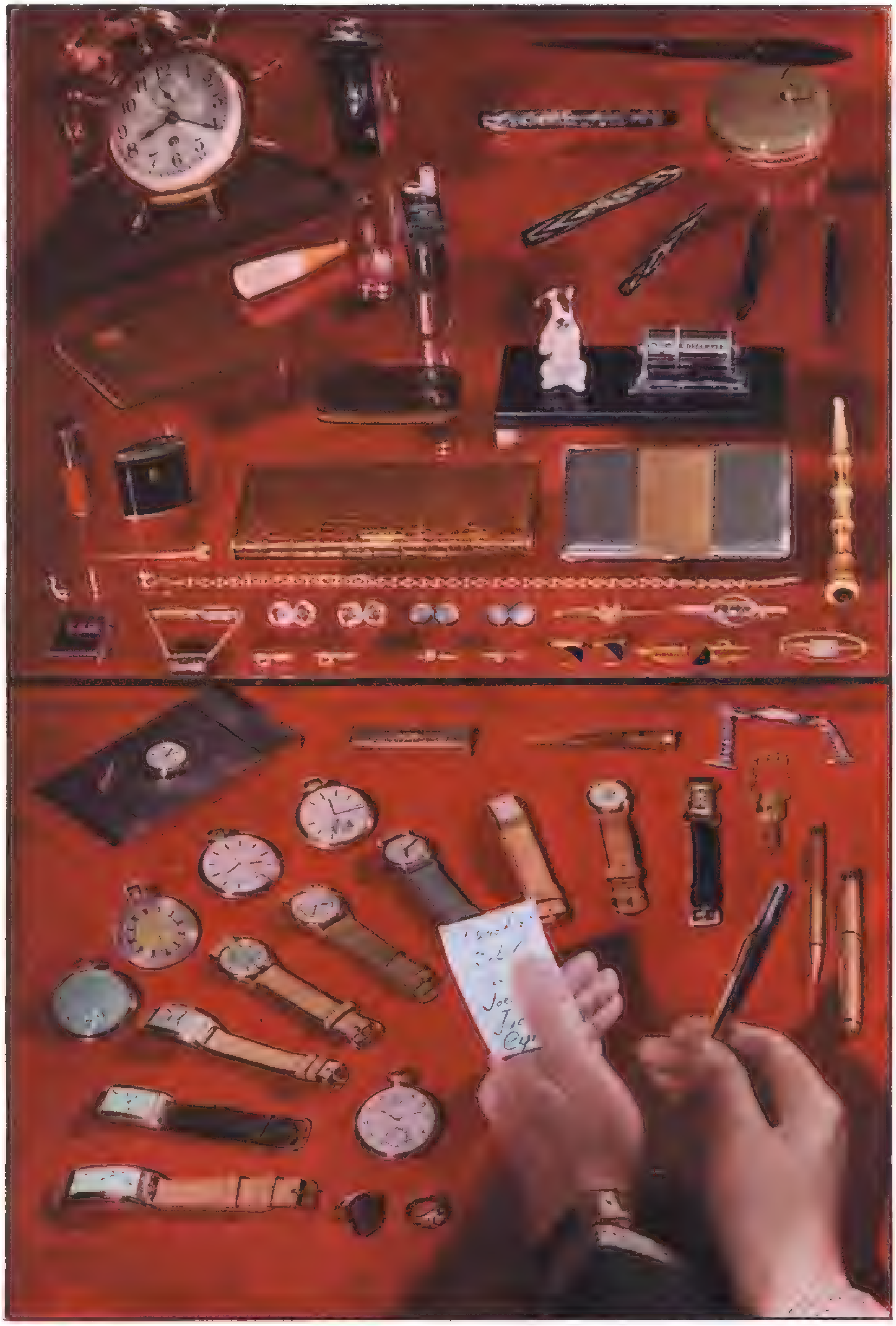
When in doubt, give him something to wear. Trick gifts and gadgets are grand if you know a man's mind well enough to be sure that they will tickle his fancy, but you know without wondering about it that any man, at this season, has use for items like these. And real appreciation for them, too, if they're styled as correctly as these are. Incidentally, with the exception of the wilder plaids, all of these gifts are suitable for a man of any age.

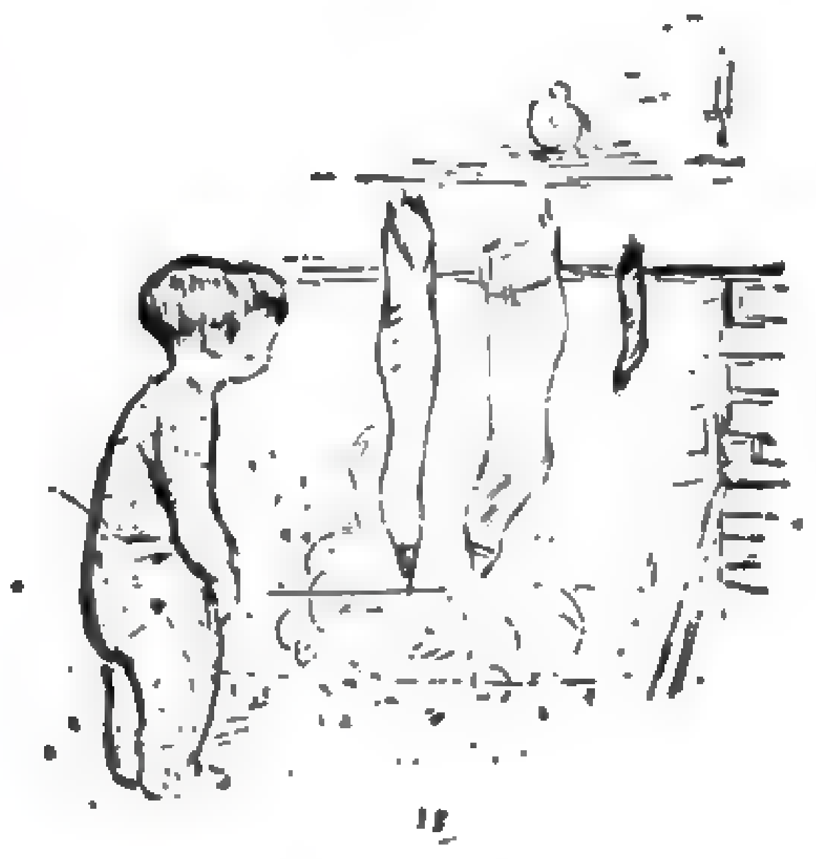
1. Printed silk, crepe lounging robe with a luxurious plain colored satin collar, cuff and sash . . 2. (a) A pure dye brocaded pattern convertible collar pajama, (b) A pure dye convertible collar pajama with an effective broad satin stripe . . 3. Convertible collar, high count, printed sateen pajama . . 4. (a) Vertical striped, crocheted Cashmere muffler, (b) Tartan plaid Cashmere muffler, (c) Heavy twill silk tubular muffler with spaced Persian figures, (d) Lightweight printed wool Challis muffler . . 5. Silk crepe handkerchief, with satin striped borders . . 6. Minute spotted wool socks—imported . . 7. Tartan plaid colorful Argyle hose . . 8. Grey end to end pleated bosom, long rounded point collar-attached shirt, French cuffs, red knotted silk links. Wine and white rep tie . . 9. Wine foulard tie with large spaced spotted figure, silk lined, and matching wide hemmed handkerchief . . 10. Brown oxford, button down collar shirt with green, red and yellow figures, foulard tie . . 11. Soft soled blue and red felt lined, calfskin slippers . . 12. A red and a blue cinch buckle, felt belts . . 13. Blue twill neckband shirt with white widespread laundered collar, French cuffs with yellow, knotted silk cuff links. Navy and yellow striped rep necktie . . 14. Green oxford shirt, collar attached and Tartan plaid poplin tie . . 15. Rep tie with spaced regimental striped figures . . 16. Dark rep green and red striped tie . . 17. Red printed figured tie . . 18. Three belts: (a) Braided leather of baby buffalo, (b) Reversed calf, (c) Suede cinch buckle . . 19. Three pairs of gloves: (a) Heavy English capeskin hand-stitched, (b) Light tan, hogskin button gloves, hand-stitched, (c) Light tan new whiphand stitch pigskin . . 20. Colorful Argyle wool hose . . 21. Blue and white frost weave necktie . . 22. Plaid wool sweater and sock set . . 23. Red and black striped rep tie . . 24. Paisley pattern foulard tie . . 25. Printed cashmere four-in-hand, blue, red and yellow spaced figures . . 26. Silk, knitted polo shirt with short sleeves and collar in contrasting weave . . 27. District check Saxony wool cardigan with Cashmere knitted back and sleeves . . 28. Shetland robe, imported material, over-all pattern, solid color facing and belt . . 29. Blue and red Cashmere reversible sleeveless sweater.

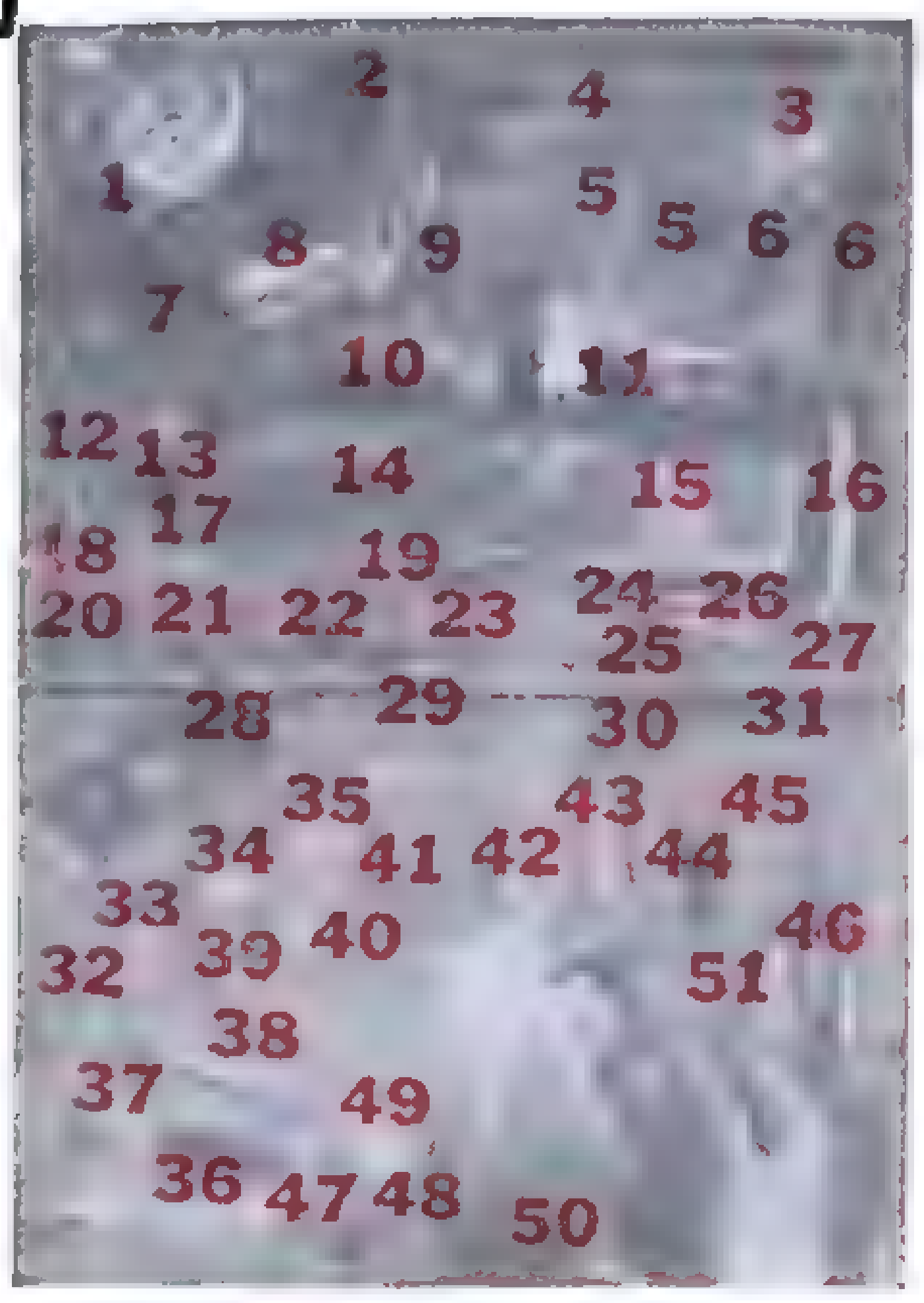
(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., 366 Madison Ave., New York City, will bring full information.)



From trinkets to tremendous trifles & back







1. Brass ship's wheel clock that chimes the half hours like a ship's bell . . 2. Combined chrome and black enamel cigarette case and lighter . . 3. Fountain pen desk stand of light stone with satin gold trim . . 4. Ink-cartridge pen that makes its ink out of water . . 5. Geometric stripe design pen and pencil set . . 6. Streamline marble mixture pen and pencil set . . 7. Alligator single fold wallet, moiré lined with three flaps . . 8. Meerschaum cigar holder with amber mouthpiece . . 9. Combination lighter and cigarette package holder . . 10. Zipper-shut alligator key container for six keys, and auto license . . 11. Chrome perpetual calendar on black base with porcelain terrier . . 12. Flameless cylinder lighter . . 13. Streamline flameless lighter . . 14. Gold bound alligator cigarette case; holds twenty . . 15. Silver evening cigarette case . . 16. Bamboo cigarette holder; amber tip . . 17. A gold tie pin . . 18. Diamond encrusted tie pin . . 19. Large link gold watch chain . . 20. Gold belt buckle; three initials . . 21. Gold chain tie clip; silver initials . . 22. Crystal dress links and studs . . 23. Moonstone dress links and studs . . 24. Gold foxhead tie clip . . 25. Cuff links and tie clip . . 26. White gold tie clip; silver initials . . 27. Oval gold tie clip; black initials . . 28. Evening cigarette case inset with fine watch . . 29. Gold cigarette lighter . . 30. Gold banded amber cigarette holder . . 31. Chrome wrist watch strap . . 32. Solid gold watch; gold figured silver dial . . 33. Modern bronze color gold watch of extraordinary thinness . . 34. Plain gold watch; bars instead of dial numbers . . 35. Decorated gold watch; bars instead of numbers . . 36. Large gold strap watch with curved case and works . . 37. Curved crystal gold watch . . 38. Curved movement gold watch with bars for odd hours . . 39. Small, thin round gold watch . . 40. White gold round strap watch . . 41. Round case gold watch . . 42. Dust proof, water tight gold strap watch . . 43. Round case gold watch . . 44. Square white gold watch clipped by bronze hinges . . 45. White gold paper money reservoir disguised into a key holder . . 46. Gold pen and pencil set . . 47. Man's heavy gold ring with antique carved intaglio . . 48. White gold nautical ring; ruby "port light", and an emerald "starboard light" . . 49. Gold pocket watch . . 50. Gold strap watch . . 51. Gold pencil; knife blade within.

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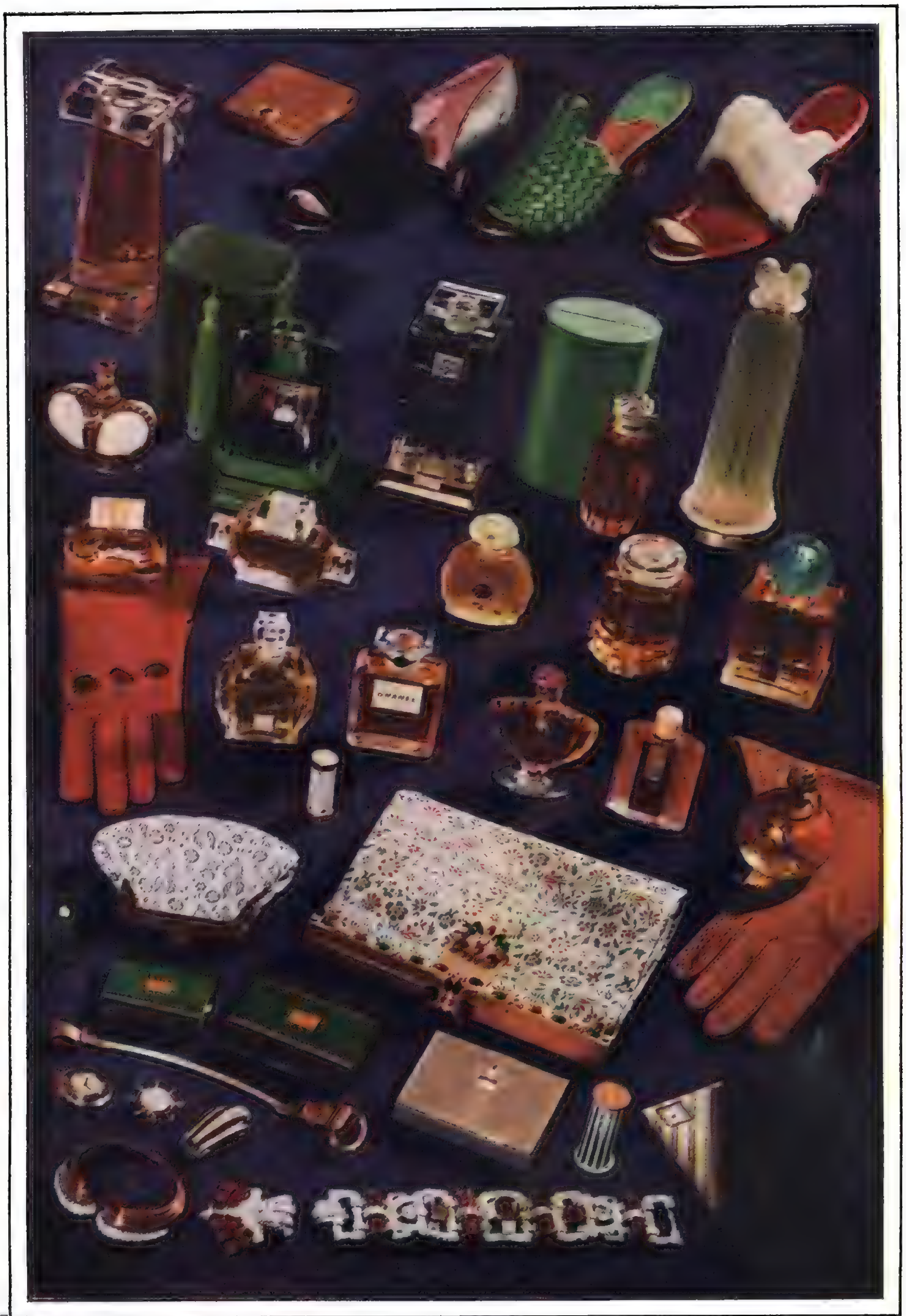
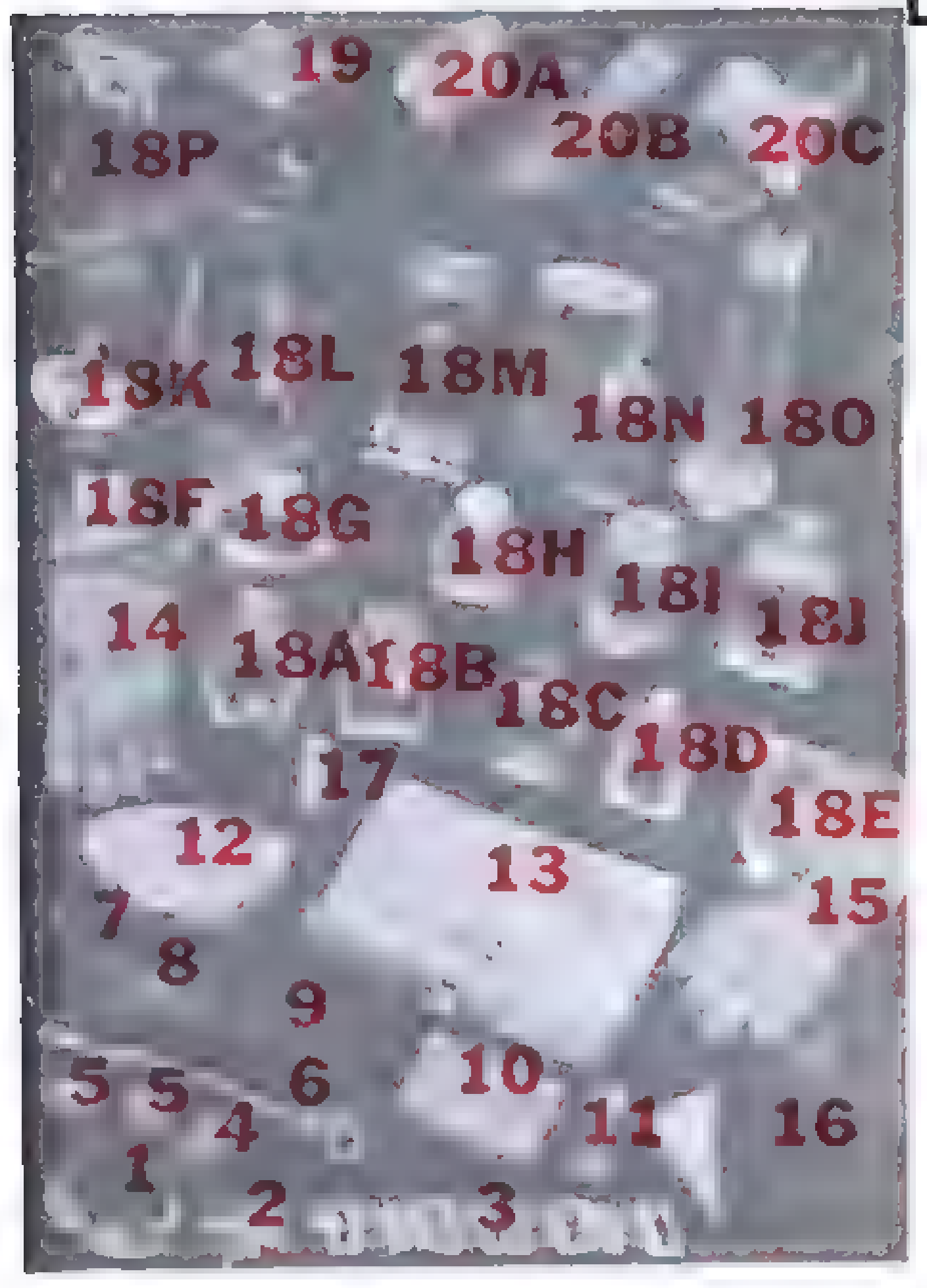
This way to the heart of a fair lady





1. Colorful, impressive, not to say downright awe-inspiring: a bracelet of that imposing simplicity and dignity achieved by combining diamonds with rubies . . 2. A clip living up to the adage that good things come in small packages, for this tiny trinket is of concentrated richness: diamonds and rubies set in platinum . . 3. This bracelet's gold and diamond bangles are to be respected and esteemed by any right-minded female as being both formal and beautiful . . 4. Another example of "infinite riches in a little room" (if we may, as it were, coin a phrase) is this diamond and ruby clip. Incidentally, if you don't know what a clip clips, never mind, because she will . . 5. Two clip watches—a new idea that's good in itself and is enhanced by these two novel designs . . 6. A gold wrist watch that is given great distinction by the unusual character of its strap and fastening . . 7. This green enamel and gold lipstick if you're crazy about her . . 8. This green enamel and gold compact if she has you talking to yourself . . 9. This green enamel and gold cigarette case—in other words, the works, the whole dinged dratted exquisite trio of green and gold enameled babytoys, if you regard her as a permanent investment . . 10. The gold cigarette box's severe lines set off its striking red stones . . 11. A lipstick monumentally shaped to resemble a Greek column . . 12. An evening bag of brocade with tortoise frame, pretty sure to be received with gasp and coo . . 13. The gold frame and colored stones are made outstanding by the background of brocade in this large evening bag. Practically stupefying . . 14. The stitches on these leather gloves give bold designs to their striking plum coloring . . 15. Suede finish gloves in tan with unusual stitching . . 16. Black leather bag which has a gold watch inserted in the corner to enrich its simple austerity . . 17. A lipstick in an unusual drum design . . 18. A collection of perfume: (a) Violettes du Roi, (b) No. 5, (c) Shalimar, (d) Styx, (e) Scandal, (f) Trophée (g) Shanghai, (h) Kobako, (i) Egoiste, (j) Blue Grass, (k) Catherine the Great, (l) Gardenia, (m) Latitude 50, (n) Présence, (o) Indiscret, (p) Cassandra . . 19. Gold mesh cigarette container and compact case . . 20. Three pairs of mules: (a) Black velvet with silver red trim and flat heels, (b) Green satin in basket weave design with gold trim (c) Red velvet trimmed with white fur.

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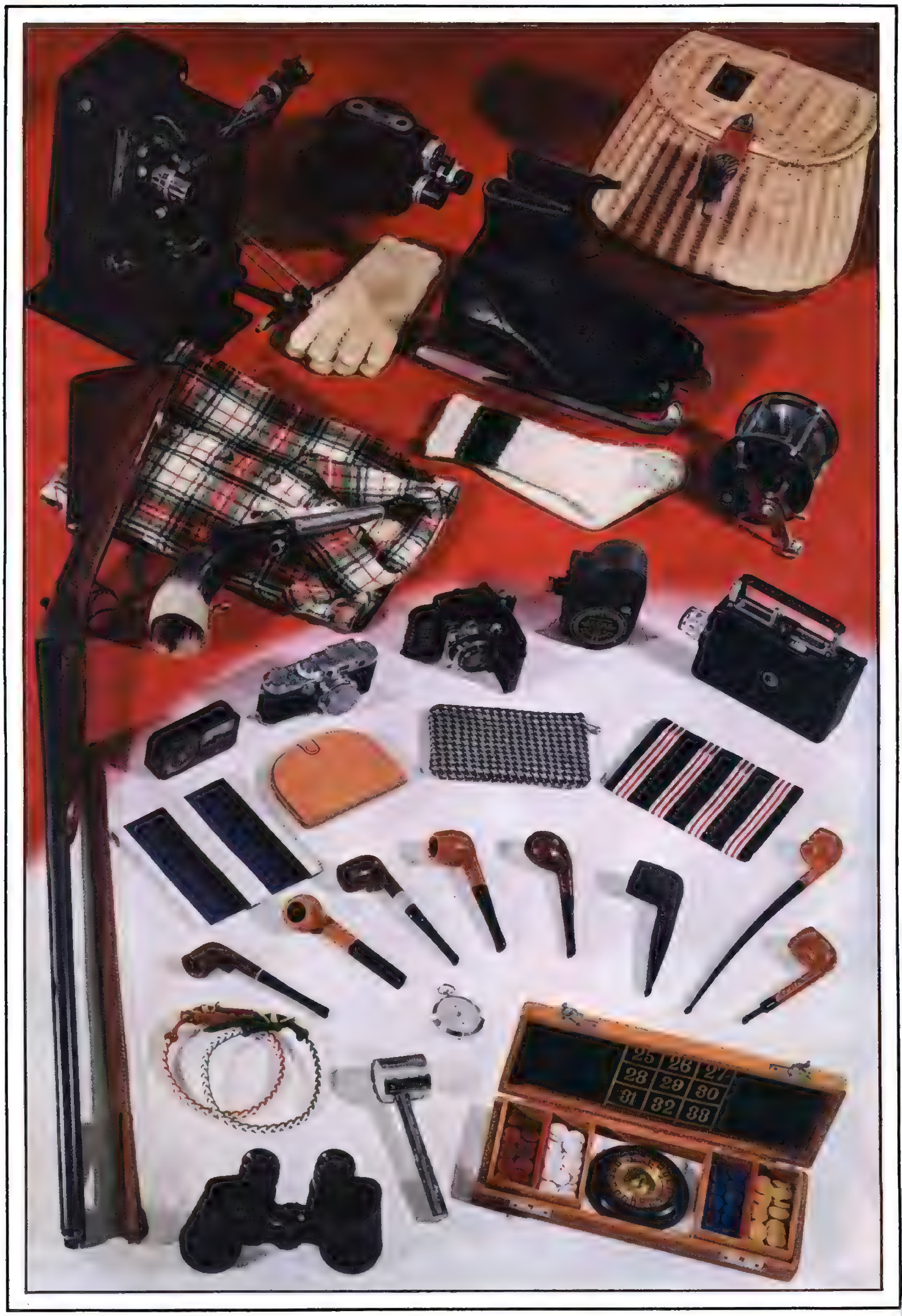
For men who like to get out of doors



Or maybe we should say simply a page of gifts for men with whose hobbies you are familiar, because now that we look it over we notice a stamp collector's dingus, not to mention a miniature roulette set that makes our caption about getting out of doors, sound somewhat absent minded. Anyway, if you know he likes things like these, these are things he'll like.

1. Wicker fisherman's creel with trout design on clasp . . 2. Imported figure skates with black skating shoes attached . . 3. Small size compact motion picture camera . . 4. Yellow string gloves originally used as raingloves for hunting and now correct for town or country wear . . 5. Latest model motion picture projection machine for home use . . 6. Sportsmen's favorite for wing shooting and small ground game, 16 gauge double barrelled shotgun . . 7. Heavy wool plaid hunting shirt . . 8. A silver tipped cowhorn used by men hunting in wild country who appreciate its long distance sounding qualities whenever they are lost . . 9. An exposure meter for determining the exact exposure the camera should be allowed . . 10. Small, compact camera known for its accuracy and speed . . 11. A new, miniature size camera in modern design . . 12. Turret style 3 lens motion picture camera . . 13. New molded model home movie camera . . 14. A club stripe silk tobacco pouch lined with oilskin . . 15. Pigskin pouch with clasp, lined with rubber . . 16. Black and white hound's tooth tweed tobacco pouch with slide fastener . . 17. Colorful silk striped tobacco pouch lined with oiled silk . . 18. Small apple bowl pipe . . 19. Virgin briar bulldog with saddle bit . . 20. Briar pipe with silver band . . 21. Briar pipe with cool smoking qualities . . 22. Church Warden long stemmed pipe . . 23. Large size shell briar pipe . . 24. Unusual shape, flat sided bowl pipe . . 25. Banker's model saddle bit pipe . . 26. Pocket alarm watch for sports and sportsmen . . 27. Dog collars for smaller varieties, made of braided composition in red and white and green and white . . 28. High powered binoculars . . 29. The stamp collector's delight—the new magnifying glass that has an electric light bulb . . 30. Riding crop made of whalebone covered with braided leather . . 31. Heavy wool 6x3 rib skating and winter sports hose . . 32. Rust-proof fishing reel . . 33. Miniature complete roulette set.

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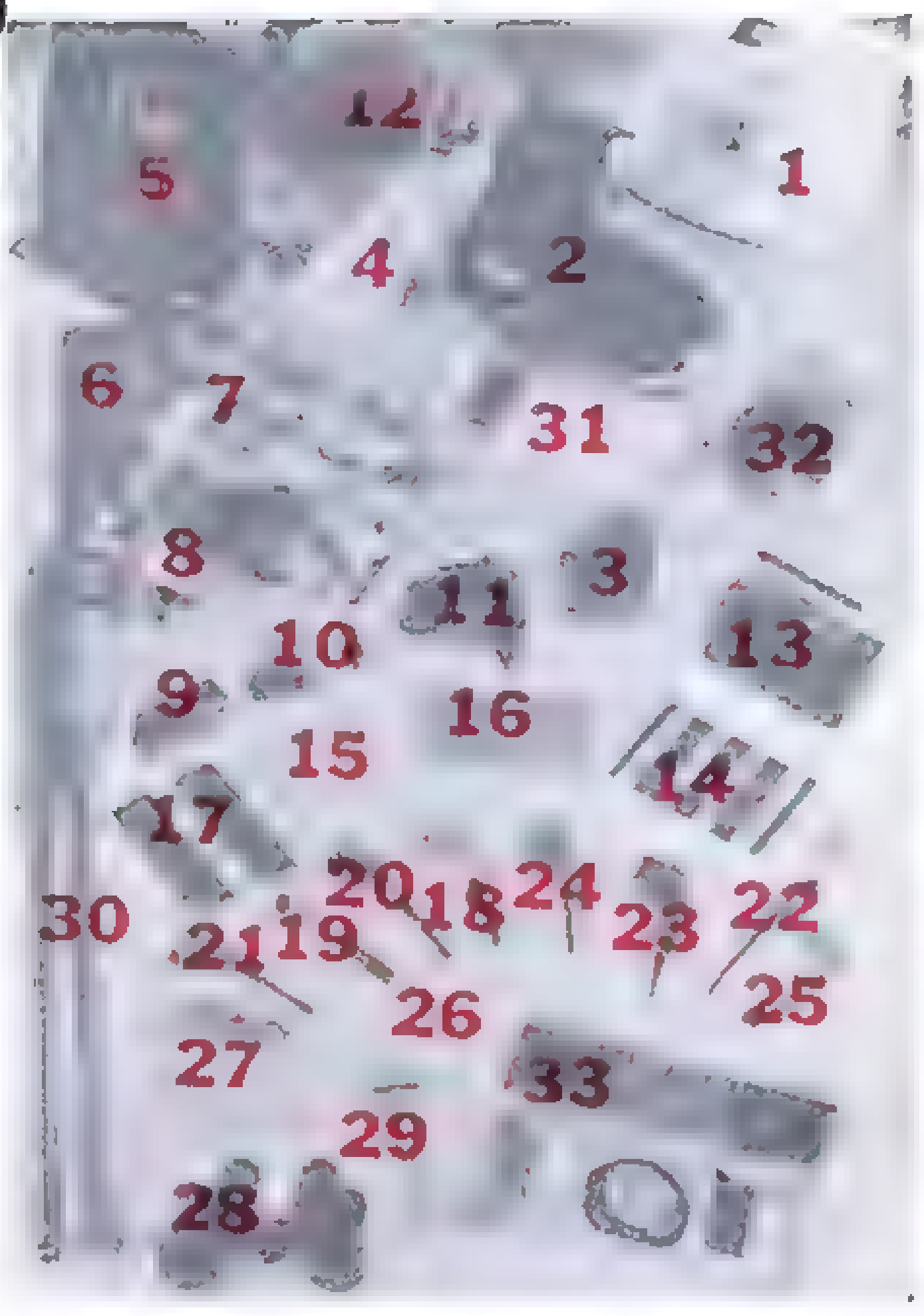
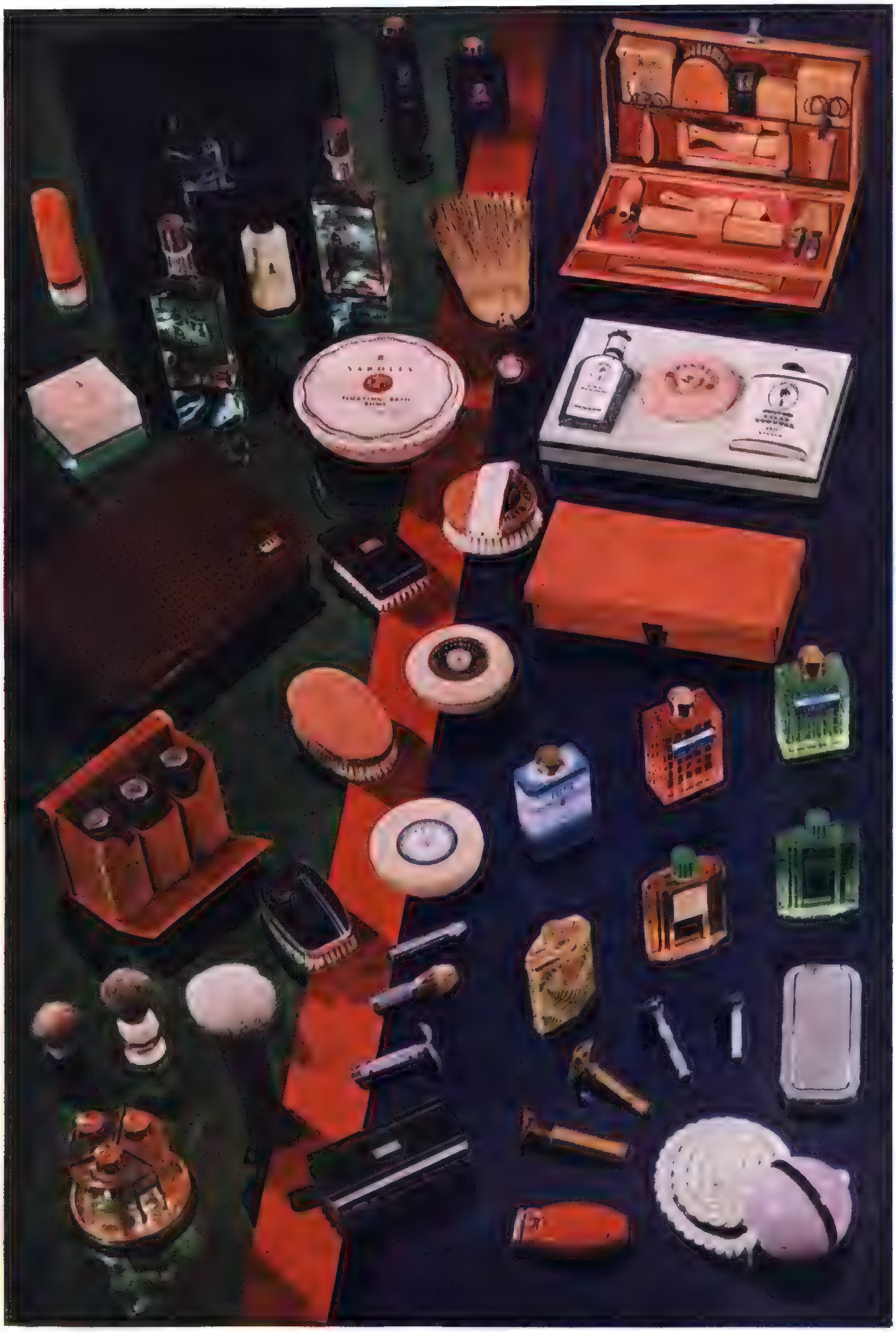
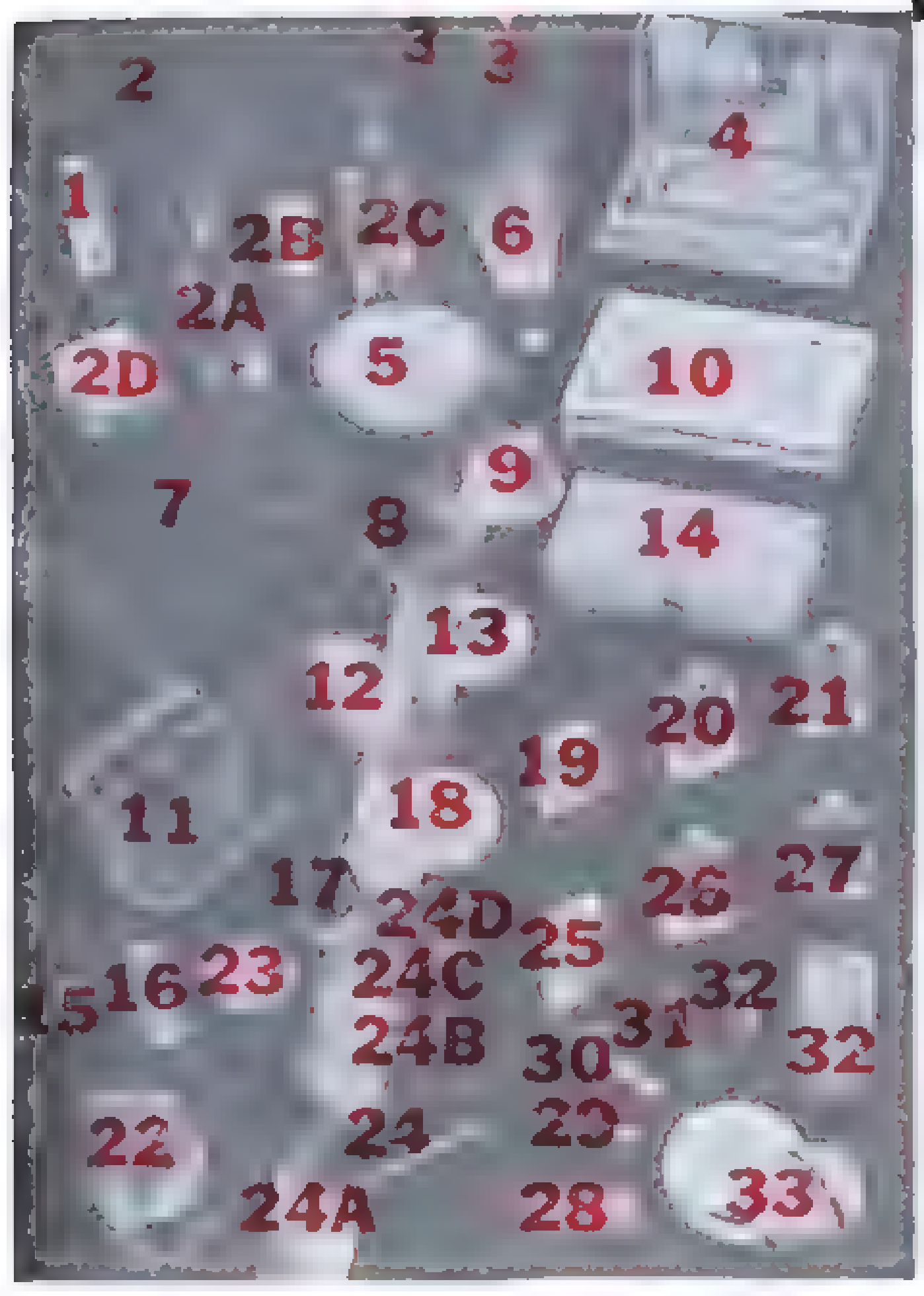


Vanity, thy name is not always woman

LAST DAY
LAST DAY





Maybe we're just betraying our inherent loutishness to call this page of toilet articles the implements of vanity. It were better, perhaps, to have said something simple, such as "Gifts that will put him next door to Godliness," or maybe something bright about "Keep it clean."

1. An imported clothes brush with satinwood top . . 2. A strikingly boxed toilet set, including (a) after-shave lotion, (b) talcum, and (c) eau de cologne, and (d) shaving soap bowl . . 3. Suntan cream and essence in unusual containers . . 4. Toilet case in leather, answering a man's every grooming need; accessories are trimmed in satinwood . . 5. Lazy man's joy—a floating bath bowl . . 6. The silver tipped staghorn handle gives this whiskbroom a beautiful grip . . 7. Alligator toilet case notable for slide fastening and three-piece crest initials . . 8. Brush with ebony back—owner's initials atop . . 9. A circular bath brush . . 10. Gift carton especially prepared for men, consisting of lilac vegetal, talcum and shaving soap bowl . . 11. Pigskin travel kit with striking contrasting red lining, carrying three bottles . . 12. A hairbrush backed in fine satinwood . . 13. Bowl of shaving soap known for its fragrance and longevity . . 14. A toilet case of solid saddle leather—an old army design turned over to civilian use . . 15. Black handle shaving brush . . 16. Shaving brush with red, white and blue handle and imported badger bristles . . 17. Hair brush with severe modern design in chrome and black enamel . . 18. Shaving soap bowl . . 19. Talcum . . 20. Hairdressing lotion . . 21. After-shave lotion . . 22. A three musketeer set—eau de cologne scalp stimulant and after shave lotion—in a box unit which keeps them all for one and one for all . . 23. A man sized shaving brush with badger bristles, and an unusual handle to boot . . 24. a, b, c, d, To take care of the week end—a chrome and black enamel brush which carries along a comb, razor, blades, shaving brush and soap . . 25. Talcum . . 26. Hair lotion . . 27. After-shave lotion . . 28. Electric razor with bright red handle, packed in white leather case . . 29. Safety razor with an automatic blade magazine . . 30. Gold safety razor . . 31. Hollow ground blade safety razor . . 32. Hollow ground blade safety razor and chrome box with strop, hone and carrier . . 33. The well-dressed man wears a soap ball in his shower.

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To connoisseurs of conviviality

For uninhibited people on whose lives a little laughter falls, in whose homes it is not surprising to find "a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear." Gifts, these, for good fellows with whom you sometimes get together.

1. "Green Pastures" pickaninnies in dull pottery, their clothing glazed . . 2. A reclining porcelain zebra, one of a limited edition—each numbered and signed by the sculptor . . 3. Gimbal, modern cocktail service; its anchor-decorated crystal glasses stay upright under all conditions . . 4. Huntsman, hand carved in wood, whistles "A-hunting We Will Go" . . 5. Refillable Syphon in chrome finished all-metal bottle . . 6. A tobacco jar covered in pigskin over aluminum . . 7. Tantalus set; the chromium carrier has a small lock . . 8. Matches that light themselves when pulled down from the container . . 9. Ice bowl and tongs in satin finished aluminum, yellow metal trimmed . . 10. Six hole nautical pipe rack . . 11. Sterling brandy bowl and ladle . . 12. Hand painted safety matchboxes . . 13. Aluminum shaker with bakelite ends . . 14. Jolly Tar, whistles "The Sailor's Hornpipe." . . 15. Aluminum whiskey noggin, julep imbiber, and shaker . . 16. An artistic study of a gob, in imported porcelain . . 17. Burled walnut cigarette box with yellow metal base and trim. Top contains watch with blue face and gold numerals . . 18. John Peel and the words of his famous hunting song decorate this jug. When you lift it, a concealed music box plays the song . . 19. Spread eagle design, chromium radiator cap decoration . . 20. Individual cocktail containers; you write the name of the concoction in pencil on the side of each to avoid mixing drinks . . 21. A touch of the metal match gives you a light from this combination clock and lighter . . 22. Imported porcelain sportswoman airing hounds . . 23. Decorated wooden box for parlor matches, pipe-smoker's size . . 24. Hand-carved skater on a crystal icelike base . . 25. Sterling silver martini mixer. A teak handle on the mixer, a pineapple design atop the spoon . . 26. Last year's No. 1 favorite was this whistling "Man on the Flying Trapeze" in carved wood . . 27. Heavy, crystal decanter with he-man crystal glasses for all tastes in drinking . . 28. A decorative pottery head in the collector's class . . 29. Cigarette selection box in red leather, cedar lined . . 30. The other side of the bench on which this porcelain figure sits is a cigarette case . . 31. Two mugs that open and conceal beer cans . . 32. Ashtray with cork center. The pipe is a beautiful straight grain . . 33. Chromium coaster container filled with red Scottie silhouette coasters of absorbent yellow cardboard . . 34. Composition gearshift knob with silver monogram design.

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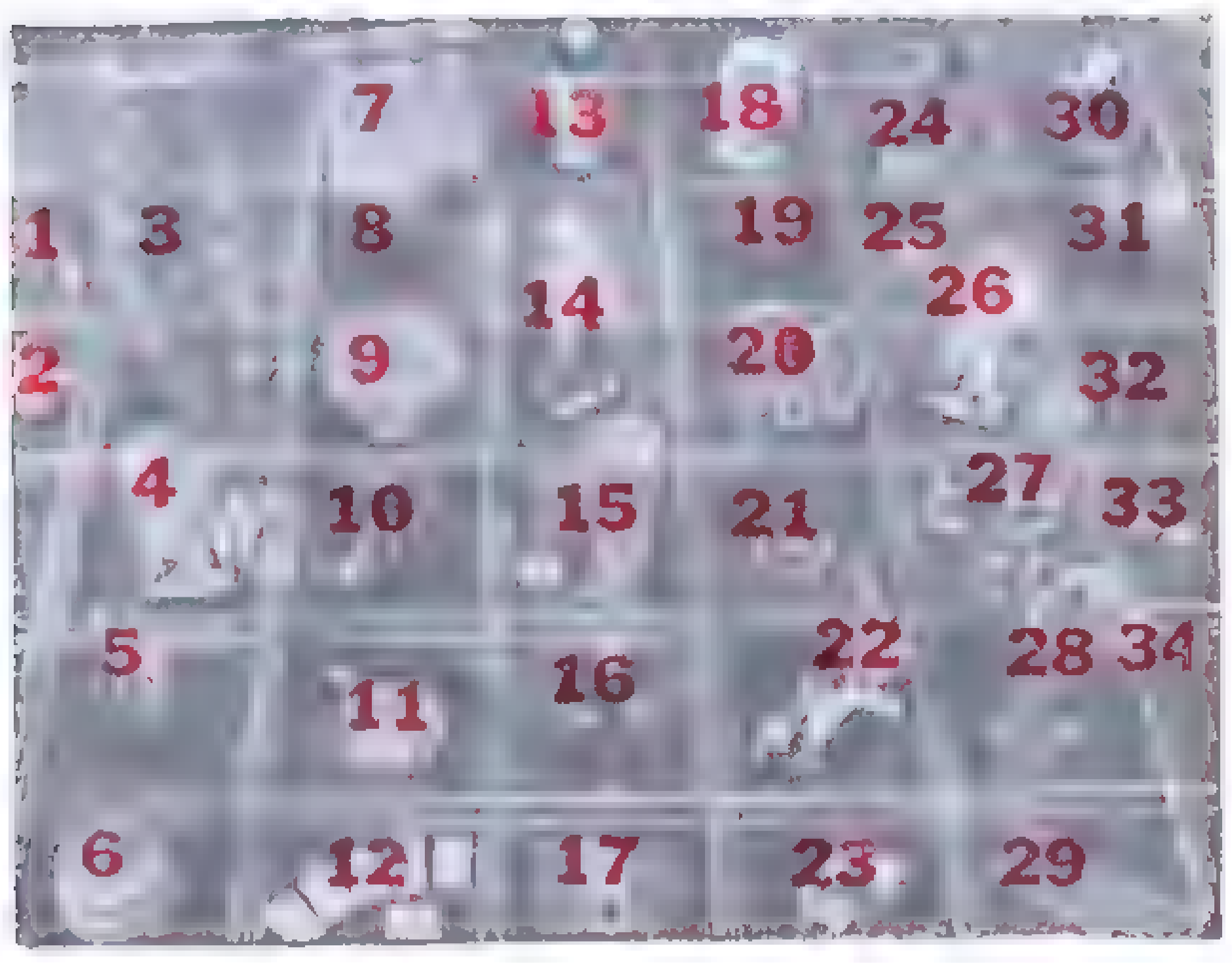

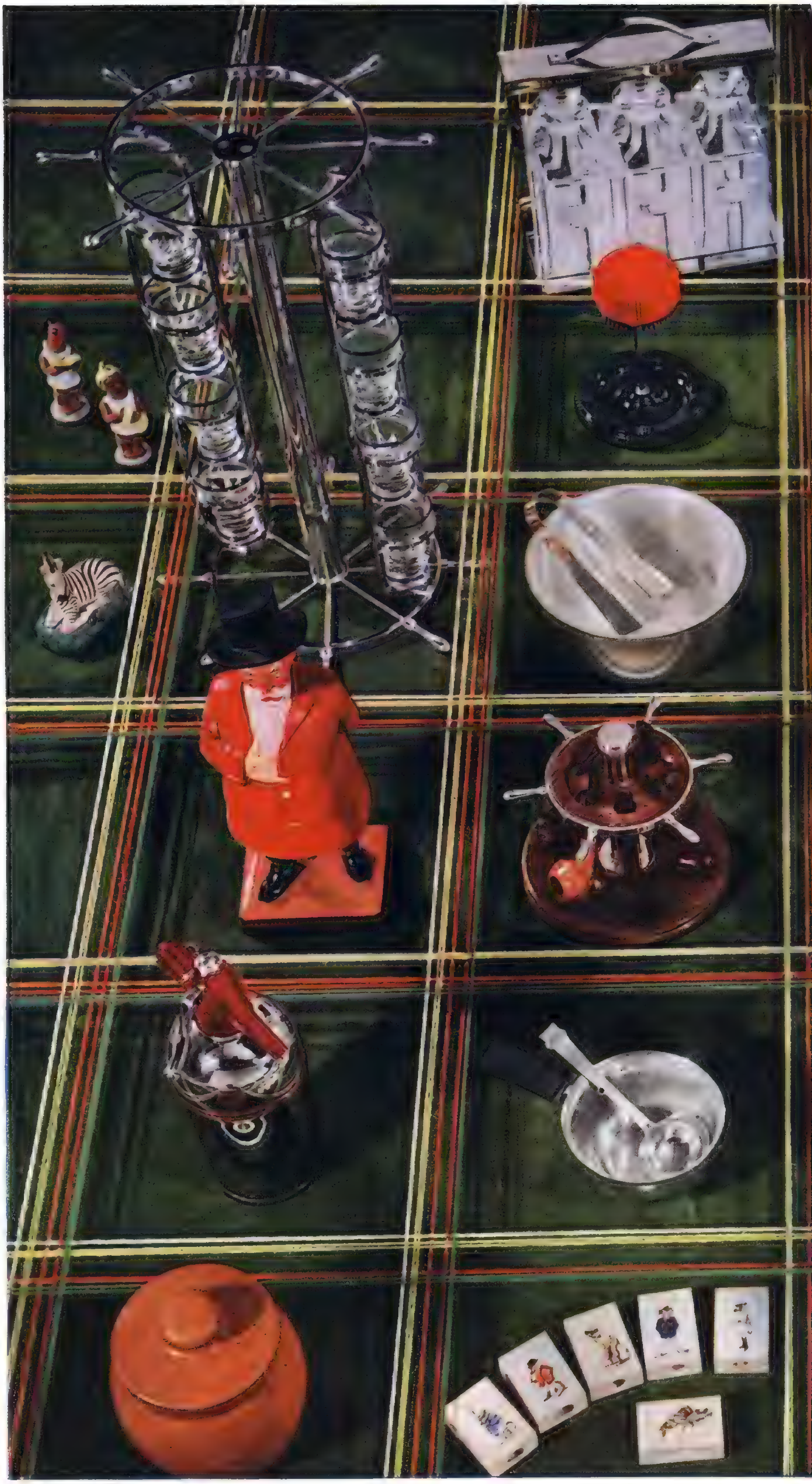

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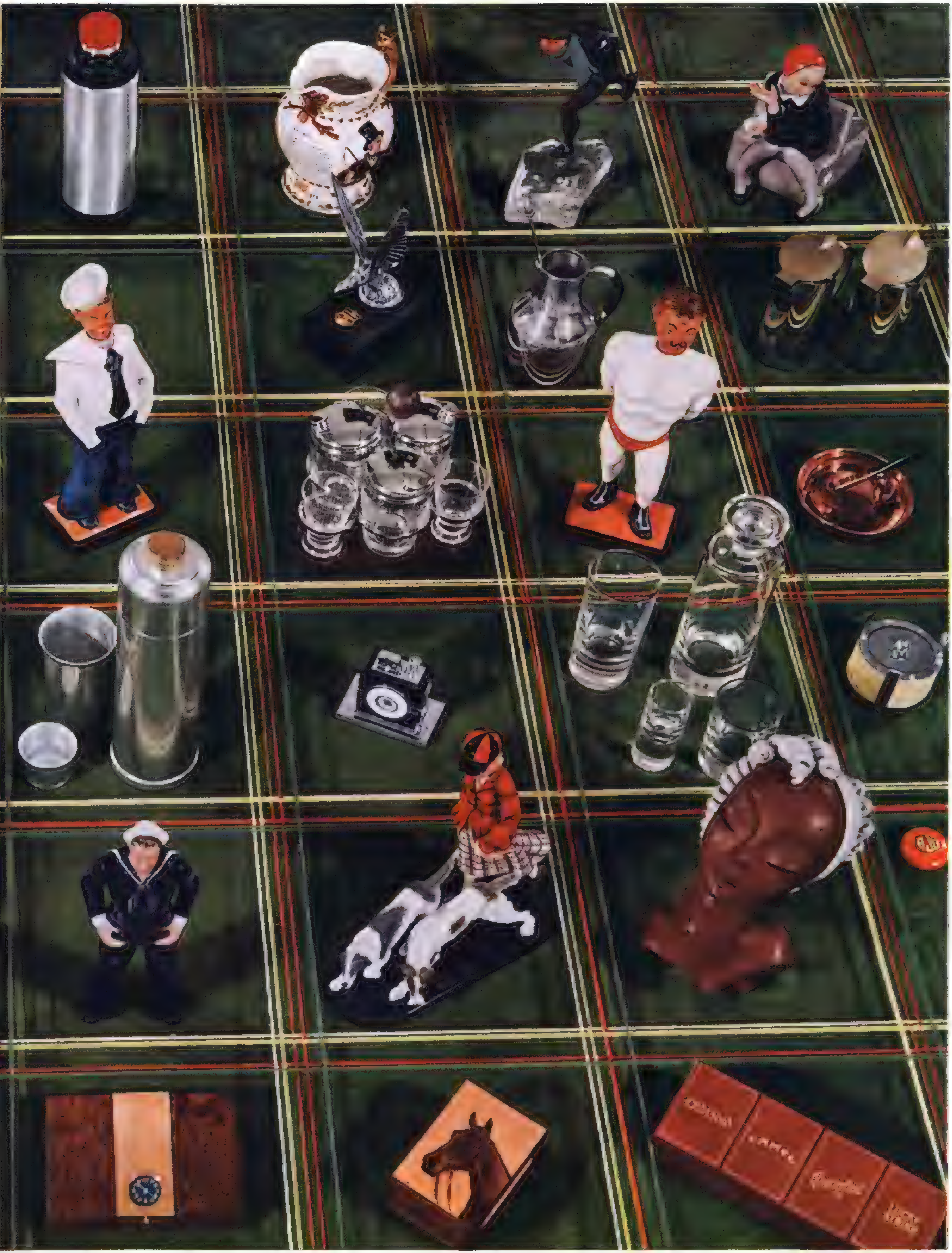
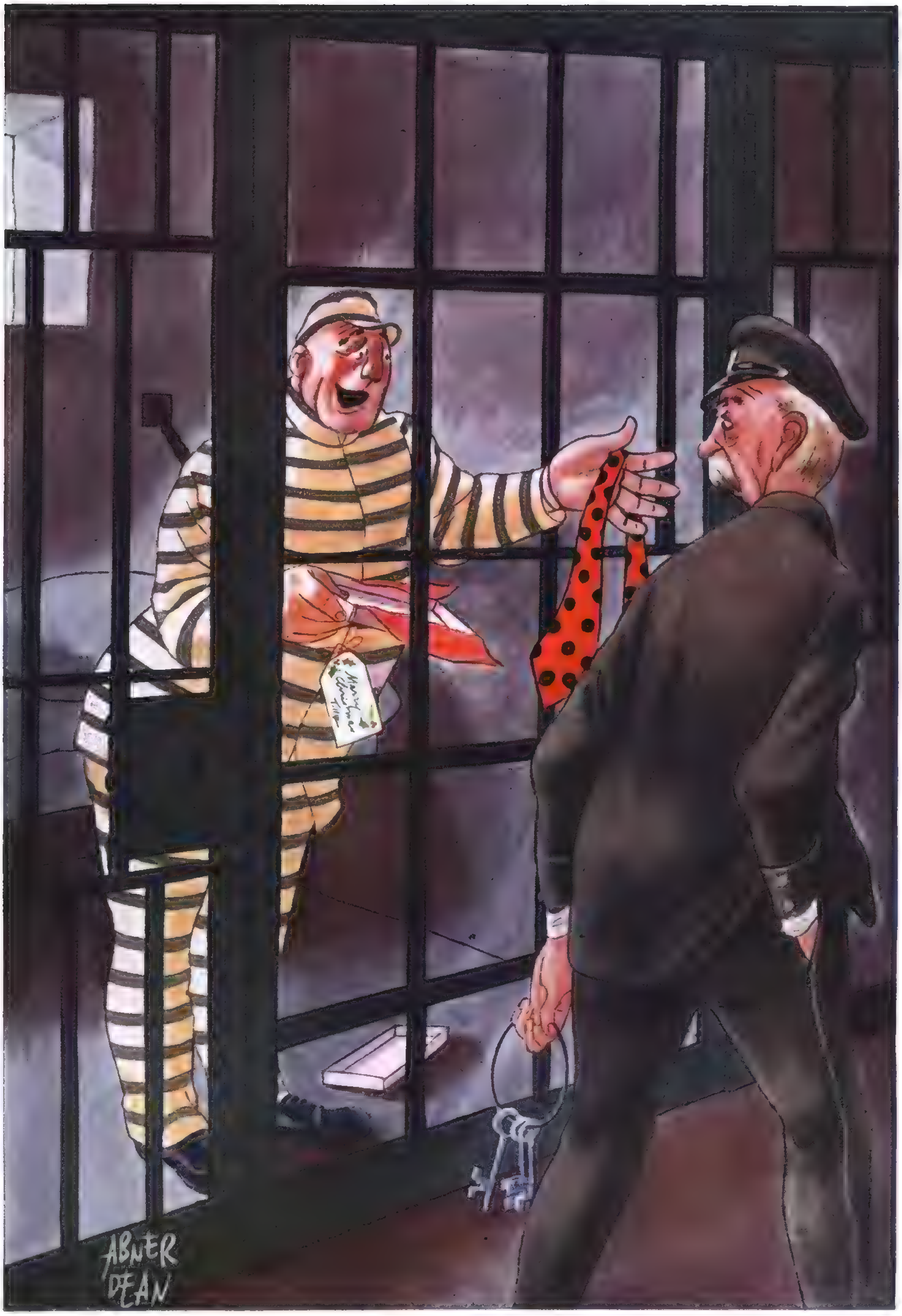


GIFT PAGES DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.


Merry Christmas
ABNER DEAN

"Could you use it?—I haven't a thing that goes with it"

Shyster of Fortune

Comedy of terrors in the life of a lawyer who out-smarted himself under his own nose

by HARRY M. KLINGSBERG

• SATIRE •

On a May morning in 1936 the sun rose, the birds sang, and the air was full of sunshine, but there was no joy in the heart of Bucky Sharp, small and worm-like shyster lawyer, for he was in receipt of a letter from the Censors Committee of the Bar Association demanding his presence before them the following morning at eleven o'clock. Running over such of his transgressions as might have resulted in the summons, Bucky was unable to come to a conclusion; he was, accordingly, indignant.

"Damn them!" he muttered. "They don't even tell you what it's all about!"

The worst of it was, this was his fifth trip before the Committee; the last time was just a year ago, also in May. He had been warned then that one more offense and he would be cited for disbarment—and no two ways about it, either; not the way chairman Jonas Gordon had looked when he issued the ultimatum. But who had complained against him? Bucky considered. There was the Billings woman and that mortgage swindle—no, she was too far gone and feeble and never stirred from the house any more. There was old man Deck and that framed breach of promise suit—no, he'd hardly want that matter brought to light again. There was that Scopati chap—a little embezzlement in an accident case—no, he was a timid little foreigner and probably never heard of such a thing as a Censors Committee. Bucky thought over some other possibilities and discarded them, because what really lay in his mind all that time was that Mrs. O'Gilvey was the one who had reported him; she was a woman he had not trusted in the first place.

Mrs. O'Gilvey was the barrel-like, truculent, thick-brogued Irishwidow who owned the newsstand on the corner; during the past month Bucky, with a colleague named Andy Fix, had pulled a triple play on her of remarkable deftness. It all began when Mrs. O'Gilvey decided to live in the country and retained Bucky to negotiate for a place she had discovered; her liking for the house made a situation exactly suited to his talents. Secretly possessing himself of the premises through a straw party for two thousand dollars, he had resold it to the woman for twenty-five hundred—thus a neat profit of five hundred dollars. But Bucky was not one to abandon the gleanings—not while he could still count collateral in the purse of his victim. At the moment of settlement there appeared Andy Fix with a prior agreement of purchase in one hand and a Bill for Injunction in the other; he declared he was first to buy the property and was there to see that the same was conveyed to no one but himself. Thus confronted, the straw party, following directions, pleaded lapse of memory and offered to return Mrs. O'Gilvey's deposit. But she had already spent several hundred dollars for improvements which Bucky advised her she could not recover; there was nothing for her to do but take his advice and buy off Andy—three hundred dollars more split equally between the lawyers. And for the additional service Bucky had charged her another fifty dollars, all of which, less payment to the straw party, netted him a total of seven hundred dollars—or just about seven times what some less imaginative lawyer would have made out of the transaction.

It was while promoting the settlement with Andy Fix that Bucky began to wonder if he could trust Mrs. O'Gilvey; she had seemed to doubt him before, but the way she looked when she handed over that money was very, very suspicious. And ever since then she had snapped and growled at him every time he passed by her newsstand, so that he had taken to avoiding her corner on the way to City Hall. Yes, Bucky thought as he fingered his unwelcome letter, it was nobody but Mrs. O'Gilvey who had preferred charges to the Committee. But how could he make sure? Bucky put his brains to the problem and evolved a little test which would enable him to find out.

He put on his hat and went down to the corner, ostentatiously dropping a dime in the change box.

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Gilvey," he greeted. "You're looking fine today."

The big newswoman scowled at him. "Thin it ain't th' way I fale," she retorted, and Bucky shivered slightly. She certainly had that Bar Association look written all over her.

"You could never feel as fine as you look," he came back gallantly. "And how are the children and the place in the country?"

"Listen 'ere," she demanded. "What's on yer moind? Did ye figure out I owed ye mo'ore money?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "When I explain why I'm here, you'll be sorry you spoke like that. Mrs. O'Gilvey, it so happens there's a party who wants to buy your business and I think he'll give you a nice, handsome price for it."

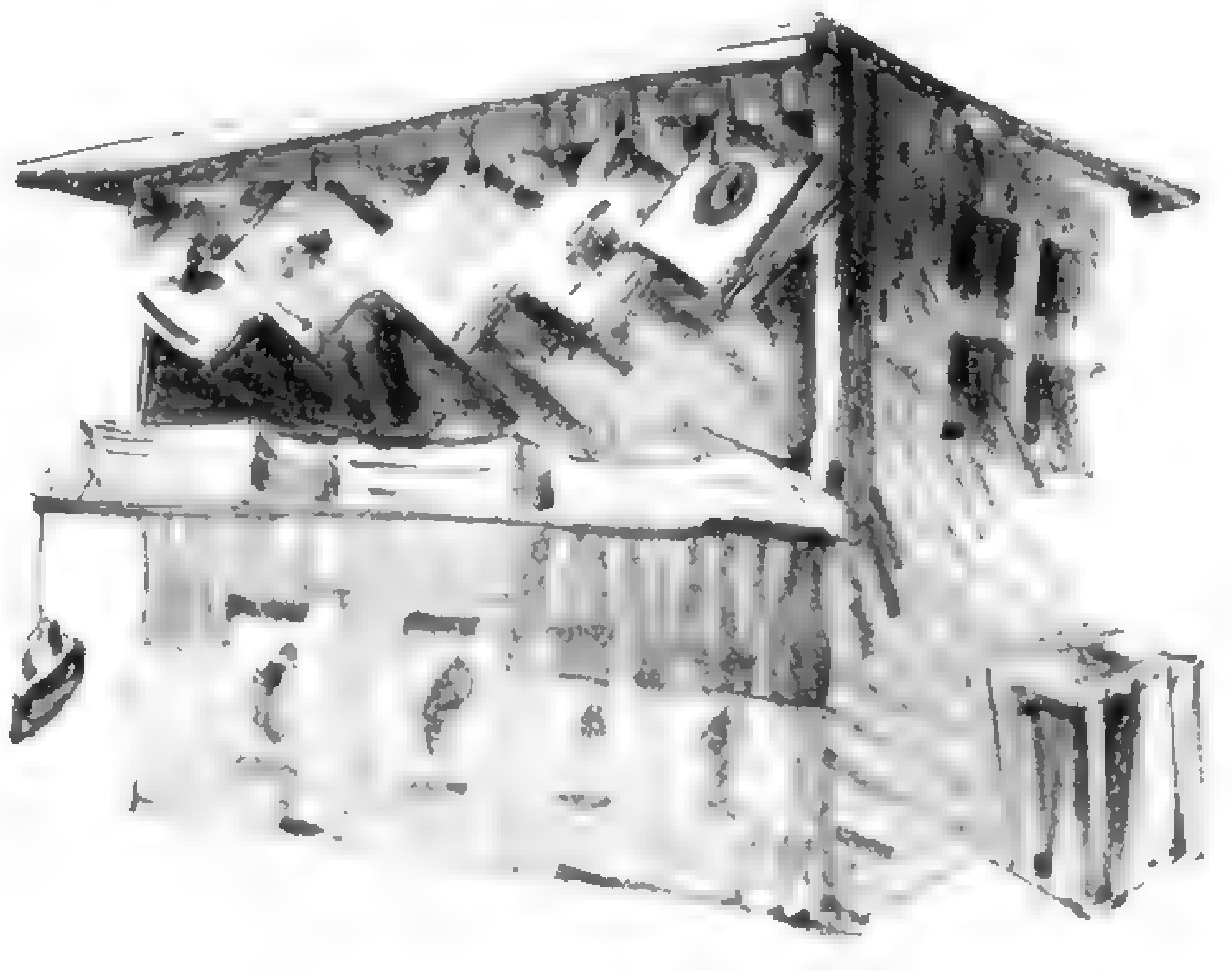
He knew this would interest her, for he had heard her say that now that her children were grown she would like to retire, provided she could sell her newsstand. To her demand for further detail, however, he returned the plausible argument that they could not discuss it then and there on the street, and finally she agreed to come to his office.

"All right. Me hilper'll be 'ere in fifteen minutes and thin I'll be over."

Bucky left, quite pleased with himself. The mummery he was staging would not only reveal quickly whether she had reported him, but if such was the case would also keep her from appearing before the Committee and generally disarm her; would she press charges against him while he had a customer for her business? He made a quick stop in a nearby building and saw a man named Hoyt, whom he employed now and then in his maneuverings; him he directed when to telephone and what to say, after which he returned to his office.

Continued in center of page 219

DAILY
grossman



The Classy Allusion

Erudite is the mass circulation that catches the learned symbols batted out by headline writers

by R. B. SULLIVAN

ARTICLE

THERE is a tendency among the more snobbish thinkers of our land to look upon newspaper writing with a curl of their chiseled lips, and to view the newspaper reader—particularly the tabloid reader—as a mental dwarf who, when addressed at all, must be spoken to in loud and distinct tones, using simple words. An apologist need not concern himself with reasons for this attitude, which must be sought far in the steaming depths of the human mind, but he can offer a few clear-cut examples which should topple this theory, with any luck at all. Glance at a few headlines:

BORGIA POISONS
HUSBAND TO WED
ADONIS OF BEACH

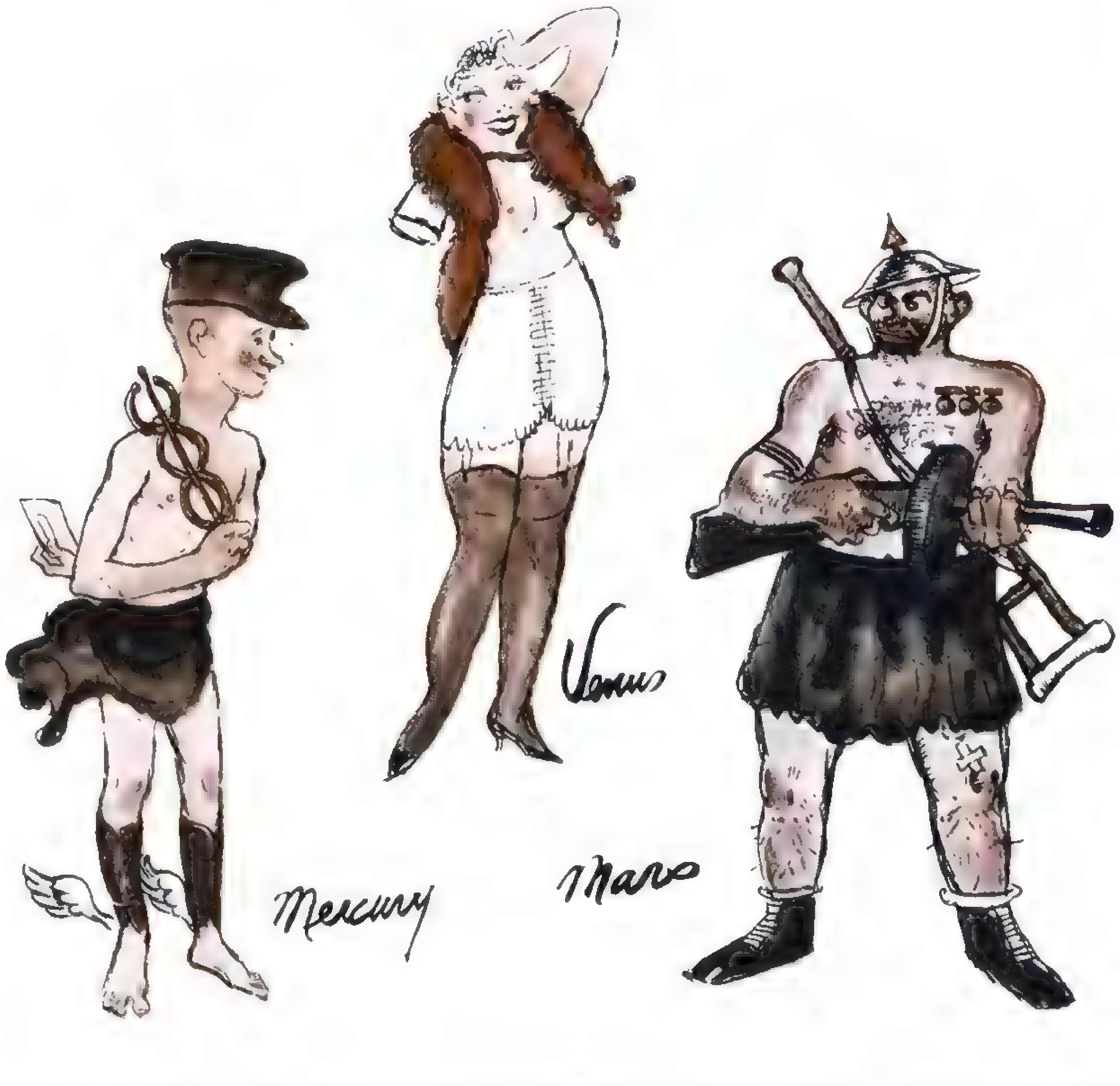
MILLIONAIRE, 84,
DESERTS HIS WIFE
FOR BLONDE LORELEI

REVEAL BROKER
AS A CASANOVA
OF 150 LOVES

CINDERELLA BRIDE
SUES SPORTSMAN
FOR BEATING HER

MODERN GODIVA
RIDES BIKE IN
TIMES SQUARE

GUN MOLL TURNS
DELILAH AND PUTS
GANGSTER ON SPOT



One look at these headlines will convince you that the reader, in order to understand what he reads, must have a rather extensive background of literature, history, mythology and religion. Then go into the stories. You will run across phrases such as these: *bacchanalian revels; a tale of horror rivaling Poe's most gruesome moods; a Machiavellian scheme; the Midas touch; a Cattle Croesus of the Pampas; a Jekyll-Hyde; the Shylock racket; an Enoch Arden divorce; crossed the Rubicon; met his Waterloo.* These come-on phrases are further evidence that the reader must know his classics.

The critic of the tabloids may reply that perhaps the readers enjoy being mystified, but this answer will not stand up. You can mystify them part of the time, but if you do it all the time, they won't keep coming back to the newsstands with their pennies.

The reader of the popular press is looked upon as a low grade moron (even by the editors, apparently) who dribbles his gruel over his chin and gibbers happily at the picture of the slain gangster. But how could he be, with all this information stored away in his brain cells? And the conclusion is inescapable that these—shall we say classical?—references, mean something to him.

From a vantage point, the nature of which need not be revealed, the flow of the printed word in tabloid form can be easily observed in its mint state, fresh from the typewriters of the rewrite battery. An onlooker at this point (oh, all right, the copy desk) becomes familiar with the cast of characters used by the writing staff to make clearer the word pictures they are composing for the great, gasping, gullible world. It is the observer's task to decide, on the spur of the moment, whether the personification chosen by the writer is appropriate, and whether it is widely enough known to have a meaning for the most humble reader. There have been few complaints to date, although that may be because our readers are ashamed to come forth and display their lack of knowledge. Goodness knows they are ashamed of nothing else, but that's a different story.

Consider the first of the headlines above. If the Latin Lucrezia can live for centuries as the personification of the poisoner, then a *Borgia* from the Bronx deserves her day in the headlines. Modern authorities are destroying the glamour of the original by restoring her character, but the legend lives on and the glamour that was Lucrezia's envelops for a day, a week or a month the *Borgia* of today. She, at least, is no myth. The woman reader can suffer with her as she sobs out the story of cruel beating, neglect and infidelity in the home. The shopgirl's mind will be far from the swaying Fourth Avenue local as she thrills to the tale of the heroic rescue at Coney Island, when the strapping lifeguard, and *Adonis*, of course, pulled the wronged wife from the treacherous surf. The girl garment worker can enjoy a vicarious shiver of delight as the poisoner describes her return to consciousness with the strong hands of the *Adonis* squeezing her lower ribs. The stenographer can sin without shame as the woman tells haltingly of the first tryst in the romantic love nest. The male reader gets his fun by identifying himself with the *Adonis*, especially if the woman is at all good-looking.

Such a story would be just another poisoning without the *Borgia* and the *Adonis*. The living characters need resemble their prototypes but slightly. As the story unfolds from day to day, *Borgia* in 60-point type will call forth in the reader's mind a hellishly beautiful woman, torn by an unholy passion, putting arsenic in her husband's soup, or perhaps rat poison in his coffee; *Adonis* in the same headline will summon the vision of a tall, broad-shouldered youth in a bathing suit, with muscles rippling under bronzed skin. The names would not have that effect if the reader had not seen them before. Somewhere in the back of his mind there is the recollection that *Borgia* is associated with poison and *Adonis* with beautiful youth.

The *Borgia-Adonis* pattern of love, fortunately for husbands, is rather rare. Most affairs are carried on without benefit of poison or rescue at sea, and it is usually the man who is the aggressor. Here the tabloids are in luck, for literature and history have supplied them with an extensive list of men on the make, with variety enough to fit almost any contingency. Is the lover young, does he make silly speeches and is he somewhat unsuccessful in his suit? Then the rewrite man can put him down as a *Romeo* and let it go at that. If, however, the protagonist in the little drama from real life gets what he is after, he is either a *Don Juan* or a *Casanova*, and the reader is duly envious. *Casanova* probably is better for mass seduction. A *Don Juan* is interested more in quality than in quantity. If the lover is from the West, or carries his lady away as a not too unwilling captive, then he can be described as a *Lochinvar*, and the reader seems to understand. *Lochinvar* also applies to any seducer who is able to sit a horse.

Rowe's *Lothario* is still another variation, bringing in the devil-may-care element, although most men, when they have reached the point of being called *Lothario*, are either in jail or being sued, and anything but carefree. A modern knight who comes to the rescue of a lady without thought of reward is a *Launcelot*. If the knight is foolish enough to reject the reward when offered, he is *Sir Galahad* come back to earth, as mystifying as he is romantic. Any man who so far forgets himself as to be courteous to a woman, rain or shine, qualifies immediately as a *Sir Walter Raleigh*. The last three are faintly comic.

Then there are the female counterparts of these figures. *Juliet*, for a wonder, seldom is encountered. But we have the *Lorelei*, usually applied to blondes of Germanic or Aryan extraction, and the *Sirens*, who are darker in complexion, although no pigmentary considerations may enter the case and the names may be used freely for any woman or girl thought to have exerted her charms with malice aforethought. Besides these generic terms, there are also specific personages: *Circe*, possibly, or *Cleopatra*, or maybe *Helen of Troy*, all dangerously alluring and fatal in effect on man. Not infrequently you may see mention of *DuBarry* or *Pompadour;* these have a slightly disreputable, though effective, nuance, being French, and may be used to tag foreign film stars who have become illicitly involved with elderly garment gaekwars. *Mona Lisa* once in a while may be employed powerfully, especially in the case of a quizzical murderess with a gioconda smile who is contemptuous of all who survive her operations. (Here also note *Sphinx.*) We must record *Magdalen*, for any fallen woman, and *Joan of Arc* for, to cite one use, the girls who chain themselves to fences at Communist meetings. *Messalina* may be encountered as the sexual complement of *Casanova*, but in our morality she is distinctly not to be approved. That sort of thing is all right for a man.

While *Adonis* most often pegs the handsome man, some hidden genius on the rewrite staff may flash out into originality with *Apollo*. *Adonis'* vis-a-vis, *Venus*, is a hardy perennial, describing in a word the lush charms of some bathing beauty or corybant, but *Aphrodite* almost never is used.

These personages are not to be thought of as nude in the classical manner. If nudity is to be indicated, *Godiva* must be used, or *Adam and Eve*, with a leering flick of the fig leaf. And, in passing, a man may be an *Adonis* without being a *Beau Brummel*, and may be both without being a *Chesterfield*, a state of affairs perfectly well-known to tabloidia.

Diana
Don Juan
Bacchus
'EL'

Many of these allusions, naturally, are in demand in the treatment of stories involving sex. Some euphemism must be found, some word which will carry a whole story in itself, so that the paper, virtuously, will not be compelled to furnish an anatomical diagram or spell out the words in front of its innocent readers. The correctly selected word will set in motion in the reader's mind a lubricious little playlet which will dramatize the actions for him, in costume, or without, as the case may be.

Let there be a reference to *Boccaccio*, and at once he will think of some of the stories in that book he bought for 47c at the chain drugstore. Or let the word *Rabelaisian* be mentioned; he knows at once what that means—something dirty although he may never have heard of *Pantagruel*. (He knows the word gargantuan.) *Sadism*—ah! that's one the boys like; it means cutting little girls up into jagged fragments with a plasterer's trowel or the weird rites of some millionaire's strange whip cult. Yes, sir, they know what *sadism* means, although they may not know of the engaging marquis or that other interesting fellow, *Leopold von Sacher-Masoch*. *Jack the Ripper* is the grand-daddy of all sadists and just a hint of his name assures the rapt attention of all readers.

Of *Sappho*, except in connection with poetry, or of *Lesbos*, there can be only the vaguest of whispers, but whispers horribly fascinating in their implications, fraught with many a shocking secret speculation. *Oedipus*, too, is a name seldom seen, except in guarded hint, and *Jocasta*, of course, is unknown. These departures from the norm in love are gravely regarded, but if you stick to the more conventional forms of eroticism you can carry on high.

When we—reluctantly—leave sex, we come into the broad expanse of general news where almost anything, as the late James Branch Cabell neatly put it, is rather more than likely to happen. And the boys will be ready for it, too.

Let two mothers argue possession of a child in a hospital mix-up. Without the slightest mental effort the rewrite man gets *Solomon* into the story. Let a youngster be arrested for theft and blame some elder person (male or female) for his wrongdoing; *Fagin* will be led out on the end of his rope. Let some soft-hearted thief give away part of his loot and the keys of the typewriter will spell out *Robin Hood* without a break in their steady rhythm. Let the mayor be observed somewhere informally without previous announcement and he has turned *Haroun-al-Raschid*. Let a prominent banker (money-changer) be detected living in duplicate, or triplicate, and he is a *Jekyll-Hyde*. These all flow from the tips of the rewrite man's fingers with ludicrous ease.

One who betrays—not sexually this time—is a *Judas*, a *Pontius Pilate* or a *Benedict Arnold*, which one depending on the delicate degrees known to the trade and equally well known to the reader, however inaccurately. Another sly fellow, not actually a betrayer in the flatfooted sense of the word, but one who does it more smoothly, is a *Machiavelli*. Still another, in very ill repute, is the

Continued in center of page 278

A Gamecock Doesn't Forget

What the crowing of a Soup-pot Fowl did to the soul of Ben the First, terror of the pit

by EDWARD JEROME VOGELER

• FICTION •

NEVER double-cross a chicken rooster! Don't do it Brother, because he won't forget you. But, when I say "chicken rooster," don't think for a moment I am speaking of a dunghill barnyard fowl with feathers on its feet, white ear lobes, a heavy comb that flops over one eye and a posterior that when plucked looks like a pinch neck bottle with a hole in it. To chicken men, and I don't mean poultrymen, such vermin are simply soup meat, and damned insipid, unpalatable soup meat at that.

No, when I say chicken rooster, I am speaking of a gamecock, the only fowl a "chicken man" will recognize and, incidentally, the gamest, noblest creature that remains on this earth. And just because his skin is drawn tight over his face and can't wrinkle in scorn when you do him dirt; just because his eyes gleam with an eternal fire that never varies—don't think he won't know it if you deal seconds on him and don't think he won't remember it.

Gene Tunney once said the most skillful boxer is a rank amateur when compared with a fighting cock—or words to that effect. A pretty sophisticated observation that, but it doesn't go far enough. What Gene failed to say is that a chicken rooster knows a lot of things besides fighting and that he speaks a language all his own, a language that serves his needs fully as well as our own jibber-jabber serves ours. Let me illustrate:

Twenty years ago, when I had a hell of a lot more ambition than I have at the moment, I studied French, German, Spanish and Italian and after about four years of intensive work I reached the point where I could walk into a restaurant, point to something I wanted and ask the waitress to "gimme a piece" in any one of the four. But —I have been studying "chicken talk" for more than thirty years and am still virtually inarticulate. The only conclusion I can reach is that it is more difficult to master than most of the lingo employed by humans in squawking for what they want.

To be sure I know that "Da gock, duck duck!" means "What's going on here?"; that "Ka tuck! Ka tuck tuck!" means "Come see what I got!" and that "Duck, duck-a-da-gerawarawk," accompanied by a crooning, lowered inflection of the last syllable and a scraping of the left wing, means "Baby, I could go for you in a big way," or some universal equivalent. But, I have never been able to interpret, much less to voice, the shrill message of warning which a chicken rooster sounds when a natural enemy hoves in sight; nor have I ever been able to understand how in hell he can tell a goshawk from a buzzard from a distance of two hundred yards.

There is one thing, however, I have learned about a chicken rooster, and that is he has a memory like an elephant. You find this hard to believe? Then let me tell you the story of the first of the Bens.

My brother and I were introduced to chickens about thirty years ago when my father's gardener threw a pair of sixes after drinking more than his daily ration of a quart of moonshine and his unhappy widow succumbed a few weeks later to a broken heart and the remnants of a five-gallon jug. It was very sad, and to make matters worse, this good couple left behind them a dozen asparagus plants and a flock of about twenty chickens —all in dire need of attention.

My brother and I ignored the asparagus as too deep for us, but did throw an ear of corn to the chickens whenever we thought of it and occasionally collected an egg. This state of affairs continued for several months and may have kept on indefinitely had it not been for the arrival at our place in the sticks of a stranger, a gaunt and grisly individual about sixty, with bushy eyebrows, gnarled hands and eyes that gleamed with a strange fire. For a long time he gazed at our contented flock and at last he spoke:

"Where did yez get them fowl?" he asked.

"We inherited them," I explained.

"Well," went on the stranger, "yez may of in-herded 'em and yez may of stole 'em, but wherever and however yez got 'em them's game fowl—and damn good ones at that, or I miss me guess."

This meant nothing to us at the time and we were beginning to believe our visitor might be slightly touched in the head, a feeling that grew when suddenly he pointed with a trembling finger at our first chicken rooster and asked with an excitement that was obvious:

"How would yez like to fight that cock, boys?"

"Fight him?" my brother replied. "What do we want to fight him for. He ain't done us nothing."

My brother's English, which has improved but little through the years, hurt me, but his meaning was apparently clear to the stranger who smiled tolerantly.

"I didn't mean for yez boys to fight him," he explained. "I meant, how would yez like to put him in the pit?"

Ah, the tragic ignorance of youth! Today, I blush with shame when I must confess that at that time neither my brother or I had any inkling of the fact that cockfights were held every Saturday night at O'Conner's pit at Highlandtown and every Tuesday and Thursday on the Washington road. But the stranger was patient, sympathetic and understanding.

"I'll tell yez what I'll do, boys," he said. "Let me fight that chicken rooster for yez, and if he win I'll give yez five dollars."

"What if he lose?" my brother asked with a shrewdness not uncommon in those of small learning.

"Well, if he lose, ye still got soup meat."

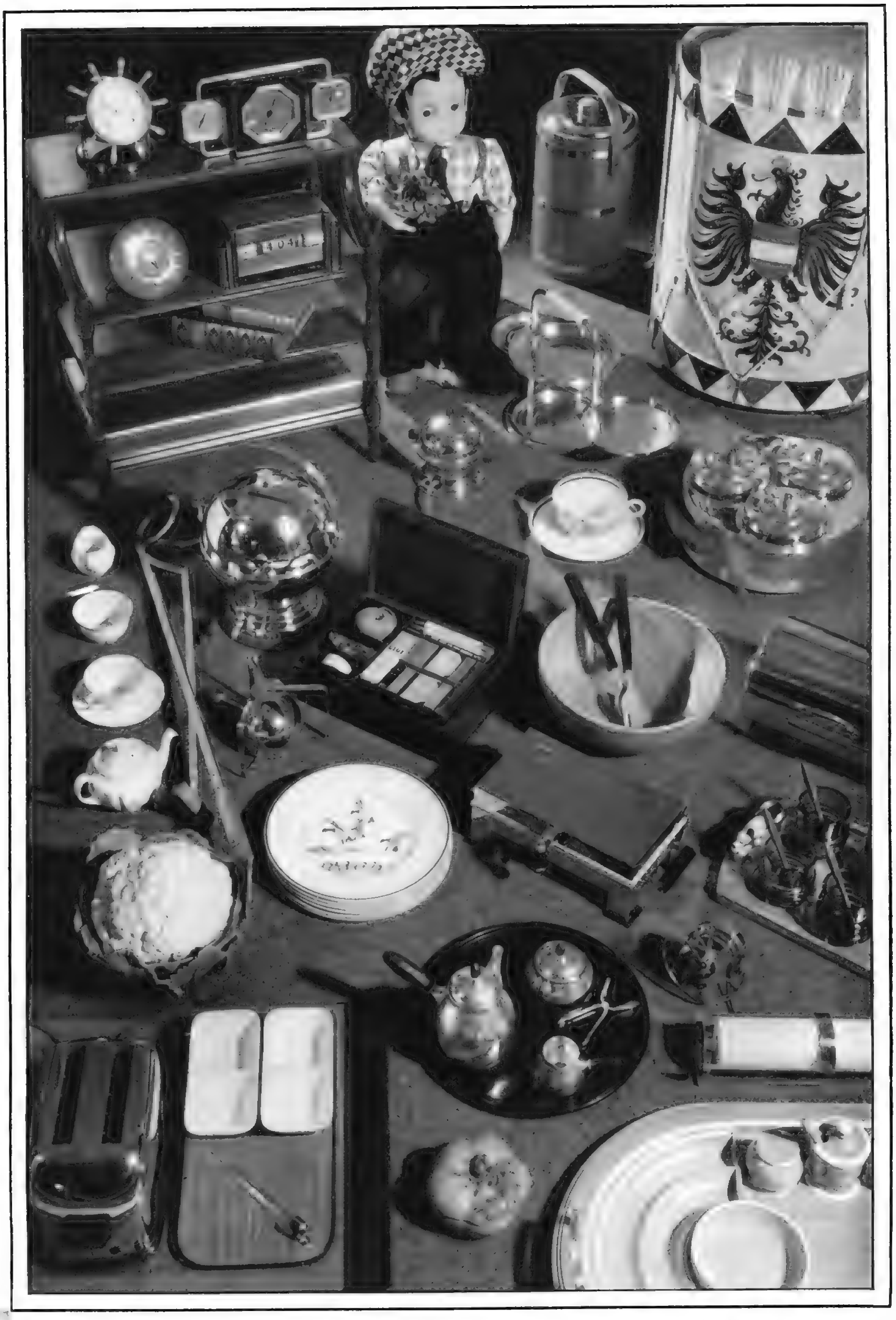
This impressed us as more than fair and the bargain was struck. The stranger carried away our first chicken rooster and two weeks later returned carrying a burlap bag.

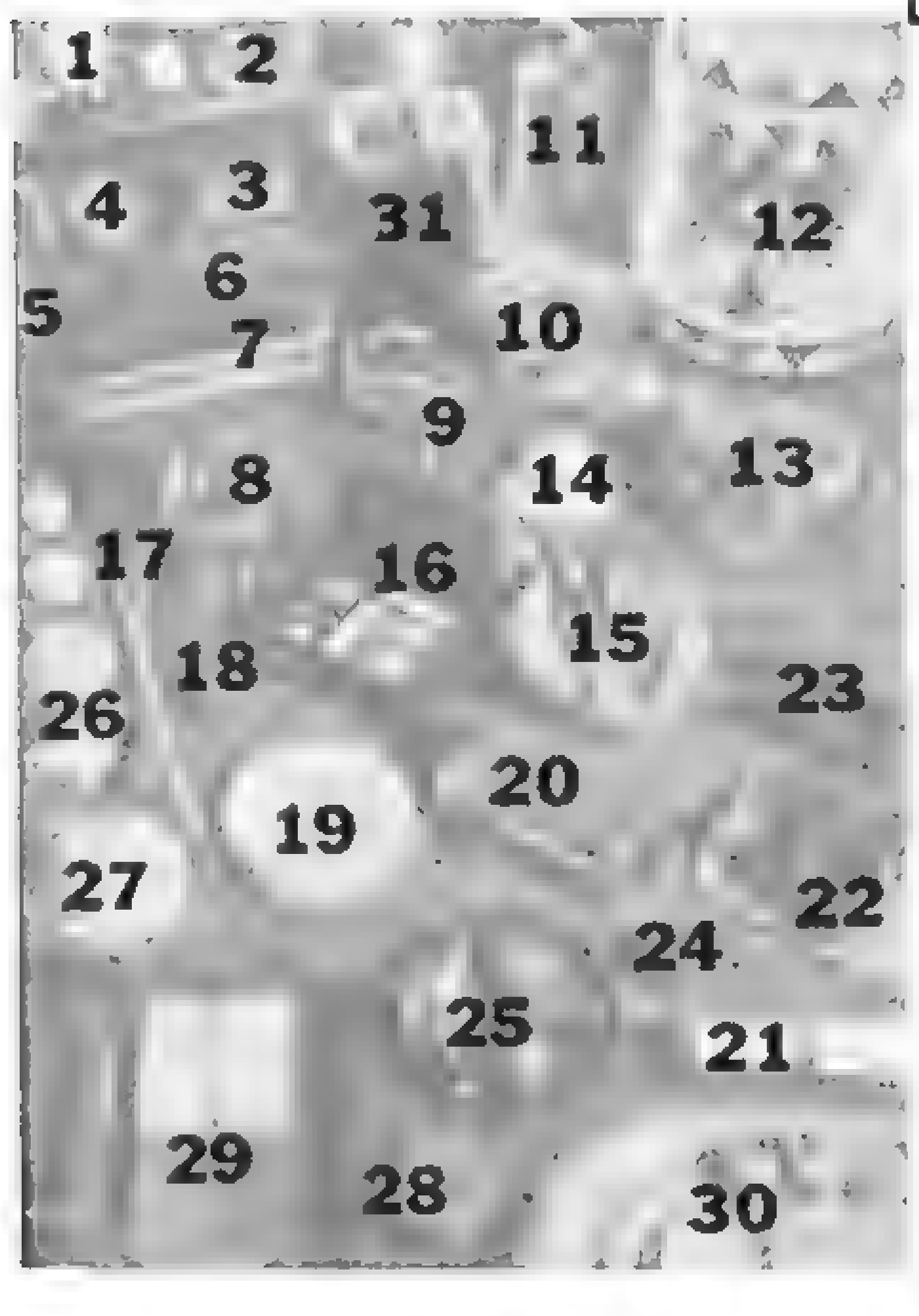
We expected him to dump out an inanimate mass of feathers which we planned to bury without ceremony, so you may judge our delight when he tenderly uncovered our inherited bird.

Ben the First, named in honor of my father's heavy drinking gardener whose last name doesn't matter, looked none the worse

Continued on page 127

Lo, a trinket on the hearth

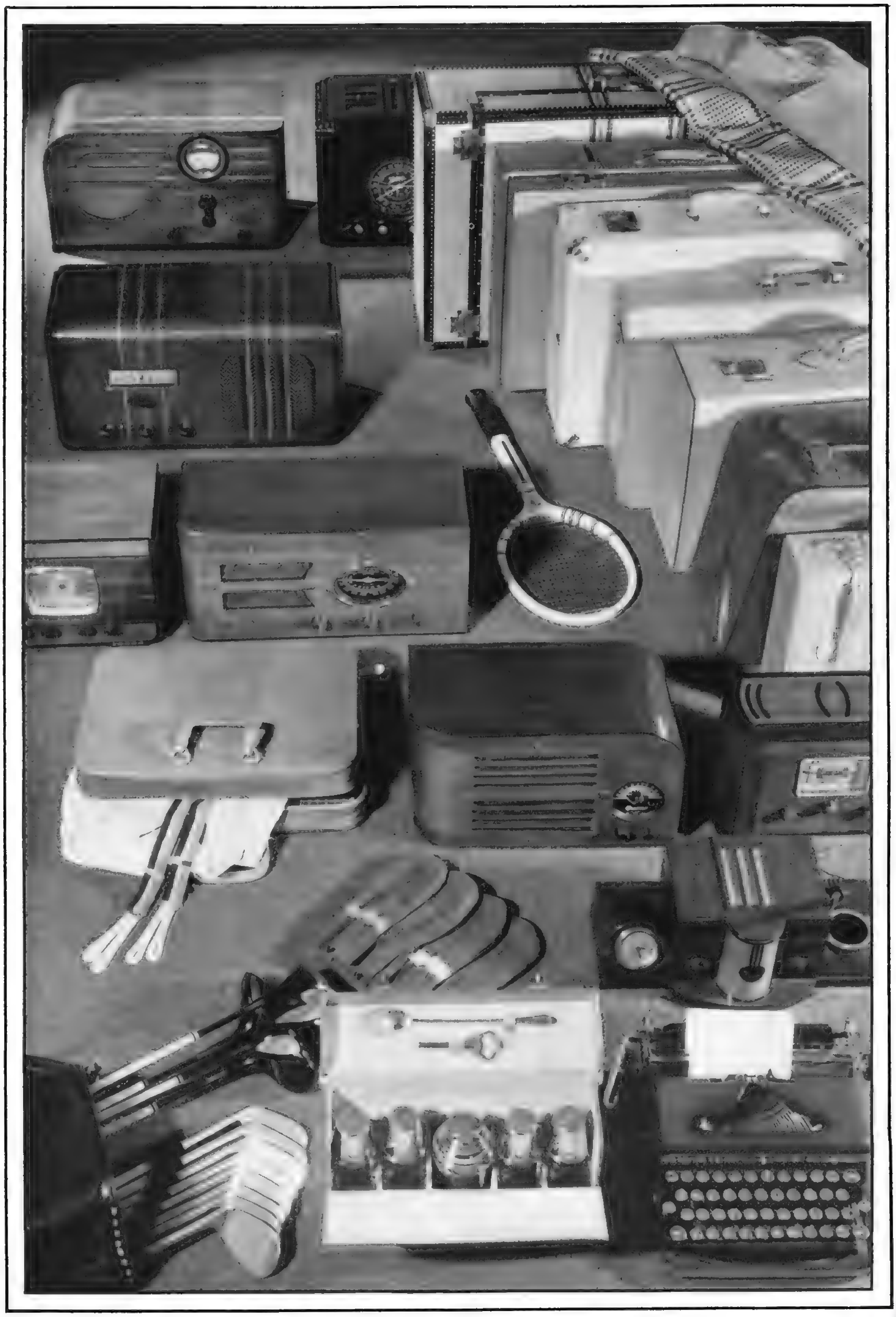




1. A ship's bell clock which chimes out the hours in ship's time . . 2. Combination barometer, hygrometer and thermometer . . 3. A speedometer dial clock . . 4. Clock with brass numerals on wood . . 5. A mahogany table which offers four shelves in a comparatively small area . . 6. Imported Oxford dictionary in hand tooled green calf . . 7. A popular game in a de luxe edition . . 8. Coffee urn of chromium and black wood . . 9. An electric egg boiler to save getting up from the breakfast table—if four eggs are all that's needed . . 10. White handled chromium canape server with swivel trays . . 11. Varnished wood, vacuum ice container trimmed in copper . . 12. A drum whose glass top serves as a cocktail table and whose interior is designed to hold drinking equipment . . 13. A copper miniature steam table capable of keeping food warm electrically for an unlimited time . . 14. An imported cup and saucer combination with a sporting design in colors . . 15. Wooden salad bowl, matching fork and spoon . . 16. Box which holds twine, sealing wax, glue, rubber bands, labels, tags, stickers, paper clips, etc. . . 17. A log turner and poker so clean hands can keep a good fire burning . . . 18. Chromium canned heat container; a trick swivel cup douses the flames perfectly . . 19. Six fine china dinner plates, sporting motifs depicting game birds . . 20. A portable stove in chromium trimmed in black; specializes in waffles and toast . . 21. This glass and chromium container holds cleansing tissues and keeps them clean and neat on its protected roller . . 22. A wooden cocktail tray ornamented by hunting hounds of glazed pottery that serve as handles . . 23. A chromium muffin box trimmed in black—the "hot seat" to take care of toast, hot breads, etc. . . 24. Clock with coiled chromium base and transparent face, giving this a distinctive air . . 25. A famous Danish silversmith designed this four piece coffee service trimmed in ebony . . 26. China breakfast tray service of old Staffordshire wear in delicate pastel tints . . 27. A salad bowl in the shape of a cauliflower . . 28. A tomato which turns out to be a pottery ramekin . . 29. A hostess tray and electric toaster for evening snacks . . 30. A gay wooden canape server with smaller trays and accessories . . 31. A doll to appeal to all children and nearly as big as most of them, standing three feet high.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)

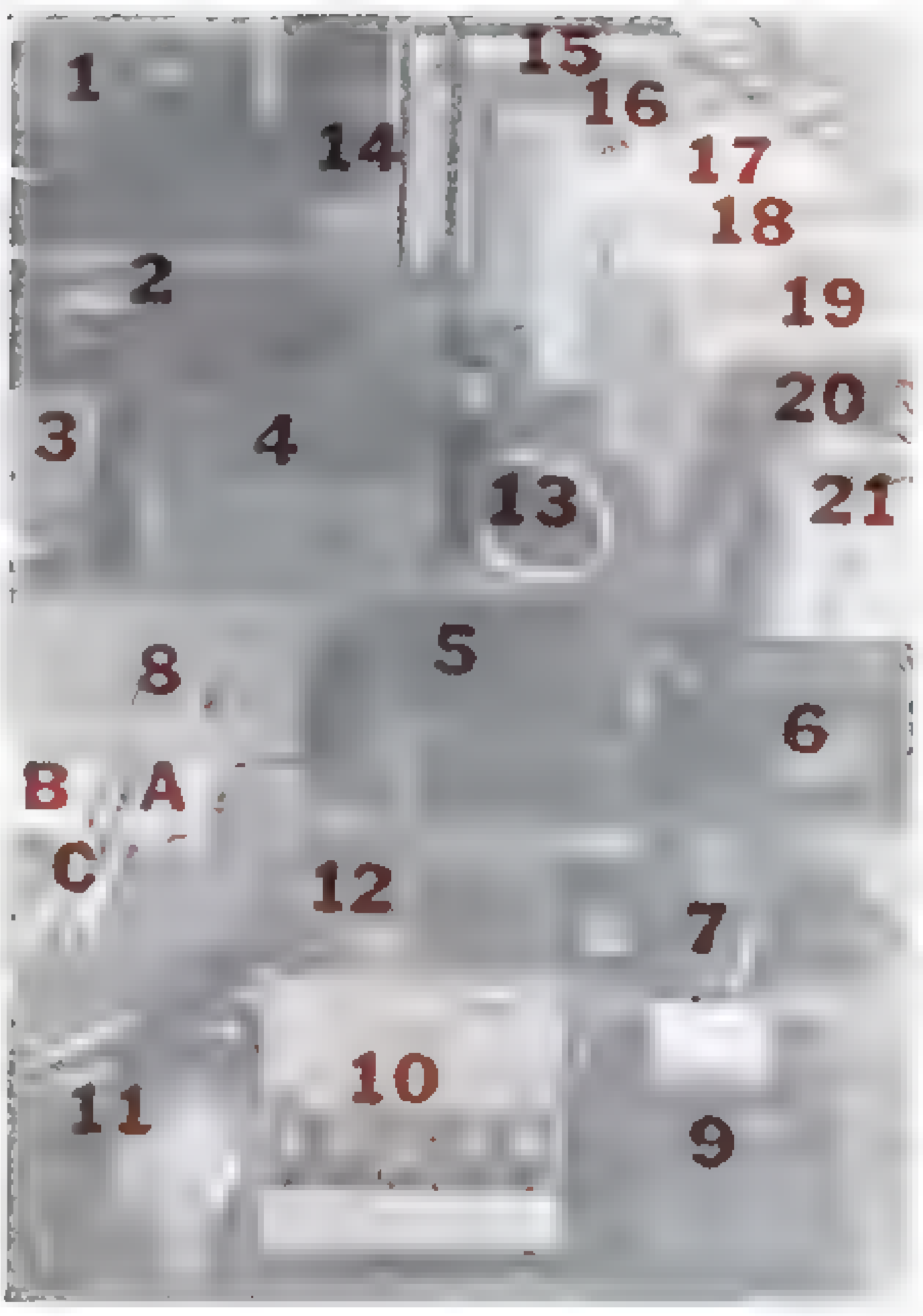
Stay-at-home vs. gadabout



Before you get a pencil poised to jot down suggestions on your gift list we'll have to explain that there's a terrible situation on this page, brought about by that strange concept of commercial modesty that seems to haunt the business departments of magazines. There must be a reason why we can't tell you the names of the makers of the eight radios shown on this page as items 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 14, and this reason is no doubt crystal clear to the business-office mind, although to the editorial mind it's mud-murky. When Burton Rascoe on page 124 recommends a book as a Christmas gift no considerations of advertising avoidance force him to describe it only as a "dark red or a bright green book by an author whose name I am not privileged to divulge," nor is he limited to the general statement that his recommended books are fiction and/or non-fiction, travel and/or poetry, yet all the business office tells us to tell you about these radios is that they are of various shapes and sizes, as you can see for yourself, and that they are AC and/or DC current, long and/or short wave. It reminds us of the days when newspapers, to avoid offering the tender sensibilities of their readers the ugly shock of calling a Ford a Ford, used to speak of "a small light car of popular make." Anyway, to get on with the show . . .

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 14. AC and DC current, long and short wave radios . . 8. A toilet kit which does all the usual and has enough room to carry a week-end's change of linen besides (a) Shirt, (b) Pajamas, (c) Suspenders . . 9. Portable typewriter . . 10. Fitted case with bottles to carry ingredients along with shaker and stirring spoon . . 11. Matched irons and matched woods in leather bag . . 12. Suede leather hoods to protect wooden clubs . . 13. Tennis racket with slotted shock-proof handle . . 15. Wardrobe trunk can be carried by hand . . 16. Suitcase of London Tan Cowhide which telescopes . . 17. Rawhide suitcase accommodates one suit on hanger . . 18. A suitcase which holds two suits on hangers and still leaves room for other travelling requirements . . 19. Red morocco lined cowhide suitcase . . 20. Travelling kit, back which opens out flat so as to accommodate three suits on hangers, as well as other travelling requirements . . 21. Attaché brief case with efficiency file in the cover.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)



The Iron City Express

They spat out teeth when they fought the man who was fired for being too tough on Dempsey

by JAMES R. FAIR

• SPORTS •

Two hours before he would be taxi-ing down to Old Madison Square Garden to fight Tommy Gibbons on a March evening in 1922, Harry Greb lay on his back across the bed in his Pennsylvania Hotel room. He was blind in one eye, a secret shared only by a few trusted friends, was outweighed by seven and a half pounds (Greb 163½, Gibbons 171), and was on the short end of 2-to-1 betting. The room was crowded with pugs past their prime and the atmosphere chunky with small talk. A tough individual who might have been the old Boston Bearcat and would maybe take a splash in the tank bent over Greb.

"You're gonna take him tonight, aintcha, kid?"

"How many times did Dempsey take you?" replied Greb, evasively.

The tough man sat down and didn't say anything.

Downstairs in the lobby, Pittsburgh gamblers, who had come over to back Greb, were heaving chairs at the New York coterie who refused to cover on the betting odds. A friend phoned Greb, who rushed down in fighting trunks and dressing gown. By then the lobby was a shambles, Pittsburgh *vs.* New York, with some of the boys slinging furniture from the mezzanine. Greb slithered across the floor, dodging flying débris, jumped up on a reading table, and with a few choice epithets brought about peace and contentment. An hour later, he was in the ring with the man who had come to New York with 23 consecutive knockouts to his credit and two years later went 15 rounds with Dempsey.

It was New York's first view of the principals, and it watched amazed while at intervals both parties spat out teeth in a fight featured by rough tactics, at which Greb was the aggressor and the more adept. He won 12 of the 15 rounds and got the decision.

That was the Greb who for nine years had broken all accepted training rules, who in an early professional fight in 1913 was knocked out by Joe Chip but came on to engage in more than 250 bouts and to win two titles before he died in 1926—the Greb who in his early ring days clutched the ropes with unsteady hands and told those within hearing to come back to his dressing room where he would refund every cent they had lost when the same Gibbons had beaten him in their first fight. It was the Greb whom New York newspapers were later to call the Pittsburgh Windmill, the Iron City Express, the Ring Marvel, the Inexhaustible, and yet it was not Greb at the height of his pugilistic brilliance.

Before he ever fought in New York, and when he was little more than an oversized welterweight, he won with such monotonous regularity that when he spotted Gunboat Smith thirty pounds in weight and knocked him out, out-of-town newspapers carried only a squib. Two years earlier when Dempsey got up off the floor to do the same thing, it established him as the foremost heavyweight contender.

Greb beat other heavyweights who had given Dempsey trouble before and after he won the title from Willard in 1919. In 1917, he beat Willy Meehan, who the following year out-fumbled Dempsey.

He fought big Bill Brennan six no-decision bouts—Brennan, who, after Dempsey became champion, cut him to ribbons for eleven rounds only to go down, and out, in the twelfth under the latter's rally.

In retrospect and by comparison, Greb belonged to the day of Ketchel, for, like him, he fought as often as he could get a fight and gave opponents up to fifty pounds in weight and knocked their ears off.

But, unlike Ketchel, he was not a puncher; he was a charging, unorthodox clubber who was coming faster in the last round than in the first. The idea that he could ever lose a fight was the only thing that amazed him.

Outside the ring, he was light-hearted and fancy free. He had a weakness for dolls; it didn't matter what they looked like so long as they would travel the route. He thought fighting was so much necessary nonsense—like getting drunk—and that fighters were never bargains at any price. He used his influence to get bouts for stablemates, but he refused to take the boys seriously.

One day, he was talking to Harry Keck, the Pittsburgh sports editor, about a former stablemate—a junior lightweight named Cuddy de Marco. Greb said, "I saw Cuddy the other day, and you know, he's got a busted konk and looks just like a prizefighter!"

When a title was not involved, Greb was never sure how many rounds the articles called for and he didn't care.

On his way to California to fight Ted Moore in an over-the-weight match (Greb was middleweight champion of the world), he stopped off in New Orleans to fight Tony Marullo, one of the toughest boys in the ring. He was met at the train by sports writers, who, dropping him at his hotel, suggested they would see him at the gym that afternoon when he limbered up before the fight. But Greb said he wasn't going to limber up, that he had fought a guy the night before, and that he was very limber, indeed. After some persuasion, however, he agreed to work out, and on his way to the gym, unconcernedly inquired if any of the sports writers knew how many rounds the fight was scheduled for. That night, for 15 rounds, he lambasted Marullo from here to

Continued in center of page 294

John Groth

The Mike-Swallowers

For the further development of the Vox Pop radio program, which gives the public a chance to talk back

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

When radio began to be interesting, the directors of programs turned themselves into travel agencies, and nothing was more fun than to sink a microphone three miles under the sea, preferably with Dr. Beebe, or send it up in a plane; into the Mammoth Cave and, down a hollow tree-trunk to broadcast a woodchuck breathing: today we heard a heart beat and tomorrow an atom exploding. It was all novel and exciting.

Broadcasting has now passed the age of consent and there are signs that it is approaching the age of reason. The microphone is at last being brought to the people. I do not mean the amateurs; whether amateurs really are people, I am not at all sure. I mean that the average man is getting a chance to broadcast and he is taking to it with tremendous pleasure, ruining, at one shout, the illusion that there is such a thing as a radio voice; destroying the professionals who coach you for radio work and advise you to say Mmmmh-ah eight times before breakfast to develop the diaphragm; and, best of all, making a radio two-way conversation, not a monologue.

I suppose the fight announcers began it, when having run out of descriptives before the big bout began, they would offer to us, distant ones, the chance to hear the roar of the crowd.

Somebody got the idea of particularizing this roar and during the past season two different types of citizen-broadcasting flourished. One was the town-meeting type, developed to excellence at the Town Hall in New York (not to be confused with Fred Allen's) and the other was the catch-as-catch-can setting up of a microphone on the street or in a theatre lobby and shooting questions at any passerby who could be enticed to the mike. The best of these is the Vox Pop program sponsored by Mollé. Local variants of both of these types came to the air in New York and, I believe, in other cities.

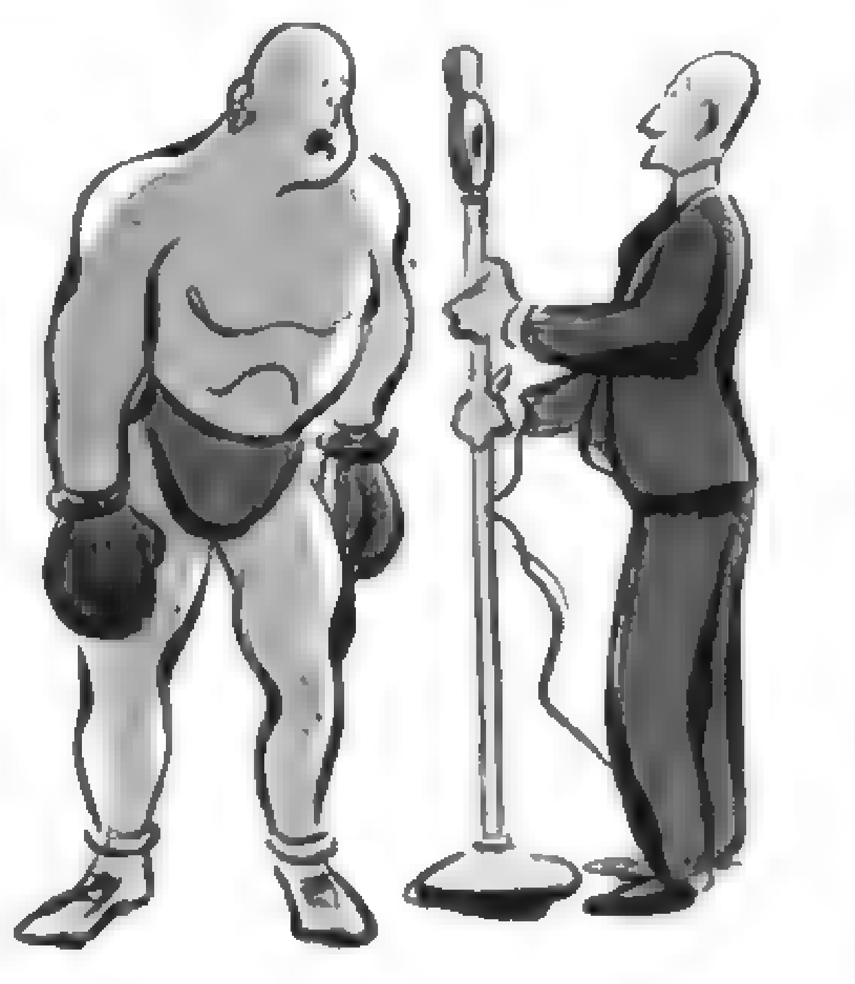
The first type discusses questions of the day, usually beginning with a debate by prominent speakers and then throwing the question to the audience. The difficulties are enormous. First, the networks are justifiably timid; there are no fixed laws of libel about the air; no one will take a test case to the courts (unless the tangle between Governor Hoffmann of New Jersey and Boake Carter actually gets down to cases, and even there, the networks themselves are not, I believe, involved). But pressure is great: one obscenity launched by an angry rebel in the audience and a whole program goes to pieces; one attack beyond the rigid bounds of good taste; one slur on any religious body; even one mild damn. I suppose that the President of the United States does not submit his scripts in advance and it has been said that Will Rogers used to *ad lib* up to a point; but with these exceptions, the air is policed. It has to be.

In a new development, a sort of court of human relations in which people actually tell their troubles, a man said, of his wife, "She took me up before that Catholic judge . . ." and instantly the microphone went dead; a moment later another case was being heard; something in the man's tone had forewarned the master of ceremonies and the man in the control room. The stations live in perpetual agony about such things. Yet when you announce in advance that you are going to let audiences speak their pieces, you are bound to get people who want nothing so much as a chance to air their grievances against the state, its governors, its religions, and all it holds dear. After one of these programs has gone on for a time, you can spot the professional arguer; years ago there was always one Socialist in the audience; this year there are two Communists. And they make themselves heard.

Here a good moderator can do a lot. *America's Town Meeting of the Air* was admirably handled by George Denny; having done the same job in a small way myself, in the Forums conducted at the New School, with perhaps a more resolutely intellectual audience, I know that it is hard work.

The plain people can hardly keep their hands off the mike; the timid ones mumble a question and nearly faint the first time; two weeks later they are virtually inviting you to get out of their way as they address the sound absorber. (This is a new contraption which looks like a vastly magnified loudspeaker of the earliest days, plus an arrangement for sighting, so that it points directly at the speaker and draws his voice toward the microphone.) The normally bold ones cannot be stopped. Give them a time limit of half a minute for a question, which must be a question, and they launch into an address. And sometimes their questions are devastating. After an hour's discussion of the subject, by two experts, of the problem of crime and punishment, and another long period of questions and answers, one auditor rose and stayed within the 30-second time limit, asking simply, "How can crime be abolished?"

Except for the constant appearance of those who make almost a profession of taking part in such forums, these are good exercises in deciding what people are actually thinking about contemporary problems. You can spot the beginners by a certain hesitation, and by that token can be sure that you are getting a fresh opinion, a quick reaction. But the formality of these gatherings is a drawback. The street cries are more effective.



As for these, the Vox Pop program is a commercial enterprise and gets in a lot of comedy, asking total strangers what they would do if someone called them "bipeds" or demanding an opinion on who should clean the tub, the outgoing or the incoming bather. The occasional flash of wit in the reply is worth hours of the gag-man's labors. Moreover these questions constitute a sort of general intelligence test, with results which are rather frightening. There lingers in my mind the tone of assurance with which one man answered a request to name three countries neutral during the World War: Spain, he said, and then stopped, at a loss, and then triumphantly, "and Belgium, until just before the very end of the war."

The two men who handle the questions in this program, Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson, have developed a nice amiable technique and one of the charms of it is that they never correct a wrong answer, never give the right answer to riddles, but let everything slide along, so that the whole thing works smoothly, without argument or trouble. Yet it was on their program that I heard one of those breaks which turn gray the hair of radiomen. The question was, "If you saw a sign, Fresh Paint, would you go up

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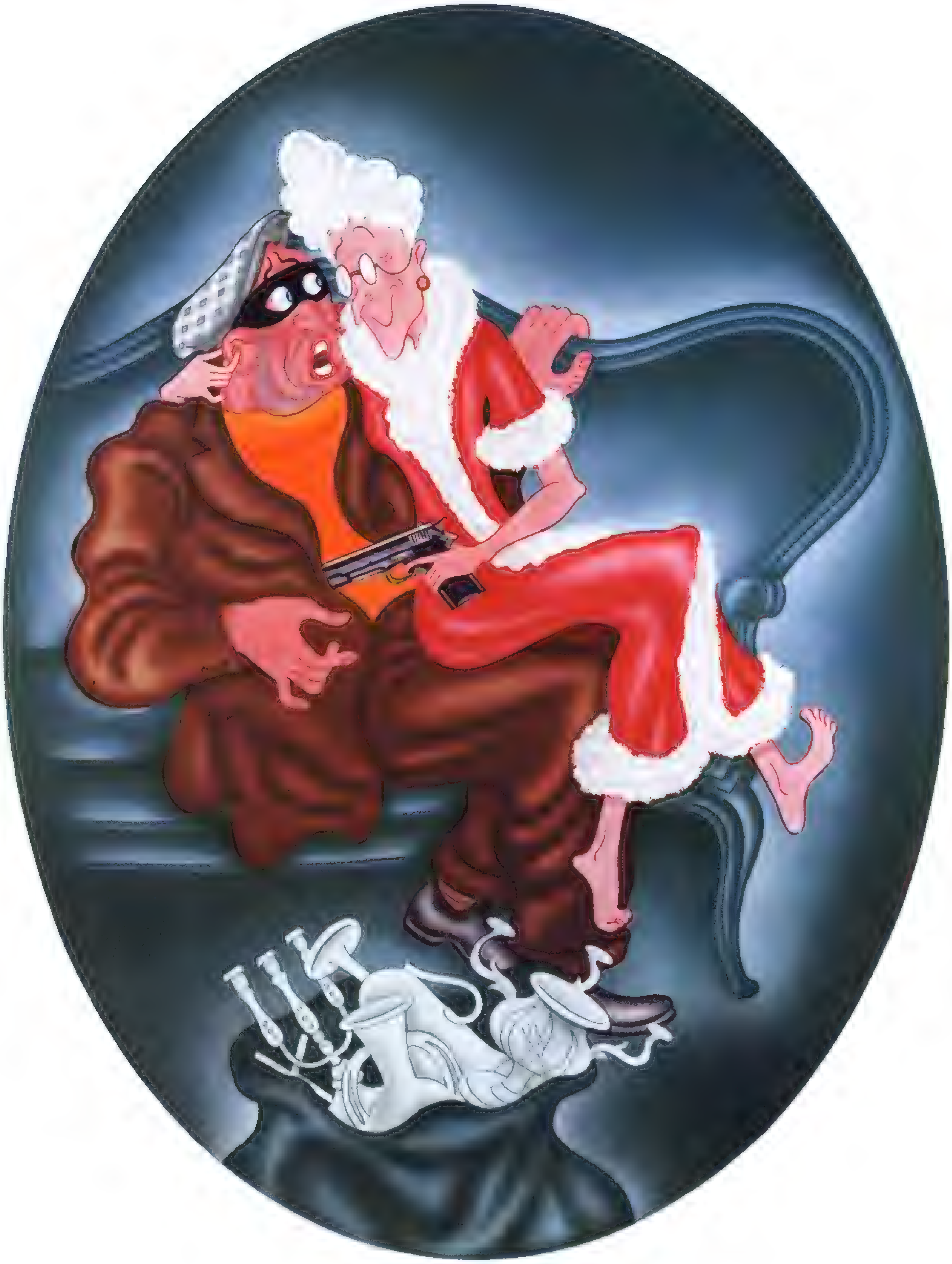
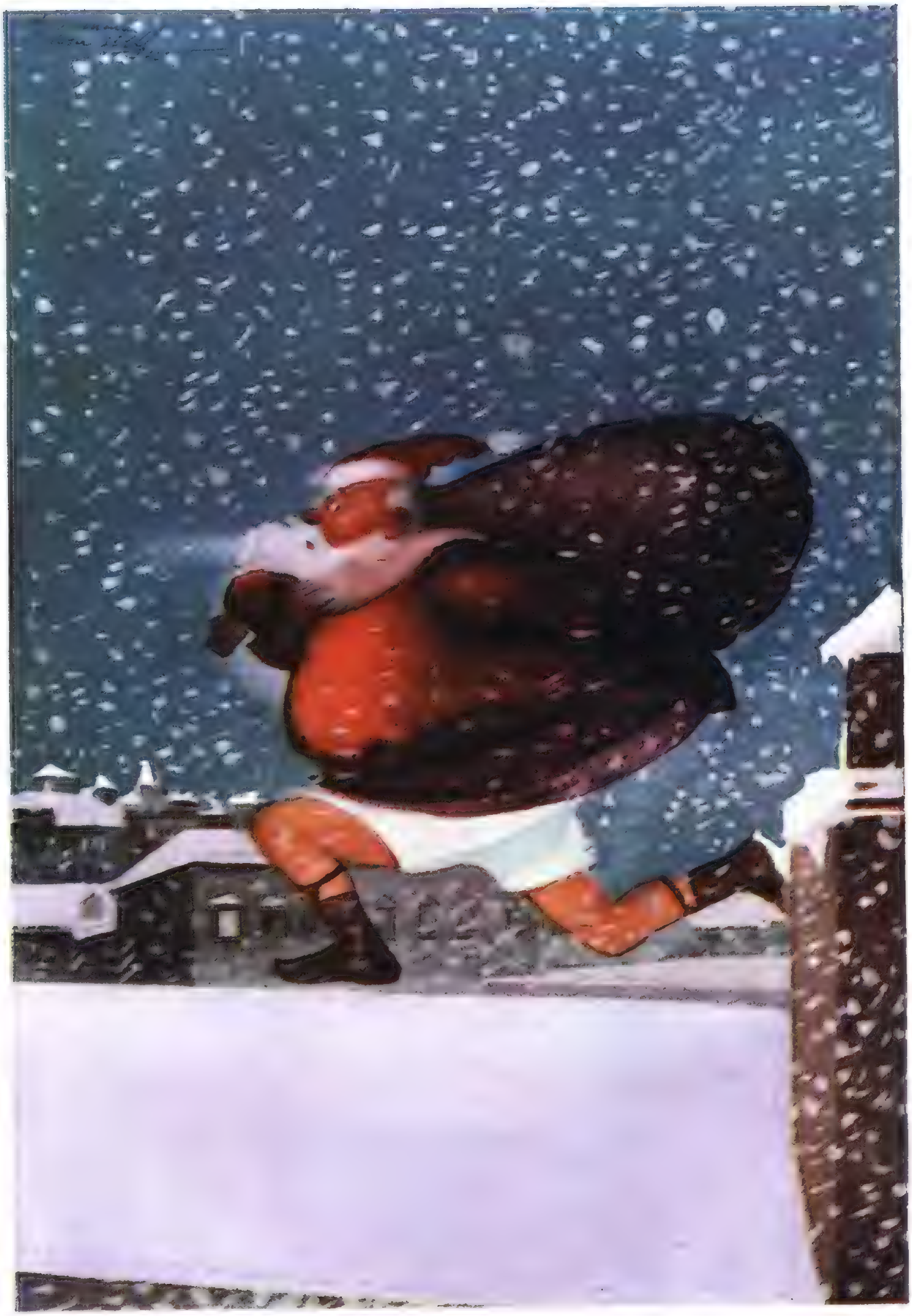


"Please lady—I'd rather you called the police!"



Fiction Is Stranger

The science of criminology proves that many of the standard clues in murder-fiction are false in reality

by JAMES W. POLING

• ARTICLE •

Why should there be so much public misinformation about matters concerning crime? Criminology becomes with each year a more exact science, information regarding it becomes more and more widespread, and it is one of the most publicized of sciences. Yet the general public continues to believe in a group of myths and superstitions that have no basis in fact. Obviously the writers of mystery fiction are responsible for many of these curious beliefs. This is to be expected. But even the expert crime writers for the newspapers and magazines, men who are supposed to be presenting facts, seem to be just as misled as the general public and to believe with the same *naïveté* those many tall stories which had their origin Sherlock Holmes only knows where.

These crime-myths cling to the popular imagination with a dogged tenacity. Years ago it was generally supposed that the retina of the eyes of a murdered man always preserved an image of the last thing those eyes had seen in life. Oh, an old, ignorant, peasant superstition, you say. Yet, even as late as September, 1927, Kennedy and Browne, two English motor bandits, murdered Police Constable Gutteridge and then shot out his eyes so that the clue in the retinas would not lead to their apprehension.

These old superstitions sound absurd, perhaps, to you. But they are no sillier than beliefs commonly held today by many intelligent people.

You yourself have heard, or may even believe, that when the electric chair is switched on, the lights in the prison—or in the death cells—will dim. Whereas, in truth, the chair in the modern penitentiary is on an individual circuit and is, generally, equipped with a dynamo of its own.

I don't believe I've ever read a mystery story without encountering an allusion to either "a dark- a red- a crimson- or a bright red stain of blood." That is all right as far as it goes but any criminal investigator will tell you that very frequently a blood splash is not the red stain of the popular imagination. Variations in stains depend upon their age, the substance on which they are found, the temperature, etc., which may make them reddish brown, greenish brown, light olive green, light rose, and so near colorless as to be taken as anything but blood. I once saw a blood-splashed, multi-colored tapestry and the splashes were of practically every tint and hue except those commonly associated with blood. And it is frequently impossible to distinguish between the appearance of stains made by vegetable juices, fruit juices, rust, paint, coffee, sealing wax or dyes, and blood stains. To establish as blood those stains which are under suspicion it is always necessary to use the laboratory and not the eye.

In the realm of crime the eye, in fact, is one of the least trustworthy of organs. In a study of sixty-five cases in which innocent people had been convicted of crimes Professor Borchard and E. Russell Lux of the Yale Law School found that in twenty-nine instances direct, *eye-witness* identification of the accused by the victim of a crime of violence was practically alone responsible for the conviction of the innocent party. In only eleven of the cases was the erroneous conviction the result of circumstantial evidence.

Eye-witness identifications are at the best only partially adequate. Emotional excitement, nervous strain and shock and the lack of a trained observing eye are only a few of the extenuating circumstances that may confuse or mislead the witness.

Experiments have also proved that, generally speaking, the greatest distance by which a person can be recognized by bright moonlight is sixteen to seventeen yards and by starlight, ten to thirteen feet. And the criminal is a creature of the night.

This whole business of direct evidence as against circumstantial evidence seems to keep the public in a dither. This was particularly true during the recent Hauptmann trial.

It is hard to understand why it causes so much controversy. To any thinking person it must be apparent that circumstantial evidence is of the utmost importance if our criminal courts are to function at all efficiently, and if the public is to be protected from the attacks of the criminal classes.

Murderers and kidnappers, after all, very seldom issue invitations to their performances, even to their closest friends.

All of us, in our daily lives, act and come to conclusions constantly and without any hesitation on points of circumstantial evidence. Why, then, condemn it the minute it appears in court?

If you come home and find a good half of your dog's ear chewed off you assume he has been in a dog fight. If on your return from the office you find your wife trying on a new dress you assume that she has been shopping or, if you are an optimist, that she has spent the afternoon at the sewing-machine.

When you see a friend wearing a wet bathing suit, with sand in his hair and on his back, you leap to the conclusion that he has been swimming and lying on the beach. Your conclusions are all based on circumstantial evidence, yet you see nothing remarkable in them. However, let a criminal be convicted on circumstantial evidence and you will shake your head and mutter unkind things about "criminal justice and courts of law."

Capital punishment should not be visited upon a man convicted by circumstantial evidence, is a popular contention. Suppose a man was found stabbed to death and medical examination established the fact that he had died between twelve and three the previous night. Suppose it was further discovered that the murdered man had swindled me of my earthly goods and then run off with my wife. On being examined I claim to have been in bed at the time the murder was committed. But it is learned that my housekeeper, suffering from a toothache, went to the medicine chest at two o'clock during the night and found my bedroom door open and the bed unrumpled. A taxi driver comes forward to say he saw a man with my general physical characteristics hurrying along about a block from the scene of the crime at two-thirty in the morning. A few small blood stains are found on my clothes. Footprints, into which my shoes fit, are found at the scene of the crime. The knife used was of a common kitchen variety and similar to one missing from my housekeeper's drawer of utensils. All items of circumstantial evidence. I might not be convicted of that murder but I'd never place any wagers on my acquittal. And you probably wouldn't sign a petition to the governor asking for my pardon.

Another popular belief which has found its way into fiction and onto the stage is that by the use of hypnotism innocent people can be forced to commit crimes and obey the evil commands of a Mastermind. Another chestnut. No one can be hypnotized into a criminal action against his will. No one can, by hypnotism or suggestibility, be

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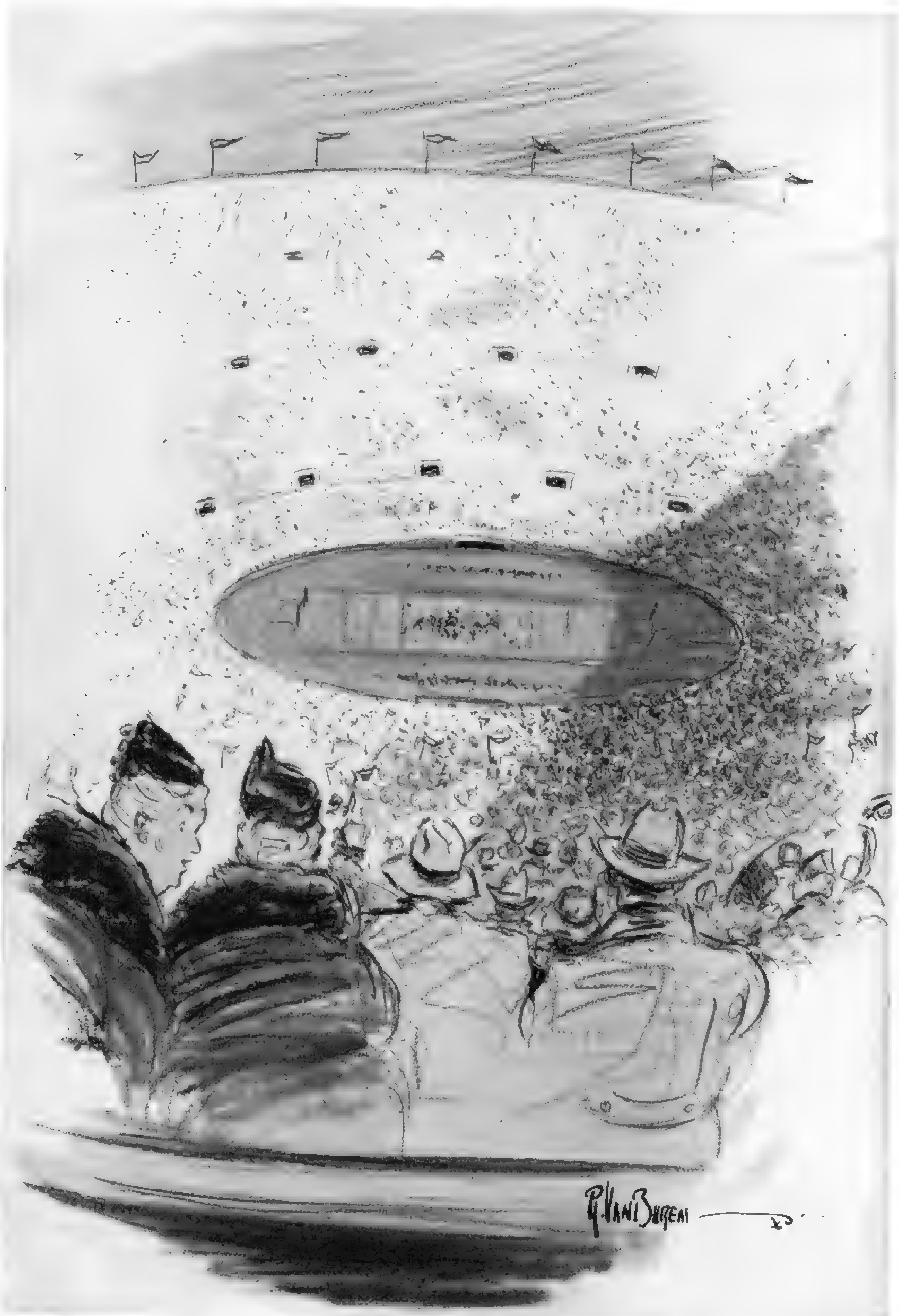

"I hope we don't make him self-conscious!"

Study of Two Mothers

Some might call it a study in contrasts, and some might call it a record of civilization

by MURRAY GITLIN

▪ FICTION ▪

Every few minutes the maid put her head to the door, which was slightly open, to see what her mistress was doing. But there was no change. The small, thin body, dressed in expensive sport clothes, still lay flung across the width of the bed and did not move. There wasn't the slightest sound, not even of breathing.

She tapped at the door.

"Hermina?"

"Yes, ma'am. It is ten after four."

"Has Mr. Nulty arrived yet?"

"In a few minutes."

"Do I look pale?"

"A little."

Catharine Nulty sat up in bed and gazed at herself in a hand mirror. She had that kind of beauty which seems always in danger of breaking to pieces, a combination of delicate features and a mind that appeared to be in a continual mood of restlessness, of standing on the brink of something, even when she was laughing, even when she was not thinking. Today there were dark rings under her eyes, and within the eyes the presence of fear.

Suddenly she heard the car drive up and hurried to the dressing table to powder and rouge her face. Nulty came in but hesitated to approach her. For two weeks they hadn't seen each other, yet there was nothing to show—not a movement, not a loosening up of the facial expression that to her it made any difference.

"Do you feel all right?" he asked.

"Just drowsy."

"Sick at all? Mornings?"

"Every morning."

Then they went downstairs. Outside of being paler, Nulty saw no change in his wife; there was no outward sign of any kind to indicate that she was with child.

"And how many are coming this week end?" she asked.

All afternoon Catharine tried to avoid her husband. She went out to the garden and gazed into the fountain, at the shiners swimming around in jerks. She returned to the house and gave orders to the servants to fill up the vases with flowers. She lay down in the hammock on the north porch and opened a book, but in a few minutes he was there beside her.

"Shall I get you a pillow?"

She glanced up. He was sitting in an armchair, the sun shining on his bald head on which small drops of sweat glistened like crystal beads. The skin was loose around the jaw. He was twenty-five years older than she, but she saw in him at that moment a photographic impression of the child that was to be born, the same features, and even the same bald head, a miniature man whom she would have to hold to her breast. She thought of the coming seven months, how for her a whole new life was developing against her will, over which she had no control or authority, no power to mold this growing thing within her according to her image of what was desirable, and the eyes again filled up with the definite presence of fear.

Yet when the guests arrived—a man and his wife, two men without wives, and two women without husbands—she nodded, smiled and laughed as befitted a hostess. They separated into little groups and to each she had something trivial, but charming, to say. She seemed to have forgotten all that was troubling her. Her thin, high-pitched voice was heard throughout the house.

"Try some of these Mexican mangoes, won't you? They're delicious."

"Please. That Chopin nocturne. Just once. The one that goes like this."

As soon as she entered the bedroom for the night her body, until a moment ago propped up by false enthusiasm and gayety, became limp and deflated. When Nulty came in she pretended she was asleep. He undressed in the dark, but she could see his heavy, flabby contours, the outline of his shapelessness, and again she imagined that it was this man, proportionately shrunken in size, she would be suckling at her breast soon.

Nulty was continually in attendance on her. The guests left on Sunday evening, but he remained a day longer. Though he knew he could not give his wife that indefinable substance, that quality which she sought in a husband, that their marriage was another one of those incongruous matings of aging man seeking youth, he felt that now, because of the coming child, she might change in her attitude toward him. Perhaps there would arise a new bond between them, perhaps the love that for a year he had begged for, tried to arouse in her, until he had finally become disgusted with himself, might suddenly bloom forth.

In the morning, while she was dressing, he stood at the window and attempted to lay the groundwork for their redemption.

For people like them, who got bored quickly, a child would be an additional interest. There was all the planning for its arrival. It grew up, it made friends and those friends became your friends. It went to school; it married. All that was part of a great tradition of civilization.

Catharine knew what he was driving at. But it made her only the more bitter.

"Do you think I'm going to have a child just to please you?"

He did not turn toward her. "Why me? To please yourself. Isn't that enough?"

"I don't want any."

"It's rather late to change your mind, isn't it?"

"It's not too late," she said.

This time he turned. She had spoken that very slowly, and in a low tone of voice. "What do you mean 'not too late'?"

"What one doesn't want can be prevented from happening."

"Are you serious?"

"You have your doubts?"

Nulty returned to the city. Catharine stayed on at the estate. He had been afraid of that, but it was impossible for him to change the situation. The more he referred to her condition, the sooner, he felt, was a catastrophe likely. She did not go back with him because it was too warm in the city, she said.

Outside of Stanley, the gardener-chauffeur, and his wife Anna, whom she seldom saw, and their children, of whom she didn't know the exact number, and the two servants in the house, Catharine was alone for the most part. Once in a while she had a few people over from the club, or she would go over there for dinner or to play golf and a little tennis. Or she had Stanley drive her around the back roads so that she could sit and think and yet at the same time feel that she was in movement.

Thus she spent another month on the estate Nulty came out week ends, found her even less approachable. It was still too warm in the city for her. But in the middle of September there were definite signs of autumn—the birches were already becoming yellow, here and there among the maples patches of red showed. Now it was that which kept her from going. These strangely bracing breezes of fall, coming up suddenly, rustling the drying leaves with power and yet with a caress, swept her conscience of a considerable amount of ill-feeling she harbored against her husband and her child yet to be born. She liked to dress warmly during these days. Her gentian-blue pullover sweater and the woolen beret she was particularly fond of. They put her close to a comfortable feeling of happiness. She wanted her child. She would dress the child, buy things for it; the child was like the autumn.

Nulty saw this change in her and said nothing. He did not try to persuade her to

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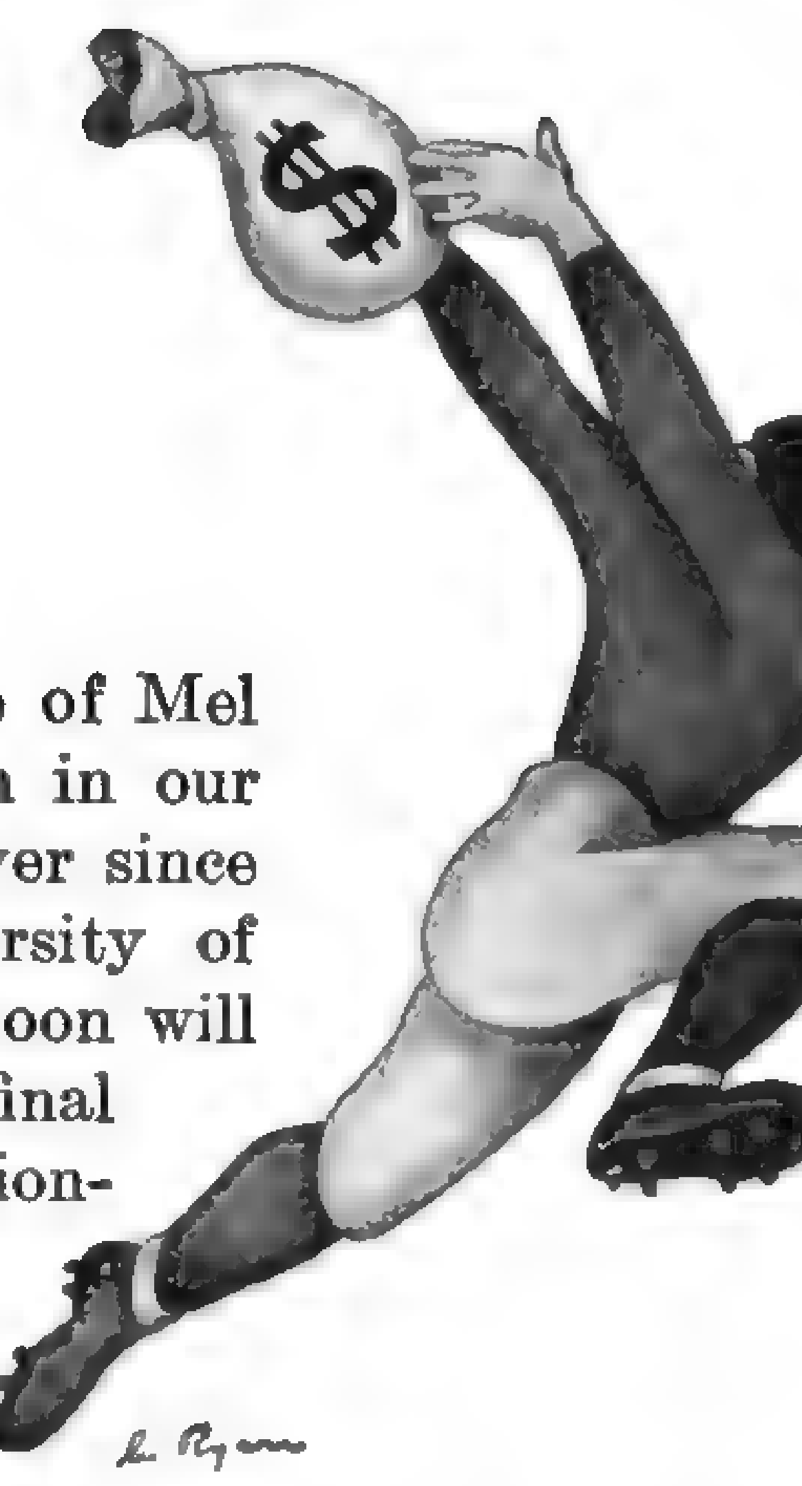
We Play Football for Keeps

There isn't a club owner who wouldn't rather lose at the box office than lose the game

by GEORGE HALAS

▪ SPORTS ▪



Let's deal the facts face up about football as we play it in the National Football League, with no attempt to "sell" the game to you. Reason: words won't sell it. The professional game has earned its place in the football sun after long, hard pioneering by able, honest men; it has built up its following simply by presenting the hardest, most competitive football which well organized clubs of great college stars know how to play.

Like major league baseball, professional football is a combination of sport and business. As a matter of fact, the league's constitution and methods of procedure are patterned after those of major leagues in baseball.

True, business is combined with sport, but there isn't a club owner who wouldn't rather lose a bit of money at the box office than lose the game. Lest that sounds too naïve, I hasten to add that his gate receipts for the succeeding game would probably be increased by the victory anyway.

Please put up with the pronoun "I" during the next few seconds, in order that I may establish my background of experience in college and post-graduate sports. I played football, basketball and baseball at the University of Illinois. After graduation, I was with the New York Yankees in baseball long enough to have a cup of coffee with them. Since 1919 I have been a player and/or coach in professional football, having a hand in the formation of the present league in 1921.

In its early days, the league had rocky going as a result of inadequate finances, including those of yours very truly — public unfamiliarity with the professional game—one-paragraph publicity in the newspapers—and consistent assaults by persons who believed we might exert an adverse influence on college football. They flattered us.

The simple truth is that without exception, the roster of every club in the league is made up of college men. They are as loyal to their universities, for whom they expended the last foot pound of energy out there on the gridiron, as any old grad. They re-live their big games in their own university stadiums. They love college football. So do I, if confessions are in order.

Assuming they *are* in order, here's another: 'Way back when we used to say, publicly: "College football! Say, one of our professional teams would chase a college team clear out of the stadium!" That was pure rhetoric. We were simply trying to get people to pay some attention to us.

Today you cannot get me into an argument over the relative strength of the top-flight college teams and the professional teams. Like the war debts, the question will never be settled, so why waste breath?

The annual games which are staged for charity in late summer between outstanding League teams and All-American elevens chosen by nationwide newspaper voting are not intended as a test of the caliber of college versus professional football. Win, lose or draw, neither team can conclusively settle the question.

I have noted, however, that in these All-Star games between the top professional teams and the All-Americans, every highly touted star of the preceding college season, barring none, becomes just another football player when he tangles with the league players. Backs who ran wild in college games appear to have had the wings clipped from their feet. Linemen who tore large holes in opposing forward walls do not duplicate their feats in the All-Star games. Famous forward pass receivers do very little pass snatching.

There was a kick for me in a newspaper story describing the All-Star—New York Giants game played in New York last September, which the Giants won, 12 to 2. It so happens that the writer of the newspaper yarn is a close and true friend of mine but his sympathy admittedly was with the Collegians. Describing the contest, he spoke of the "glaring weakness" of the All-Stars at the tackle positions. The tackles for the Collegians in that game, it so happened, were 220-pound Dick Smith, Minnesota; Pete Lingua, 240-pound Holy Cross star; Jim Whatley, of Alabama —weight 220 pounds; Dick Pfefferle, a 205-pounder from Notre Dame; Amerino Sarno, of Fordham, who weighs 215, and Charles Wasicek of Colgate, 205 pounds. They represented the cream of the tackle crop. If there was a "glaring weakness" in their work, I can't help wondering what would have happened to the ordinary, run-of-the-mine tackle.

I was impressed with the sportsmanship of Gomer Jones, Ohio State's center, after his mix with the Giants. Gomer said, in effect, that he believed he knew a thing or two about playing football until he encountered Mel Hein of the Giants.

Our Bear team will concur heartily with Gomer's estimate of Mel Hein. He has been in our hair perpetually ever since he left the University of Washington. Not soon will I forget him in the final play of the championship game between the Giants and Bears in 1933. With seconds to go we led the Giants 23 to 21, after the lead had changed hands six times that afternoon.

On that last play a Giant pass was thrown to Dale Burnett. Red Grange had gone in a few minutes before to strengthen our defense against passes. Not many know that Grange, among his many accomplishments, was, in my judgment, the greatest man on pass defense football has known.

Grange wasn't covering Dale Burnett—it wasn't his assignment—but when he saw the direction of the pass, he made for Dale, reached him just as Burnett caught the pass. In that split second, Grange saw Mel Hein, off to one side, prepared to take a lateral from Burnett, and Hein had a clear path to the goal. Grange, therefore, instead of tackling Burnett low, wrapped both arms around the Giant, pinioning him so that he could not lateral the ball to Mel Hein. Red saved that game for us.

Please pardon the detour. Resuming our subject . . . believe me, when I say we play football for keeps. New men on the teams are handpicked from college players who demonstrate that they have the strength, size, speed and courage to make the grade in the professional circuit.

We issue no publicity notices about the college men who try out for the teams, after being highly recommended to us by their coaches, only to be released because they have some handicap or weakness which makes it impossible for us to retain them.

We do not look for mere size. Size has to be accompanied by speed, agility and mental alertness. Men like Bronko Nagurski are tremendously big and powerful, but handle themselves almost like lightweights.

The size of a player's university and his publicity yardage have no bearing on our selections. We do not seek to capitalize college reputations. We want men who can take it—and deliver it. Many of the greatest stars in the League came from small colleges, comparatively unknown, but they had the stuff and proved it in the hard, relentless league competition, where it is a case of survival of the fittest. Tuffy Leemans of George Washington University wasn't nationally known before his great showing in the All-Stars game this year.

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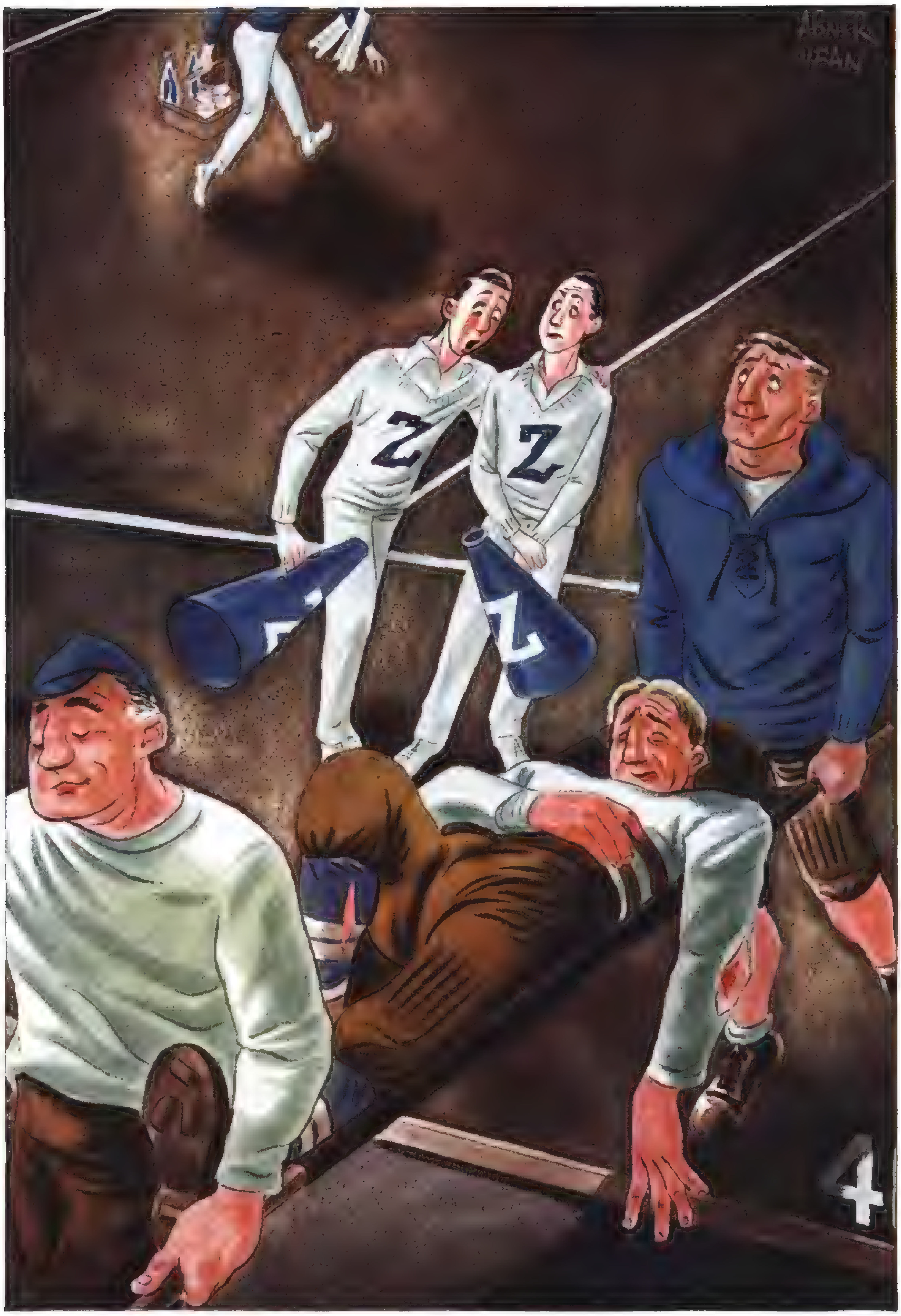
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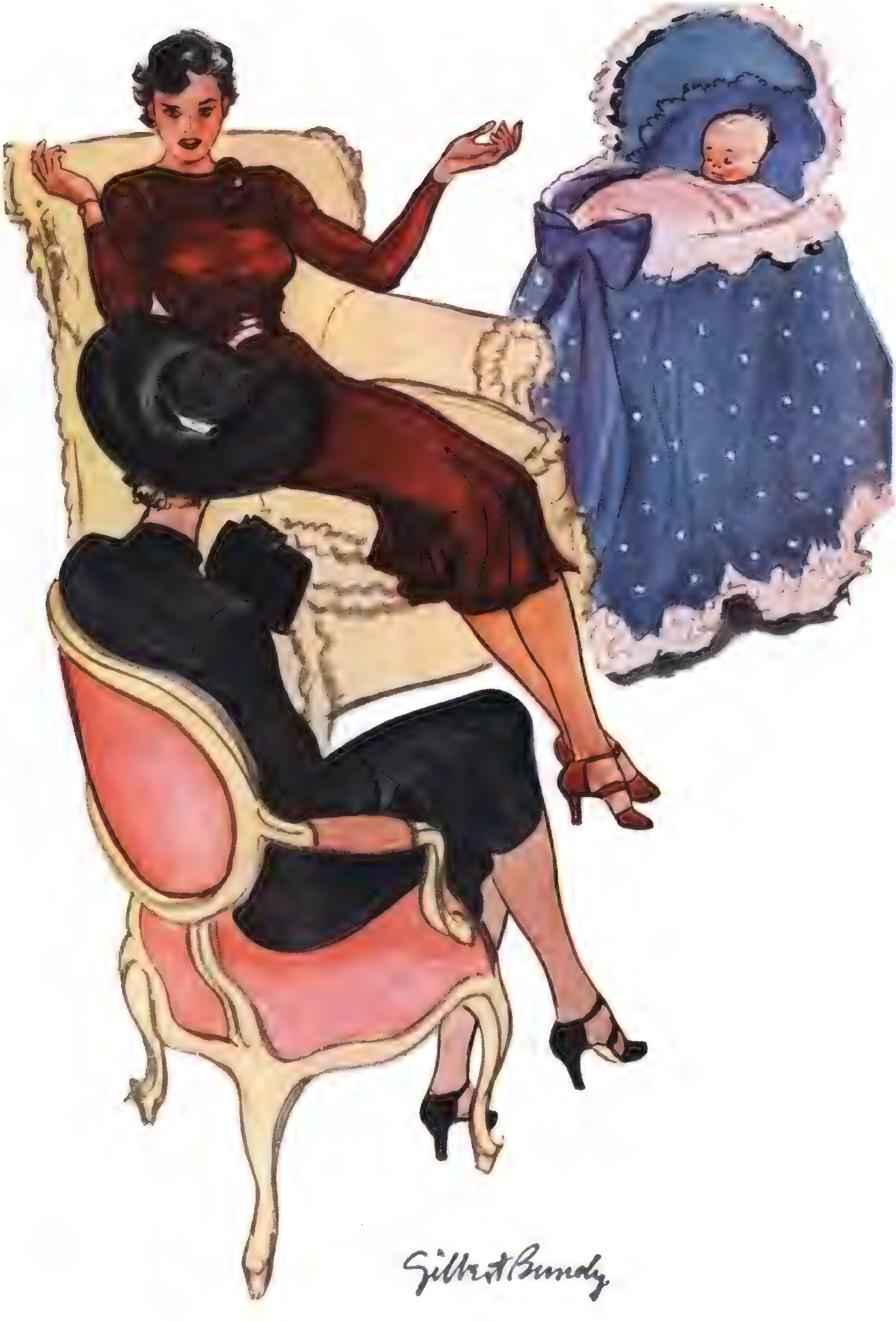
"One short cheer—he only broke his collar bone"



"So here I am; left holding the bag"

Bankrupts of Love

They usually find excuses for their failure but unconsciously they're in voluntary bankruptcy

by DR. ALFRED ADLER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Any one may have an unhappy love-affair, just as any man may make mistakes in business. But no one, I tell my patients, is always unlucky in love or in business, unless a powerful impulse within him impels him to failure. Love, like business, has its bankrupts—the men and women who never succeed in balancing their emotional budgets. They may have innumerable "affairs"; nevertheless they land in Love's Bankruptcy Court.

Some great men and great women may have failed conspicuously as lovers; they may have been great none the less, but they would have been even greater, if they had been capable of a harmonious emotional development. Love's bankrupts may be geniuses, cranks, or neurotics, or they may be saints, but they are socially maladjusted. Their maladjustment is not primarily physiological, but is due to their psychological inability, or unwillingness, to shoulder responsibility.

Environment, heredity or biological idiosyncrasies, play an important part in shaping the sexual destiny of love's bankrupts. But these handicaps could be overcome. Unfortunately the bankrupt's desire to escape responsibility and social discipline, seizes upon these handicaps as alibis. They are the camouflage of the individual in his battle against society.

I remember a pampered young woman, isolated by her parents as a child from other children, who insisted that the men she met were "unworthy" of her affection. "If I can find the right man," she said, "I shall marry." But it was obvious that her expectations were so high that no man of flesh and blood could possibly satisfy her.

One day she fell in love at first sight with an actor. But an extraordinary thing happened. By some strange and inexplicable lapse, she forgot the man's name and the theatre where she had seen him. She concentrated all her dreams upon him—he was her "beau ideal." But he was more than that. He was her excuse for rejecting all other men and for failing to break through the barrier of her faulty upbringing.

There are men who cannot find the "girl of their dreams." More often the excuses advanced by the male are economic in character. Walter X—a bachelor of forty—insisted that he could not adequately provide for a wife. This was obviously untrue. Marriage might not have been, economically, a bed of roses. But if he had possessed the will, he could have solved his material problem. He would have solved it if he really wanted a wife. The hollowness of his pretenses appeared shortly afterwards.

One day, when it was raining cats and dogs, Walter met a girl on the street and offered her the protection of his umbrella. The girl attracted him very much. He took her to her home and promised to "call" the next evening, but he forgot her name and her address. No matter how he cudgeled his brain, he could not remember. Walter may have fooled himself, but he did not fool the psychologist. He "forgot" the address because he was afraid of love.

Mary was brought up in a household ruled by domineering and tyrannical men. Her early life was completely dominated by her father and her brothers. This developed in her a fear of men—androphobia. She suffered from stage-fright whenever she was introduced to a male. This extreme self-consciousness made Mary unattractive to the other sex and handicapped her chances of matrimony.

Instead of overcoming these handicaps, Mary accentuated them. However, no one likes to admit bankruptcy in love. She needed an excuse for her failure to marry. This excuse came to her when her mother fell sick of a chronic illness. The girl decided to sacrifice her life for her mother and devote herself entirely to the care of the patient. A nurse could have undertaken this task much more efficiently. If Mary had not been eager to avoid the burden of marriage and motherhood, she could have discharged her filial duties without sacrificing her destiny as a woman. Love, as the proverb well says, finds a way. It always does. Mary's altruism was an escape from love.

Some men and women sometimes complain that they have no opportunity for meeting the other sex. Fiddlesticks! Barring sojourn on a desert island or a jail, love always creates its own opportunities. Those who cannot contrive to make contacts with the other sex are the victims of their own fear to face a new responsibility or a new situation. This fear, part of their "pattern of life" from childhood, is sometimes bound up with sex resentment.

One patient, a beautiful girl, Marilyn E., never overcame the influence of her mother who, being unhappily married, warned her children against matrimony. This girl was secretary to a distinguished man who fell in love with her. She accepted him, though insisting that the physical contacts of marriage were "disgusting" to her. The recoil from a natural function was her defence against the assumption of marital duties. Marilyn's marriage turned out badly. The girl made life unbearable for her husband. She attributed the bankruptcy of their marriage to her fastidiousness and to her "functional disorders." As a matter of fact both were merely subterfuges. She would have overcome her physical ailments and her psychic aversions if she had been actuated by the good will to make her marriage successful. She was one of love's fraudulent bankrupts.

Edward R. made it the outstanding goal of his life to be always the leader. He might have done so by conquering the world as Napoleon did. Edward preferred easier ways. He invariably chose his friends among men below his social and intellectual level and his loves among prostitutes. He admired débutantes at a distance, but the moment there was a chance of an amatory attachment, he found some fault of character or mind in the lass. Marriage with a girl in his own sphere would involve some diminution of his ego. Marriage demands sacrifice. But it gives in return compensations to the individual and to society which more than atone for the sacrifices involved. The self-willed bankrupt never permits himself to discover the rewards. Edward, therefore, solved his sex problem with purchasable amours.

Otto C., a young medical student, actuated by fear of the other sex, deliberately suppressed his interest in girls to "concentrate on his studies." After finishing school, he

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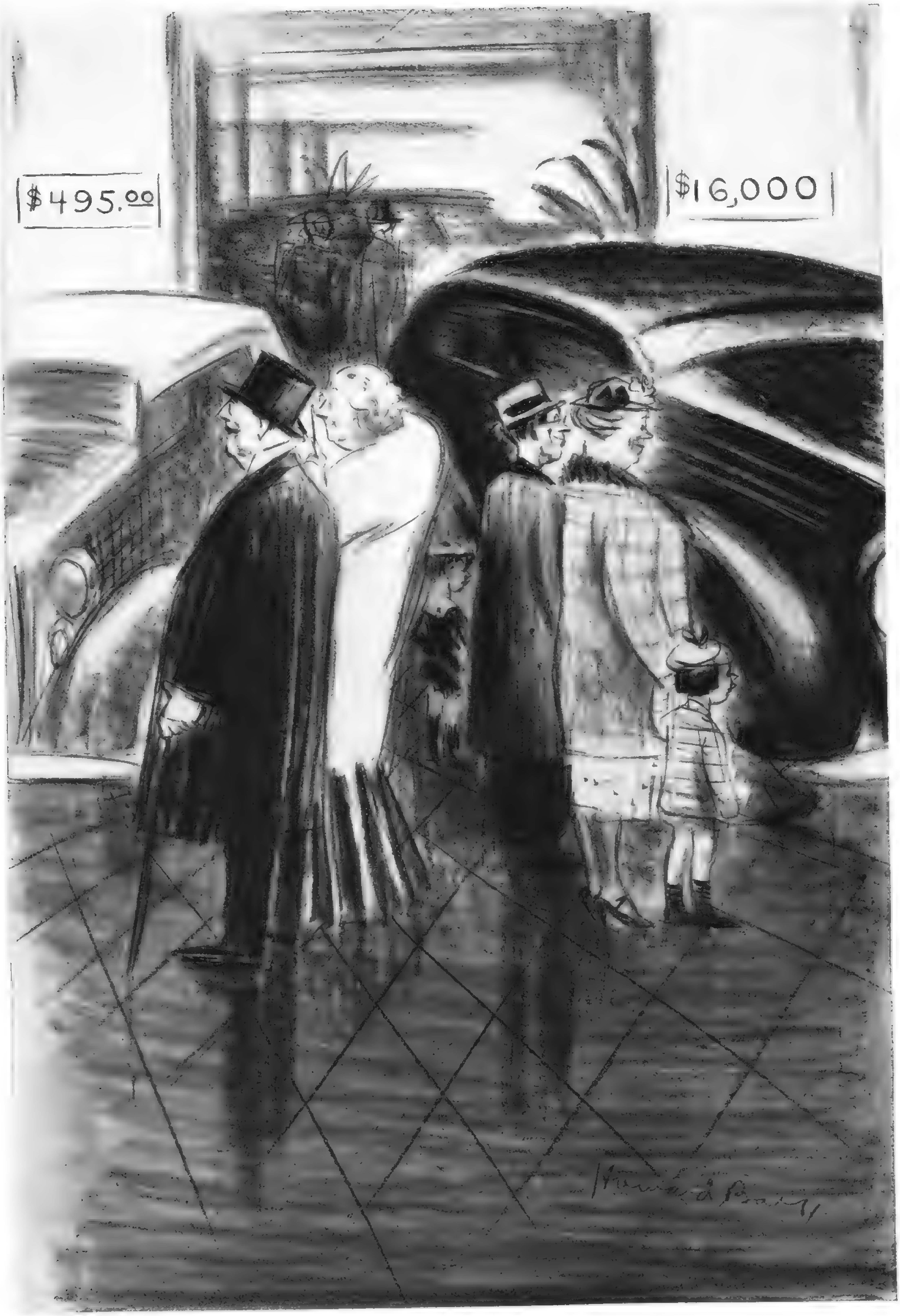
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The Mind of a Mob

A boy salesman sticks his foot in a back door and releases a reasonless, uncontrollable beast

by MARTIN DREYER

• FICTION •

Talking about lynchings (said the well-dressed man at the bar) reminds me of a pleasant little experience I went through in Chicago about eight years ago—an experience you'll find it hard to believe, this being a civilized world.

I was just a kid of nineteen at the time, and one thing I'm sure of, I didn't even know this woman had a body. She was just a prospective order to me, like every woman was. I was just a kid trying to make enough money during the summer months to go back to Northwestern. You know the racket—selling magazine subscriptions—working my way through college. Well, I was really going to college, and I guess the whole world revolved around my making good at the work.

This afternoon my crew manager put me out in an apartment house section on the north side of Chicago. He told me snap out of it and write some orders—or else. That was a fine way to pep you up—"or else." And you know those sun-blazing Chicago afternoons. How they play hell with your pep. I kept thinking about the lake and the cool interior of a movie.

It seems like yesterday. Every detail is vivid. I've thought about it a thousand times since. I don't even try to forget it any more. There was this street, and I'm walking up and down it, trying to make up my mind to go up to one of the houses. They all looked forbidding. No orders in any of them, I was sure. That's the way you felt when you were creped-up. No confidence. I finally decided to tackle a small apartment building.

I went around the back way, and there was an open stairway, leading upward to a long porch on each floor.

I gave myself a pep talk as I climbed those steps. I guess I was praying too. What I was hoping for was a friendly woman—a woman with a little human understanding.

Well, there were about ten apartments on this floor. It was summer, so there was just the screen doors between me and the kitchen. I began knocking on the doors and trying to talk to the women. "Trying" is the word. I got a sweet reception. No, no, they weren't interested, they weren't interested. They never bought from peddlers. No, they didn't want a free divorce when I became a lawyer. No, no—bang!—the slammed door.

Motherly-looking women too. Wearing aprons and with small children staring out at me from their kitchens. Most of the women looked at me as if I was a—a roach in their sink. If you've never done any house-to-house selling you can't appreciate just how I felt. I was actually staggering. My arms and legs were like lead weights. The sun was blazing down on me. Sweat running down my face and body. My throat felt like the morning after.

I lit a cigarette—I had just taken up smoking—and stood looking over the railing of the porch. I got the feeling the people I'd talked to were watching me. You know, eyes boring into your back. I started to flip the cigarette away, but then I snuffed it on my shoe and put the butt in my pocket. Get it? I was afraid of littering up the yard. That's how creped-up I was.

I thought about quitting—taking in a movie or going to the beach which was near-by. But then I gave myself a pep talk. Just like they taught us at the office. It was all about confidence, confidence, confidence. The ol' pep. If you think you can, you can. That sort of stuff. I was a serious young fellow, and the job meant a lot to me. I wanted to go back to college. I was serious about that. I wanted to be a lawyer. I remember that I passed up several doors, because they didn't look so promising, and then I came to one that was wide open—I mean, the screen door.

A big blonde woman in bright red pajamas answered my knock. I tried to smile—force the personality. But it was like ice cracking. I started to talk, and it was someone else talking. No fizz in my voice. Crepe thick about me. The woman's features were blurred. She started to close the screen door.

I watched that door closing, and it was as if something more than just getting an order depended on it not closing in my face. Suddenly, I did something I'd never done before. I stuck my foot in the door.

That was inexcusable, perhaps. But I had to get her to listen to me—to understand. That's all I wanted—for her to understand. To understand that I wasn't always this way. That I was really a personable young fellow. That she would like me if she knew how I really was.

Well, that woman understood all right. She nearly had a fit. She started kicking at my foot, and she yelled for me to get it out of the door or she'd call the police.

I got away from there as fast as I could. I was plenty frightened. I hurried down those steps, and I stood under the stairway in a sort of bewildered uncertainty. Then I heard voices on the porch.

At first there were just a couple of voices and then a babel of them. I could hear doors opening. One woman said something about that man putting his foot in her door, that she was scared nearly to death. Then another woman said I had looked at her funny-like. There were several other voices saying they had been frightened too. Then I heard the first voice say: "He put his foot in my door and tried to force his way in."

I didn't want to stand there listening, but I just couldn't bear leaving and having them know I'd been listening. Having them know how embarrassed I was. I guess that was it. I didn't mind so much being embarrassed—it was having them know I was embarrassed.

I was standing tensely under the stairway, afraid to breathe, waiting for them to go away. But instead, the voices increased. I was finding out what a dangerous person I was. . . . Yes, I guess it is funny. There I was, a young kid whose greatest crime was a determined desire to make good at my job, a hope for a little human understanding, and what did I get? I got plenty. You won't believe it.

Well, one of those women must have looked out and seen me. I heard a voice cry out: "There he is! Under the stairway

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Peacocks and Crows

Gone are the days when a big league ball-player was rated by the number of slot-machines he sold in winter

by RALPH CANNON

SPORTS

THE flickering torchlight, dancing scarlet in the gloom, cast fluttering shadows over the dim half-moon of closely clustered faces.

"Gather round closer, friends," spieled the barker. "No harm can come to anyone from Old Chief Wahoo's Indian Bitters whether applied internally or extemporaneously. So step right up folks, and let's get better acquainted. This magic formula for life-giving antitoxin was left in my family by word of mouth of old Chief Wahoo himself to my paternal grandfather." And Larry McLean, summertime catcher of the Cincinnati Reds and wintertime crooner of redskin magic, swept on into the preamble of his rhetorical come-on for old Chief Wahoo's "modern scientific potion for soothing all pain and sickness."

In those days nobody thought it worthy of comment if a big league ball player sold patent medicine during the off season, but it wouldn't do at all nowadays when every big leaguer turns up at spring training camp with tales of a winter of hunting and fishing, or excursion trips to Japan, Hawaii, New Zealand or around the world. In fact a man who sold patent medicine under the torchlight would not have been recommended for big league employment by at least one scout—Joe Devine, who used to be with the Pirates and there worked out the most systematic routine for weighing his rookies, prying into the recruit's family tree and traits, pedigree and geneology like a race horse owner arranging the breeding for his ponies.

As a result of his thoroughness Devine predicted that Joe Cronin would become not only a big league star at shortstop but also a successful big league manager at the very time Donie Bush, a great shortstop himself, was turning Cronin back at Pittsburgh.

One spring in a training game, Devine, who is now with the Yankees, saw the Pirates blanked by a twirler he had given an adverse rating. "How come we let that fellow get away?" Devine was asked when he was called on the carpet.

"That fellow?" exclaimed Joe incredulously. "Do you know what that fellow does in the wintertime? He goes around robbing slot machines!" Another time Joe turned down a promising pitcher because he had remained in the Navy three years after the war. "Anybody," Joe decreed, "who would stay in the Navy three years after the war was over couldn't be any good!"

Perhaps Devine's style of sorting out the men who were to break into the exclusive big league circles had something to do with the transition in the types of big leaguers from the old roustabout days to the present era of sleek, smooth money-savers. Ring Lardner did a masterful job of portraying the old-time ball player in his *You Know Me Al* stories. But with the big money in the game, there has come an entirely different type from "Butcher Boy" Joe Benz, "Piano Mover" Frank Smith, and "Reb" Russell who served as models for Ring's blustering, braggart, blundering busher. Ball players in that period were drawn from the rougher, more hardy and virile stratum of society. In those days college men like Eddie Collins, Christy Mathewson and Eddie Plank were a sort of novelty. The real hero was wild, eccentric old Rube Waddell, who would stay away from the ball park to pitch in some pick-up game on the sandlots. Once during spring training at New Orleans, McGraw had one of his men take Rube out for an all-night of seeing the sights. Rube showed up at the park the next afternoon blear-eyed and groggy, and shut out the Giants! He was idolized and imitated in the barn-lots of lonely prairie farms and in the crowded parks and back-alleys of the great cities. He was a human, roistering adventurer with all the lovable frailties of Captain Kidd or John Silver. And the fans knew him as a pal. He endeared himself to the public with his Huckleberry Finn peregrinations. When he came onto the field the bleacherites would shout to him: "How'd you like a big high one NOW, Rube?" . . . "Hey, Rube! How'd you like to pitch for the Bloomer Girls?"

Yes, those were great days in baseball—those old days when a man worked his way up to the majors through half a dozen leagues instead of jumping in sponsored from some near-by high school. They toughened them up on their way up in those days. Overnight jumps in day coaches, only the pitcher due to work the next day being assigned to a berth in a Pullman, the others all sleeping on "Ted Sullivans" (arms rested against the window sill in the chair car). Two in a bed in the hick hotels, three beds in a room. A coil of rope and a life-preserver as a fire escape. All through the night, fellows coming in and going out; getting up to smoke cigarettes, telling stories, swearing, snoring. And the pay! Big pay! Ninety dollars a month; perhaps, if you were very good, one twenty-five!

That brought 'em up rough and tough, but many of those old roustabouts were real characters. Fellows like "Shufflin' Phil" Douglas, Fred Toney and Jeff Tesreau on the Giants, big blustering, mean looking mountaineers who were scary enough to bluff a ball player out of taking his cuts when he was up there at the pan.

McGraw used to use "Shufflin' Phil" as a "bad man" to get rid of these "free-lance" volunteers and "nuts" who are always showing up as added-starters at spring training camp. Douglas was a big, tough looking bruiser from a country which he said "was so dang poor the jackrabbits had to carry their lunches strapped on them as they passed through."

When McGraw wanted to get rid of a rookie who was becoming a pest, he would assign him to Phil as his roommate. The next day Phil would dwaddle out to the ball park late, with a couple of big six-shooters in his belt, along with a pair of wicked Bowie knives.

"You're late for practice," McGraw would snarl.

"What the hell if I am?" "Shufflin' Phil" would growl. "What the hell you got to say about it? I'll get out to practice any time I damn please, an' they ain't one thing you're gonna do about it."

That would squelch McGraw, and he would slink away. But the unwanted rookie, sitting in on all this byplay and figuring that a fellow who would act up like that to the manager wouldn't be a very pleasant roommate, usually chucked camp before sundown!

McGraw came up through the old school himself, but raucous as he was, he did much during his time to try to shine up and elevate the standards of ball players. Some of his reforms went over better than his campaign against craps shooting one year on the club. Mugsy put up the ban, and also threatened substantial fines. But that didn't

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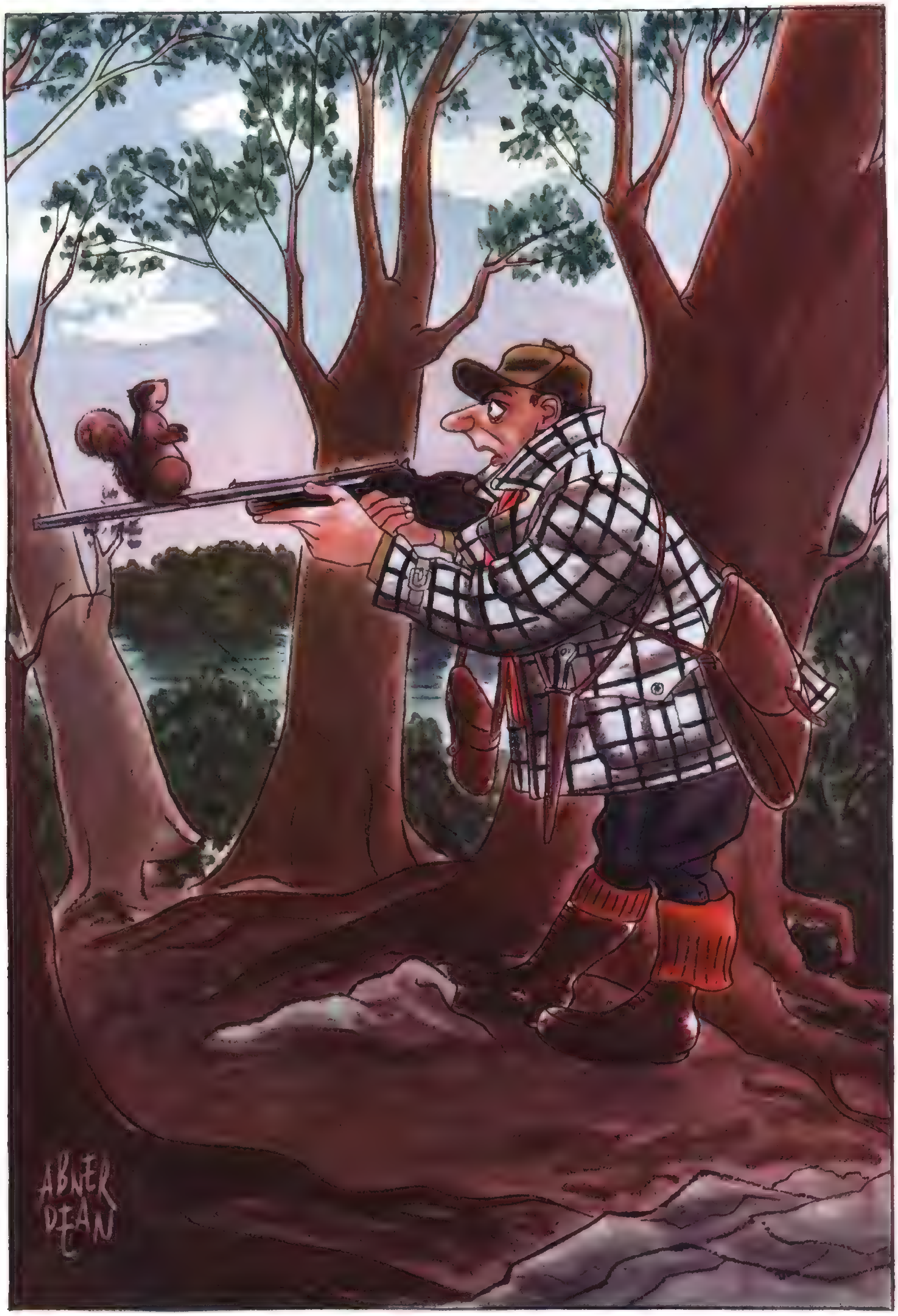
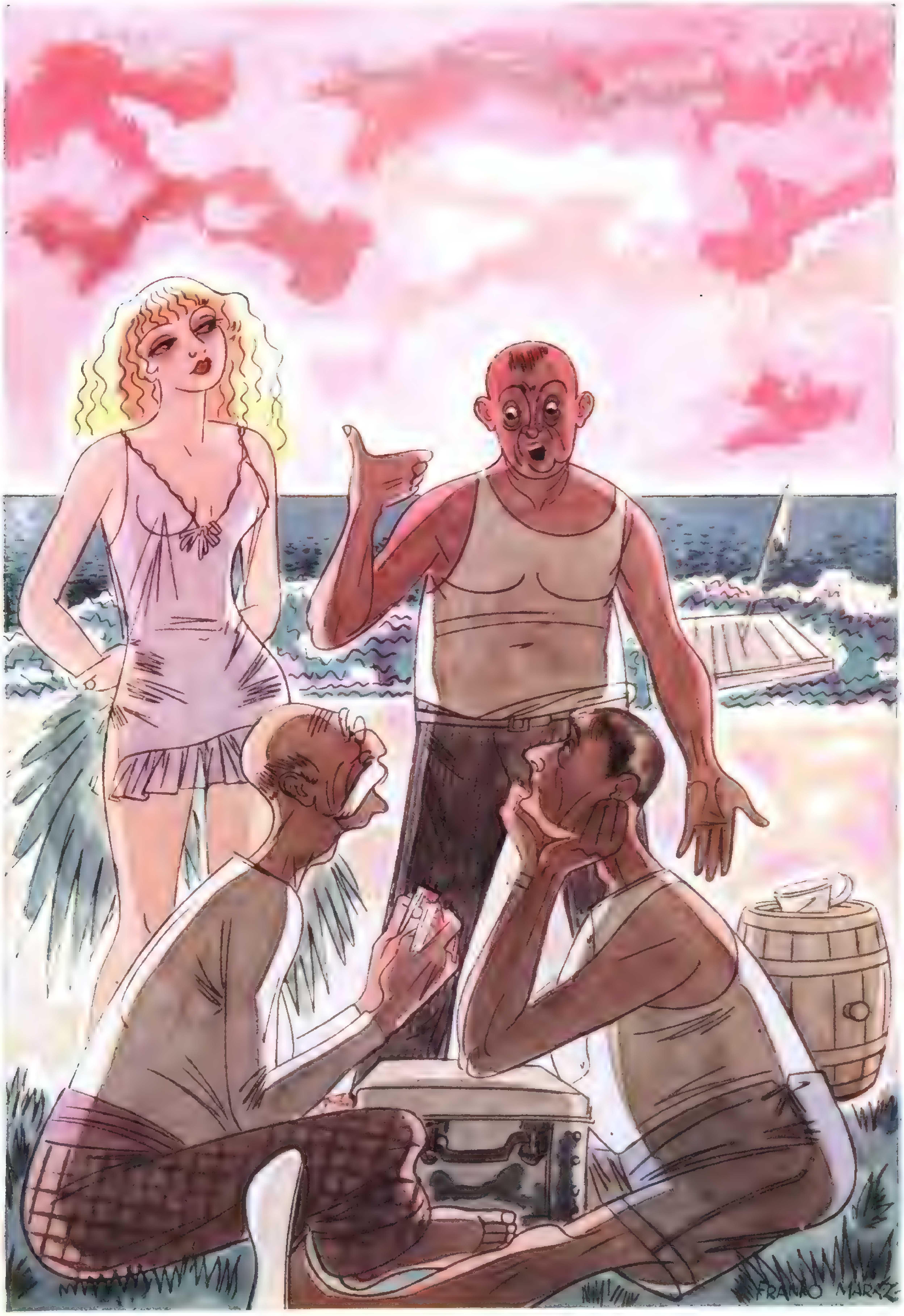


"All right, wise guy!—I've got all the time in the world"


FRANCO MARTZ

"Aw hell!! She don't play bridge"

Finding the Lusitania

How the fishermen who saw her go down helped locate the sunken ship, as told to F. MacDonald Bryan

by CAPT. JOHN D. CRAIG

ARTICLE

"THE *Lusitania* sank right out there," Harrington, an Irish fisherman said. "I'll take you to the spot, sir."

As we looked across the rolling Atlantic from where we stood on the cliffs of Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland, these words were as refreshing as the breezes that blew in from the sea . . . the sea that now formed the tomb of the most startling sea tragedy of the Great War.

When the *Lusitania*, that great, proud liner, stole in from the Western Atlantic through the fog on May 7, 1915, a German torpedo ripped her side open, and she sank before help could come. Today, just that vast expanse of sea greeted our eyes . . . a waste of water and somewhere below a noble liner seeping into the unknown sands.

Searching for her resting place was a problem that had baffled the finest navigators and seamen for months. It was the problem that had haunted Captain Henry B. Russell for years and had brought him half across the world to take this job of finding her. His salvage vessel, *Orphir*, equipped with the finest instruments and location finders known to modern science, had searched for weeks without success. And now a simple Irish fisherman said, "I can take you to the spot, sir."

Lieut. Commander R. H. Dring, R. N. (retired), who was standing with us, looked at Harrington, and the dawn of an idea was formed in his mind. Together, Dring and Captain Russell followed it, and two weeks later, on October 6, 1935, Russell found the *Lusitania* sunk fifty fathoms deep eleven miles off the Old Head of Kinsale.

Three weeks later, Russell's diver stood on the hulk, two hundred forty feet below the surface of the sea, and signalled that the long search had proved successful. The little *Orphir*, of only 459 tons gross, tossing on those bleak waters, had solved a mystery of the sea.

Part of the queerness of this story is that it all began over a hundred years ago. The thought of a fleet . . . the great Turkish and Egyptian Armada, consisting of 130 men-of-war and fabulously rich treasure vessels, sunk in 1827 during a naval battle in the Mediterranean, hung in the mind of a Glasgow business man. That should convince you that business, even in Glasgow, can be picturesque. From the vision of the salvage of old treasure he turned to the thought of salvaging ships torpedoed during the Great War. He investigated.

Scattered on the bed of the ocean throughout the Seven Seas is wealth that would pay the debt of the world where default has become the order of the day. This wealth has gone to the bottom through shipwreck and other causes since time immemorial, and although most of the wealth has remained in the grip of the sea the treasure recovered within recent times amounts to a most imposing figure. For example, $25,000,000 out of a total of $30,000,000 was recovered in 1919 by British Admiralty divers from the wreck of the torpedoed White Star Liner *Laurentic*. In many parts of the world even greater wealth than that now lies for the taking by application of the principles of modern salvage science.

The *Laurentic* was in comparatively shallow water, as diving goes, and the Admiralty men worked in standard rubber-canvas diving dresses. The *Lusitania*, on the other hand, sank in waters charted as from 300 to 350 feet deep . . . far beyond the safety depths attainable by rubber-suit divers.

Realizing that unusual equipment must be used if the *Lusitania* wreck was ever to to be salved, this Glasgow business man conferred with a group of fellow dreamers whose vision was worthy of the enterprise. The Argonaut Corporation, Ltd. was formed and next we hear that the *Orphir* (ex-*Pole Star*), a Lighthouse Commission vessel which has tossed the angry North Sea for many years, has been bought over by the Argonaut Corporation and fitted out with every necessary radio location and echo finding apparatus, equipped for submarine film and photographic work as well as gear and wrecking equipment enabling her to carry on salvage operations for the recovery of bullion and other valuables in sunken vessels.

Should success attend the *Orphir* it is probable she will be the first of a number of vessels owned by the Argonaut Corporation, Ltd. The above outline of the projected work of the *Orphir* may sound a little romantic and I should have been surprised finding that Scotsmen were interested in what appeared to be a new and highly speculative venture, but I gather that the Argonaut Corporation are not embarking on any get-rich-quick stunt or speculative treasure hunt. Indeed the enterprise had been brought to its present state after many years of research and investigation, and the vessel was equipped for essentially commercial purposes.

Britain has long taken a leading place in maritime affairs—even yet her shipping holds first place—but she has at present no place in the realm of salvage recovery of valuable cargoes from sunken vessels; other countries hold the record for such work, more especially Italy.

The Argonaut Corporation have set about to alter that. Besides having available all the known salvage appliances, they overcame the deep-water hazard in diving by developing the Tritonia all-metal diving dress, perhaps the most scientific all-metal dress ever produced, and should be in a position to recover for Britain the prestige of leader in this maritime sphere. The Tritonia dress has been patented throughout the world. The intricate process of manufacture requires men of special training, and the building of many dresses should provide a new source of employment for many hands.

With the Tritonia dress it has been demonstrated at Admiralty trials that divers can solve certain problems which hitherto baffled scientists and salvage experts. The dress carries sufficient oxygen to last from eight to ten hours. In the trials it was demonstrated it could withstand pressures equivalent to a depth of 2500 feet underseas.

About the time the Argonaut Corporation were interested in their *Orphir* and equipment, there sailed back and forth across the seas east of Suez a skipper on an oil tanker belonging to the Indo-Burmah Petroleum Company. Out on those tropical seas while his ship plodded through the tranquil Indian Ocean, Captain Henry B. Russell, like most seafaring men, dreamed of ships sunk in the deep, and the means of reaching them. The fabulous, eerie, silent possessions that the grim sea hugs fired his mind. But how to wrest her choice secrets from the depths where dead men lie beside useless riches and Davy Jones guards his deathly locker?

He was sure there must be a way to beat the grip of the sea. Modern science was giving challenge to the elements; he was certain that somewhere, sometime soon, an inventor would solve the problems of depth, pressure, darkness and tide and return to the surface safely with the fabulous riches that lie on

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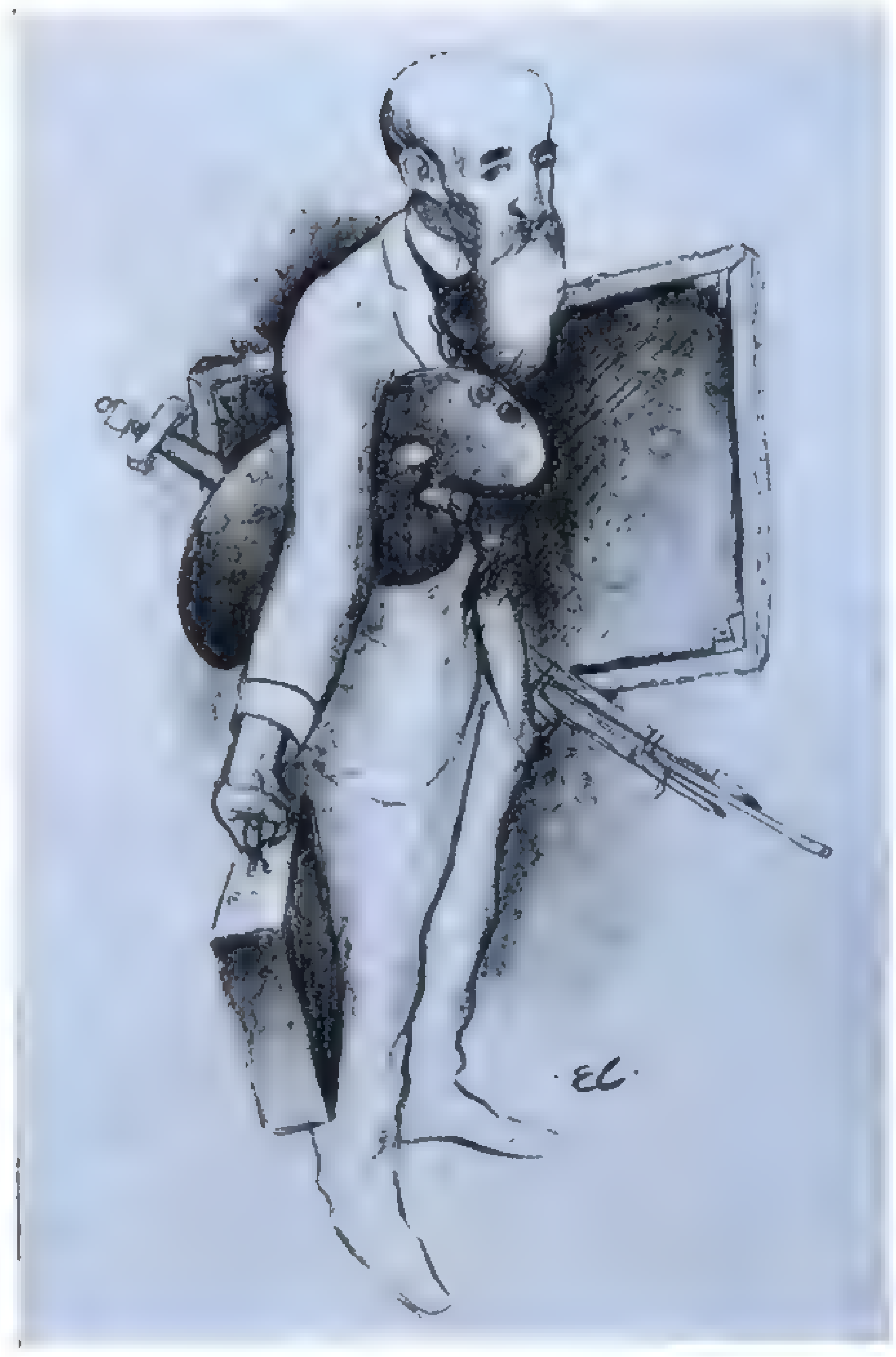
The Portrait of Mrs. Morton

The mad professor proved by his Subliminal Formula that the way to the highest art is in reverse

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• FICTION •



One afternoon old Mrs. Morton was sitting on the terrace of her house at Lake Chapala, and enjoying the view of her beloved garden and the wide spaces of the lake beyond.

Her invaluable house-boy, Pedro, came out to her, very trim in his neat white uniform and brown sandals. He was carrying a tray with something on it.

"A letter for you, Señora."

"How do you know it's for me, Pedro? Perhaps it's for you," she said with a twinkle in her eye. She loved to tease Pedro a little from time to time. She was well aware that Pedro, like most of the Mexican peasants, could not read or write, and that he had never received a letter in his whole life; and his pretenses at literacy always amused her. "How do you know it's for me?"

"It is for you, Señora! It says so on the envelope." He spoke confidently. "It says—'Señora Seymour Morton, Villa Colima, Chapala, Guadalajara.' "

She laughed—this time at herself. Undoubtedly Pedro had got the postman to read to him just what inscription the letter bore. The joke was now neatly turned onto her. She took the envelope from him.

"Yes, you are quite right," she said. "Thank you, Pedro. Maybe it will be a nice letter."

She was already aware that it would be a nice letter. She knew from the handwriting that it was from her married daughter in Mexico City, who was a painter and of whom Mrs. Morton was very fond. She tore open the envelope. It was a long letter. Her daughter wrote:

"I am sending to you, with a note of introduction, one of the oddest old birds in the world. I know he will amuse you. He is Professor Arzici—and what he is professor of, God alone knows.

"For many years he has been one of the most famous of all the queer characters here in Mexico City. Most people consider him completely crazy and a bore, but I don't: I think he is an eccentric but gifted man, and an extraordinarily interesting talker.

"He is a combination of scientist and painter; he has invented incomprehensible theories of what he calls 'curvilinear perspective' and 'the circle of distance' and 'weighted colors.' According to the last of these theories, all colors have different weights: red is the heaviest and green is the lightest, and if a painting is to have proper balance and proportion, the colors must be so distributed that the right half of the picture weighs, in color-values, exactly as much as the left half. It all sounds very mad—yet I must admit that old Professor Arzici gets some remarkably fine effects in his paintings. My friend Diego Rivera does not like his work: he says it is lacking in 'social consciousness.' Well, of course Diego is a great painter—nobody disputes that—but that doesn't necessarily mean that he knows everything.

"This funny old Arzici lives in a vast ruinous palace built three centuries ago, which now stands in the midst of the crowded slums. Once it must have been a mansion of splendor, where the Spanish grandees stalked and their ladies made eyes at their secret lovers. But not today. In the whole enormous building there is no practicable furniture except Professor Arzici's iron bed, and three straight-backed chairs. But as for junk!—you never saw such a place! There are endless piles of old Spanish furniture, and stacks of half-finished pictures, and work-benches where Professor Arzici has been experimenting on a new kind of pigment which he is going to give to the world. And I am not joking when I say that there are literally hundreds of portfolios of his sketches—each sketch being, for him, the germ of a masterpiece.

"The cooking in this incredible mansion is done by his only servant, an old hag, on an open fire that burns on a layer of bricks in the middle of the former ballroom. The whole place is a series of great staircases and empty reception rooms—a place of cobwebs and dust and ghosts. It is a Piranesi nightmare.

"Sometimes he goes away for several months at a time and lives like a wild man, as he prowls around the base of the enormous volcano Orizaba. He paints the various aspects of the mountain, at dusk and at dawn, in sunlight and in storm. Some of the pictures he has done are—well, I won't say what they are: but they are something you don't forget.

"I regard his work quite seriously; and since I am one of the few people who does, he has taken a great liking to me, and has presented to me a number of his finest paintings. He is such an old dear! He told me not long ago that nothing except his high esteem and respect for my husband kept him from eloping with me. Though he is only about eighty years of age, and ugly as a goat, he seemed to think there was nothing unlikely in this fantasy.

"He says he has no first name: he signs all his pictures 'Prof. Arzici.' I have been told that this is not his real name at all, and that 'Arzici' is a Mayan or Toltec word that means 'Terrible Mountain of Fire.' But he has called himself Professor Arzici for forty years, and nobody seems to mind.

"He is utterly harmless, and though people laugh at him a great deal, everybody rather likes him. He is one of the notable sights of the city, with his long snow-white beard, vast shining bald head, gleaming little eyes and huge meerschaum pipe. The government ought to pay him a pension, just because of the amusement which the sight of his extraordinary figure gives to American tourists. He dresses in pure white, with a flaming red tie that is as big as a sash; and he wears a white sombrero. Crowds turn around to watch him as he passes along the street. Sometimes he will stop at a street-corner and make an address to the bewildered passers on the subject of 'curvilinear perspective' or the transubstantiation of the soul. He has confided to me that he is certain that when he dies his soul is to be transformed into the soul of the great mountain Orizaba.

"I trust that this picture I have given you of him does not frighten you, for he is coming to see you. I have talked to him a good deal about you; and when recently he came to call on me I showed him your latest photograph. He was enchanted. He wanted to start right off, and take the train that night, and go to visit you. He is determined to paint your portrait; he says that your face expresses certain qualities which he must get down in a picture. I persuaded him to wait

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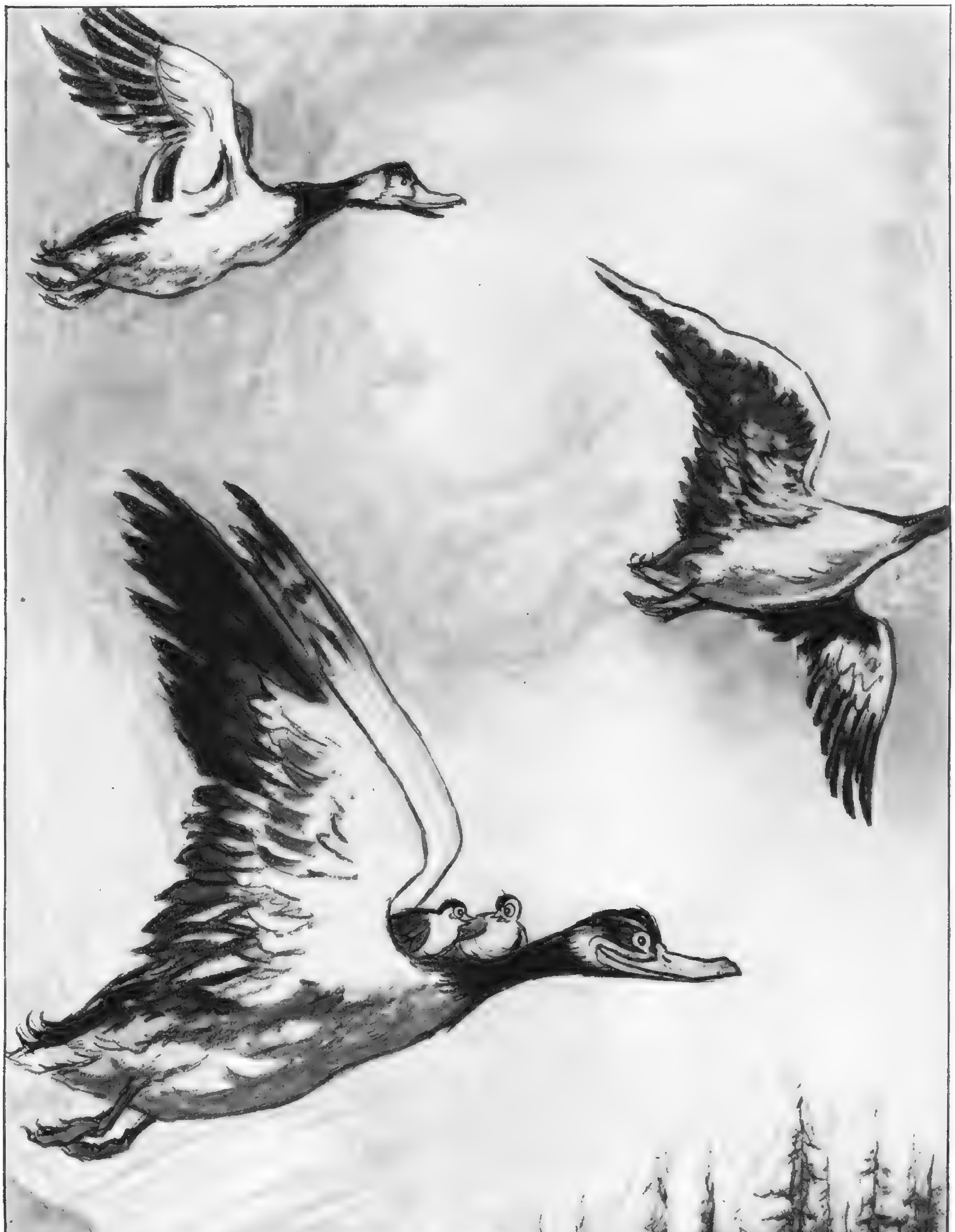


"We'll change at Louisville and again at Miami!"

The Land of the Forbidden

The average citizen in his innocent daily routine runs up about 35 years in jail

by F. ELIOT WESTLAKE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE New York Express hesitated at Cincinnati. That's where I first saw him from my smoking-car seat, as he came down the platform, a red-cap carrying his Gladstone bag and two brief cases. Musing, as one will, I thought, "Lawyer or salesman; possibly a business man but probably the first . . . he looks the part. I wonder what a lawyer does in a town like Cincinnati? Don't have any Gray-Snyder trials! Nor any kidnappings of import! But I expect I'm wrong; it's probably like every other American city with its political, business and family squabbles. . . ."

He came into the smoker after a while and we got acquainted via the pardon-me-have-you-got-a-match route. It seems that I was right about his being a lawyer; for when mention was made of "the rights of citizens" he boiled over and methodically pointed out to me that I had no rights at all. And that if our law-makers took a few laws off the books instead of adding them, this old world would be a happier place in which to live. His little speech is here; as close as I can remember it.

"Back in the day when George Washington first tried out his lusty lungs, down in Westmoreland County, Virginia, this land of ours was really a land of the free and home of the brave. True, Gawge hadn't yet chopped a cherry tree, led a tattered army against Britannia as the result of a tea party, or scrawled his signature across the Constitution. Those things were yet to come; and to be followed by both selfish and scholarly solons who have writ into our books of statutes, prohibitions beyond man's power of memory.

Thus, if George Washington-like we were confronted by the protectors of the peace and requested a résumé of just *one* mis-spent day, it is doubtful if we could recall more than two or three broken laws. The fact is, that we are all criminals . . . every last one of us. If we are at all average in our daily search for a segment of the Golden Fleece, we owe city, county, state and federal government some two hundred dollars in fine for *every waking hour;* and it may run as high as eight hundred.

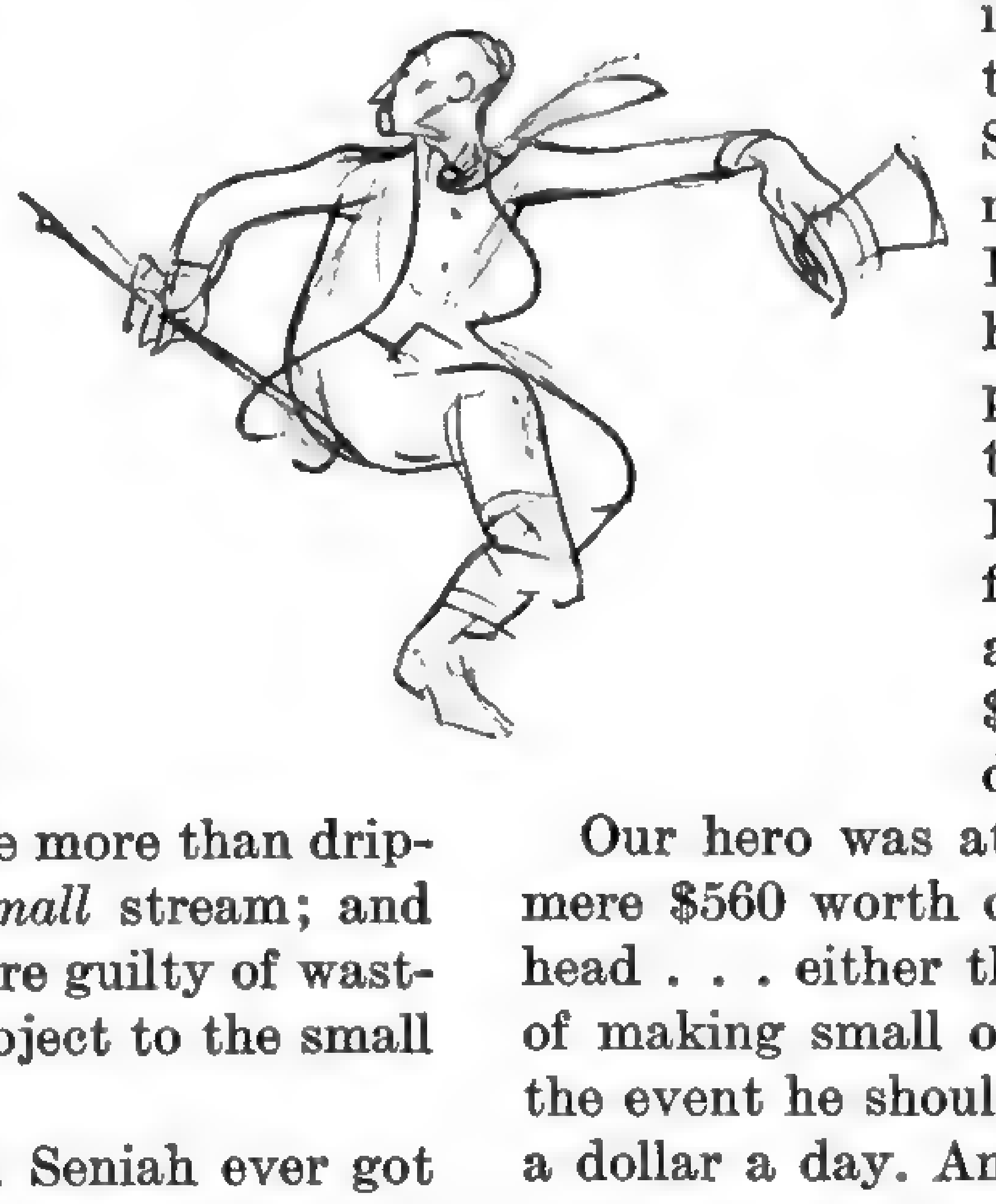
Take David Seniah—you know him. We all know him. He's just moved into a new house out Bond Hill-way. Owns a drug store downtown, an auto, a dog, a Persian pussy; also has a lovely wife and a couple of good Sunday suits.

You wouldn't think it to look at him, for from outward appearances he seems like a law-abiding man, but he really is not.

On the unhappy morn that we decided to follow Dave about, he awoke at seven, sniffed at the appetizing aroma of coffee which floated up from the kitchen, kicked the bed covers off, and reached for a packet of cigarettes which lay on his dresser table. There proved to be only one in the package, and lighting it, he tossed the empty US container into an ashtray. Criminal act No. one. He failed to utterly destroy the revenue stamp on the cigarette package and thus became liable to a fine of fifty dollars, six months or both.

Going into the bathroom to make his morning toilet he came afoul the law immediately. He wiped his face on a towel which he had unintentionally carried away 535 from 'Rented quarters without the consent of the owner' and became immediately liable to a fine of two hundred dollars, thirty days or both.

On his way down the front steps he noted Sandy, his Scot terrier pup and recent addition to the household, gnawing on a book. Now the book turned out to be by another Scotsman by name of Robert Burns, and quite a favorite of Dave's; so Sandy 51-18 was soundly spanked in hopes of teaching him that bones are best for cutting cuspids. Fifty dollars is the possible fine for teaching an animal to respect its owner's property.



Mr. Dave Seniah's next violation was noted after his osculatory morning greeting by his wife and a suggestion that he let the dog out. He did more than let the dog out; he took him out. And noticed during a walk around the house that he had failed the night before to turn off completely the outside water faucet. It was a little more than dripping, it was running a *small* stream; and 76-6 Dave was therefore guilty of wasting water and subject to the small fine of five dollars.

Just how Mr. and Mrs. Seniah ever got through breakfast without breaking laws is unknown. Offhand it would seem that the lawmakers have missed an opportunity. However, the *remains* of the breakfast were 75-6 placed *unwrapped* into the garbage can . . . worth ten dollars to the city if any passing patrolman happens to know the laws, or isn't too busy looking for the dolly with the dimple who wheels the Doyle baby 'round the block, to notice.

'I'll bring the car home tonight, dear. They ought to have that carbon and valve job done by five,' says Dave as he goes out of the door of his new home, en route to the bus line. In his passing from his wife's view he passed two things for which he should be jailed or fined. In the first place 72-58 the street number had not yet been put on his house in a place plainly visible from the sidewalk ($25); and 682 trees over the sidewalk had not been trimmed to eight feet above the ground ($10).

While waiting for the bus, his pocketed morning mail drew his attention. A letter slipped from his finger and when picking it up he also picked up a small pebble which he flicked at a sparrow who was taking a 51-14 dust bath. This action could have cost him the price of an excellent pair of shoes . . . just ten dollars. And the letter read, he tore it in many parts and 676 dropped it in the gutter, unmindful of its being unlawful to throw small bits of paper into the street ($50, thirty days or both). He then reached for a pencil and commenced to nervously trace an 644 imaginary design on the post box he leaned upon. (One hundred dollars for defacing a post box.)

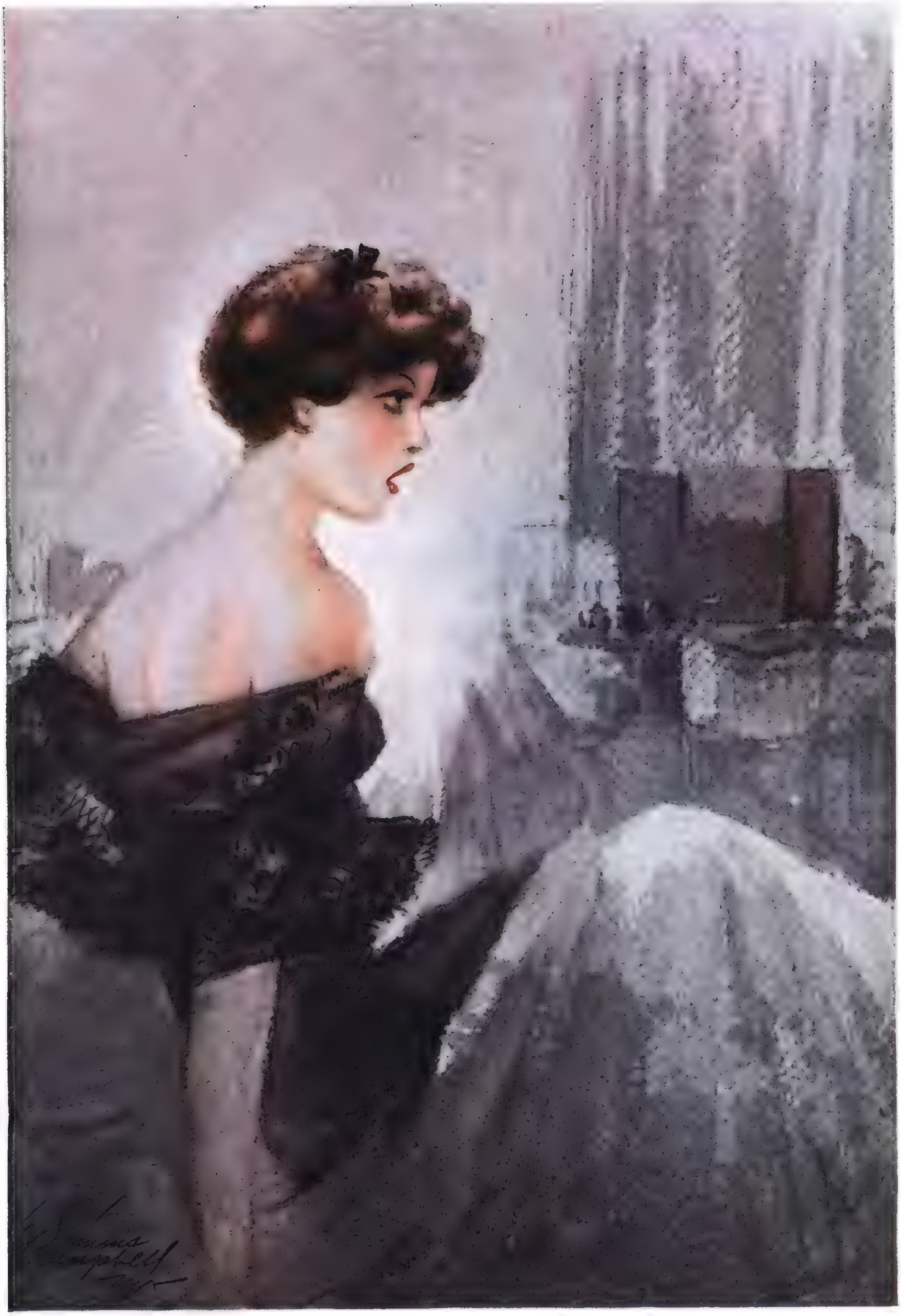
On boarding the bus Dave unhappily chose a seat by a closed window. Now who would think that a closed window and a draft would join hands in inducing Dave to break the law? But they did. Sleeping in a draft the night before had given Dave a slight cold in the head and throat; accompanied by a dropping in the latter. Where was Dave to expectorate? The floor was the answer . . . and the fine should be $50 according to city ordinance No. 63-42E.

Our hero was at last downtown, with a mere $560 worth of fines hanging over his head . . . either that or a year and a half of making small ones out of large ones in the event he should elect to work it out at a dollar a day. And now began his day of *really* breaking laws.

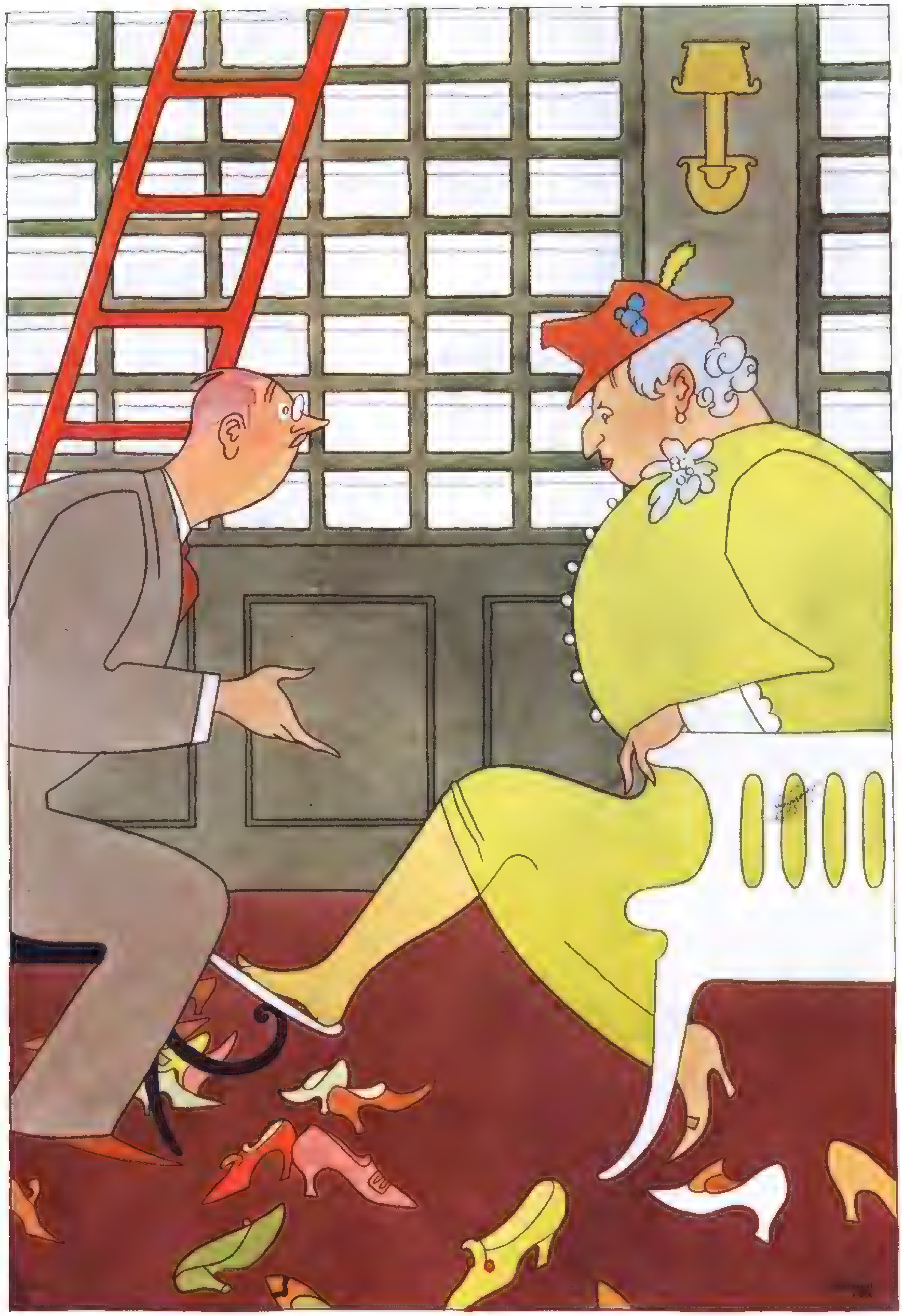
The drug store had been opened several hours earlier by a trusted clerk; and was in tip top shape, even the morning business mail was piled in its accustomed place. It didn't amount to much. Only one letter

Figures in margin refer to city, county, state or federal laws and are simply included as proof.

Continued on page 256



"Yes—I've been a good girl and I'll stay a good girl—get the hell out of here Santa Claus!"



"I'm sorry, Madam, but we have no shoes large on the inside and small on the outside!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Advice to the granddaughter of Gen. Lee, to try reversing the order of the strip-tease

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

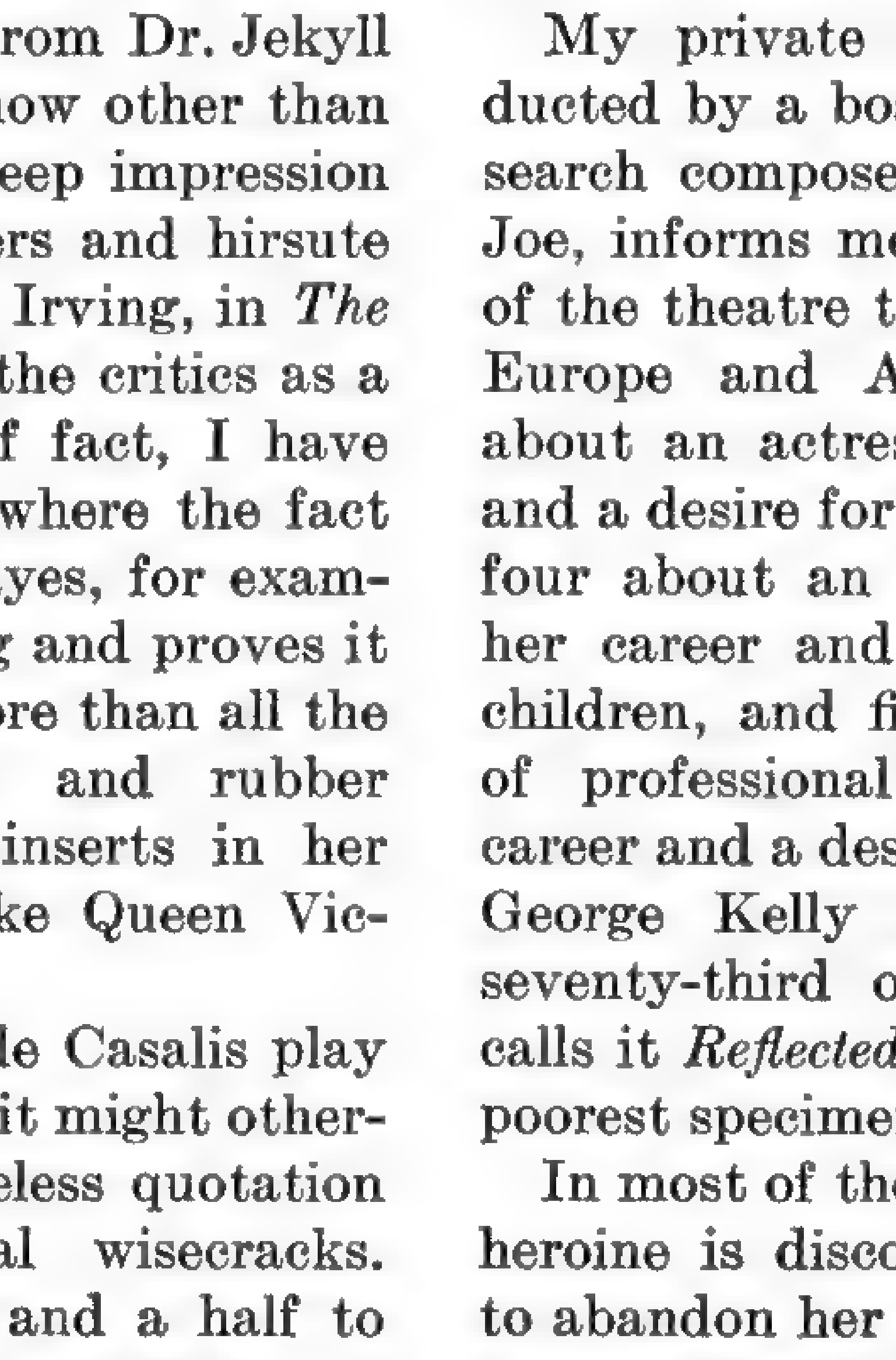
THEATRE

MAN may have seven ages but your typical playwright has just three. In the first, his early years, he either writes or contemplates writing a Christ play. In the second, his middle span, he either writes or contemplates writing a Napoleon play. In the third, his later years, he either writes or contemplates writing a play about the idiosyncrasies of Divine Providence. R. C. Sherriff is in his middle span and, with the help of Jeanne de Casalis, has duly written his Napoleon play. It is named *St. Helena*.

Napoleon plays, like playwrights, also have three bearings. In the first category are the exhibits which lift Napoleon directly out of the historical records and place him on the stage in a series of episodes covering a certain portion of his career. In the second are the exhibits, sometimes with a musical accompaniment, which romanticize his personal and sentimental side and generally display him at the last curtain taking a fond farewell (in a purple light) of some peasant girl whom he theoretically encountered on one of his campaigns. And in the third are the exhibits which sardonically reject the Napoleon of the class-rooms, of Meissonier and of Madame Tussaud and present the Little Corporal instead as a man with most of the unhappy shortcomings and all of the hoped for wit of the playwright himself. Mr. Sherriff's exhibit is in the first category.

Dealing with the Emperor in his last days in exile, the play suffers from the usual fault, an inevitable one, of all such plays not written in likely verse or poetic prose that place personal record and history more or less literally upon the stage. As short episode follows short episode there is always an increasing resentment at being asked to listen to a twice-told or thrice-told and thoroughly familiar story. The playwright presents himself in the light of one's boyhood teacher who, reappearing on earth—unfortunately for him just after one has enjoyed half a dozen cocktails and a ten dollar dinner and thrown the last book on Napoleon at the hat-check boy—, bids one to get into short pants again and come back to school. This is the light, surely, that envelops Sherriff and his collaborator in this particular case. What they show us and tell us is bereft of even the smallest share of dramatic surprise and is, further, without the compensating fillip of delicate literary performance. It is an honest job, and one sincerely done, but at the same time it is generally a dull one. What interest the session provides lies not in the play but in the makeup of the actor playing Bonaparte and in the period costumes and settings. And I, for one, have got beyond the age when actors' tricky makeups or any other such superficial theatrical monkeyshines can interest me as they once did. I don't have fun any more even thinking back to the green goo that Richard Mansfield covertly wiped off the back of a tall chair and smeared on his face, thus converting himself, to the awe of the critics of the period, from Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. Nor can I now other than snicker at my childhood's deep impression over the magnificent whiskers and hirsute ear-muffs with which Henry Irving, in *The Bells*, passed himself off on the critics as a great actor. As a matter of fact, I have actually arrived at a point where the fact that someone like Helen Hayes, for example, knows a lot about acting and proves it interests me considerably more than all the cotton-batting, beer corks and rubber syringe nipples which she inserts in her cheeks to puff them out like Queen Victoria's.

What makes the Sherriff-de Casalis play even more monotonous than it might otherwise be is the authors' ceaseless quotation of Napoleon's philosophical wisecracks. After listening for an hour and a half to them—all of them already as familiar to the average schooled theatregoer as the wire rack under his seat which promptly allows his hat to drop out of it and be stepped on by the inevitable first-night neighbor who apparently pays out his $3.85 for the express privilege of making numerous excursions to the toilet —after, as I say, listening for an hour and a half to them your theatregoer with a reading quotient of more than 2 minus begins to long for the introduction and novelty of a few philosophical gems by even Amos 'n' Andy or Walter B. Pitkin. Futhermore, accurate and literal quotation or not, when the authors allow Napoleon, at this late and advanced vaudeville day, to observe, relative to a lady's age, "That's a question you must never ask a woman. I knew a lady once who preferred losing an important lawsuit to confessing her age. The case would have been decided in her favor had she produced the register of her baptism, but nothing would persuade her to do so"—when the authors do this, we can't be certain whether they are dramatizing Napoleon or Jack Benny. And when, after Napoleon pulls the hoary nifty, they ask their Mme. Montholon coyly to exclaim, "Oh, sir!" and—(*stage direction*) "*They all laugh*"—I may be forgiven when I, in turn, ask the editor of ESQUIRE summarily to wastebasket all letters from readers protesting that this is just another lot of destructive criticism and that I am just another destructive critic.



* * *

My private Bureau of Statistics, conducted by a board of investigation and research composed of a colored boy named Joe, informs me that in the last ten years of the theatre there have been produced in Europe and America seventy-two plays about an actress torn between her career and a desire for a home and children, sixty-four about an opera singer torn between her career and a desire for a home and children, and fifty-six about other species of professional women torn between a career and a desire for a home and children. George Kelly has now contributed the seventy-third one about the actress. He calls it *Reflected Glory*, and it is one of the poorest specimens of the series.

In most of these plays, as in this one, the heroine is discouraged from her intention to abandon her career by being told by her manager that the critics' notices, which have just come in, compare her with Bernhardt in her prime. This is usually a trifle uncomfortable, if not completely dismaying, to any critics who happen to be reviewing the immediate performance, as the actress who is playing the heroine—for all the thunderous applause of the hypothetical audience in the wings—never under any circumstances, judging her from the performance she is giving before the real audience, bears the remotest comparison with Bernhardt at any stage of her career, even at the hands of a critic for *Zit's*.

Kelly's play is a kermess, as well, of almost all the other stencils that usually go into the composition of these dinguses. When it opens, the actress heroine (if the printer wants to leave the final *e* off that word, it's all right with me, considering the sedative effect) is found discussing her yen for a peaceful retirement with her girl-friend, the rubber-stamp blasé has-been actress. The latter, subsequently supported by the comic maid-servant of the interminable chatter, says Pooh. Enter the handsome juvenile with the shiny licorice hair and the excessively creased trousers. The fall of Babylon was a mere stumble compared with the way our heroine lands on

Continued on page 180

The Siege of Salzburg

The meistersingers were all in the orchestra when Toscanini took the town by half a tone

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

Certainly, Salzburg was more gaga this summer than ever before. Toscanini tore off a new white tie and threw it out his dressing-room window, where it landed on the bosom of a pompous dowager in the foyer below. . . . Twangy voices inquired if Mozart himself would take part in the performances this year . . . the letter-writing English haunted St. Peter's Cemetery, looking for the tombs of the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg" . . . and brazen-breasted Americans yelled at the local scalpers, "How much does it cost in *real* money?"

Cabriolets were conspicuously absent. This was the season for *Mozart-kugel, Mozart-schokolade, Mozart-kalendars, Mozart-toilletartikel.* Toscanini was re-photographed at every angle. Picture postcard sales hit new highs. Exhausted souvenir merchants went off to take a cure when the thing was over.

The new visitors demanded metropolitan trappings. Heavily curtained supper-clubs mushroomed around the Bazaar, and ground out a continental version of *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round.* Within, purple toenails and beach sandals rumba-ed beneath peasant costumes . . . and pommaded wops taught youthful hyperthyroids the words of *Facetta nera, bel Abyssinia* between whirls of *Cheek to Cheek,* which the Austrians rendered as "Chick to Chick."

Horse races and the Casino were focal points of interest. MGM obtained exclusive rights to show its films during the Festival, and the world première of *Romeo and Juliet* was advertised and run off on August 9th—eleven days before the film's second world première in New York.

King Edward VIII, billed as George VIII in the local *Volksblatt,* stopped off with Mrs. Ernest Simpson of Baltimore, visited the understaffed Bazaar and, like most other guests, got no service. His Majesty passed unnoticed among the mobs who were gaping at the Crown Prince of Italy and his long caravan of flunkies. All royalty was lost in the shuffle when Marlene Dietrich appeared and clogged up every alleyway. By comparison, Grace Moore and Feodor Chaliapin scarcely rated a side glance.

Three hundred and nine accredited music critics and one English lady who said vaguely that she wrote for "various American papers when the spirit moves me," descended upon the *press-büro* and made its life a merry hell, struggling with more than a thousand representatives from estimable organs such as the *Undertakers' Gazette,* the *Battleboro* (Vt.) *Tattler,* and the *Jugo-Slavian Chatterbox.* The honorary secretaries of every Mozart Society in the world were demanding free tickets.

Frequently the queue for the 140 *stehplatz* formed on the previous day, the hour furnishing an accurate barometer to the quality of the performance. For *Falstaff,* the wait was twenty-two hours, for *Don Giovanni* only eleven. The entire siege was conducted by the local unemployed who came armed with lunch baskets and rough beds. Many times they were able to hawk the coveted cards to the stifling gallery at a profit of 1000 per cent.

Inside, it was as much as your dinner coat was worth to get near the *kasse* or the buffet. Coffee, when you could get it, retailed at twenty cents a cup. Prices everywhere were tripled. You couldn't even visit the *Festspielhaus* toilet without being interrupted at a crucial moment by the pesky old woman caretaker wanting her fee.

The real dynamo in all this was Arturo Toscanini who, though seventy, took over the largest share of the opera performances. On fourteen out of the thirty-eight Festival days he appeared and through his genius and gallons of perspiration, vitalized a weak and colorless ensemble. He worked unceasingly to perfect every detail of each performance—not an easy task, when on the entire roster there was not a single surpassing voice capable of ideally articulating its rôle, and when the brass and woodwinds of the Vienna Philharmonic are decidedly second-rate. The glowing and radiant sound, for instance, with which Toscanini in New York fills the final movement of the Schubert *C-major Symphony* was missing. And in *Fidelio* there were rough, sour tones from the horns and trombones that would not be tolerated in the Joliet High School Band.

But these did not destroy the integrity of intention or the incorruptible spirit that are Toscanini! He was, as always, the irreproachable sculptor in tone, whose taste is impeccable, whose performances are indisputably right. Deficiencies existed only because to remedy them with the forces in hand was a physical impossibility. Considering the shoddy material he had to work with, he accomplished miracles.

Not even Toscanini can put new voices in old throats, or expansive souls in men who are without them. In order to give the *Meistersinger,* he had to be satisfied with his third choice for *Sachs:* Jaro Prohaska was singing *Telramund* in Bayreuth and could not be had; Friedrich Schorr became indisposed after several rehearsals; Hans Hermann Nissen, who finally came, did little more than sing the notes. He was not able to project the personality of the noble cobbler-poet, perhaps the greatest of all operatic characters.

The *von Stolzing* was Charles Kullmann, who has a pleasing lyric voice, but certainly not of the size or timbre that Wagner intended for the young Franconian. He did his best, considering these limitations and, when he improved his wig, was as handsome a lover as I have seen on the stage. Unfortunately, the *Eva* did not match him. Lotte Lehmann was thick enough to be his mother and, in spite of sensitive and grateful moments, she emitted strange sounds that could not by any stretch of the imagination be called beautiful. This unique artist, whose impersonation of the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier,* and *Leonore,* would be difficult to improve, is not my idea of *Eva.* Neither has she a suitable timbre of voice for this fresh and virginal *fraülein.*

Her father (Herbert Alsen at Salzburg) had need to discover warmth and vibrancy in his voice and a heart under his long beard. His fellow-mastersingers were not well drawn nor carefully differentiated—but there is no need to string out further details. The fact is, the singers were not first-rate.

The real *meistersingers* were in the orchestra . . . and it was not for fun that the conductors of two of our principal eastern orchestras sat throughout the performance with scores and flashlights in hand. The first act, in case you care, was played in seventy-seven minutes, exactly the time taken by von Bülow at the first performance in Munich, and some minutes less than the customary German performance today. The whole flowed from first bar to last. Every measure was clear, every expression mark was observed. And I have never heard so many inner voices nor so many of the words.

The *Falstaff* and *Fidelio* productions were repeated from last year. Of these two, the sparkling Verdi masterpiece more nearly approaches the ideal, and it remains, by

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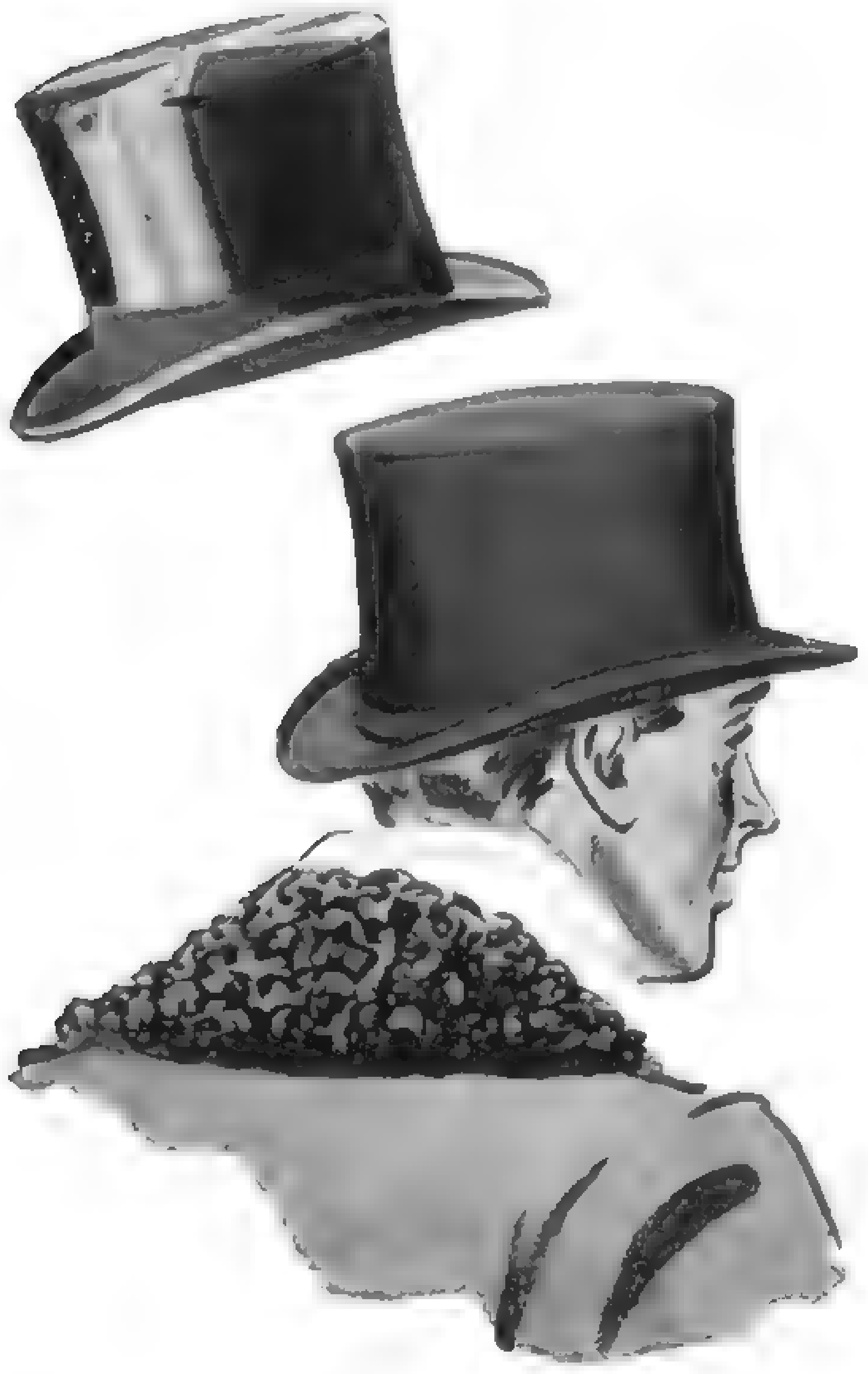
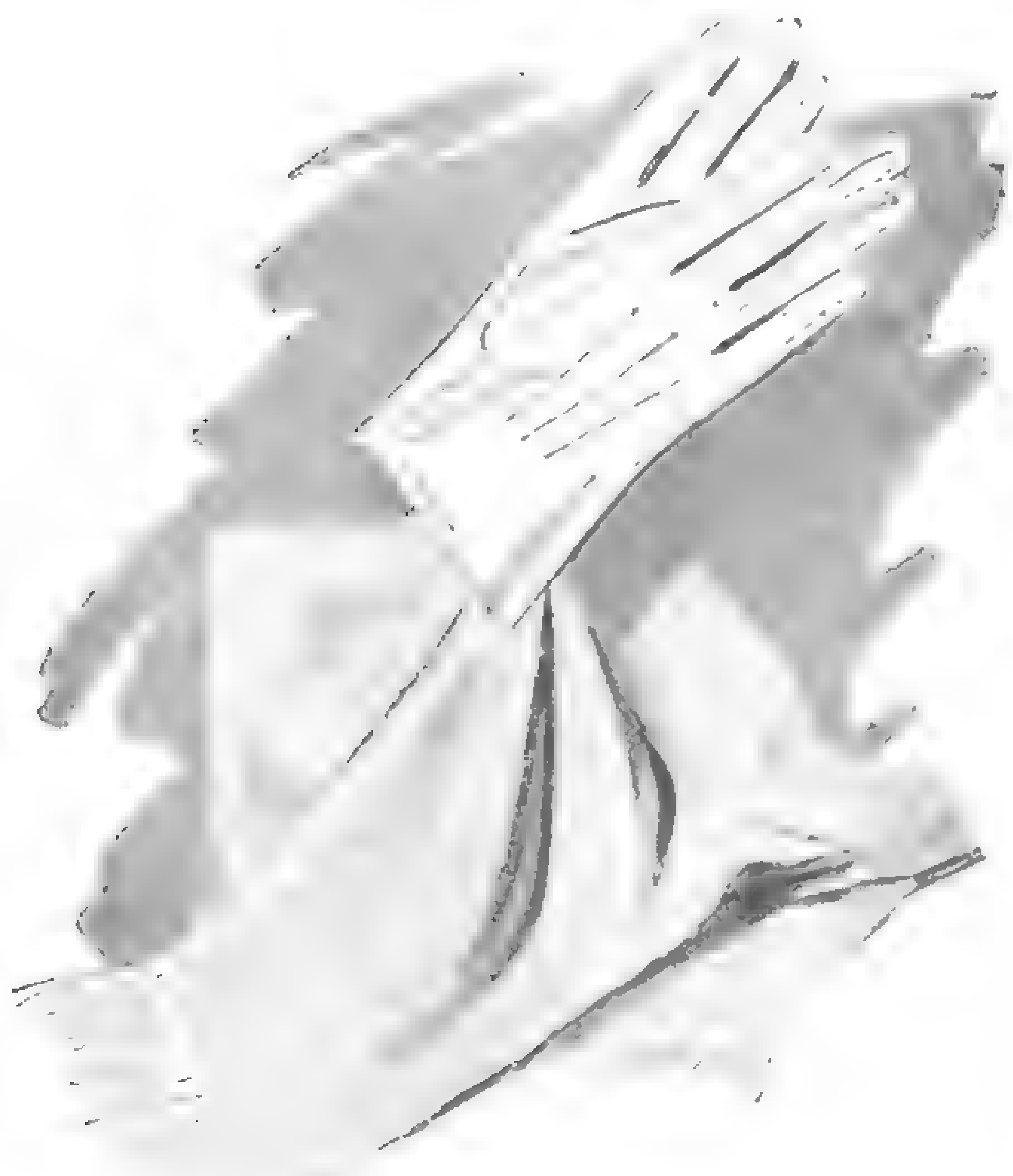
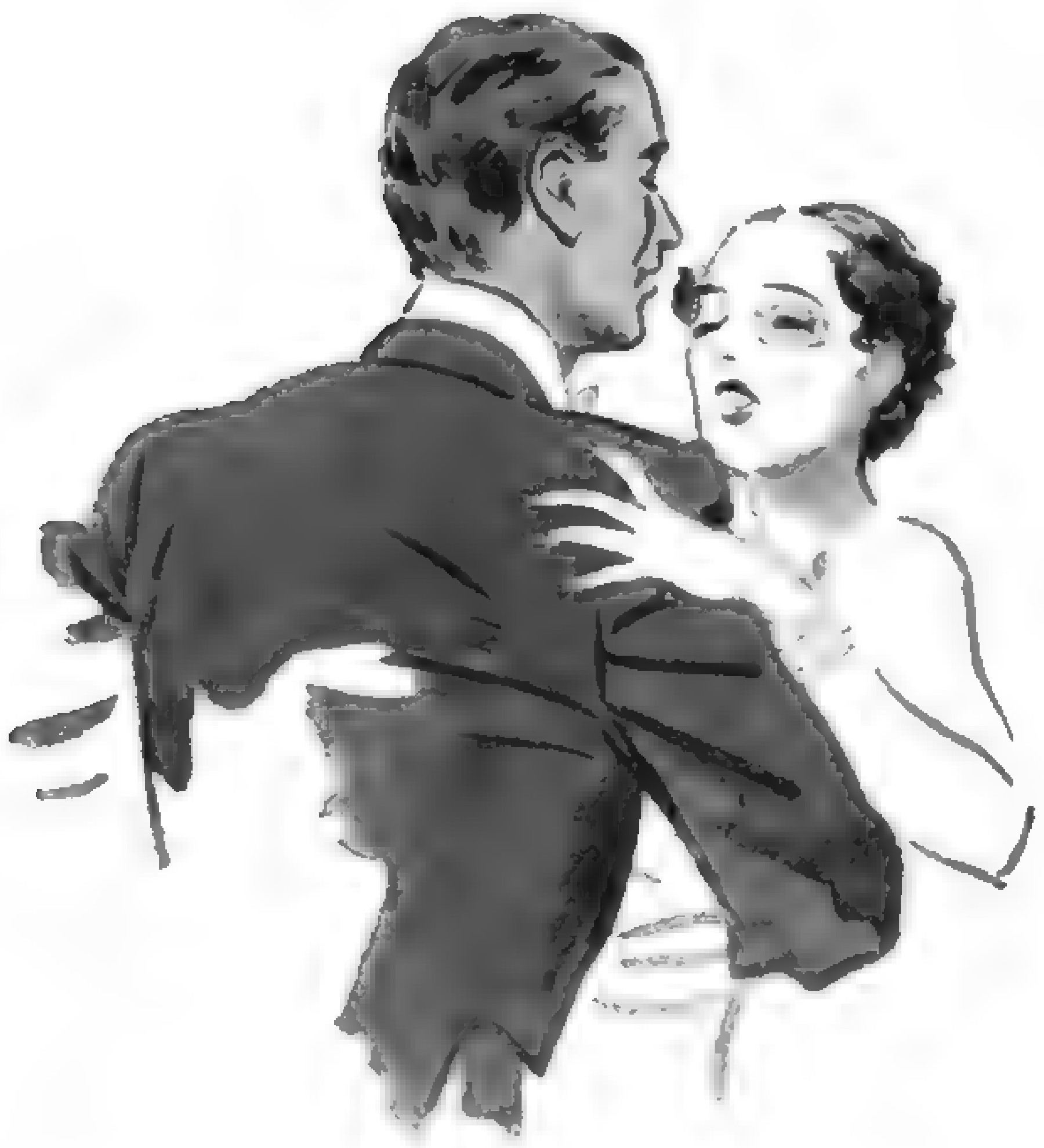
Evening Dress Etiquette



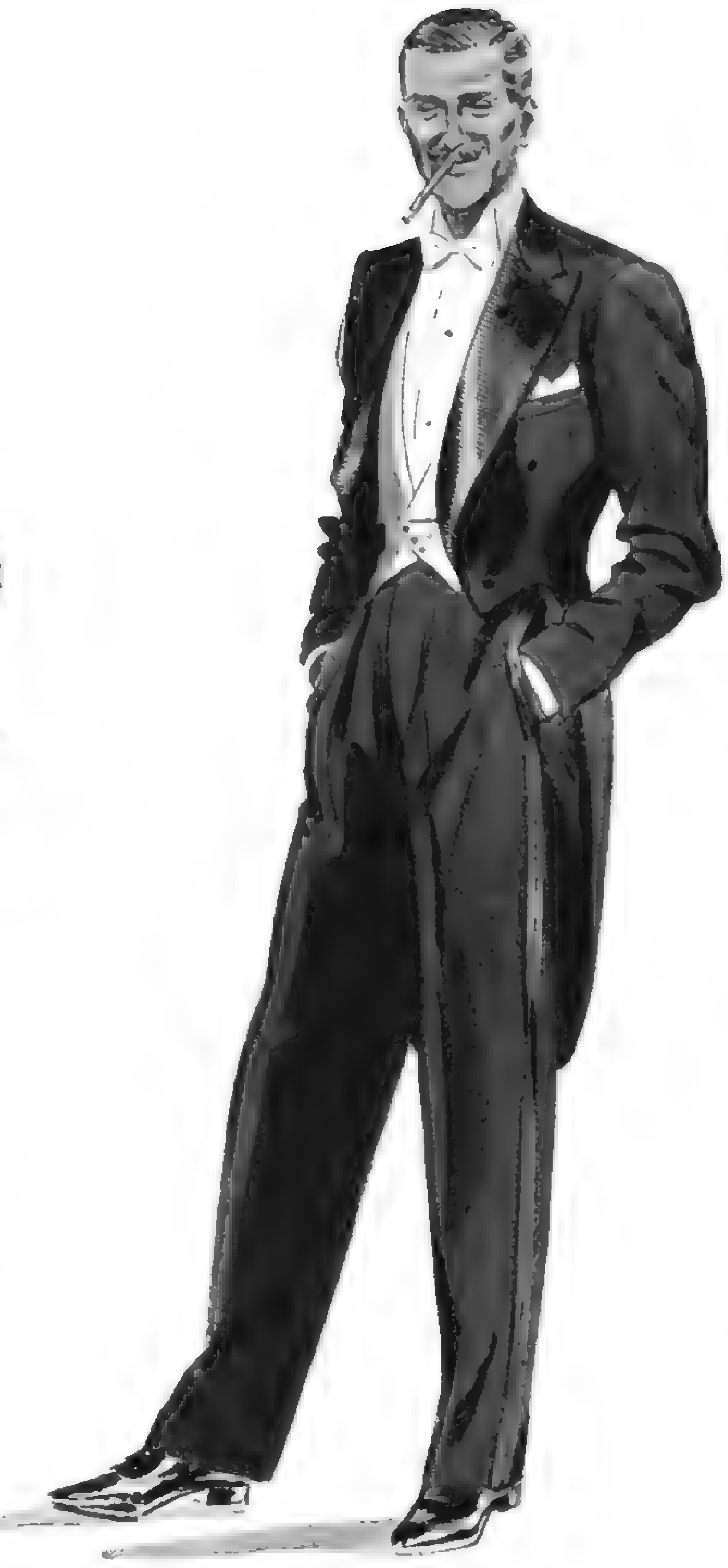
The collapsible silk opera hat and the silk tophat are correct with full evening dress.



A white silk muffler and white gloves are correct. This muffler is of white silk crochet and the gloves are of white, lightweight mocha.

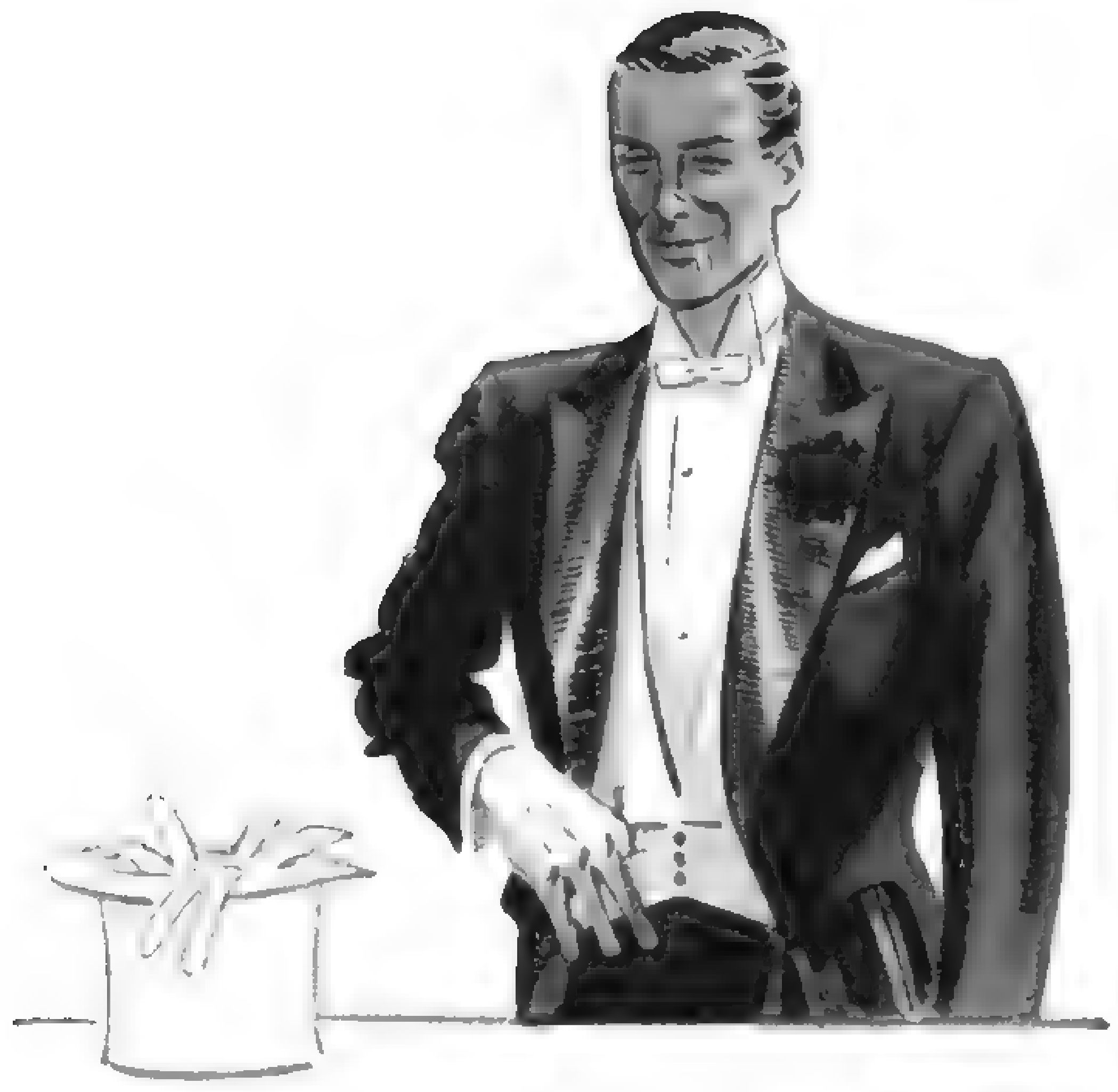


Your coat collar should fit snugly at the neck, hiding the collar button and tie, although as much white collar should show at the back as comfort allows.



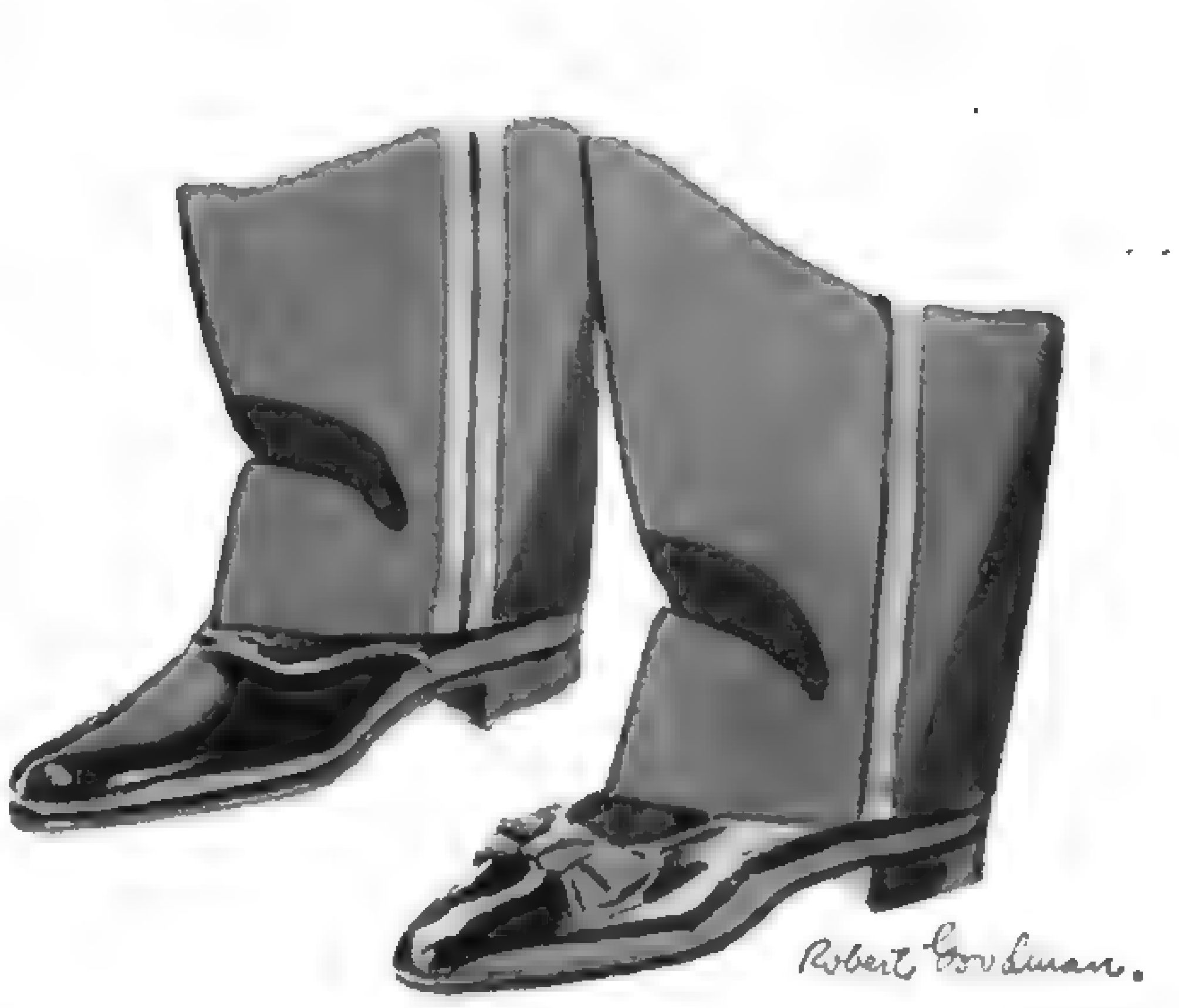
Full evening dress necessitates perfection of detail for a gentleman to be at his best in formal kit. The tailcoat should not extend beyond the bend of the knee in back. Lapels of dull fine ribbed grosgrain are preferable. A long natural roll lapel, in proportion to the jacket, is best suited to every man. At least a half inch of white cuff should extend beyond the sleeve. White stones or precious jewels may be worn in the shirt, while buttons to match the waistcoat or black or gold may be worn in the waistcoat. A white linen handkerchief and the clove red carnation complete the turnout.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison., Ave N. Y.)



The tailcoat should completely cover the waistline in the front, the white waistcoat never showing below the front of the coat. Fashion favors the two-stud open front dress shirt and the new smaller shaped white tie.

The high wing collar with wide opening in the front and broad tabs is a fashion first. The white dress tie should always be worn on the outside of the collar. The semi-butterfly tie or the small shape white tie should not extend beyond the wings of the collar.


Robert Goodman.

Dress trousers should definitely break at the instep, and pumps or oxfords may be worn with either tailcoat or dinner coat. The dinner jacket trouser should carry a single braid at the side, and the tailcoat trouser two narrow medium braids set close together.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Taking credit for an assist on two fast ones and giving tips on books recommended as gifts

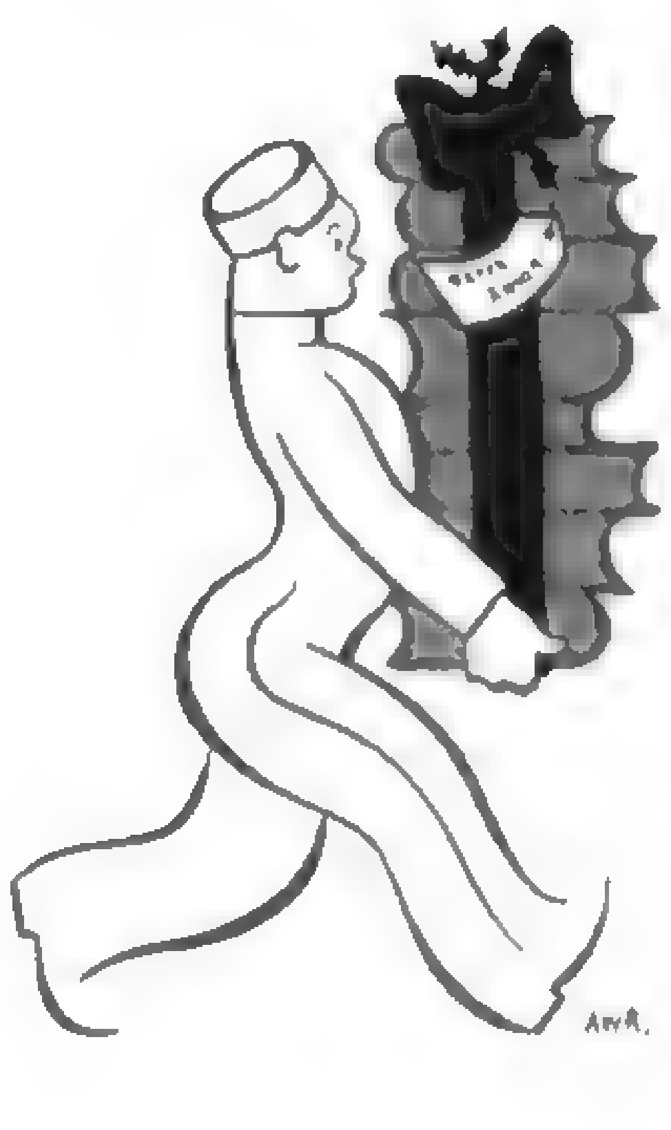
by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

News Note from Publishers' Weekly: "The Big Money, *by John Dos Passos. Harcourt Brace,* $2.50 *—Last week this new best seller outdistanced everything but* Gone With the Wind."

And if you don't know what that means, I'll have to remind you that the Macmillan's have sold more copies of *Gone With the Wind* than Carter has pills. They have called in statisticians from the United States Treasury Department to keep tab on the press run. The laundry bill of the grill room of the Prince George has increased 320 per cent., because George P. Brett, Jr., and Phelps Putnam of the Macmillan Company go in there with other eminent tablecloth mathematicians—Milo Sutliff, M. Lincoln Schuster, Harry Scherman, Alfred Harcourt and David A. Smart—and multiply, add, subtract, divide and then multiply some more while two able-bodied waiters stand by to add fresh tablecloths every four and a half minutes.

The junior Brett carries forty-seven pencils and is attended by a secretary armed with a pencil-sharpener. He therefore leads Dave Smart in penciled calculations by a wide margin: the other night at the theatre he ran up figures present and prospective, on *Gone With the Wind* on the backs of three dowagers and on the white satin gowns of two debutantes whereas Mr. Smart got only as far as the dress-shirt fronts of Burns Mantle and Kelcey Allen. Out in front of the New York Public Library the other day, I stumbled over something and it turned out to be George Brett, Jr. He had covered every available inch of space on the pedestals of the recumbent lions with figures and was starting on the steps. He ceased his work long enough to embrace me and say, "I owe it all to you, Burton." (He calls me Burton under the stress of great emotion.) "By pointing out in Esquire that it was not a penitentiary offense to read *Gone With the Wind* and by saying that the novel was 'highly readable' you made one of the biggest successes in the publishing business." With that he resumed his figuring.



My responsibility for the vast sale of *Gone With the Wind* was largely indirect and subtle. My influence in making *The Big Money* a runner-up with Miss Mitchell's novel was blunt and direct. I was so blunt that perhaps you recall that the editor mistook my intentions and chided me severely on the editorial page for lack of suavity and grace. Mr. Gingrich said my review of *The Big Money* got him to thinking of Gayley's *Classical Myths* and from that he was led into thinking of Pegasus—or at least of a prominent part of Pegasus.

The honors were all mine, however, in that clash and clatter of minds, as I think the sales record of *The Big Money* shows. I told people how to read Dos Passos. They hadn't known how to read him before and therefore Dos Passos was the pet of the literati but no soap to the general. When I showed them the trick, right away Dos Passos himself got into the big money.

It is therefore with justifiable pride in my influence and prestige and withal a becoming modesty that I make bold to make some suggestions to you about giving books for Christmas. My list is necessarily selective, short and lacking in comprehensiveness: it has been impossible for me to read or even cursorily to examine all of the better books of the season, so great is the list.

There are certain to be good works of instruction and entertainment every season which somehow get lost in the flood of books and are never properly brought to the attention of the book-buying public. These books, usually, though, get themselves found out. Sometimes publishers have been astounded to discover that they have a best seller in a book they scarcely knew was on their list—books they have bound up in imported sheets only to find a widespread demand for the book, a demand they are temporarily unable to satisfy. This was the case with Norman Douglas' *South Wind* and Axel Munthe's *San Michele.* When Houghton, Mifflin & Co. decided to bring out a trade edition of the privately printed *Education of Henry Adams* they did so tentatively in a small first edition, by no means having even vaguely anticipated that so large, so expensive, so esoteric a book would meet with immediate, widespread favor on the part of the great book-buying public.

No one can go wrong in recommending the Bible. It is perennially the best seller of all books in all languages. During the past twenty or thirty years, however, Bible reading has not been anything like as much a part of the general household culture of the average home as it was formerly. It is a surprise to many of us oldsters to learn how few of the younger folk are acquainted with the Bible. Some of them vaguely remember the stories retold from it in Sunday School and some of them recall actual words from it used as texts for Sunday School lessons or sermons. But their acquaintance with it as a living literature is almost non-existent.

The reason for this is not, I think, so much from the decay of religious teaching or from any lessening in the influence of the churches (although that, perhaps, accounts for some of the prevailing ignorance of the Bible) but that the Bible has for so long been presented in a forbidding and lugubrious form. It has ordinarily been either large and cumbersome, printed in small, almost unreadable type, made the more unattractive to the eye by small print annotations; or small but bound in black, funereal cloth. Another reason the Bible has been neglected as a book full of strange, exalted beauty, in a language soothing to the spirit and stimulating to the mind, is that it has been associated almost altogether with piety and moral instruction, instead of being regarded for what it is, perhaps the richest literary record of human experience that has ever been vouchsafed to humankind, the embodiment of the highest flights of the imagination.

Under the able editorship of a brilliant and profound theological scholar, Ernest Sutherland Bates, the publishing house of Simon & Schuster has brought forth *The Bible: Designed to be Read as Living Literature.* In format, type design, in every physical aspect this Bible is a thing of beauty, an invitation to the eye. Mr. Bates has eliminated the boresome genealogies and all repetitious matter, some of the chronicles and epistles. As all Biblical students know, some of the Bible was written as prose history, some as prose myth, some as verse and some as drama; and both the Old and New Testaments are in themselves selections from a vast amount of literature composed over a long period of the history of the Hebrews. Mr. Bates has used the noblest translation, the King James Version, but has modified it with modern spelling. As the Bible is ordinarily printed, as in the drama of the Book of Job, it is not easy to follow the dialogue and know just which character is talking. Presented, as Mr. Bates has done, the drama as a drama, with a cast of characters and stage directions, the magnificence of the play is inescapable. This is a book that should be in every library. It is the gift book about which no one can make a mistake—unless it should happen that the recipient is a Fundamentalist with a mistaken impression that the authentic word of God was not heard until the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, that He chose to speak in Jacobean English and to employ Jacobean spelling and that the canon is not to be

Continued on page 265

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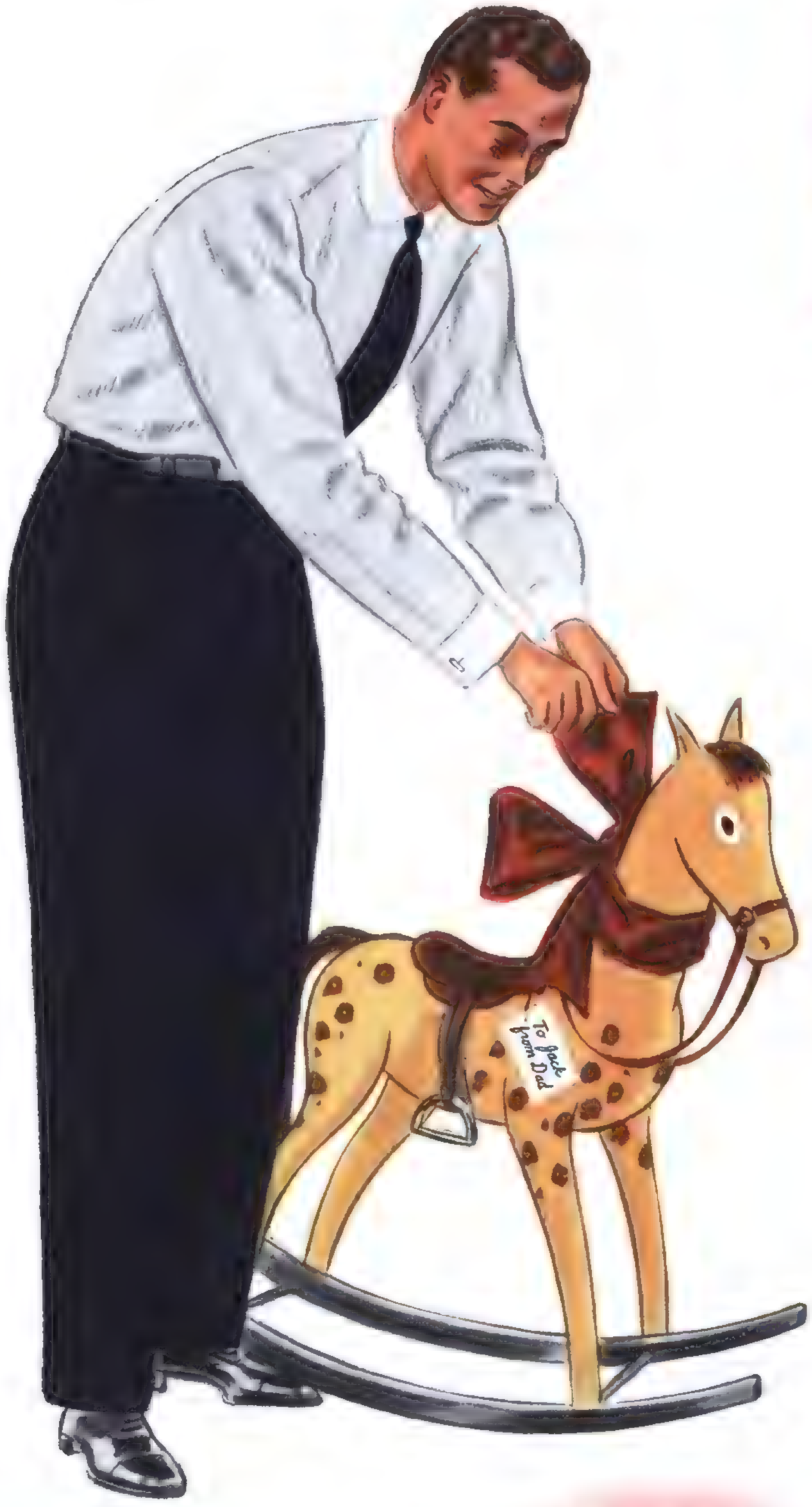
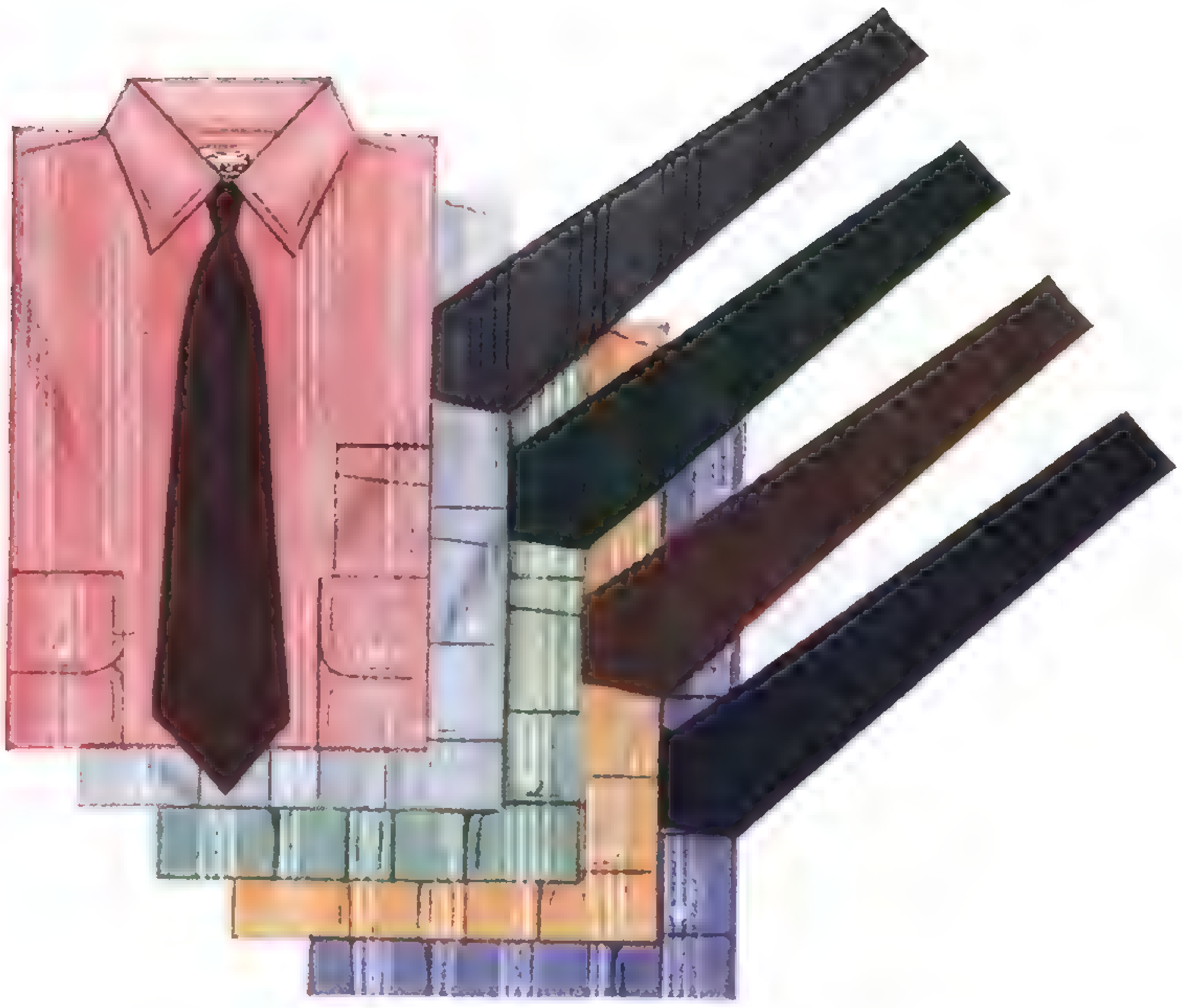
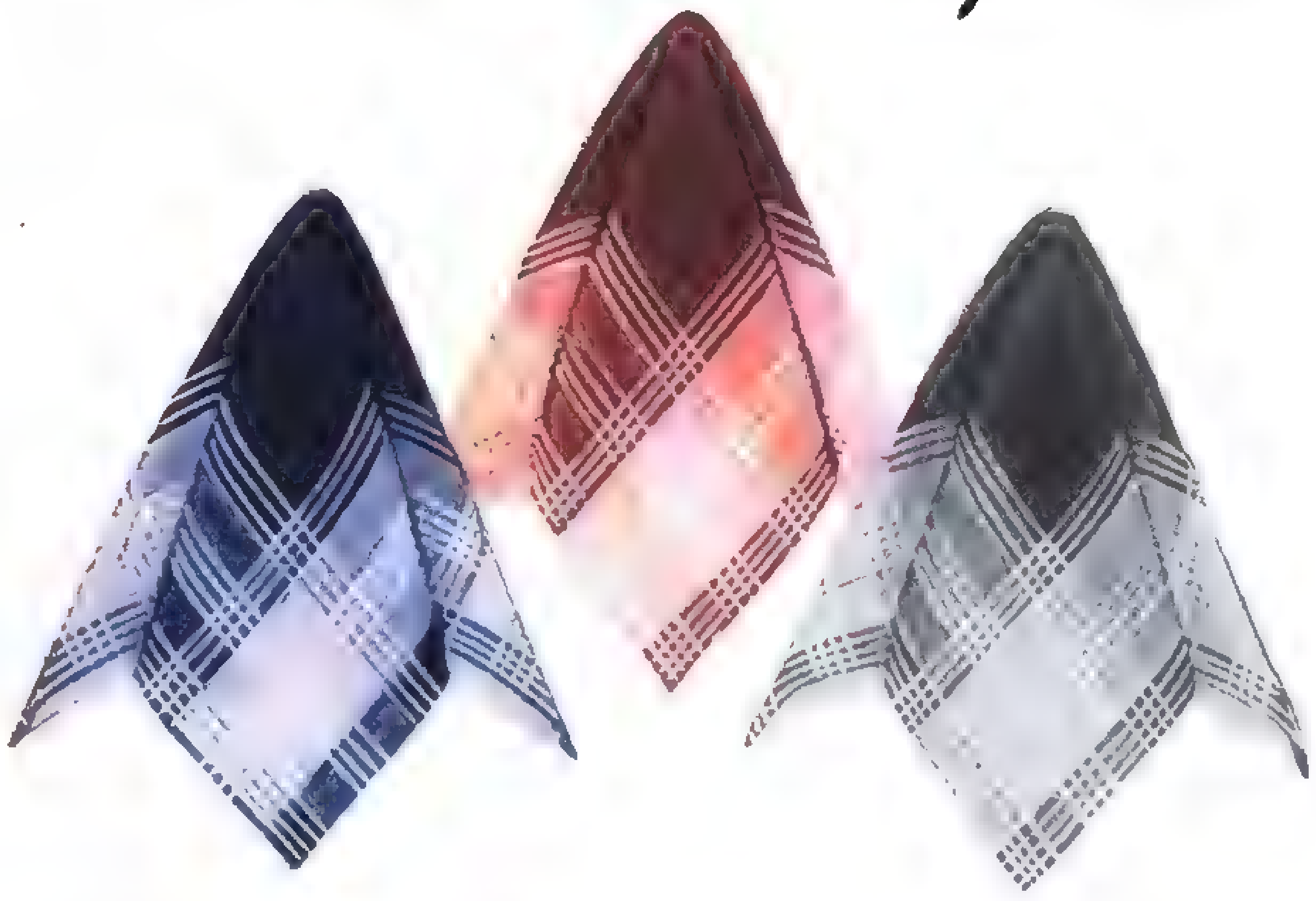




Partners for these shirts. Arrow ties with Duke Street Satin Stripes $1.50



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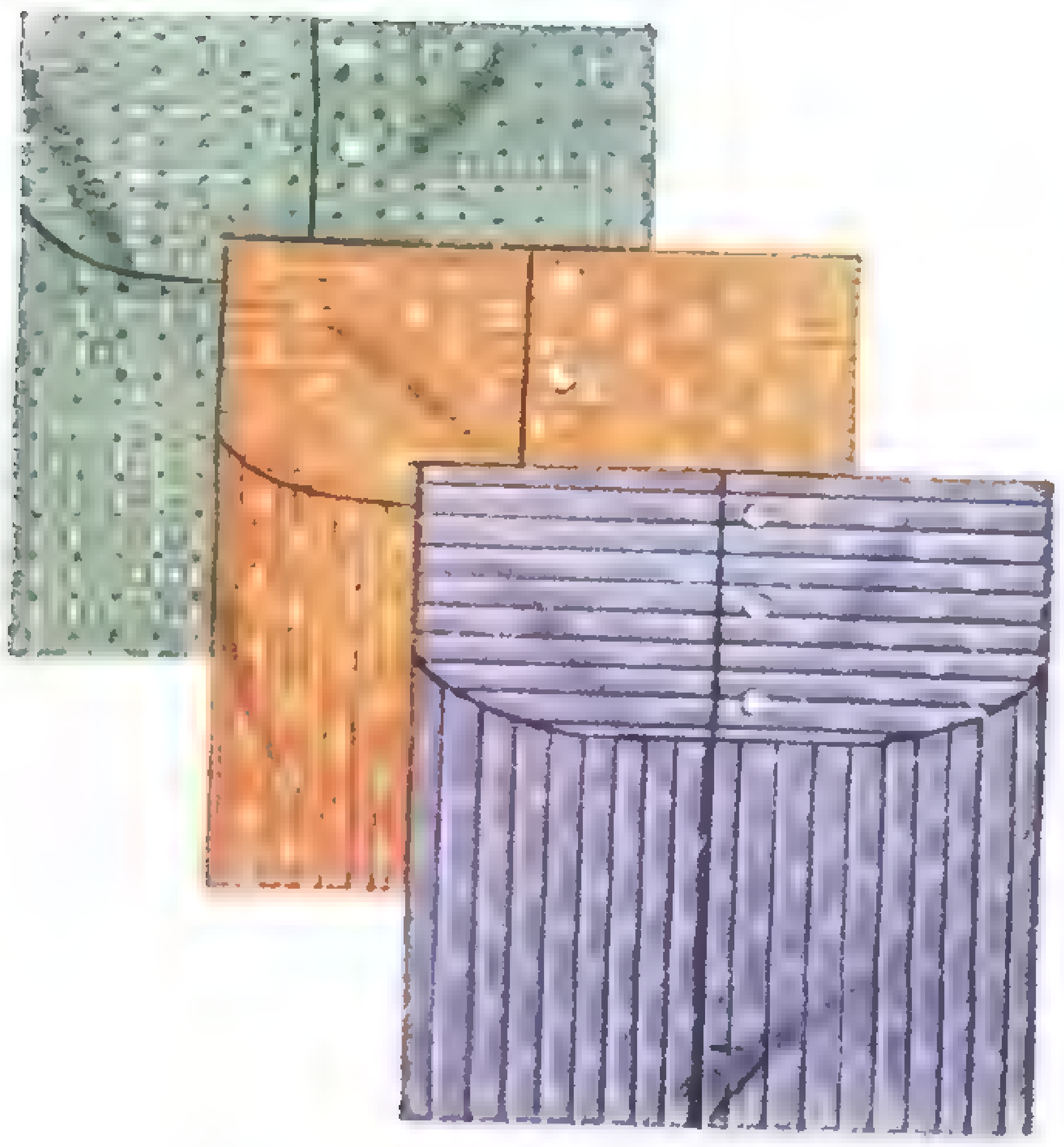

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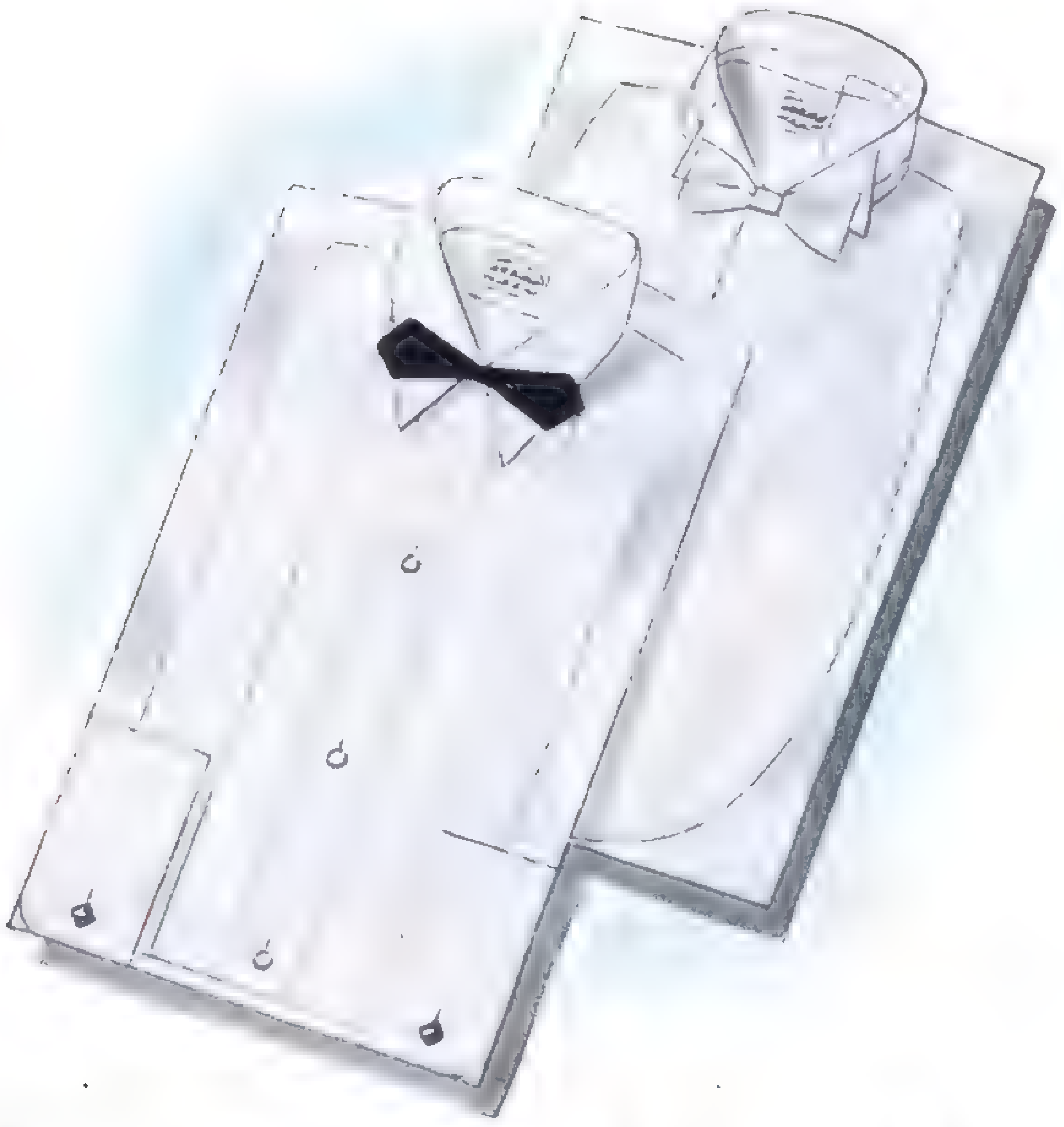

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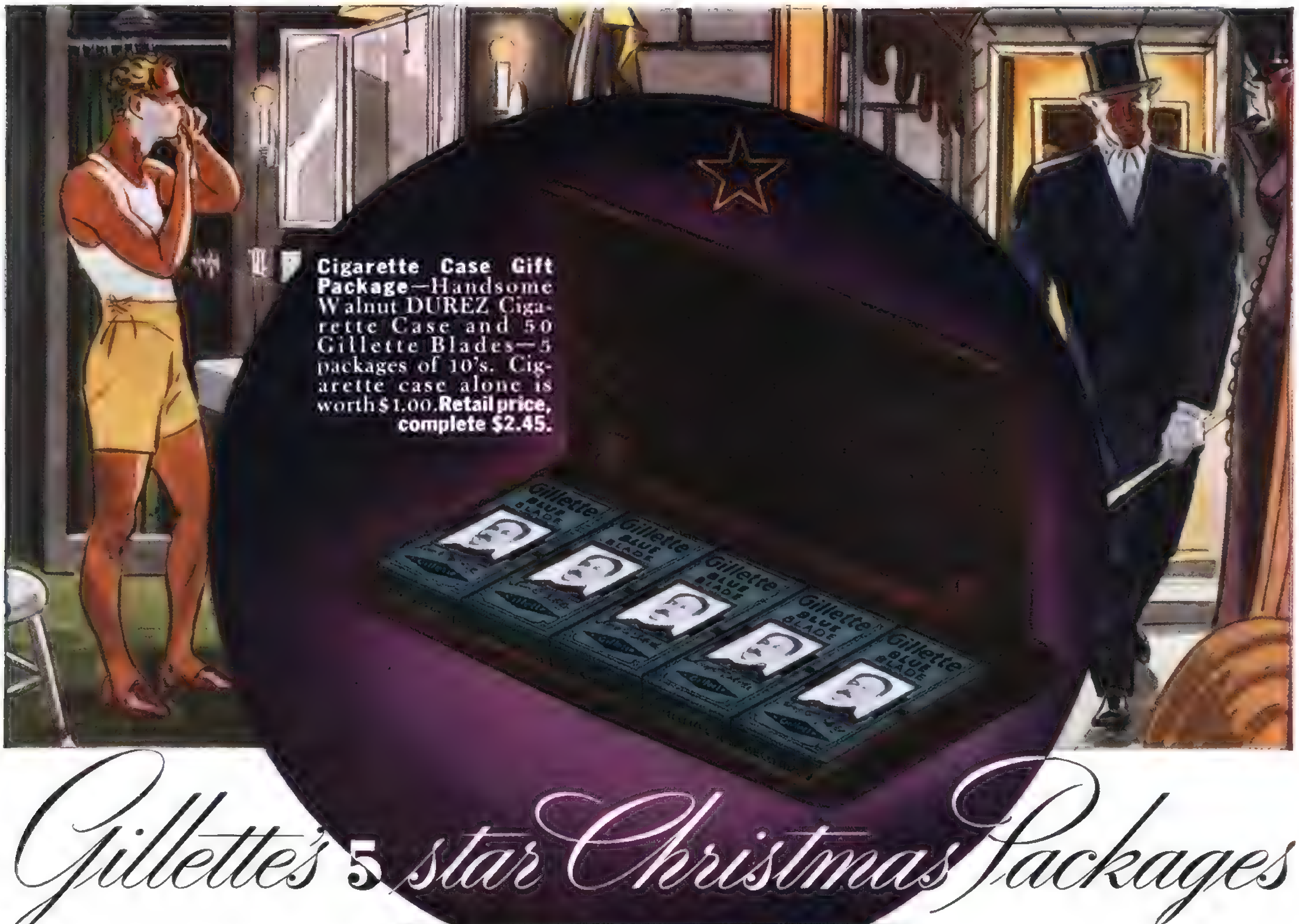

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A Gamecock Doesn't Forget

Continued from page 96

for wear. Although his appearance had been altered, as his hackles, sickles and wing feathers had been clipped to fighting trim, there apparently wasn't a scratch on him. And his fierce eyes glittered with a more wicked light than ever, while his denuded bottom shone with the ruddy glow of an autumn sunset.

With a tenderness one might expect to find only in an octogenarian papa with his twentieth born, or in a cockfighter with a twenty-time winner, the stranger deposited Ben the First upon our lawn which he immediately proceeded to tear to pieces with his long sharp claws, meantime calling together his flock—of which he spared not one.

"Nor life, nor death, he deemed the happier state,
But life that's glorious, death that's great."

What a magnificent creature was Ben the First, that early day of his prime. What grace, what beauty, what indomitable spirit. My brother and I gazed at him with a fond rapture almost equal to that of the ancient cockfighter. Although we did not know it at the time, we were already bitten with the fever, that burning love and veneration of the undying spirit of a fighting cock and so engrossed were we in admiration that we almost forgot business matters. But the stranger remembered.

"Well, boys," he said, withdrawing a well-worn purse from his hip pocket, "I guess I owe yez ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" we repeated in chorus. "Why, we thought you said only five."

"That's right," the old man agreed, somewhat sheepishly. "But, ye see, he win his first fight so quick I decided to fight him again without cutting off his heels and in just one more shuffle he made another dunghill jump the pit."

Ten dollars! To two country boys whose sole worldly possessions consisted of a flock of game chickens of which we still knew little, and a dozen rapidly withering asparagus plants, this was significant cash. We thanked the stranger effusively and invited him to call again.

It was perhaps a month before he accepted this invitation and this time he told us of a big main to be fought at Back River between two "prominent parties," one of whom had seen Ben the First win twice in one night and wanted to enter him among his show of fifteen cocks. For this, we were offered ten dollars, win, lose or draw, and again we assented and again Ben was returned to us, apparently without injury.

On three other occasions that winter Ben went away to the wars and each time the gaunt stranger brought him back with fresh laurels and a new bank note to add to our rapidly accumulating wealth and then late in February, towards the close of the cock fighting season and the opening of the breeding season, Ben left us for the last time. To be sure, he came back once more a winner, but this time he didn't escape unscathed. There was a tear in the old man's eye when he took him from his bag.

"Boys," he said, "your cock got uncoupled in the first pitting and nothing but gameness saved him. I been fighting cocks, man and boy in this country and Ireland for nigh on to fifty years and I never seed a gamer fowl."

As we returned Ben to his hens, we understood what he meant. Although there was not a whit of the fire gone from his proud bearing his defiance contained somewhat less authority and it was easy to see that he was sorely wounded. There were scars on his head and breast, many of his beautiful feathers were broken and he was unsteady in gait.

"He won't never be fit to fight again," the old man informed us, "but he'll make yez a g-r-r-and brood cock. I'll give yez twenty-five dollars for him meself."

We declined this offer and thus was born one of the greatest strains of fighting fowl in Maryland cocking annals. Ask any of the old timers about the Bens, the sons, grandsons and great-grandsons of Ben the First. Ask them about "Middle-Sized Ben" that, at 5:07 won four fights in one night without cutting off his heels—and never receiving an ounce weight advantage in any battle. Ask them about Big Ben that won the challenge shake fight at the Mason-Dixon Line, or about Little Ben that won twice the same night—giving away a pound on his second match. They will tell you no gamer, finer fighting fowl ever grew.

Our success in breeding this super-strain of game fowl was due entirely to beginners' luck and an amazingly simple system. Possibly, among the flock of hens we inherited was Ben's own mother, and doubtless there were included many sisters and aunts of this great chicken rooster. But we knew nothing of their blood lines and even less of the fine points of single mating, inbreeding, line breeding and Mendel's law of heredity, so we let Nature take its course. The hens stole their nests, reared their young in the woods and the ancient law of the survival of the fittest culled the weaklings.

Meantime, Ben ruled supreme, the cock of the walk, pensioned for life, and so beautiful was he, now in full plumage and completely recovered from his injuries, that cockfighters from miles around visited our place just for the joy of looking at him. He would never fight again—or at least so we thought. And then it happened.

One of Ben's sons, hatched in

Continued on page 128

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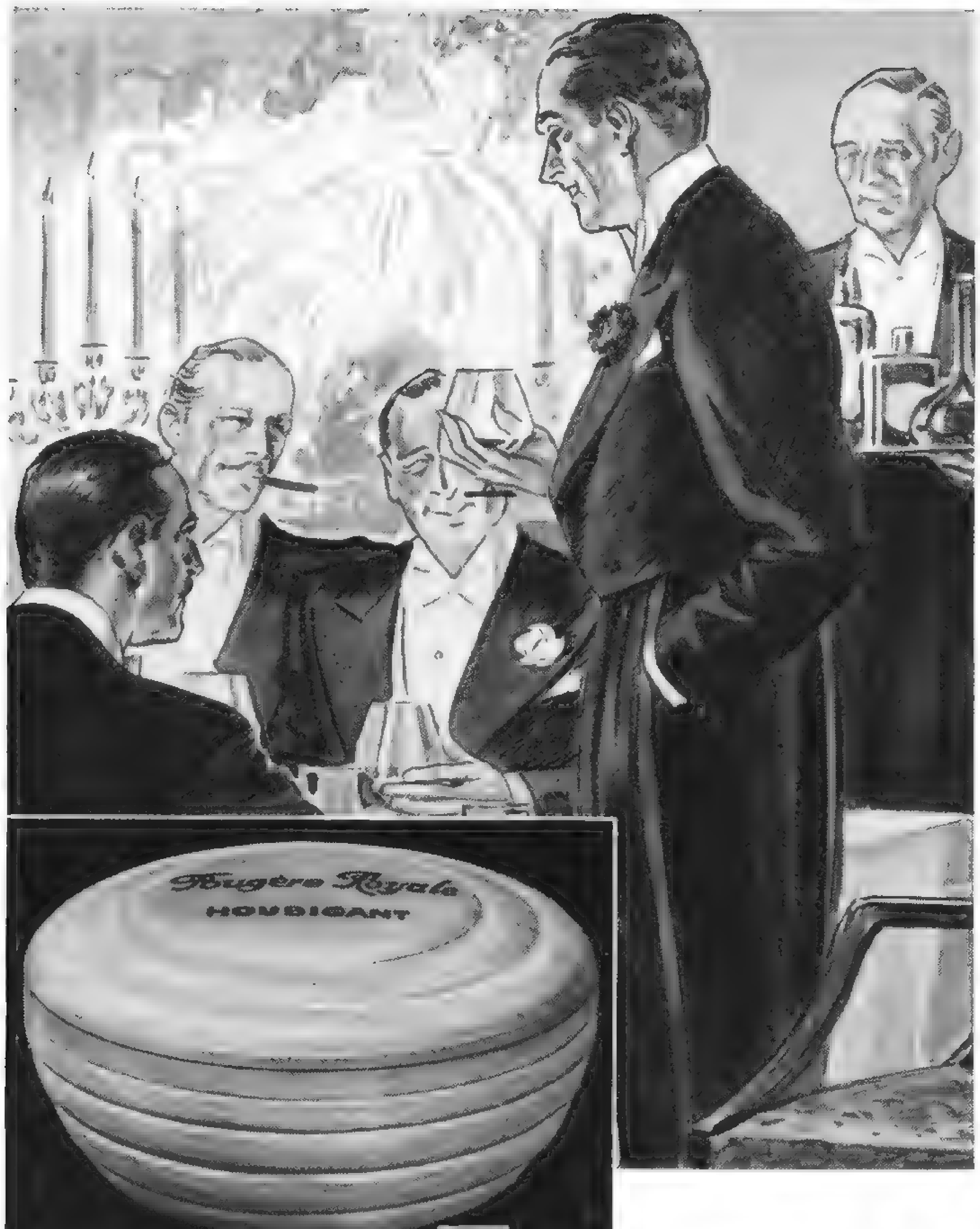

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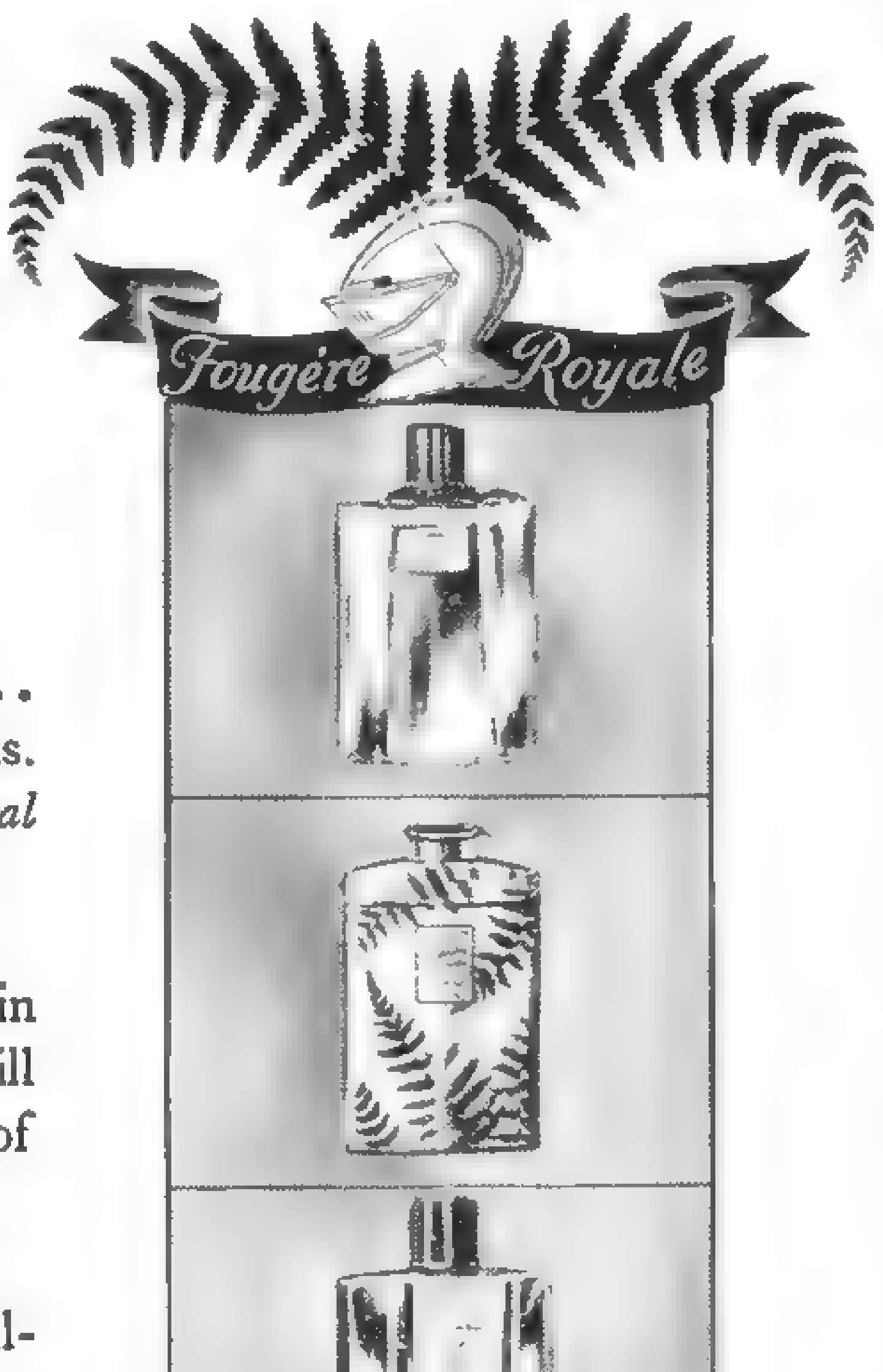

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FOUGERE ROYALE

by HOUBIGANT ***for men***

A Gamecock Doesn't Forget

Continued from pages 96-127

the woods, reared in the woods, had reached the age when life meant glory. He had seduced a few stray pullets and had established a dukedom of his own and each morning, when Ben sounded his strident challenge to the world, this stripling would flap his wings from the top of an oak and call back: "Who-in-hell-are-you?" Of course, such insubordination could not be tolerated, and one day Ben decided to chastise the youngster—a decision that, with game fowl, could mean but one thing, a fight to the death.

We found them that evening, side by side at the edge of the woods, the youngster dead and Ben so near death that but a flicker of life remained. Both of his eyes were closed, his head was swollen to double size, half of his plumage was scattered about the battle field and in a hundred places the short but cruel natural spurs of his offspring had inflicted wounds that were fevered and festering.

Heartbroken, we carried him home. For three weeks, we fed him bread and milk, beef tea and other readily assimilated nourishment and for a month we bathed and treated his wounds and at last nursed him back to a point where he could stand and walk weakly about his hospital pen. But, he was but a shadow of himself. He had lost two pounds weight, his comb was pale and shrunken, his plumage dull and faded and his interest in life at low ebb. And it was just at this time that my father decided to move to the city and we were confronted with the problem of disposing of our chickens.

We solved this by arranging with a commercial poultryman to take care of our hens and pullets for the eggs they would lay, plus a small fee, and distributing the stags among members of the cocking fraternity. But Ben presented an individual case. For him, to whom we had pledged a life pension, it was necessary to find a quiet retreat, a place where there were few hens to foster and no dunghill roosters to fight. This was a difficult assignment, but at last we believed we had found it.

About three miles from our place resided a gentleman of color, whose estate consisted of a dozen young, a spavined mule, a two-acre potato patch and a flock of nondescript chickens. Among this flock was one adult dunghill rooster, an ignoble creature with scaly legs and raucous voice whose death warrant we signed when, after having completed arrangements for Ben's board and lodging until he should die of old age or until such time should arrive when we might take him back, we instructed the black man to eat his own absurd barnyard fowl.

The day we brought Ben to his new home, the skies were clear, the sun was shining bright and there was no warning of the tragedy that awaited. We took him from his carrying case and gave him the freedom of the walk. The dunghill hens eyed him with a phlegmatic lack of interest characteristic of dunghill hens and there appeared nothing to interfere with the program of peace and quiet for our glorious warrior during his convalescence. And then, we saw it!

Overlooked among the Negro's flock of chickens was a frying size dunghill cockerel with feathers on its feet, white ear lobes and, even at that immature age, a heavy comb that flopped over one eye. Moreover, this preposterous monstrosity wore a tassel on its head and its ungainly posterior swayed with an undulating motion like a bed of pansies in the breeze. In its stiff, disjointed gait were symptoms of rickets, and in its hideous plumage were indications of Leghorn, Plymouth Rock, Buff Cochin and a dozen other soup meat ancestors. But now, as Ben the First prepared to assume jurisdiction over the Negro's place, this inane incumbent of the chicken roost cackled an hysterical challenge.

"Will you just look at that dunghill scrub?" laughed my brother, who felt as I did that he knew just what was going to happen. Ben would take one swipe at its rear end and it would haul its assets without further palaver to the nearest underbrush. But we reckoned without due consideration of the complex nature of a dunghill fowl.

Unlike a gamecock, to whom an accepted challenge means a fight to the death, your dunghill lives by the maxim "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." His weapons are bluff and bluster, a raucous voice and a finished strategy of retreat—all foreign to the gamecock which the ancient Greeks and Syrians considered an emblem of divinity. So, now, instead of meeting Ben face to face as the latter, sick and weak, staggered forth to do battle, this bastard of a mongrel beat a retreat, still strutting and cackling insolently and when Ben, exhausted from chasing it, paused for breath, it flapped its awkward wings and crowed.

Neither my brother, myself nor Ben had ever heard anything like that crow! In it were the ghosts of a thousand dunghill ancestors, each of which had died a hundred deaths while squawking in terror before the axe mercifully sent them to their only possible ultimate destination—the soup pot. In it was a wail of protest against spirit, a plea for property rights and a claim that bluster be listed first among the sterling virtues. It began staccato, rose crescendo and died in a gutteral, choking admission that its author was a victim of range paralysis and the roup—for which it was not responsible. It was a crow of terror—and a crow to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

Continued on page 130

The gift that brings the world home ... *in movies*

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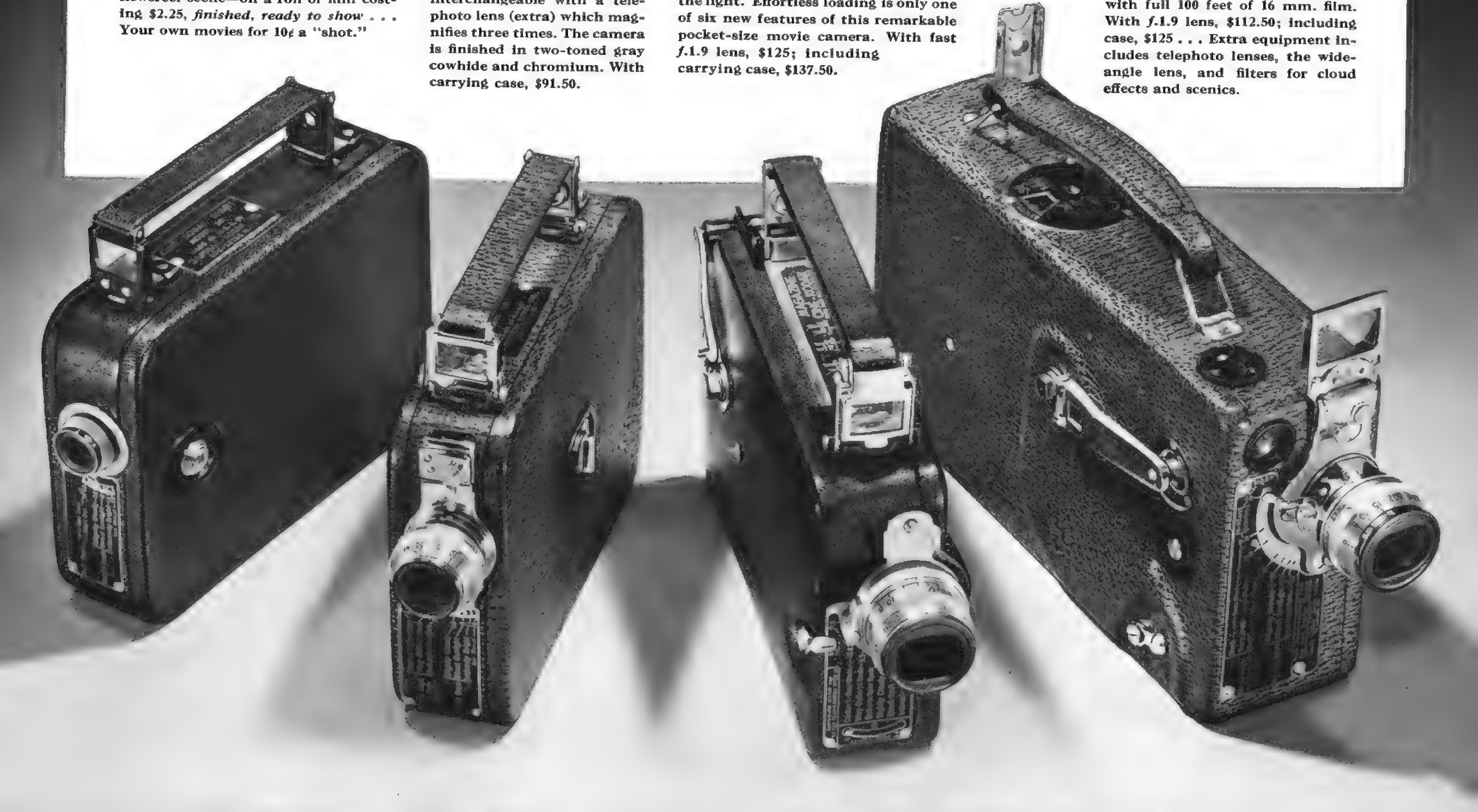

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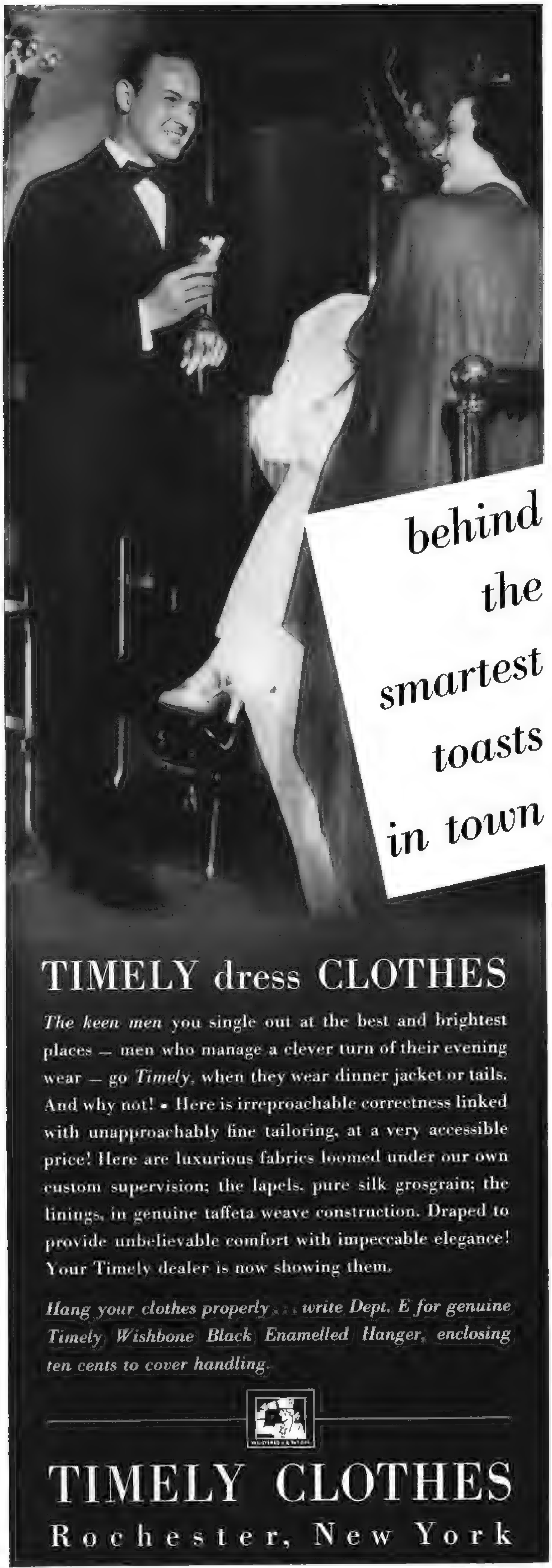

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A Game Cock Doesn't Forget

Continued from pages 96-127-128

My brother and I glanced at Ben to see how he would take it.

And Ben, Ben the Glorious, Ben whose ancestors had enjoyed the veneration of Washington, Jackson, Rhett and Breckinridge, Ben whose sons and grandsons were to write history in Maryland's cocking annals, Ben the First and the forefather of all the Bens, stopped in his tracks! Slowly, the hackles of the back of his head rose and slowly his tail drooped as he appeared to shrink and began to sing like a hen.

And now, for the enlightenment of the handful of readers who neither raise nor fight gamecocks, it might be well to dwell briefly upon a most interesting characteristic of the breed. Like a game horse, dog, man or any other of the lesser animals, a gamecock, gamest of them all, operates entirely upon spirit. When this is gone, it is completely gone. There is nothing left and his entire nature undergoes a transformation. His voice changes to a high pitched, effeminate song of sorrow, his feathers droop, his body shrivels as he becomes at once the most craven of creatures. Far more tragic than death is this spectacle of the spirit leaving the body of a normally unconquerable creature, while the physical organs continue to function.

To use a technical term, Ben the First was "hacked." Hacked by the ungodly crow of a dunghill fowl—superinduced by weeks of torturing illness. There was nothing we could do about it and, sad at heart, my brother and I left him to solve his own destiny.

A year later, we returned to the country and the first thing we did was call for Ben. We found him fully recovered in flesh and feather, but still dead in soul. At the approach of the Negro's dunghill rooster, Ben would shrink and the hackle feathers at the back of his head would slowly rise. And every time that ill begotten foul misfit would voice its ear-splitting, unearthly crow, Ben would flee in terror for the nearest cover. We paid Ben's board and gathered him sorrowfully to our arms, determined, if possible, to recapture the fugitive immortal spirit that was his.

In this we were quickly successful after returning him to his own kind, for within two days his clarion call was awakening us at 4 a. m. as in the days of old. Within a week, no living creature was safe around the barnyard as Ben developed a strange and vicious savagery foreign to his former aloof and chivalrous nature.

Dogs and cats, as well as all feathered animals were wise to give him a wide berth. A neighbor raised peacocks and we almost had a lawsuit on our hands when three trespassed upon Ben's walk—and never returned. Toward Thanksgiving, we bought a live turkey and Ben tore the whiskers off the sixteen-pound gobbler. Meantime, we bred him upon his daughters and granddaughters and there emerged another generation of Bens, perhaps the most famous of them all, not one of whom ever showed anything other than that ultimate degree of gameness demanded in the cockpit.

It was two years later that my brother had a thought, a bi-annual event with my brother.

"I wonder," said he, "if Black Joe still has that dunghill rooster?"

"I wonder," I replied, for it was as easy to read what was in his mind as the box score at a big league game. No dunghill fowl should ever go to Chicken Heaven boasting that it had hacked one of the finest gamecocks that ever lived!

We caught Ben at the expense of numerous scars on our hands and wrists where he dug his strong beak and spurs into us in protest. We held him while alternately he bit at us and crowed his defiance. Ben was now seven years old, weighed over seven pounds and as hard as a rock. We felt sorry for that dunghill rooster, but eased our consciences with the thought that it wouldn't last long. Just one shuffle and that scum of the chicken world would know its place. Ben simply had to wipe out that black mark on his otherwise spotless record.

At last, we arrived at Black Joe's estate. There was no one around, so we took Ben from his carrying case and dropped him near the chicken coop. He looked about his surroundings curiously for a moment, and then sounded his sharp call, the short, clear, melodious and unmistakable voice of a dead game fighter.

The dunghill rooster was nowhere in sight. But, suddenly, from a clump of bushes a hundred yards distant, there arose a long drawn wail of protest. It began staccato, rose crescendo and died in a gutteral, choking admission that its author was the victim of bumble feet, coccidiosis and worm infestation—for which it was not responsible.

"Let me be!" it proclaimed. "I never done you nothing! Go back to your damn fighting aristocrats! I know I can't lick you, but I am a braver man than you are because I can crow while my heart is torn with fear."

And Ben heard and understood. Slowly, he appeared to shrink before our eyes as the hackles began to rise at the back of his head. And then Ben, Ben the Glorious, Ben the progenitor of a strain of fighting fowl famous in a dozen states for their desperate gameness, slunk off to hide beneath the crumbling steps of Black Joe's ramshackle home.

He had never forgotten the one thing which could strike terror to his noble heart—the eerie, quavering crow of a dunghill fowl whose highest possible destiny was the soup pot. ⌗

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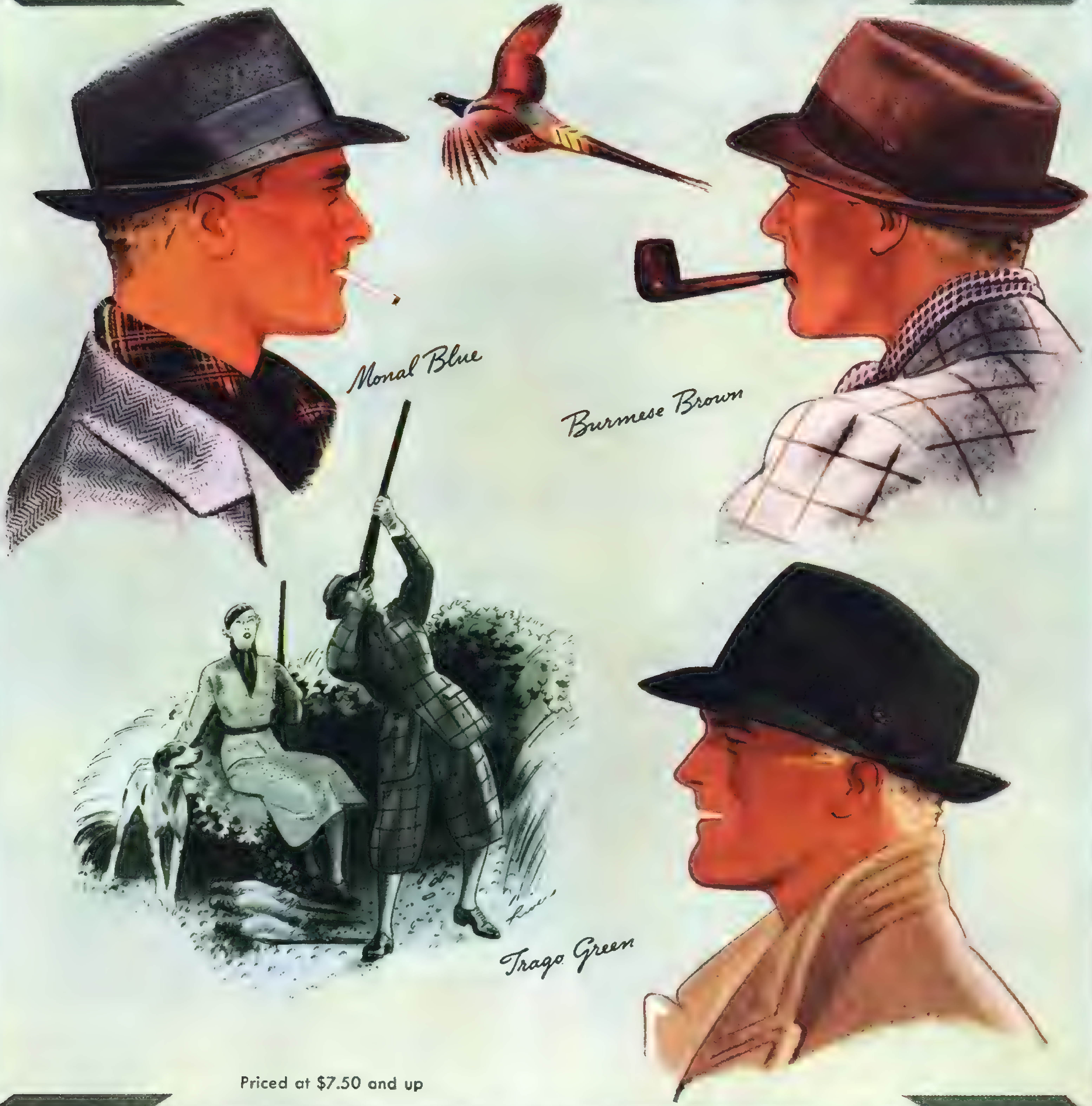
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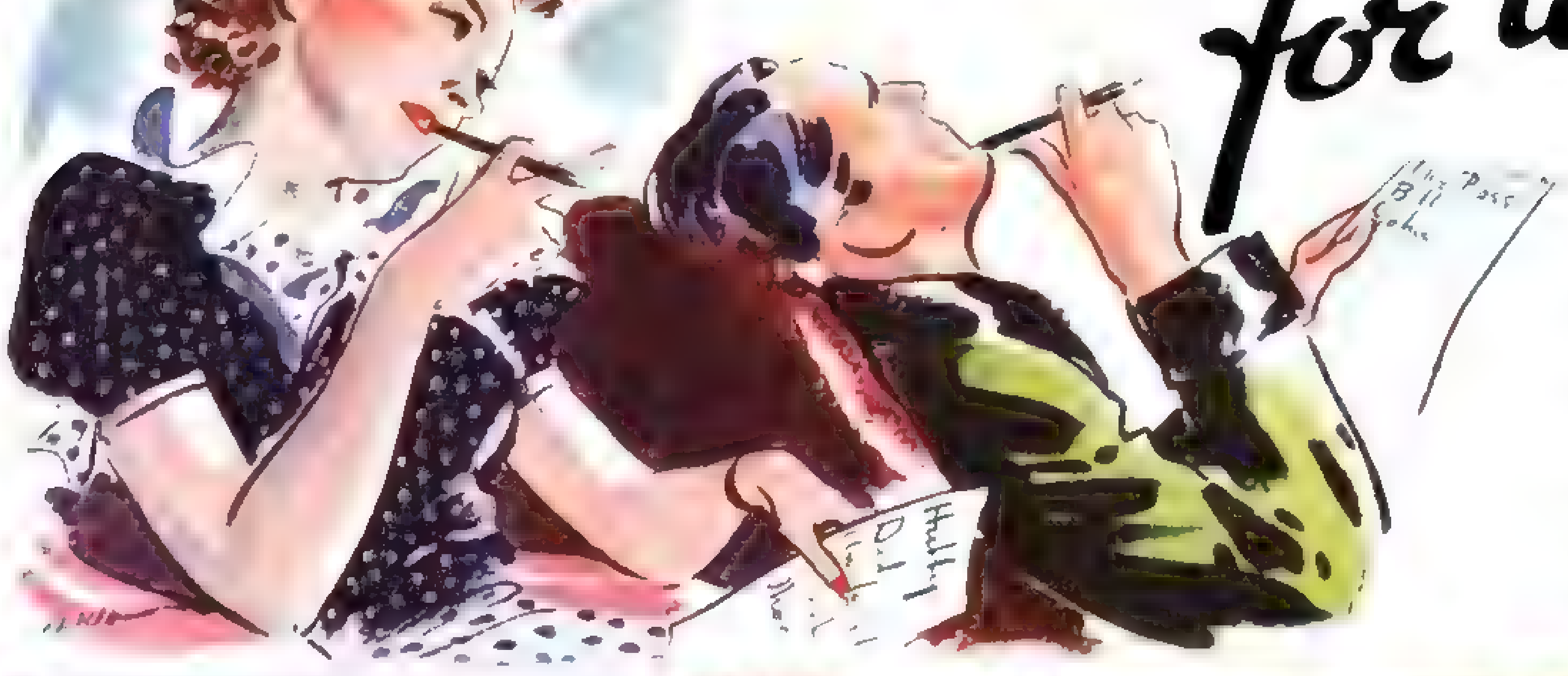
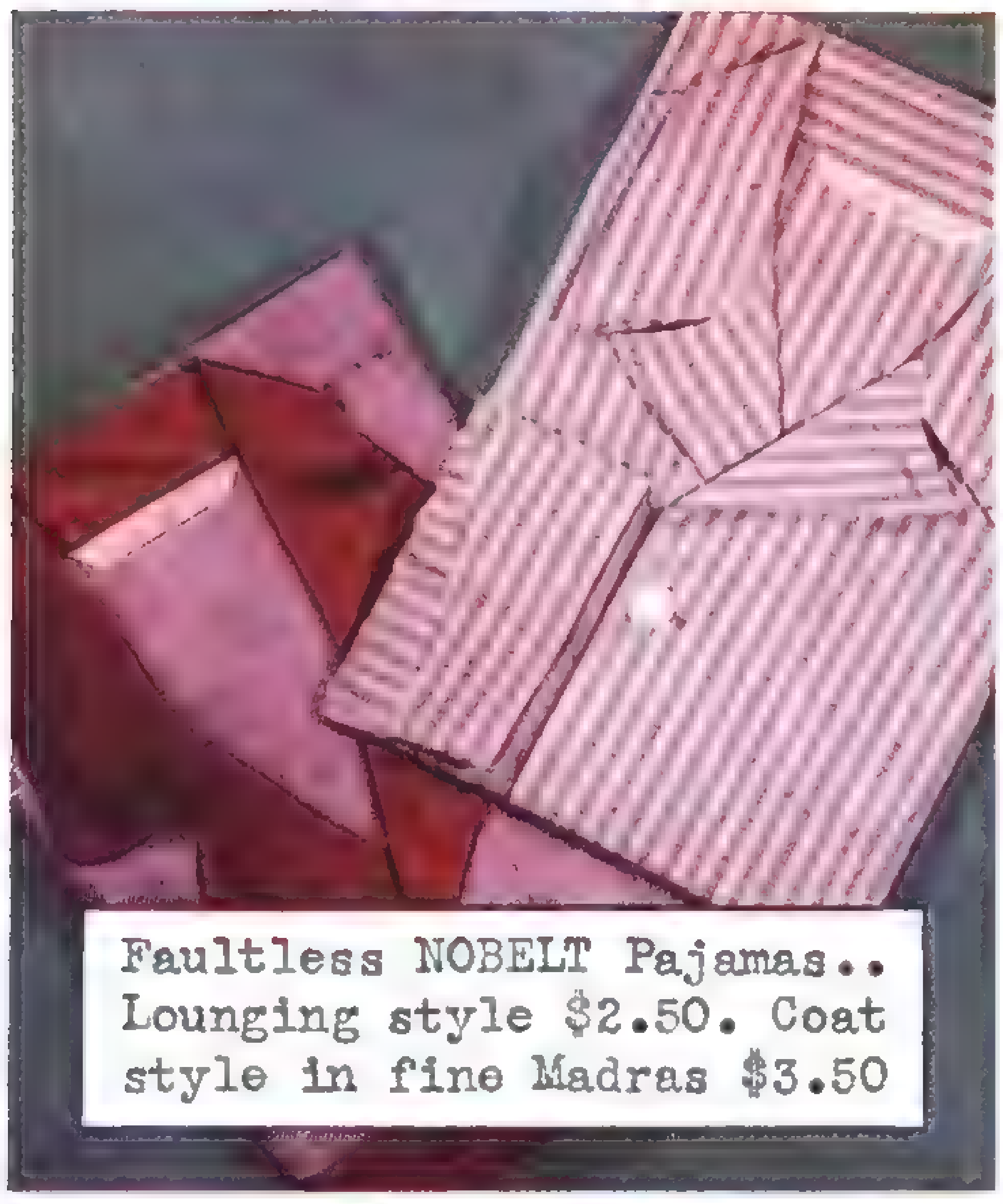
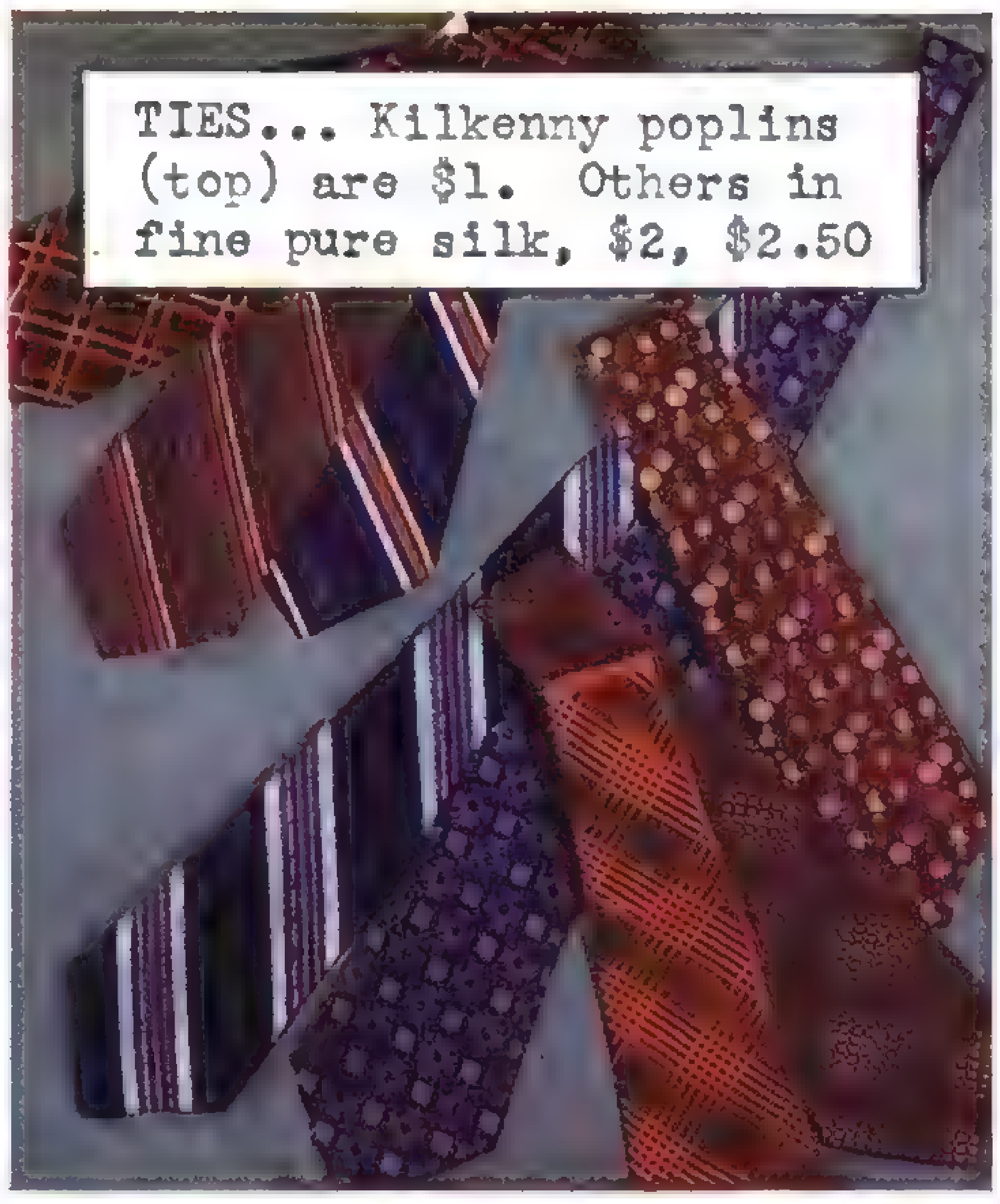


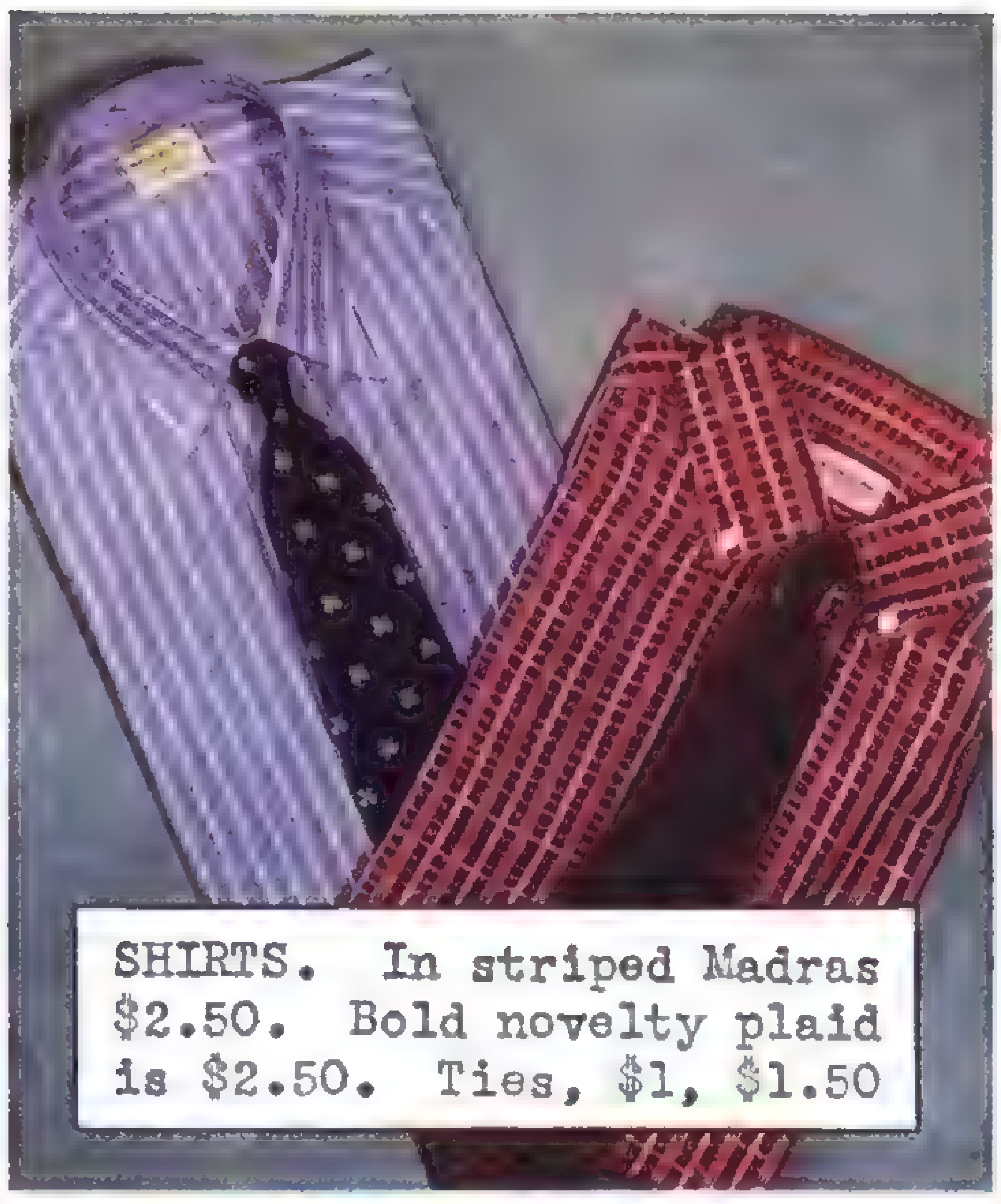
You'll save yourself hours of wear and tear by letting two famous experts into your gift huddle. This pageful of selections was created by Wilson Brothers . . . faithfully following style trends reported in Esquire's fashion forecasts. Colors, fabrics and designs are all authentically new and right. Why worry yourself into a breakdown when good stores from coast to coast are now featuring these gifts that any man will be proud to wear.*



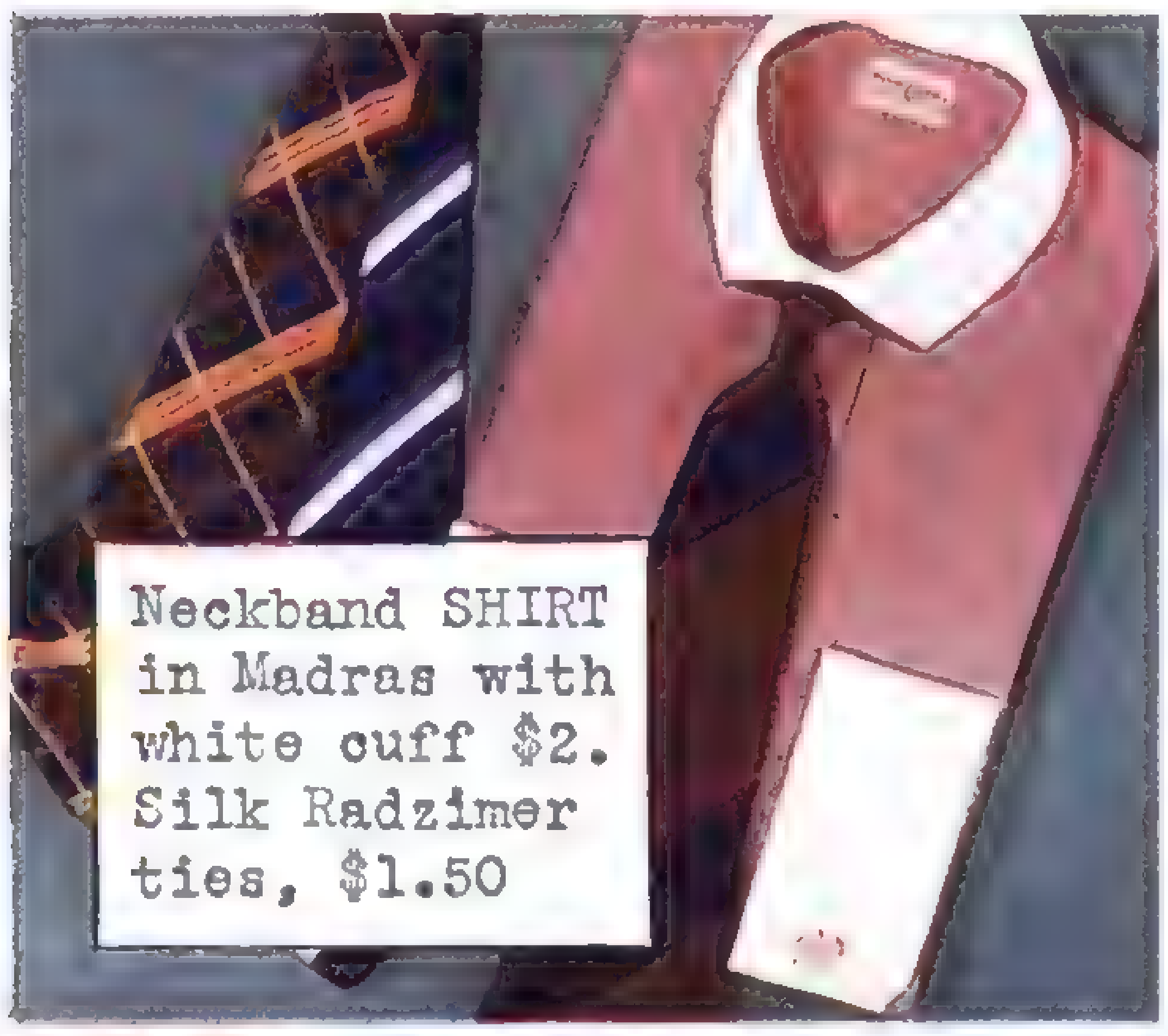
Faultless NOBELT Pajamas.. Lounging style $2.50. Coat style in fine Madras $3.50



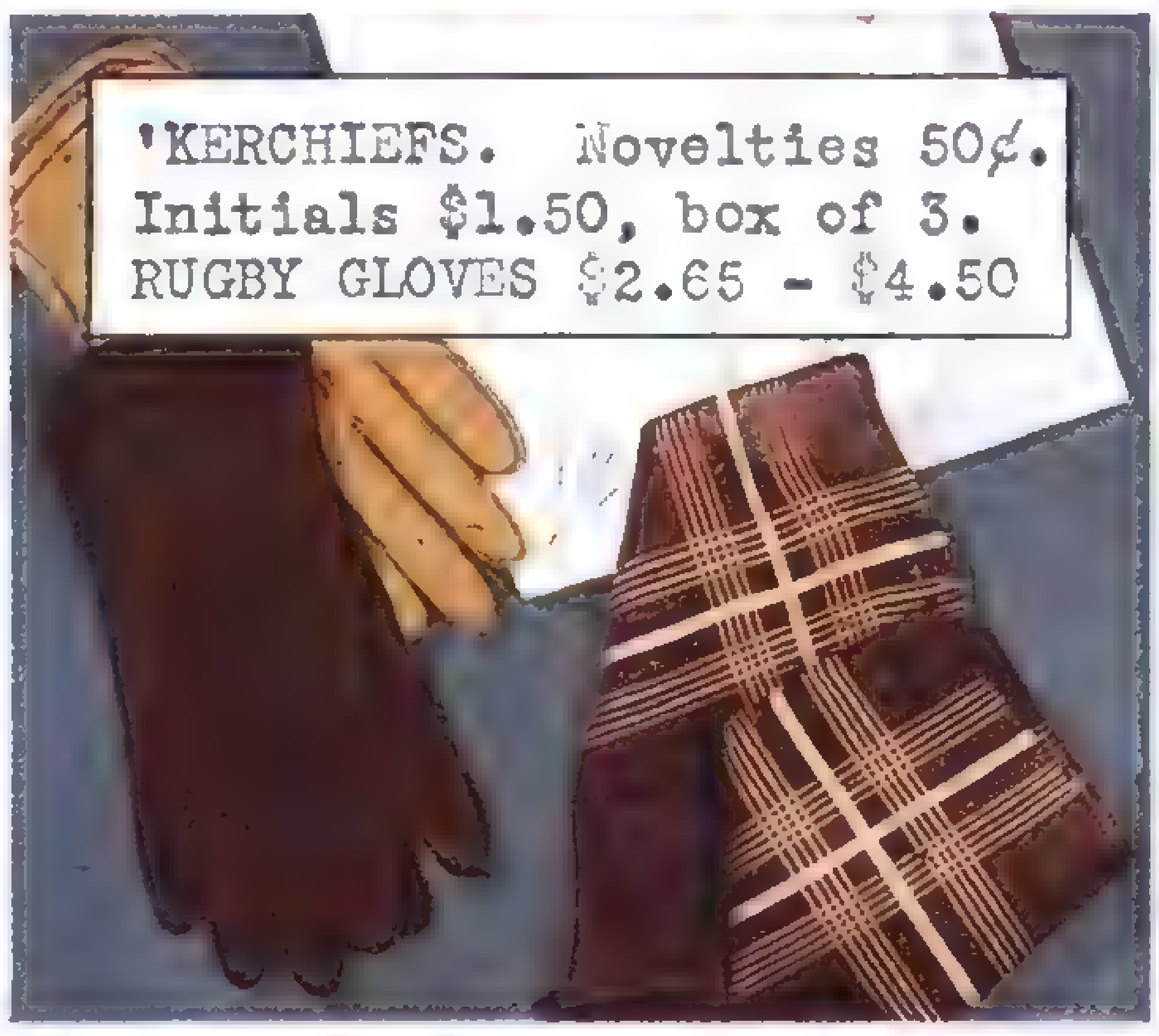
TIES... Kilkenny poplins (top) are $1. Others in fine pure silk, $2, $2.50



SHIRTS. In striped Madras $2.50. Bold novelty plaid is $2.50. Ties, $1, $1.50



Neckband SHIRT in Madras with white cuff $2. Silk Radzimer ties, $1.50



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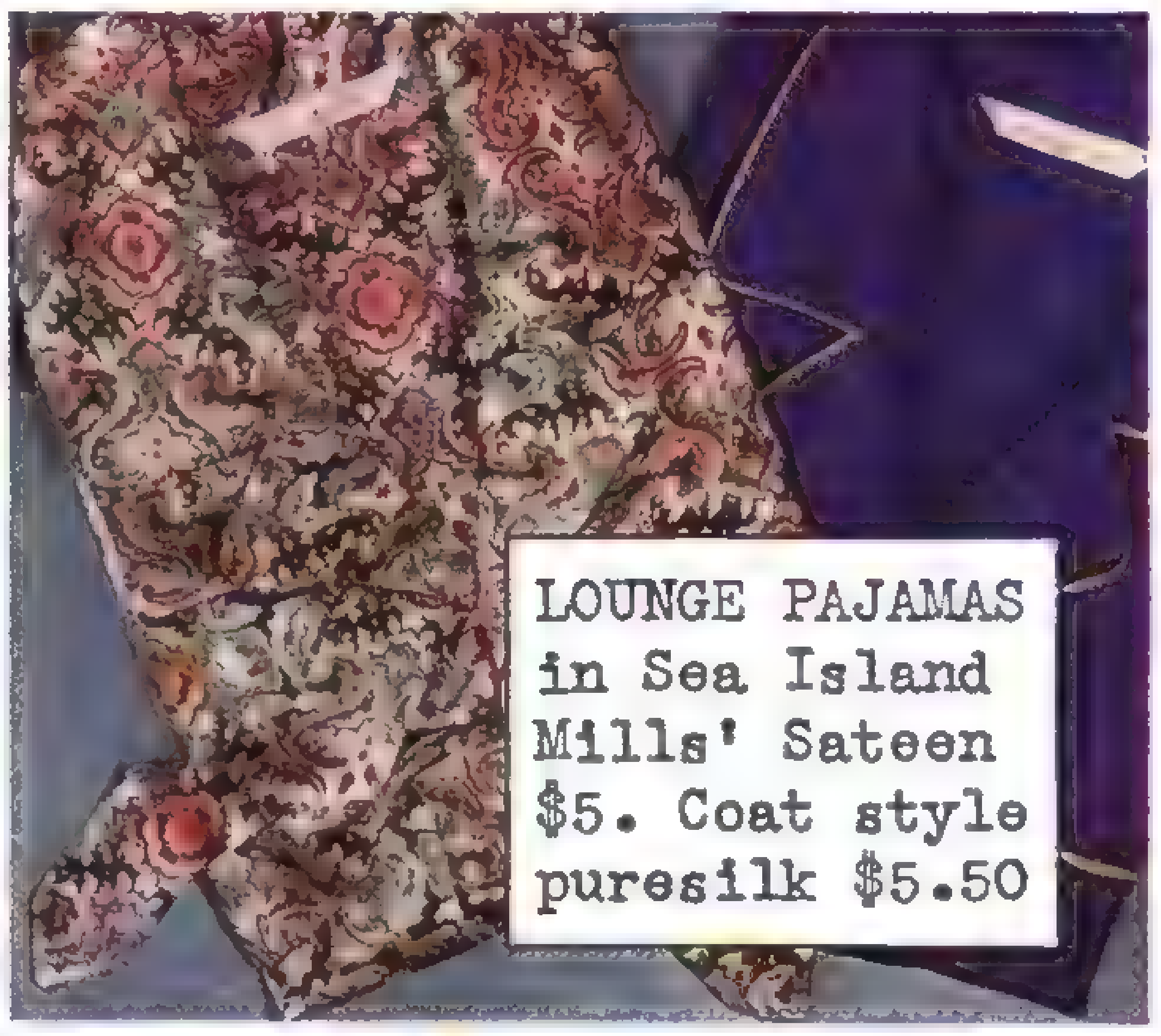
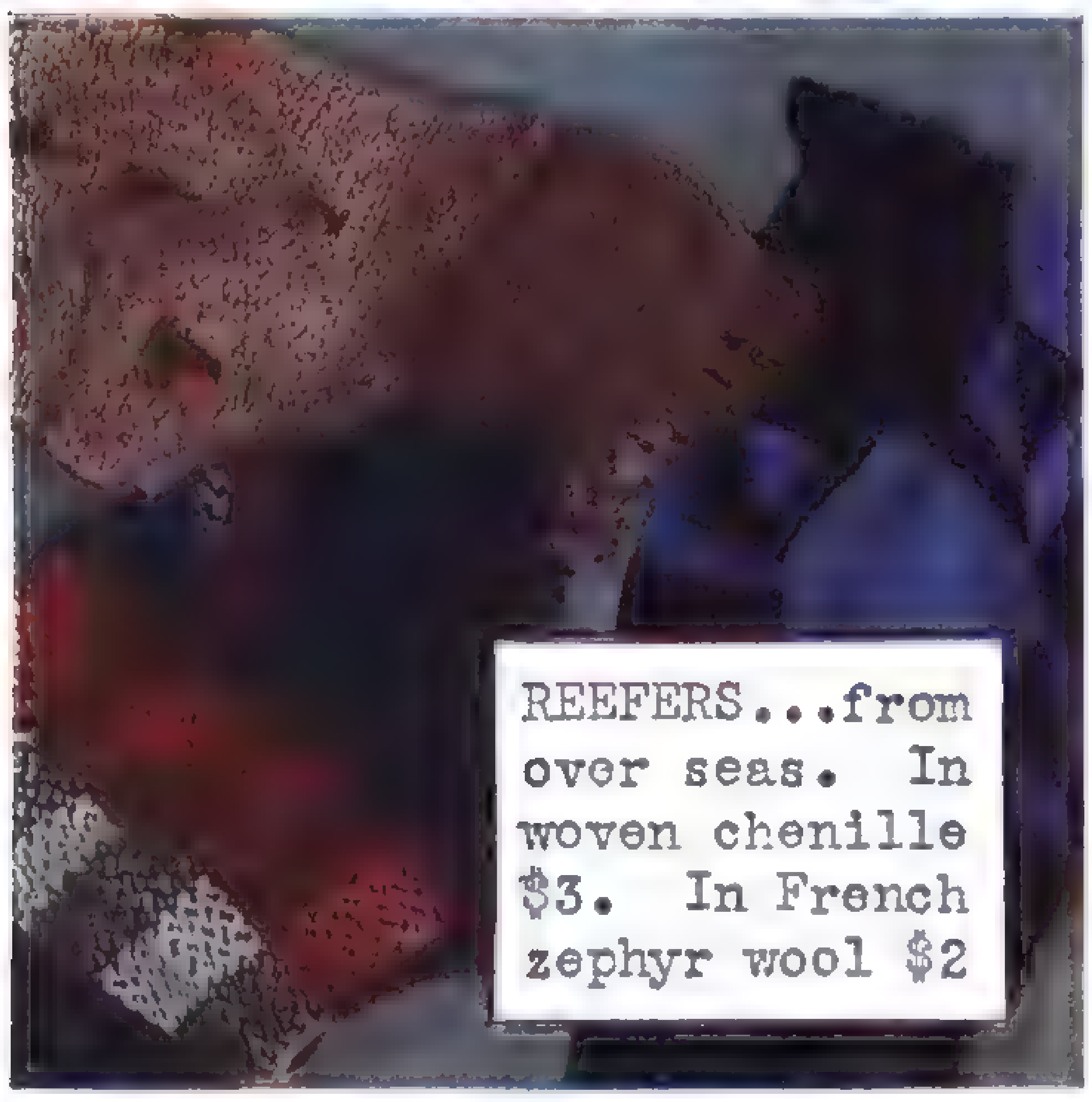


LOUNGE PAJAMAS in Sea Island Mills' Sateen $5. Coat style puresilk $5.50



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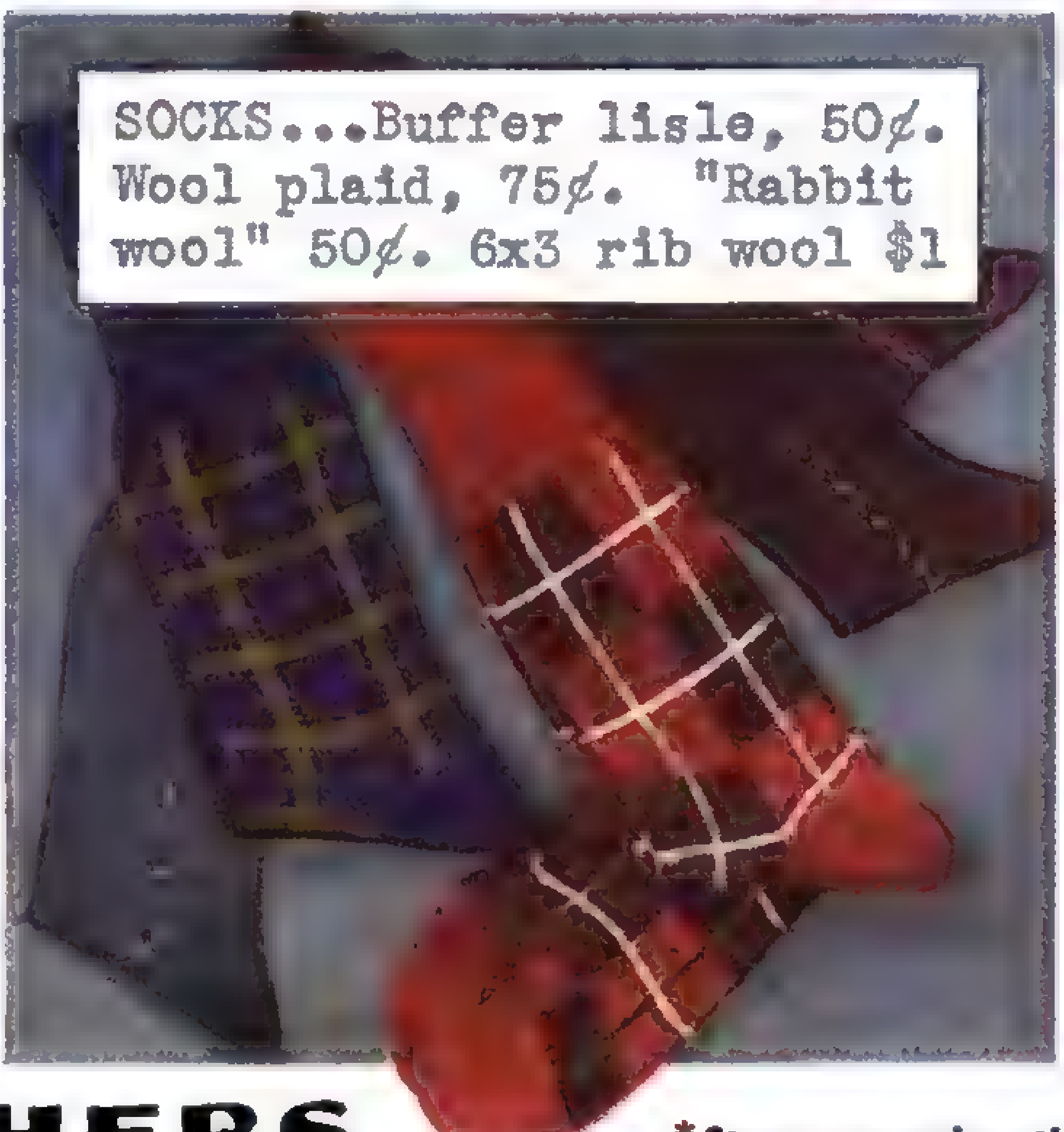
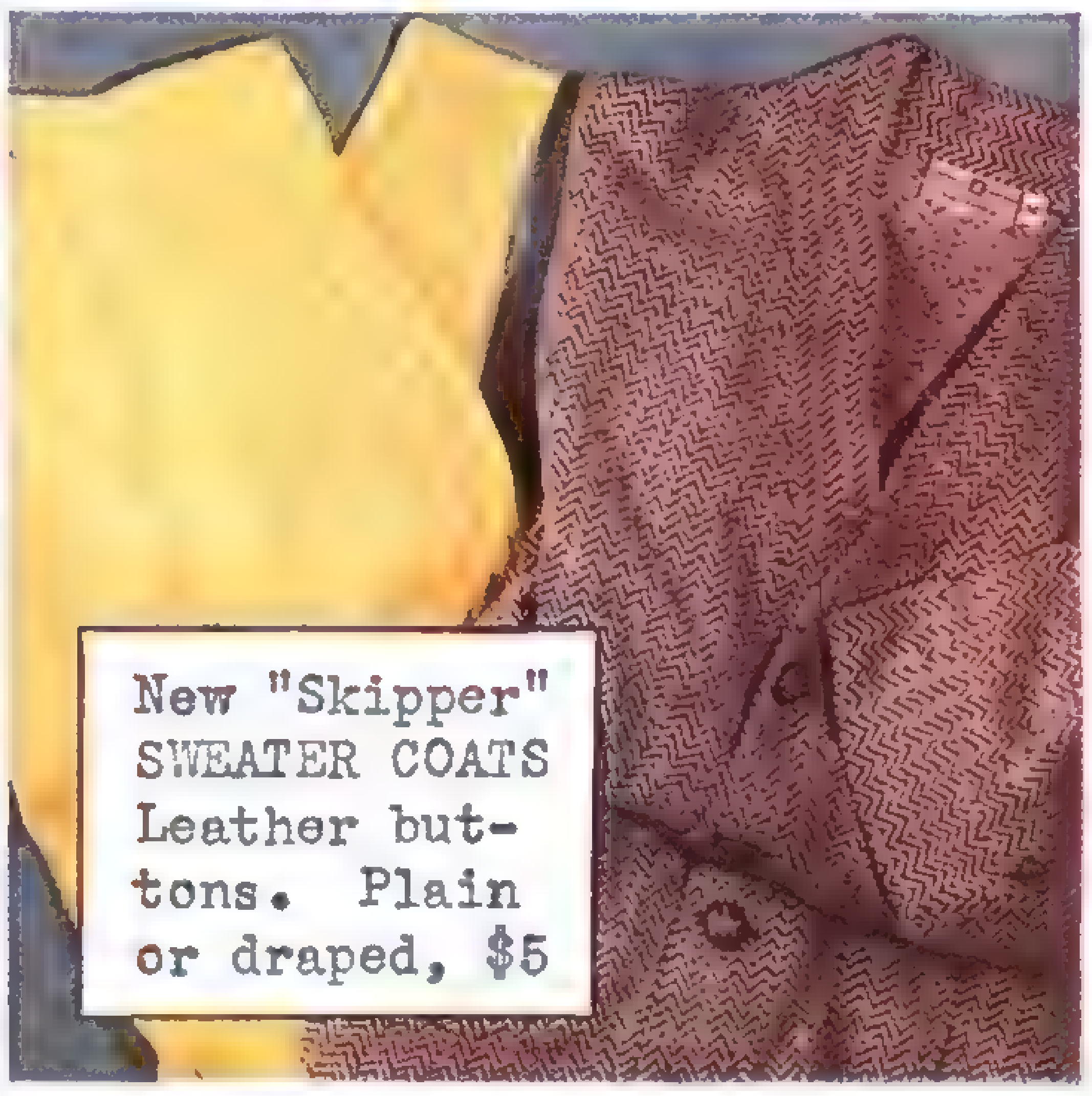


SOCKS...Buffer lisle, 50¢. Wool plaid, 75¢. "Rabbit wool" 50¢. 6x3 rib wool $1



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The Candid Cameraman

If only someone had told America's Darling the truth, many years ago

by **MEYER LEVIN**

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

The Devil Is a Sissy: See the main review.

The President's Mystery: See the main review.

Gay Desperado: Nifty wit; good as a minor René Clair. Swell spoofing of G-men films, plus a new idea in pictures: self-caricature. There's a take-off on George Raft that ought to finish him. Maybe the idea will spread, and the movies will kill off their own hams by deadly satire. Mischa Auer, the ape-man of *My Man Godfrey*, contributes a superbly glum portrait of an Indian. Beautiful photographic compositions, throughout.

NOW SHOWING
AWR.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Dodsworth: Only a beauty as coolly classic as Mary Astor could keep the audience-mind on her function in the play instead of on her front-page misfortune. Sinclair Lewis and his successors overcame the mustiness of their subject by the earnestness of their discussion. Walter Huston really invests it with more depth than exists in the writing. Ruth Chatterton is right with him in sincerity and very close to him in effectiveness. It's a Goldwynner production, folks, something like *These Three* in general elevation of style.

Libeled Lady: A four-ace cast in a scrambled-couple farce. William Powell is one long scream as a trout-fisherman.

Ramona: Another Technicolor hit. Watch for the scene where Loretta Young, locked in her room, turns her head toward the window. It's one of those flashes of accidentally perfect tone-color that come still too rarely in these films. When they are planned, rather than caught on the wing, color will be a great expressive medium in films. . . . Don Ameche gains in stature with each appearance. *Ramona* is the third or fourth of a series of films which have shown the brutal injustice by which the white settlers stole the lush California valleys from natives who had possessed the land for generations. It's pretty safe to expose injustices when they are that far back.

Valiant Is the Word for Carrie: Introducing, with complete success, that mighty fine actress, Gladys George. It's still a novel rather than a movie, which accounts for the lagging action. Also for the tangy flavor. Has a brat who would be a welcome successor to Shirley Temple.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Give Me Your Heart: Kay Francis maintains the gown-wearing championship, but what's new in this picture is the screamingly cumulative sequence in which a man and a woman, strangers, try to get into the same cab from different sides, then arrive at the same doorway in different cabs, go up in the same elevator, he all the time trying to convey that he's really not following her, till they eventually end in the same waiting-room. Timed to the last eyelash by Roland Young, this is a classic bit of fun.

Lady Be Careful: This would have been *Sailor, Beware.* Much watered, but recognizable.

WASTE

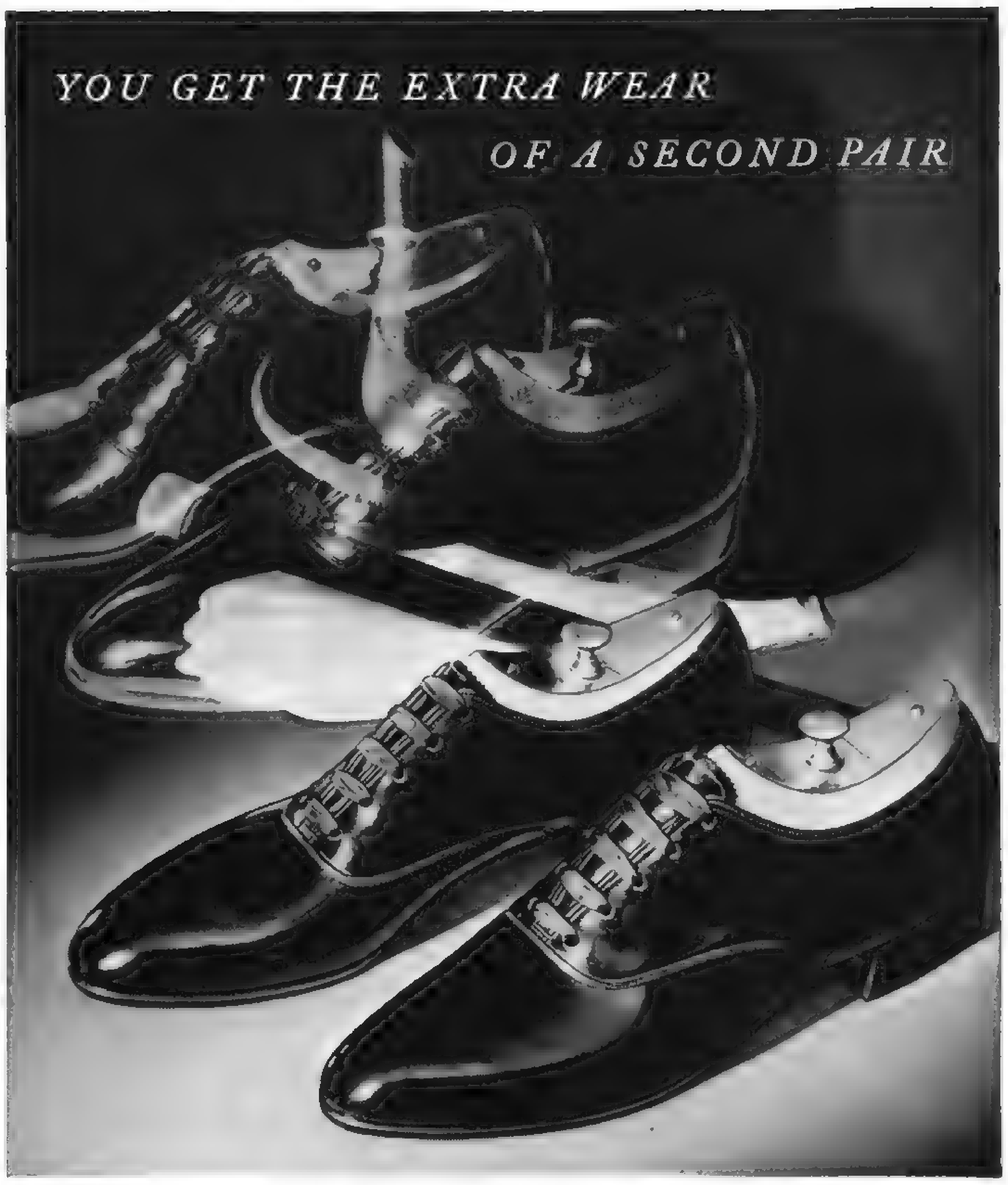
Dimples: Remember Shirley Temple?

Cain and Mable: Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a backstage comedy. His contract probably gave him no choice in the matter.

GOOD PROPAGANDA

The effect of *The President's Mystery* upon the presidential election, if any, will be history by the time this appears; but the effect of the film on future production may yet be in the balance. My guess is that in regard to the election the film, if it gets a time-break at all, will be used in two fashions: The Republicans may attempt to utilize the film as an indication that President Roosevelt would plunge the nation into the co-operative path the minute he is re-elected. It would suggest that *The President's Mystery* is a plan to establish co-operatives in America. Although there is nothing in the film to indicate this, there is a very adroit confusion of story-source which implies that the film's ideas are the President's. And since the co-operative-scare has been growing because a New Dealer was sent to Sweden, it is

Continued on page 134



When Most Shoes are Through Florsheims are Limbering Up for EXTRA WEAR !

The period of service in an ordinary shoe is just a setting-up exercise for Florsheims! . . . what keeps Florsheim wearers coming back year after year is that Florsheim Shoes are forever pressing forward month after month into the coveted territory of extra wear ! . . . they're built for unlimited service . . . and long after ordinary shoes have faded out of the picture, Florsheims are swinging into action with second-line reserves of continuous and contented wear! *Illustrated,* THE TOPIC, S-617; *a formal oxford in black Patent leather.*

$8.75 AND $10

THE
FLORSHEIM
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago

"SWELL!"

THE SOUL-STIRRING STORY OF "SWELL" SMITH AND THE ROYAL PORTABLE HE GOT FOR CHRISTMAS

SWELL
Christmas morn' and Smith gets the thrill of his life!
ROYAL DE LUXE
Merry Christmas
SWELL
Smith on his way back to s'hool. All set to conquer!
SWELL
Friend sees Smith's New Royal Portable. Resolves to get one like it.
SWELL
Smith submits first Royal Portable-typed theme. Gets "A" instead of "E".
SWELL
Girl friend receives letter from Smith—typed—the first she ever could read.

SCOOP THE SEASON WITH A NEW ROYAL PORTABLE . . . First choice with students everywhere! Of *all* portables it is the easiest to use, the sturdiest. And it is the *only* portable with Touch Control, Royal's sensational new invention; Finger Comfort Keys; and many other exclusive writing conveniences. Sold complete with handsome carrying case. See the New Royal at your nearest dealer's. Ask about the Special Educational Budget Plan with new low monthly payments.

ROYAL PORTABLE WITH TOUCH CONTROL*

**Trade-mark for key-tension device*

Copyright, 1936, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

GIVE A ROYAL AND YOU GIVE THE BEST!

☐ I would like details of the New Special Educational Budget Plan.
☐ Quote liberal trade-in allowance on my_________Typewriter, Serial Number_________.
☐ Please send representative to demonstrate New Royal Portable.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Dept. E-12
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________State________

The Candid Cameraman

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not difficult to imagine the campaigners making politics out of this picture. However, the scare would work only on such people as are susceptible to competition from co-operatives: that is, the very big businessmen who are the villains of the film. And their votes are set.

The second, and real propaganda use of the film is in promotion of sentiment for co-operatives. Overwhelmingly, it favors and induces a liberal attitude.

And in this respect, *The President's Mystery* is the most important film to have come out of Hollywood so far this season. We have to go back to *The President Vanishes* for a precedent for this type of picture, and even that is only a partial precedent. *The President Vanishes* was important for its warning against Fascism. But its idea of how to prevent a Fascist coup was to have the President kidnap himself and to have a detective entrap the villains. In other words, that picture presented a completely romantic escape from the compellingly realistic danger which it had built up.

It is notable that, like *The President Vanishes*, and *Our Daily Bread*, *The President's Mystery* was made, not by one of the major producing firms, but by an independent studio. The major studios have been excessively hesitant about tackling these ticklish subjects.

Happily, the second film goes a step further than *The President Vanishes*. Instead of depending upon a romantic solution it presents a square and solid solution of its dilemma, the villains being overthrown by the people's action instead of by fancy detective work. This is not only constructive socially, but worthy, dramatically.

The President's Mystery appears to me to be the first Hollywood film in which a liberal thesis is carried out to its logical conclusions. *Black Fury* side-stepped in its picture of a labor problem by presenting the worker against the crook-agitator instead of the worker against the mine owner. *Fury* side-stepped in its picture of mob-rule by having its victim returned to life.

The President's Mystery is not as high in cinema quality as either *Fury* or *Black Fury*. It is a simple film, without much artistry, but well-paced, competently acted especially in the instance of Henry Wilcoxson. It is fully capable of holding an audience. Where it attains importance is in its potentiality as propaganda. Let me come right out and say that I am highly in favor of propaganda films when they have the right propaganda, the propaganda I believe in. I was as bitterly against *Red Salute*, as I am in favor of *The President's Mystery*. To that extent, I am no liberal.

What is more important: I think that my feeling is representative of the feeling of masses of people. The militaristic *Red Salute* was repudiated by the people; it was boycotted in many cities, and it was not at all what might be called a box office success. On the other hand, I am confident that popular sentiment will be behind *The President's Mystery*. I think people will show by their box office votes that they want films to deal with present social ideas, but progressively.

The movies have been extending feelers in this direction. *Bullets and Ballots* went so far as to openly show a group of bankers receiving the racketeering boodle from their city's gang-ring, whereas previous films had been content with hinting at "higher-ups." *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* went so far as to prove that a millionaire who wanted to give away his money was not crazy. But *The President's Mystery* goes the whole way in making big business a villain. It shows the head of a monopolistic national canning corporation to be utterly unscrupulous in the methods which he is willing to employ to keep his system in control.

It shows this corporation securing a powerful lobby to defeat a bill which had the nation's approval, a bill by which the federal government would have aided in the establishment of co-operatives, to re-open businesses closed during the depression. It shows this bill and the will of the people defeated by paid intervention in Washington. Then, when the remorseful agent of big business has liquidated his own affairs and put his private fortune behind a co-operative venture, whose success would revive the co-operative movement, the film shows big business sending spies into that co-operative, shows big business planning the destruction of that co-operative by every foul means developed during the fertile era of the competitive spirit. The corporation head is willing to blow up the co-operative plant, conceding to a Sunday "when it won't be likely to kill anybody." When a few of his directors walk out on this proposal, he is willing to try a milder expedient first—the purchase of a railroad, so he can prevent the plant from shipping its stuff to the main line. When it appears that he will be balked by the use of trucks, the big business man is shown moving right into the town with a staff of agitators who incite the townsfolk to riot, to raid the plant and carry off the products.

Now this is where the picture might go screwey. By all that is Hollywood, we might have expected a compromise solution here, in which the corporation takes over the orders of the co-operative and fills them on schedule, proving that corporations have good hearts. But what happens? A mass movement of farmers is called up to block the hood-

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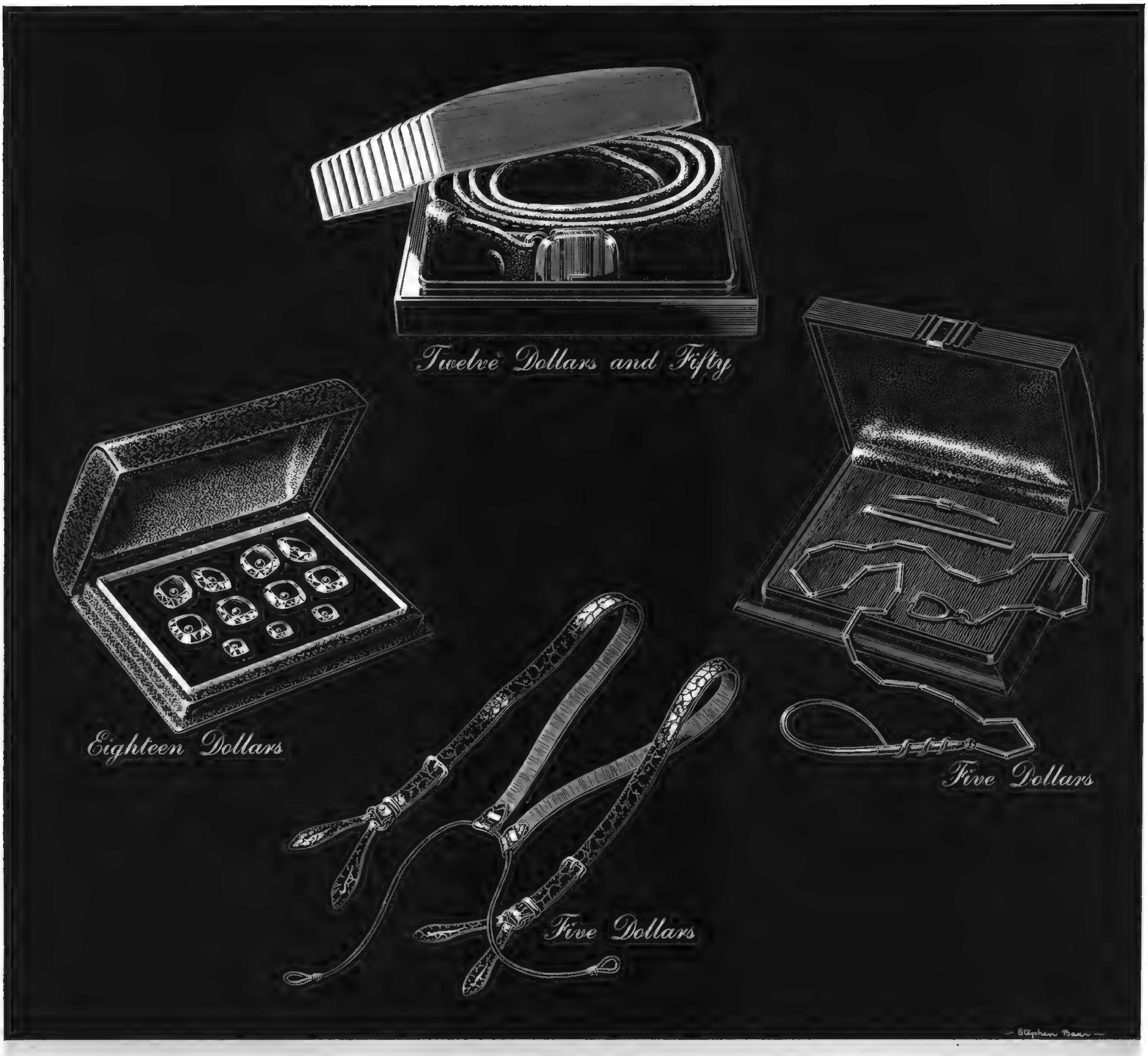


For a Gentleman's Christmas

The four Hickok articles illustrated exhibit the distinguished appearance and workmanship associated with the tastes of fashion-setting gentlemen the world over. Beginning at the left and appearing clock-wise they are: Hickok imported antique Crystal Dress Set, including links, vest buttons and studs mounted in special leather jewel case; Hickok Belt in fine pin seal leather with initialed buckle of sterling silver inlaid with 14 carat gold, in Bakelite cigarette box with modern glass top; Hickok Set including whip key chain and stirrup belt loop, tie clip and collar bar in jewel case; and, at the lower center, Hickok Braces in crocodile leather. Each is a sumptuous gift of superlative Hickok quality.

HICKOK
STYLE LEADERSHIP

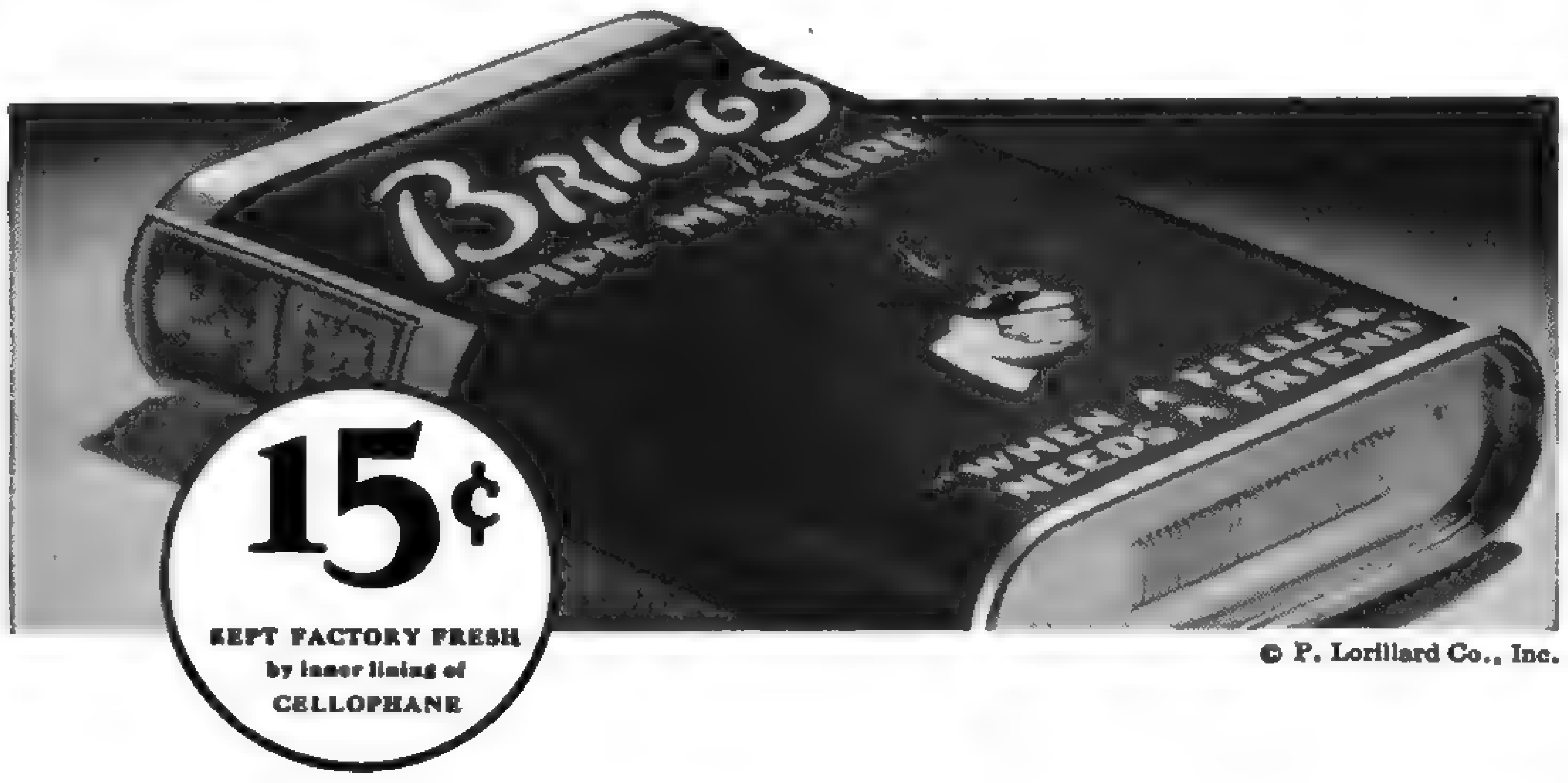
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."..
MERRY CHRISTMAS

..let Briggs be your pal!

We've got room for about 100 words to sell you Briggs Pipe Mixture. But actually, we only need these three—"Try Briggs today!"

If you'll do that, then our job's done . . . because we've discovered that nine out of ten men who try Briggs once are sold on Briggs for life!

The truth is, that Briggs has created a modestly priced pipe mixture that wins men accustomed to the most expensive brands . . . a happy blend of choice sun-mellowed tobaccos that have been patiently aged in wood for *four full years!* It combines a rich, deeply satisfying flavor with an utterly bite-free mildness. So remember these 3 important words . . . "Try Briggs today!"


BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND
15¢
KEPT FACTORY FRESH by inner lining of CELLOPHANE

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 133-134

lum raid on the cannery; the farmers have enough plain sense to resist the panic, they have greater stability than the easily misled saloon and poolroom crowd. The farmers hop onto their trucks, their hay-wagons, their Model T flivvers, they swarm into the town, halt the riot, load the goods on their motley caravan and deliver it to the main line of the railroad, thus saving the co-operative and establishing, at least for movies, the idea that co-operatives can work in America.

In other words: a Hollywood movie goes the whole hog.

Into the general social idea has been woven a snappy story of murder and mistaken identity, so that folks will know this is still a movie, and not reality. This is still a good idea, as it will help toward acceptance of the film as regular stuff.

Republic is to be violently congratulated for this picture. I hope it even lifts the studio from the independent to the major studio ranks.

THE ANGLE

Just often enough to keep a man from giving up religion, some small miracle will come along. A lot of us sourpuss commentators who are reputed to look on pictures through the jaundiced eye of intellect, and to pan everything on the principle of preserving superiority, are really soft souls with an anxious love for cinema; we go along protesting that the tripe doesn't really count, and keeping alive that little flame of faith in the possibility of the movie as the art with the largest common denominator. And every once in a while a film quietly made, no drums of *Anthony Adverse*, no bugles of *Romeo and Juliet*, slips through the mill, and we see the thing, and experience a slight sense of strangeness, and after a while we remember, rather than realize, that we've seen a picture that demonstrates that our own theories are quite possible, quite possible.

It's like running across a really good short story in the supposed to be formula fiction appearing in the daily short story sections of the newspapers. One realizes, again, that material doesn't have to be false, and artificial, to be acceptable to a wide public, nor does it have to be false to conform to the limitations put upon truth by publishing conventions. And in the same way, we find that it is even possible to make a fairly true and a fairly good and a certainly popular movie within the restrictions of the glad-formula of the films. All that it takes is intelligence of approach, plus a bit of true feeling. You can't disguise or fake that feeling; there's no other way to get freshness into any kind of art. And, naturally, you can't be lazy about it.

My own idea is that the bulk of Hollywood entertainment is tripe because it is turned out by a lot of lazy folk who take the easiest way of filling in the formula. And when an unpretentious film like *The Devil Is a Sissy* slips into the batch we get the shock of realizing that good stuff can be had.

On the surface, this little film is as banal as a Hoover epigram; it's merely the yarn about the pretty-mannered boy who had to fight his way into the gang by proving he was tougher than their toughest. It works the old onion-peel about the lad who would commit robbery to get the money to buy a tombstone for his old man, a tombstone with angels on it. But in the re-fabrication of this little business there's an almost Shakespearean disregard for the banalities of the plot. What's a plot anyway? If you got it given to you, you got it given to you, accept the thing and forget about it, and let's have some people in this action.

So the producers, directors, scripters or whoever were the conglomerate geniuses responsible for the flavor of this movie get together and say: Slum? Hell, we might as well give them a whiff of the stink of the slum. School? They dish up a Manhattan public schoolhouse with the two lanes of dents on the stairs, made by millions of kids; and the same stoney-faced Miss Vinegar that has been sitting at the upright piano at the head of the stairs for the last sixty years, playing the march-in song, is right there on the job. From that scene forward, this movie has a reality so unpretentious that it has to catch up with you from behind, after the film is over. Which is in about the sixth reel, where it goes into a kidnap chase.

Certainly, one of the artists fundamentally responsible for the unusual honesty of this film is Mickey Rooney, the kid Cagney. His part of the story opens when his pal (Jackie Cooper) alibis Mickey's absence from school because it is the day his old man is going to be electrocuted. The teacher accepts this as a legitimate excuse for absence, and the rest of the boys sort of envy Mickey his day off. But presently he appears and shuffles to his seat. From the moment he opens his trap to explain belligerently that he got lonesome sitting around the house, through the whole first part of the photoplay to the scene where Mickey and Jackie are hanging onto the back of a street car and Mickey is bragging about how many jolts it took to kill his tough old man, the Rooney kid is performing on a level of mature artistry. It's not merely a natural bit of casting, and it's not entirely clever direction by that old master at loosening-them-up, Van Dyke. Mickey Rooney has an artist's objective idea of the character he's portraying, and he does the

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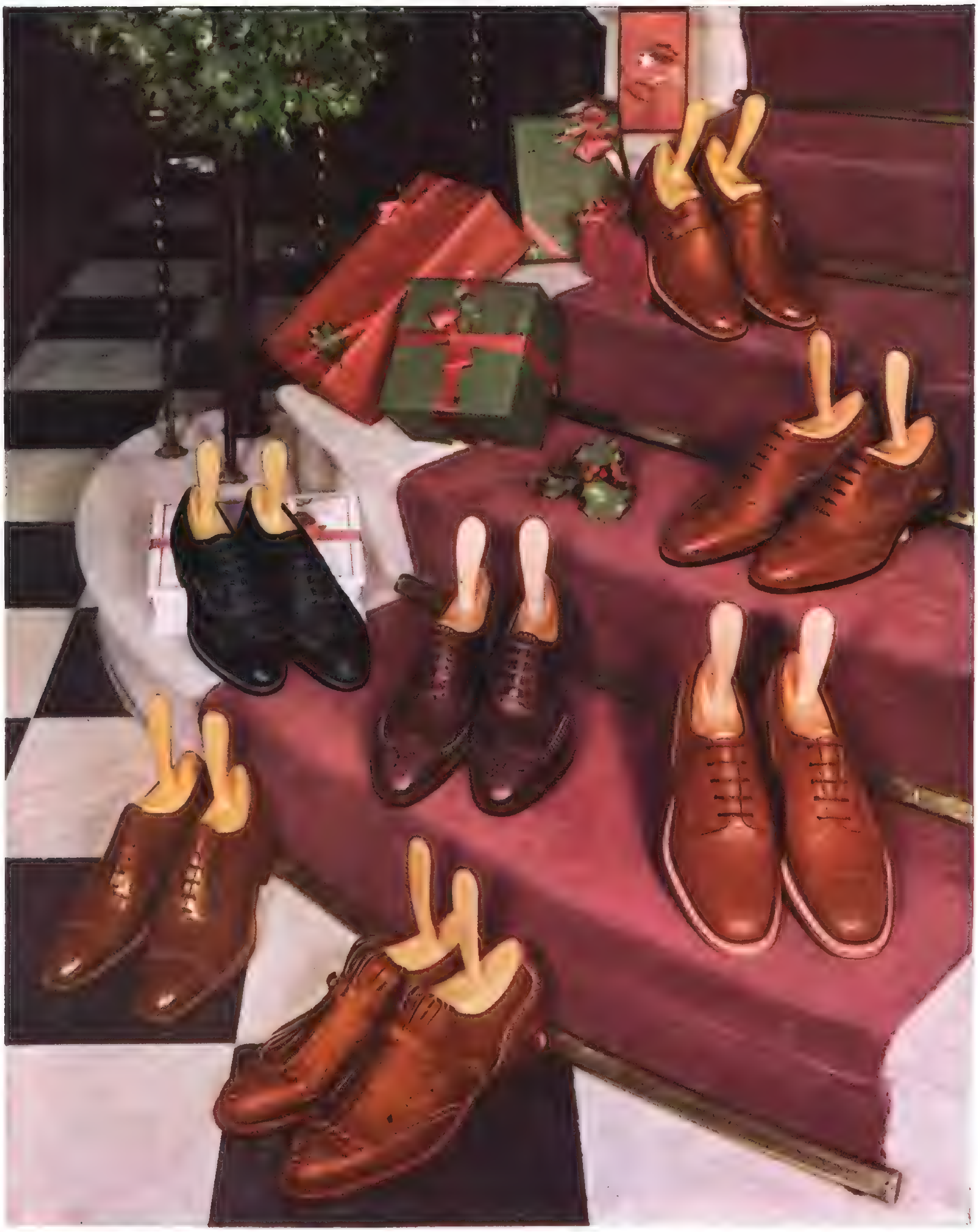


EXCUSE FOR A XMAS SPLURGE

To ALL men so inclined, here's an excellent excuse for a Xmas splurge! Nothing could make you look smarter or step lighter. Left to right, descending the stairs, we present: A single strap Monk in brown luggage calf (which you'll probably be prouder of and wear less than any of them). A perfectly necessary wing-tip brogue in brown Norwegian calf. Sweeping wing-tip cut from genuine black Water Buffalo. Wet-resisting dark brown Eskimo calf with overweight moisture-proof soles. A plain toe oxford in light tan Eskimo calf, with storm welt and soles to harmonize. A handsome straight tip business model in brown calf. And the popular kiltie tongue and strap model in a rich brown Scotch grain. Especially interesting at this season is the fact that all Jarman shoes give you the same authentic style and rich, mellow leathers for which you'd ordinarily expect to pay twice as much or more. A sound economy. For your dealer's address write . . . The Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tennessee. *Division of General Shoe Corp.*

Portraits in Leather

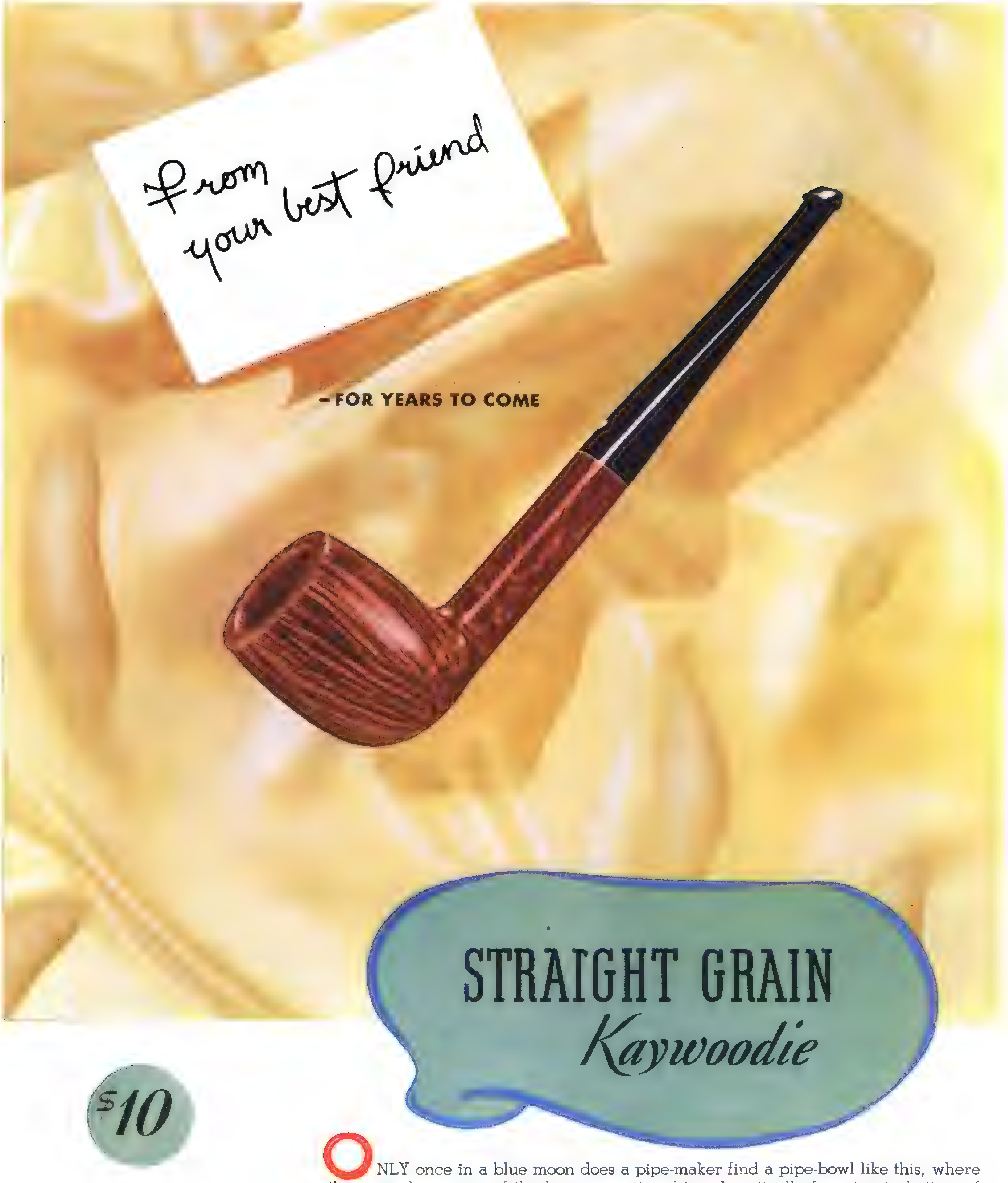
JARMAN FRIENDLY $5

FRANK JARMAN CUSTOM $6.50 MOST STYLES

Shoes

Portraits in Harmony

Tune in Jarman "Portraits in Harmony" NBC Coast-to-Coast Blue Network Tuesday nights . . . Six new Packards FREE.



$10

ONLY once in a blue moon does a pipe-maker find a pipe-bowl like this, where the natural graining of the briar runs straight and vertically from top to bottom of the bowl. Briar normally grows in curls and swirls — not straight.

We have a few of these specimens for pipe-lovers, selected out of 11 million pieces of briar wood that passed through our factories last year. Every piece had to be completely cut into a pipe, to determine whether it was a Straight-Grain (you cannot see how the graining runs, until it's completely cut). One out of 3,000 is Straight-Grain!

The man who gets one of these Straight-Grain Kaywoodies has a real treasure of remarkable beauty which will probably remain in his family many, many years. Everybody will admire it. So get one this Christmas — for your own or to give away. We will supply you with names of dealers near you, who have Straight-Grain Kaywoodies for your inspection.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.

New York and London

Established 1851

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 133-134-136

job with intelligence and control. If this kid doesn't grow up to be a real actor, then a child and a man are truly two completely unrelated individuals.

No director could have taught Mickey Rooney the exactly sensed timing which he gives to the little glum silences that follow his bravado remarks.

There's another aspect to the film which is fully as important as Mickey Rooney's acting. It, too, is achieved by understatement. The film understates the case of the electrocuted father. An ordinary Hollywood story would have gone to some pains to prove that the old man wasn't really guilty of whatever he was electrocuted for, or that Mickey wasn't really his son. *The Devil Is a Sissy* merely suggests that the father was a small-time robber who didn't get away fast enough, and that you couldn't blame the guy anyway, seeing the rotten chance he had in life. There's another part of the story which is treated with the same intelligent under-statement. It concerns Mickey's aunt, who is first seen living in a Park avenue penthouse, with no apparent means of support except the cartwheels she turns for her "financial advisor." In the glad-end of the picture, the young lady, who has moved from the penthouse back to a furnished room, is shown to be on terms perhaps more intimate than chummy with the young architect who is Freddie Bartholomew's father. No explanation of their status is offered; the thing is simply presented for what it's worth, and look what can be done through the Hays office, when the producers use a little intelligence.

One more touch reveals the unaccidental source of the film's excellence. The father of Jackie Cooper is a guy who can't open his mouth without referring to the great sacrifices he went through, over there, and look what this country is coming to, after he fought and bled for it! The character is instantly recognized, and yet it is a type which has not been touched in films, to my recollection. A standard producer's attitude would have been that you can't make fun of the vets, though the vets themselves will probably recognize this pal with hilarity. The whole difference between *The Devil Is a Sissy* and the ordinary run of program pictures is one of alertness, of a true instead of a cock-eyed angle, of interest and belief in the medium.

The film, let me hasten to add, is not a masterpiece. If it were a masterpiece, it would not be as significant as it is. For in that case it would have to be set aside, as one of those freak lofty achievements in the art of the cinema. It would probably be punk box office. But this is a film of the same stuff that the bulk of films are made of; it is buttered with hokum and honeyed with improbability; but there's bread underneath, and bread is something people will always eat.

HER BEST FRIEND

This is the heart-breaking story of a little girl who gave her all for her public. It is the story of a lifelong sacrifice. And the tragedy of it all is that the sacrifice need never have taken place.

If only someone had *told* Lulu May! She might have had her little fling, and no harm done, for you know a few jolly years in a chorus never hurt a really honest girl; and then she might have married a nice man in the furniture business and retired to Westchester and had such nice babies.

But nobody told her. Right at the start it didn't seem to matter —She'll find out for herself soon enough, they said. (People in the show business have soft hearts.)

And after a while, nobody *could* tell her, and she just had to go on, and on being America's Darling, and living in that castle on the seashore with rubber-neck wagons loitering by the massive gates, and barkers reciting how much the castle had cost, when all the time she might have been living in a rose-embowered cottage.

You see, she couldn't disappoint dear old J. W.!

We who have practically grown up in the age of America's Darling, can remember back to when she was sweet sixteen, a Follies girl, and J. W. was only sixty. His father had just died, leaving him the sole owner of a few banana republics, and J. W. was a devoted amateur photographer. That was how he came to discover that Lulu May had the most beautiful legs in the world. It was, of course, long before Marlene Dietrich thought of having beautiful legs. J. W. admired Lulu's legs, and "you ought to be in pictures," he said, for he found them even more beautiful in motion than in stills.

And so began the wonderful aesthetic relationship that has been so enduring, between America's Darling and her protector.

How she happened to become America's Darling was like this: Certain nasty, jealous people began to make remarks about J. W.'s darling—Very well! he cried. Darling it shall be! and what is good enough for J. W. is good enough for America!

So Lulu May became America's Darling, by being a movie star.

It wasn't such a strain, giving herself to her public in those days when Mary Pickford was America's Sweetheart, and oh there were a lot of nice girls in those days, Pearl White, and Billie Burke, who were stars, too.

Everybody was very happy and the public seemed quite content to watch her beautiful legs act, until one day some nasty little nitwit of a newspaper reviewer, no doubt inspired by jealousy, printed a remark about other peo-

Continued on page 140

He was young just a moment ago-
Don't let this happen to you

HE walked through the door a youngster. But he left his youth in the check-room along with his hat just a moment ago. When she saw his bald head she saw an old man. Don't let this happen to you.

If dandruff is leaving telltale warnings on your coat collar, it's high time for Kreml. For Kreml removes every trace of dandruff. And don't disregard the warning your comb gives you when it carries away your hair. Kreml checks falling hair by stimulating the scalp and replacing oils in dry, brittle hair.

Don't wait until those thinning spots at your temples join up with the thin spot on top of your head. Use Kreml—and use it every day.

Besides being an excellent tonic, Kreml is an ideal hair dressing, for it makes your hair behave without giving that sticky, gigolo look.

Women, too, like the rich vitality and lustre Kreml imparts to hair, and the way it helps hold a permanent wave. Ask your druggist for Kreml today.

KREML SHAMPOO is wonderful for the hair and scalp, too—for the whole family. Made from an 80 per cent olive oil base.

KREML

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

We're having
A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF FUN

AND OUR BUDGET'S DOING NICELY, THANK YOU . . ."

"Life is more stimulating at Miami Beach—yet we find this 'millionaire's holiday' is not extravagant. Living costs are as moderate as we want to make them. Some day we'll own a home here . . . send the youngsters to one of the fine local schools."

More to see and do

A more complete menu of vacation pleasures in a setting of vivid tropical beauty—a superb place to live as well as to play. That is why so many noted Americans and their families, with the world to choose from, own homes at Miami Beach . . . why so many others are annual visitors . . . why Miami Beach appeals not only to people of wealth, but to those who couple modest budgets with a preference for the best in interests and associations. Vast range of modern hotels, homes and apartments includes places and prices to suit your requirements — $22,000,000 in new building during the past two years alone assures room in this grand scheme-of-living for thousands more.

The American Riviera
A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE

Less travel-time to Miami Beach . . . more sun-time to enjoy its sports from golf to game-fishing, its brilliant social interests, its gracious home-life. Business men may keep in touch with the North—may even commute, joining their families at Miami Beach for sun-splashed week-ends.

GEORGE ADE says: " . . . not one rival resort has the same amazing total of climate, sunshine, pictorial beauty and recreational advantages." Executives are urging their associates and employees to form the Miami Beach vacation habit as a mental and physical tonic . . . are pointing out that at all seasons a Miami Beach holiday is economical, with priceless dividends in health and pleasure.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE, NOVEMBER THROUGH MARCH, 69 6-10 DEGREES
(U. S. Weather Bureau Records for 36-year period)

Write to the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, Miami Beach, Fla., for Booklet "B"—illustrated, giving full details.

Miami BEACH
Florida

The Candid Cameraman

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ple acting with their faces.

J. W. was furious. Lulu May could act with her face very well, she had an especially artistic act in which she turned her golden orbs into the camera, and then slowly raised her brows, and then slowly revealed her teeth. This was especially effective in emotional acting, such as showing fright, surprise, joy, sarcasm, or stoic endurance. She could also put her mouth prettily forward as for a kiss, which was good for the rest of the gamut of human emotion. So J. W. was furious and said no paper could print that about America's Darling, it was a slur on our national honor, and he wrote on the end of his croquet mallet: buy that paper.

That was how J. W. came to be a newspaper publisher.

Well, it was around in 1921 when a lot of subversive propaganda was let loose in this country in an effort to undermine Americanism, and pretty soon another treacherous movie reviewer tried to say that Lulu May couldn't act with her face. So J. W. bought himself up another paper, and another, and another, until that subversive campaign was hushed, and that was the time Lulu May appeared in a movie wearing pantalettes, just to prove America loved her for her face.

Well, Mary Pickford stopped being America's Sweetheart, and Mae Murray gave way to Bebe Daniels, and Bebe Daniels gave way to Clara Bow, and there was really no one to supply America's great need, so all that time Lulu May just had to keep on being America's Darling, giving America her golden-eyed smile to adore.

By that time, of course, a lot of people had caught on and would have been willing to tell her. But J. W. would let no subversive rumor reach her ears. He found that it was just as easy to run twenty newspapers as ten, and forty as twenty, so he just kept on buying them up, and pretty soon he added a few radio stations, when some jealous radio gossipers tried to get fresh.

It got so that nearly everybody else in the show business knew, except Lulu May. They tried to get it to her subtly. Once a super-clever writer, on orders from old J. W. to review Lulu May's latest pictures for one of J. W.'s own papers, wrote of the performance: "Lulu May has never been better!" This ambiguous remark was bandied about as one of the greatest witticisms ever uttered in the show world.

When they found they couldn't get rid of her by insidious means, the detractors of America's Darling got ahold of the international bankers, and through them got control of the Mammoth studios, and then tried to freeze out Lulu May. They were going to make Adam and Eve, and Lulu May was just perfect for Eve, but they went and gave the part to a producer's wife! But J. W. was a match for them! He bought up the Superba Studios, lock, stock and barrel, and moved Lulu May over to the Superba lot.

And Clara Bow gave way to Jean Harlow, and then came Myrna Loy. . . .

And the detractors tried the most insidious stunt of all. They got the theatre managers to claim that they lost money on Lulu May pictures! So J. W. bought up a whole chain of theatres, and three weeks in the year were Lulu May weeks, and her pictures ran, and the public had to see their darling, or be damned!

Lulu May was not very happy. All sorts of strange people had sprung up in place of her dear old rivals in the theatre. And some of the girls had aged, so! Imagine Billie Burke, the brazenness of her, playing middle-aged parts! And as for the leads—such dear fellows as Owen Moore and Harrison Ford and even John Gilbert—gone, gone and gone! Oh, she had played with them all! the greatest stars had vied to act opposite her! and these young college boy actors of today were mere sticks, they couldn't get any warmth into a scene!

America's Darling had not changed one bit. Twenty years failed to touch her. It was true, in her last picture Lulu May had worn slacks most of the time, or pyjamas, or long trailing gowns, because she didn't want to give America too much of her beautiful legs. It was a lie that the ankles were thickening. And some blundering camera-man had found a way to make her look double-chinned. No matter! her public needed her, and she would go on!

Now, in every Lulu May picture there was a scene where she was a bride. And the touching thing to the public, looking at those scenes, was that Lulu May never had been a bride, because of her beautiful friendship for her protector, as everybody knew. It really made you cry, looking at her dressed up as a beautiful bride, with miles of train, and knowing how her heart must be affected by the great lifelong sacrifice she had made for America.

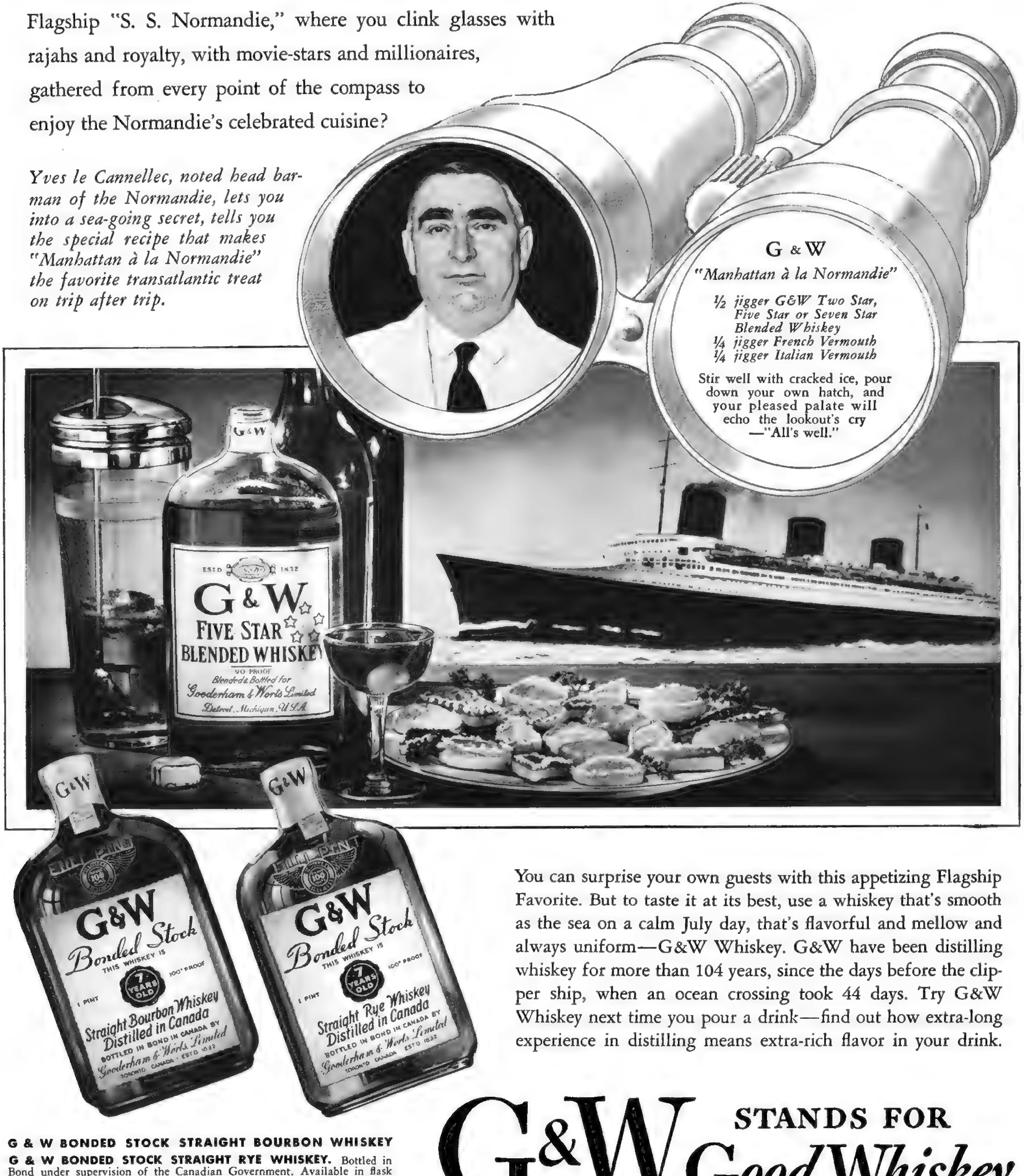
Myrna Loy was playing grandmother roles, and Clark Gable did the parts old Lionel Barrymore used to do, and still America's Darling was widening her eyes (a few nasty wrinkles had appeared, but they were pasted back with fish-skin), and still she was showing her teeth, in the role of a beautiful young chorus girl who steps into the leading lady's part on opening night and saves the show and marries the producer. Dear J. W. was celebrating his hundredth birthday with an extra game of croquet; he had just come in from the game to see the secret preview, and he happened to catch the wedding scene. "Doesn't she make a beautiful bride?" his secretary whispered.

Continued on top of page 142

Take a Tip *from the* Flagship

What's the most popular drink at the bar of the French Line Flagship "S. S. Normandie," where you clink glasses with rajahs and royalty, with movie-stars and millionaires, gathered from every point of the compass to enjoy the Normandie's celebrated cuisine?

Yves le Cannellec, noted head bar-man of the Normandie, lets you into a sea-going secret, tells you the special recipe that makes "Manhattan à la Normandie" the favorite transatlantic treat on trip after trip.



G & W

"Manhattan à la Normandie"

½ jigger G&W Two Star, Five Star or Seven Star Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger French Vermouth
¼ jigger Italian Vermouth

Stir well with cracked ice, pour down your own hatch, and your pleased palate will echo the lookout's cry —"All's well."

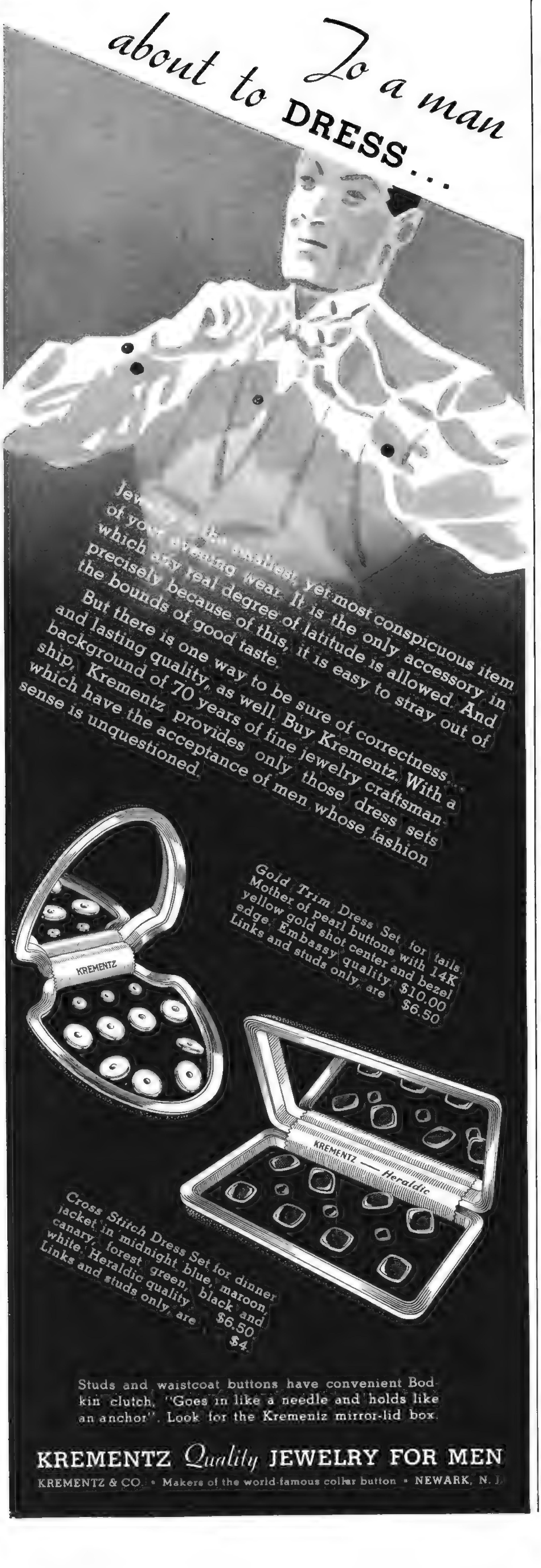
G&W
ESTD 1832
G & W
FIVE STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for Gooderham & Worts Limited Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.
G&W
G&W Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD
100° PROOF
1 PINT
Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled in Canada
BOTTLED IN BOND IN CANADA BY Gooderham & Worts Limited TORONTO CANADA ESTD 1832
G&W
G&W Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD
100° PROOF
1 PINT
Straight Rye Whiskey Distilled in Canada
BOTTLED IN BOND IN CANADA BY Gooderham & Worts Limited TORONTO CANADA ESTD 1832

You can surprise your own guests with this appetizing Flagship Favorite. But to taste it at its best, use a whiskey that's smooth as the sea on a calm July day, that's flavorful and mellow and always uniform—G&W Whiskey. G&W have been distilling whiskey for more than 104 years, since the days before the clipper ship, when an ocean crossing took 44 days. Try G&W Whiskey next time you pour a drink—find out how extra-long experience in distilling means extra-rich flavor in your drink.

G&W STANDS FOR *Good Whiskey*

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LTD., DETROIT, MICH. . . . Established 1832

G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY. Bottled in Bond under supervision of the Canadian Government. Available in flask pints and round quarts. Full 100 proof. (This whiskey is seven years old.)
G & W FIVE STAR BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskey in this product is 6 years old; 23% straight whiskey; 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain.


about to Do a man
to DRESS...

Jewelry is the smallest, yet most conspicuous item of your evening wear. It is the only accessory in which any real degree of latitude is allowed. And precisely because of this, it is easy to stray out of the bounds of good taste.

But there is one way to be sure of correctness... and lasting quality, as well. Buy Krementz. With a background of 70 years of fine jewelry craftsmanship, Krementz provides only those dress sets which have the acceptance of men whose fashion sense is unquestioned.

Gold Trim Dress Set for tails. Mother of pearl buttons with 14K yellow gold shot center and bezel edge. Embassy quality. $10.00
Links and studs only, are $6.50

Cross Stitch Dress Set for dinner jacket in midnight blue, maroon, canary, forest green, black and white. Heraldic quality. $6.50
Links and studs only, are $4

Studs and waistcoat buttons have convenient Bodkin clutch. "Goes in like a needle and holds like an anchor". Look for the Krementz mirror-lid box.

KREMENTZ Quality JEWELRY FOR MEN
KREMENTZ & CO. • Makers of the world-famous collar button • NEWARK, N. J.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 133-134-136-139-140

And then the whole thing dawned on J. W.—what a beautiful bride Lulu May would make, in real life.

So he wrote on the end of his croquet-stick, "Lulu May, will you be my bride?"

That was America's last chance! If someone had told her then!

But the dear girl said, "Ah'd love to, J. W., but I cannot think of our happiness, I owe my life to my public, and that must be our sacrifice!"

That was the tragedy of it all. If only someone had told the poor girl at the beginning, she might have had a beautiful, normal life.

But after that there was no chance to tell her. J. W. brought up an army from his banana republics and took over the country, and when any subversive rat so much as dared hint that Lulu May's acting stank, they simply chopped off his head.

LABOR: A group of anonymous actors and directors, in Hollywood, has produced a short called *Millions of Us* dealing in hammer-blow simplicity with the relation between the unemployed and the employed. It is the first really effective propaganda film of this type, interesting as a film as well as for its message. It is being received warmly by labor groups everywhere. I think the *March of Time* has prepared audiences for the problem approach in short films; if the producers of *Millions of Us* can get it into the theatres they may at last open a channel through which the mass of the people will get a real interpretation of their own lives, in pictures. If only on the short end, at first. ⧺

Study of Two Mothers

Continued from page 105

return. But a week later, unexpected, unannounced, she came back. He found her in the apartment, sitting on the divan with her coat on, her hat in her hand. On her face were the same lines of pain he had seen on his first week end at the estate, only a little more sharp. It was cold outdoors.

"When did you get in?" he said.

"This morning."

It was now four in the afternoon.

"What have you been doing since?"

"I've been to the doctor," she said. She drew one arm across the back of the divan rather slowly and Nulty did not have the courage to ask her why she had gone to the doctor. All he could do was glance at the headlines of the paper he had brought in with him.

"You haven't . . ." he stammered.

"It's too late to do anything," she said. "I must go through with it."

"Thank God!" he said to himself, but looking at his wife, with her pale face and the eyes sullen and bitter, he checked his enthusiasm immediately.

II

Winter arrived early. During the first week of November snow fell. The ground was frozen an inch or two, but then suddenly around Thanksgiving came a thaw, the snow melted, the ground opened up and the mud stuck to everything.

The three children were forever tracking dirt into the house. Stanley, returning from the woods where he was felling trees for the winter, never remembered to use the broom on his shoes before coming into the kitchen. Between this mud, the pots on the stove, which had to be shifted from the front to the back as the wind shifted, the youngsters who fought among themselves and cut up, the chickens to be fed, the cows to be milked, Anna had plenty to keep her busy. Sometimes while sitting at the kitchen table drying the dishes in the evening she fell asleep, a cloth in one hand, a saucer, a cup in the other.

"Hey, Anna! Wake up, you lazy!"

"Ah. I sleeping?"

"You sleeping? You snoring. Like dog on hot day. Come on. You go to bed. You stand on your feet too long. He must be strong man." Then looking down at her big stomach he laughed.

Except in a general way they did not know when the child was to be born. Perhaps in two months, perhaps in February or March. Anna carried her children large. But she had not yet been to see a doctor. When first she suspected she was with child, there was too much to do in and around the house: the summer berries had to be canned, the garden was going to weeds, the big house had to be cleaned up for the coming of Mrs. Nulty. Then it didn't matter any more—the doctor could tell her nothing she didn't already know. Week after week she became heavier on her feet, tired more quickly.

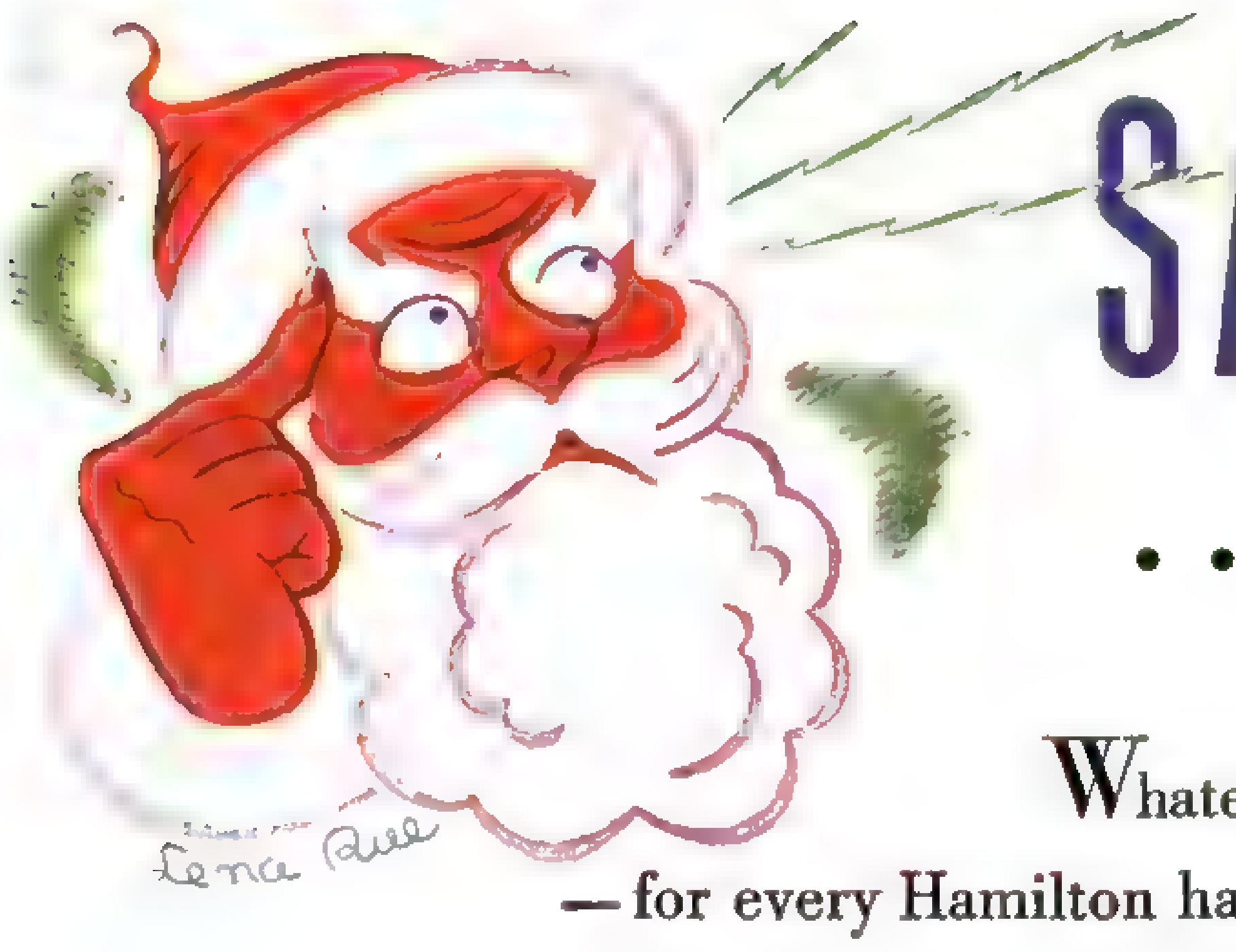
"You getting old, like old horse," he chided her good-humoredly. "Must lie down all the time. Sleep, sleep, sleep. Good for nothing. And maybe only girl come this time again."

"You mind your business," she responded, pretending to take offense. "Don't like it, you have baby yourself."

"That's good idea, by God. You women all the time getting too big and fat when you have baby. We men show you how to do it better. We no get bigger as before."

The routine in the house did not vary in the slightest, nor was it slowed up in the slightest because of her condition. Actually she piled more work on herself, as if to show him that her strength

Continued on page 145



SANTA IS NO MIND READER

. . . so make this page your Christmas hint!

Whatever Hamilton you choose, you can make no mistake — for every Hamilton has 17 or more fine jewels, and every one is cased in the highest quality platinum, solid gold or gold filled. If you fail to find the Hamilton you want on this page, your jeweler has many other new models he'll be glad to show you — or write for a copy of our Christmas folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 880 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

** Fill in here the name of the particular Hamilton your heart desires—and show this page to the "right person" before Christmas. See names and descriptions at the left.*

Dear Santa
Please remember me
this Christmas with a
Hamilton ________ *

LADIES' WRIST HAMILTONS

(Upper white band, left to right)

MARCIA. 17 jewels. 18K solid gold. With 18K solid gold fittings. Observe its modern, straight lines. $65.

MYRNA. 17 jewels. 14K gold filled. With beautiful embossed numeral dial, and with gold filled chain. $52.50.

CLAIRE. 17 jewels. 14K solid gold. With gold filled fittings. $55. Also available with solid gold fittings, $60.

GAIL. 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. With smart gold filled bracelet. $40. With silk ribbon, it is only $37.50.

SONYA. 17 jewels. 14K solid gold. With gold filled fittings, priced at $55. With solid gold fittings, it is $60.

VILMA. 17 jewels. 14K gold filled. With gold filled chain. $50. With silk cord, this watch sells for $47.50.

(Extreme right white band, top to bottom)

EILEEN. 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. With gold filled bracelet, it is $42.50. With silk cord (as shown), $40.

MURIEL. 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. With silk cord, it is $40. With gold filled bracelet (as shown), $42.50.

AUDREY. 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. With gold filled bracelet, it is $42.50. With silk cord (as shown), $40.

(Lower blue band, top to bottom)

TITIA. 17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum. 36 diamonds. Handsome new diamond-cased Hamilton. $200.

NOLA. 17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum case. 22 diamonds. Hamilton accuracy in smart setting . . . $150.

DELMA. 17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum case. 48 diamonds enhance the beauty of this model. Price, $250.

Specially cased diamond watch. (Custom-built watches of this type available on order.) Watch and bracelet with 194 diamonds and 6 baguettes set in 10% iridium platinum. 17 jewels. The price of this watch is $1500.

MEN'S STRAP HAMILTONS

(Center blue band, left to right)

CURVED TO FIT THE WRIST! Hamilton has a complete line of men's strap watches smartly curved to the wrist. Three of the models described below are in this curved-case line. Your dealer can show you others.

ARDMORE. 19 jewels. 14K solid gold. Applied gold marker dial. Case smartly curved to fit wrist. $100.

DORSEY. 19 jewels. 14K solid gold. Applied gold numeral dial. Case smartly curved to fit wrist. $77.50.

CLARK. 17 jewels. 14K gold filled. With inlaid black enamel dial. Case smartly curved to fit the wrist. $50.

NORFOLK. 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. Applied gold numeral dial. New model in modest price range. $42.50.

LAWRENCE. 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. Applied gold numeral dial, $40. Black enamel dial (shown), $37.50.

PRESCOTT. 17 jewels. 14K gold filled. Applied gold numeral dial. Round models are popular this year. $45.

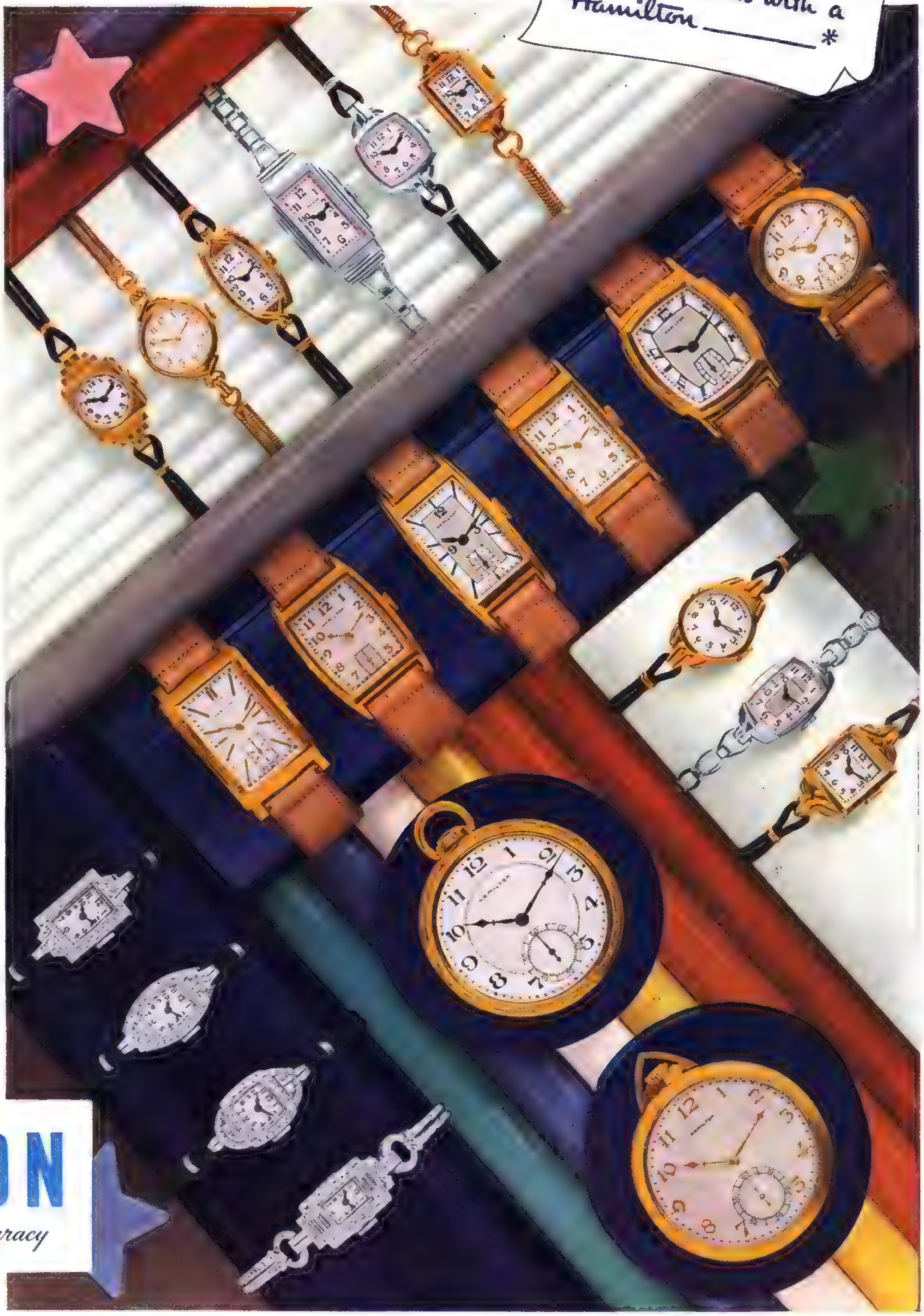
POCKET HAMILTONS

HOWE (top). 17 jewels. 10K gold filled. Black enamel dial. Dependable accuracy at a modest price. $42.50.

GOULD (bottom). 21 jewels. 14K gold. Inlaid enamel dial, $145. Applied gold numeral dial, $150.

EXCLUSIVE HAMILTON FEATURES!

Hamilton Watches are equipped with Elinvar hairsprings, safeguarding them against magnetic currents, temperature variations, rusty hairsprings. (Exclusive licensee under U. S. Elinvar patents.) Hamilton accuracy is also protected by the Time Microscope (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.). An exclusive Hamilton development.

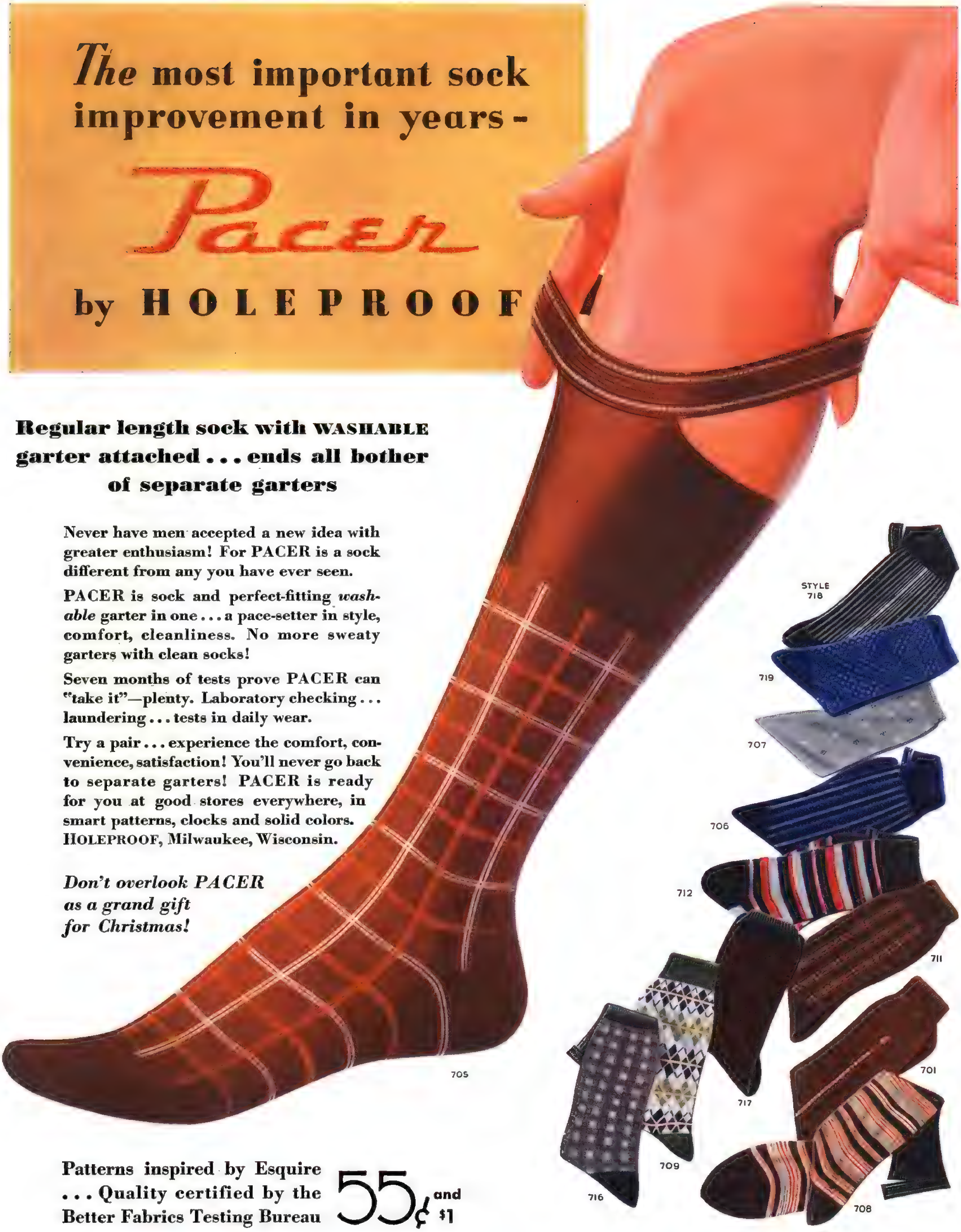


HAMILTON
the Watch of Railroad Accuracy

The most important sock improvement in years–

Pacer

by HOLEPROOF



Regular length sock with WASHABLE garter attached . . . ends all bother of separate garters

Never have men accepted a new idea with greater enthusiasm! For PACER is a sock different from any you have ever seen.

PACER is sock and perfect-fitting *washable* garter in one . . . a pace-setter in style, comfort, cleanliness. No more sweaty garters with clean socks!

Seven months of tests prove PACER can "take it"—plenty. Laboratory checking . . . laundering . . . tests in daily wear.

Try a pair . . . experience the comfort, convenience, satisfaction! You'll never go back to separate garters! PACER is ready for you at good stores everywhere, in smart patterns, clocks and solid colors. HOLEPROOF, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Don't overlook PACER
as a grand gift
for Christmas!

Patterns inspired by Esquire . . . Quality certified by the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau

55¢ and $1

Pacer by HOLEPROOF

TRADE-MARK PATENT PENDING

THE SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED

© 1936. H. H. Co.

Study of Two Mothers

Continued from pages 105-142

was still the same. When he caught her dozing she was ashamed. She scrubbed the clothes with more energy, did more baking. Stanley's old cronies drove up on Sundays from New Britain or Meriden, where they worked in the brass and silverware factories, and she outdid herself from one occasion to the other in the elaborateness of her hospitality: special cakes with hickory nuts, black beans baked even blacker with slabs of fat pork, and a confection that tasted something like sour cherries which her mother had taught her to make years ago in Poland.

"You going to have baby again, Anna, eh?"

"More girl," said Stanley. "She no good for nothing but girl."

"You drink plenty beer and you get boy this time."

"Sure Anna, you drink beer and whiskey, eat lots of cabbage and meat, then you have boy."

"No. Anna she can have only girl. She sleep all the time. That's the whole trouble."

Nevertheless she did not feel in the best of moods. Behind all that jesting of his she saw hard criticism. She wanted to accommodate him. It didn't seem right that three times in succession she should give birth to girls. She loved them all. They were good children, their Wanda, their Sophie and their Mary, but in a few years they'd get married and leave home. They helped in the garden, did the chores around the place, but she knew what Stanley wanted, because she wanted it also—a farm—and how can one buy a farm unless there are sons to depend on as one becomes older?

"Hey you! Get up! What's the trouble Anna? You sleeping all the time."

Secretly she tried various remedies. She prayed when Stanley wasn't at home. She ate strong, sharp foods, tried not to sleep so much. Then somebody told her that to have a boy you must sleep a great deal, be very lazy, because a boy is a man and a man needs more to eat; the less the mother works, the more food will the child have then. But always in her prayers, at mass surrounded by the holy images, there came a voice which denied her wish.

"I no good, Stanley," she said. "I going to have more girl, you see. I no good."

Stanley slapped her on the back. "To hell with him. Boy, girl, they come, we raise 'em up."

"No, no. You talk like that now. I no good. I can only have girl. It is my fault."

"Maybe my fault, Anna."

"No, Stanley. You want boy for to help on the farm when you buy it. We talk about it many times. Nulty he will sell you the land near the river, then we have our own farm, and you need boy for that."

Stanley did not reply. He walked across the room and sat down near the stove where he went through the long process of cleaning out his pipe with a broom straw, scraping out the dottle, filling it, lighting it with a piece of thin kindling ignited over the flames. Anna watched him. The house was warm and cozy. Tomorrow's cabbage soup was simmering at the back of the stove and its odor was part of the sweetness of the room. It did not seem right that this should come up between them when it was so good to sit here and listen to that sound, to look at the sweat running down the window panes, and to know that it was cold only outdoors.

"Some women they have boys all the time. Maybe the Lord He think we better have girls, eh Stanley?"

Stanley blew through the pipestem as though it were a trumpet. "If the Lord is wise man, then you have no girls at all."

What could she say? Was she to challenge His wisdom as Stanley did, He to whom she had turned as a last and only resort?

They went to bed. Anna remained on her back for a long time, until she heard her husband breathing deeply and evenly. She was sorry for him. He worked so hard for her and the children. He was such a good husband—and three times in a row nothing but girls.

III

The snow, soft at the beginning, was now dry and brittle like rice. It came down at sharp angles, driven by a wind that stung without giving any apologies. The wind almost blew Anna off her feet. The sheepskin coat she was wearing flapped around her felt boots as she trudged to the garage to get the car, but her body was warm. Because of her big stomach, which was in the way, it was hard for her to sidle into the seat. Even to find the starter pedal, the clutch and the accelerator was difficult—always some part of her interfered with her line of vision. The car, chugging away, tembling and shivering, jogged her up and down, and she laughed to herself.

By the time the train arrived at twenty minutes past three, the ground was already covered with snow and it was getting dark. Anna got out of the car and ran down the whole length of the platform. They were getting off. Mr. Nulty held out his gloved hand; his wife, with a heavy careful step, seemed to take pains to avoid making use of it.

The Pullman porter put down two suitcases and Anna started carrying them to the car.

"Here, Anna. Wait a moment," said Nulty, noticing with surprise that she was heavy with child. "Here. That's too much for you."

"That's all right," she said. "Never mind, Mr. Nulty. It is

Continued on page 146

BRIGHT SPOTS IN THE RAIN

Galecoats by Alligator

offer to those who splash about when the weather's wet, smart style and snug comfort in addition to protection from the elements. Made of Alligator's exclusive fabric —100% Galecloth — these coats have proven durability and look and feel like a fine worsted. Of course, they're water repellent, wind and dustproof. Equally correct for storm and sport.

At All Better Stores
$15.75 and $18.50

ALLIGATOR
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Alligator raincoats successfully combat all kinds of discouraging weather. The cloth is Alligator's exclusively processed fabric in which no rubber is used. Alligator raincoats are lightweight and retain their smartness in the worst of weather. They're waterproof, windproof, and dustproof. Available in varied shades, these raincoats add style to protection.

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$5.50 to $15.00

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FRANCE

...AND THAT MEANS BUSINESS FOR US!

Every time a boatload of Americans comes back from Europe, we get a boatload of new customers!

For throughout Europe (and the rest of the world, for that matter) Cinzano Vermouth is the vermouth... and has been for 120 years.

Try it... one bottle will be quite convincing.

CINZANO

VERMOUTH

ITALIAN (sweet) alcohol 15.6% by volume

FRENCH (dry) alcohol 18% by volume

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., N. Y.; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Study of Two Mothers

Continued from pages 105-142-145

light. Thank you."

"Where is Stanley?" he asked. "Why didn't he come instead?"

"He is busy in barn."

Nulty insisted on driving the car himself. "Here. You two women get in the back. Ah, I see you brought a blanket along, Anna. That's good."

The snowflakes, which had balanced themselves daintily on the black curls of Catharine Nulty's caracul coat, toppled over, but did not melt. Anna sat by her side and gave her an occasional glance. The face was white. There was no rouge on it. It was as white as cream. The hands were folded in her lap, in black woolen mittens, and the feet, close together, were so small that Anna looked at her own, in Stanley's felt boots, and was ashamed of her appearance.

"When are you going to have your baby, Anna?" Catharine asked.

"I don't know."

"Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"I no been to doctor."

"What? Not yet?"

"I call doctor when I am ready. Maybe in two weeks, maybe month."

"I'm afraid this will become a real storm," said Nulty. "How are you back there? Are you cold, dear?"

"I'm all right," Catharine answered.

She gave Anna another glance. "How do you feel? Do you . . . I mean . . . are you happy that you are having your baby?"

"Yes, sure I happy," Anna said.

Once more Nulty inclined his head a little toward the back seat. "You're sure you're comfortable?" and once more Catharine replied in a cold monotone that she was all right.

"You know, I too am going to have a baby, Anna."

"Yes? When?"

"In April."

"April? You look just the same like all the time. No got bigger. You be very happy. First baby."

Catharine made no answer.

They drove up to the front door under the portico, meeting Stanley on the way, who was carrying two buckets of water from the lodge toward the barn. A servant came out and took the two suitcases inside.

All that afternoon Catharine kept to the house. She felt restless, her mind was in a jumble. She read a little, but that didn't help any. They sat down to tea, but her face seemed troubled, and Nulty, seeing that, did not impose his presence on her more than was necessary.

Again there were guests. They began to arrive after six. The house was again filled with laughter, music and talk. When they smiled, she smiled. She moved about from one to the other and her remarks were light and airy. But by ten o'clock she excused herself and went upstairs. The chatter came up in spasms, always accompanied by feminine laughter, laughter that must be the source of joy, carefree thoughts. She started to undress, but suddenly through the window she saw a light in the lodge and instead of going to bed, went outdoors.

The wind had stopped. The flakes were coming down larger now. She trudged across the lawn, wondering why she was going to the lodge. What was it she wanted there?

It was the first time she had been inside. It seemed so small to her; the smell of cooking was so sharp that she coughed twice. The contrast between it and the large house was the same gulf that she sensed existed between herself and Anna.

"What's matter?" Stanley asked. "Why you no telephone?"

"Telephone for what?"

"Something get broke over there?"

"No. Nothing broke, Stanley. I just went out for a walk and seeing a light here I decided to come in. It looked so cozy from the outside. Where is Anna?"

"Anna she have baby."

Catharine stared at him. He was smiling. "What? Already?" she said.

"Sure. Boy, by golly. This time she do good job."

"But only a few hours ago . . ."

"You want see her. She be happy."

Stanley led the way into the bedroom. It was so hot in there it was difficult to breathe. In one corner on a rocker sat an old woman with a scarf over her head. The mother was lying in bed and beside her was the baby, swaddled in so many clothes its face could hardly be seen at all.

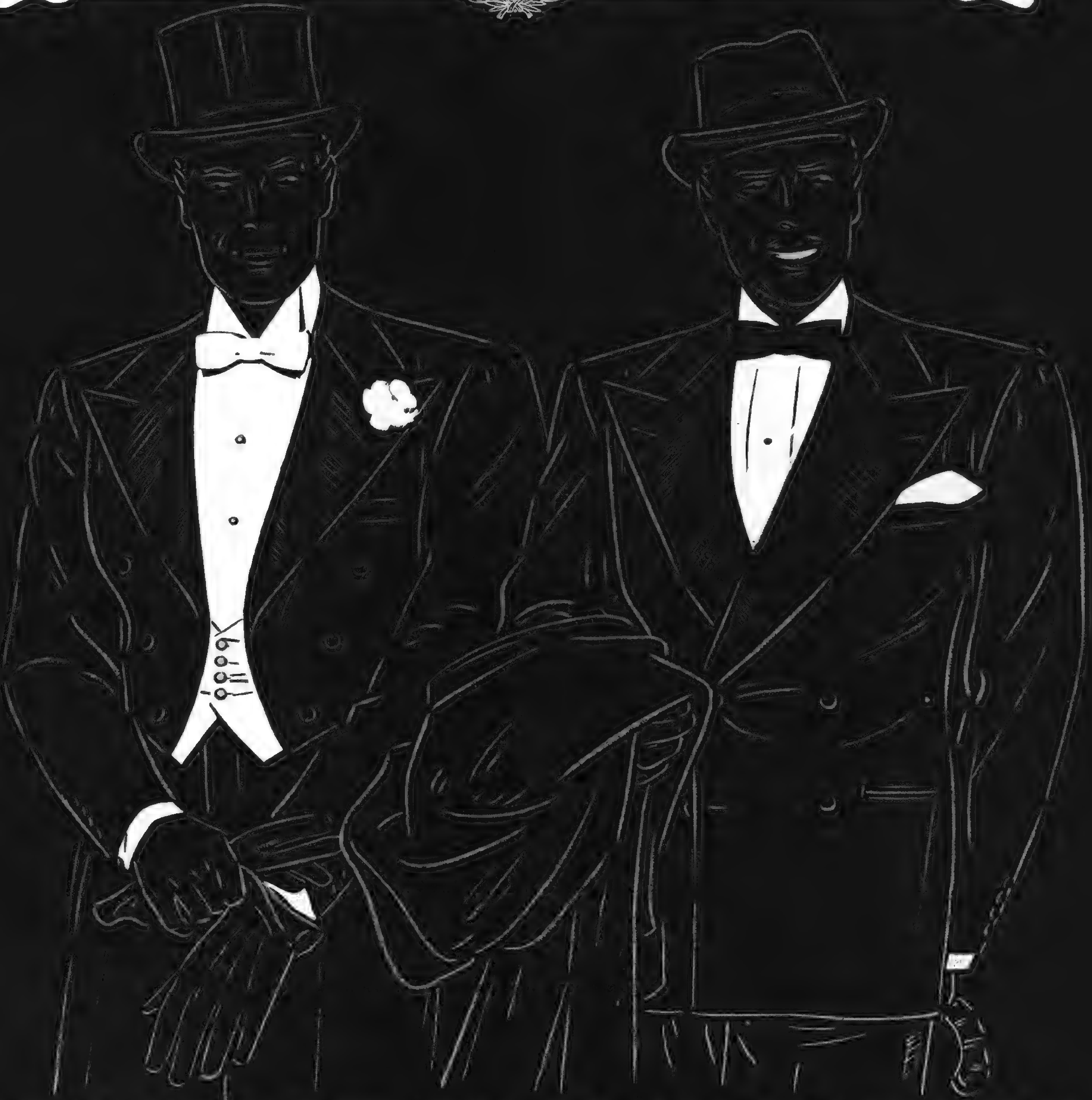
Anna removed a little of the coverings to show her visitor how fine and red the skin was, not blotched nor purplish, what a head of hair he already had. "Pretty soon he be eating potatoes. Pretty soon he be holding plow. Stanley he jump around like big boy. We going to have big party next week."

Except for a certain sleepy look in the eyes, there was nothing to indicate what this woman had gone through. There was nothing here to show that anything unusual had happened. The room was quiet. The old woman in the corner said not a word. Life seemed so simple here.

Anna smiled up at her. "Pretty soon you going to show off your baby."

Catharine tried to smile in return, but there was for her something unpleasant and uncomfortable in this moment. A feeling of guilt went through her, a feeling that Anna was accusing her of something. "Yes, yes," she said. But she could not stay in the room any longer and went back to the house. #

HIGH . . . WIDE . . . HANDSOME



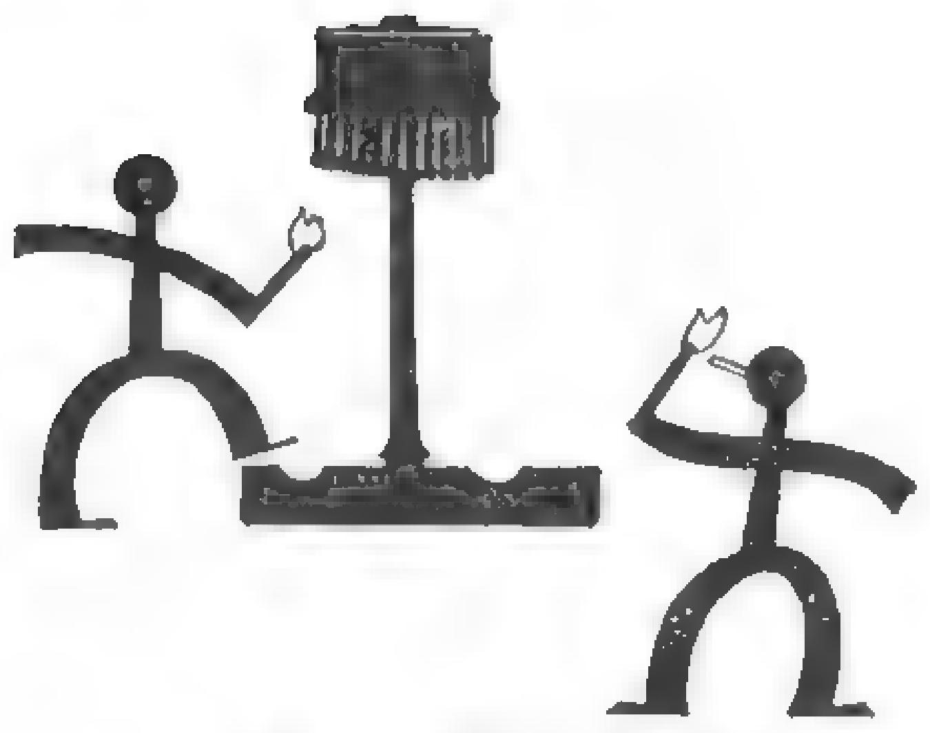
The proprieties of the '36-'37 season urge a complete change. For the new dress clothes are NEWS...of higher waists, wider lapels, longer tails and definite variations elsewhere. Evening wear by Stein Bloch can be trusted, implicitly. It has freshness, authority, distinction. . . . And a difference in quality which weighs far more than the difference in cost.

Stein Bloch Clothes

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

SUITS, TOPCOATS, OVERCOATS, DRESS CLOTHES . . . SHOWN BY THE FINEST STORES ONLY . . . PRICED $40 TO $150

At last.. A REAL HE-MAN ASH TRAY



The Executive
Get the Pullmatch Habit

Designed by a man . . . . Made for men

Best of all, it carries with it PULLMATCHES, the modern matches which have been enthusiastically used abroad for years and are becoming favorites here. They are this season's highlight! Next season's habit!

Be one of the first to have a PULLMATCH stand.

A quick, one-hand pull and you have a light. No fuss or bother to thumb a lighter or fumble with a match box. Refill matches conveniently packed, two rolls to a can, are available. This PULLMATCH stand is truly the perfect gift for a man.

Four stands in rich materials, smartly styled by Lurelle Guild, distinguished designer, retail from $2.50 to $9.50. See them at your department store at once. If they do not have them in stock, write American Pullmatch Corp.

IN NEW YORK: Brooks Brothers, Hammacher Schlemmer & Co. and Abercrombie & Fitch.

Pullmatches

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American Pullmatch Corporation, Piqua, Ohio
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PULLMATCHES
PULL QUICKLY TO LIGHT

The Tie That Binds

If she's color blind on Xmas scarves, steer her from your neck to the bottles

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

POTABLES

In a recent conversation with Dr. Theo. Sourpuss, of Windseat, Lower Tooting on Thames, I learned that during the three weeks preceding Christmas, 98.02% of all women are color-blind when approaching the counters where male neckwear is displayed. This strange malady is epidemic, existing in this virulent form only during this time, the curve dropping suddenly from the 26th of December to the second of January where the per cent is 52.04, or normal. The Doctor for some time has been seeking a cure, or at least some form of immunity but has finally given up. This is a great blow to the expert as he has been working on a theory that if the male is aroused in time, he may yet save himself as a definite sex.

One solution the Doctor advanced, was the collective action of all dealers to cover up all neckwear displays during this period of the female's highest fallibility. This system was even tried out in one of the larger metropolises but only led to a highly developed system of bootlegging scarves with exorbitant prices being paid for the reds, oranges and wallpaper designs. This left the male a little worse off than under the open system, as the purchaser always felt she had been extremely clever in obtaining the merchandise illegally. My solution, which I broached to the Doctor, is a simple one and I pass it on to the reader as a possible way out of a nasty, touchy situation.

In mental therapathy, I suppose, my scheme would be termed a "surrogate" system. The idea is to remove the object of fixation, and put in its place some other object just as worthy of admiration. The psychiatrists are old hands at this trick and when a sweet young thing begins to dream of white horses they know just what to do about it, so that the little girl won't feel so badly about giving up the white horses. So, in my system, whenever "neckties" are presented I superimpose the word "Bottles." If the bottles happen to be filled with pleasant potables, that too is all to the good for the deserving male. No matter how color-blind the little woman is, your Christmas can not have one jarring note under my system. Imagine waking up to find that Santa Claus had not stuffed your stocking with one green necktie bearing yellow pansies, and one orange tie with brown polka dots but had thought of a magnum of champagne and a few assorted bottles of Scotch and rye. You'll have me to thank. And furthermore, as a safeguard, as you read this article, make a pencil check here and there down the list and let the book lie around open on the table. You might not be as surprised on the happy morning but you'll be a darned sight merrier. Then too, you won't have to sneak down to the store a week later to exchange the gift; it will be much too late for that.

If there were such a thing as a selfish woman, the selection could be made with an eye, or rather a palate, cocked for her own interest. Take the gift of a dozen pints of good rye or bourbon whisky. Any man would enjoy that. But if you include in the basket a recipe for a perfect eggnogg, it is ten to one that he will sacrifice some of your gift on the altar of friendship and ask you in on Christmas day. Here is one of the slickest of the Yuletide drinks, according to this correspondent's experience and experimentation:

> Secure six absolutely fresh eggs. Beat the yolks and whites separately. Add ½ cup of ordinary sugar to the yolks, beating it in and ¼ cup sugar to the whites after they have been beaten. Stir into the yolks one pint of rich cream and one pint of milk. Then stir in very slowly one pint of rye (or bourbon) and one ounce of Jamaica rum. Set aside for three or four hours if possible so that the egg yolks will cook in the whisky, if possible putting the container on ice. When ready to serve whip in lightly the whites of the eggs. This will serve six persons if they are moderate drinkers. Better be generous, I've had guests down eighteen without difficulty. (Some prefer not to let the eggs stand but the added trouble is worth it in the result.)

A simple Christmas basket that has a native flavor is the Tom and Jerry basket: one bottle of good brandy and one bottle of Jamaica rum. With this should go the usual greetings with a coy

Continued on page 151

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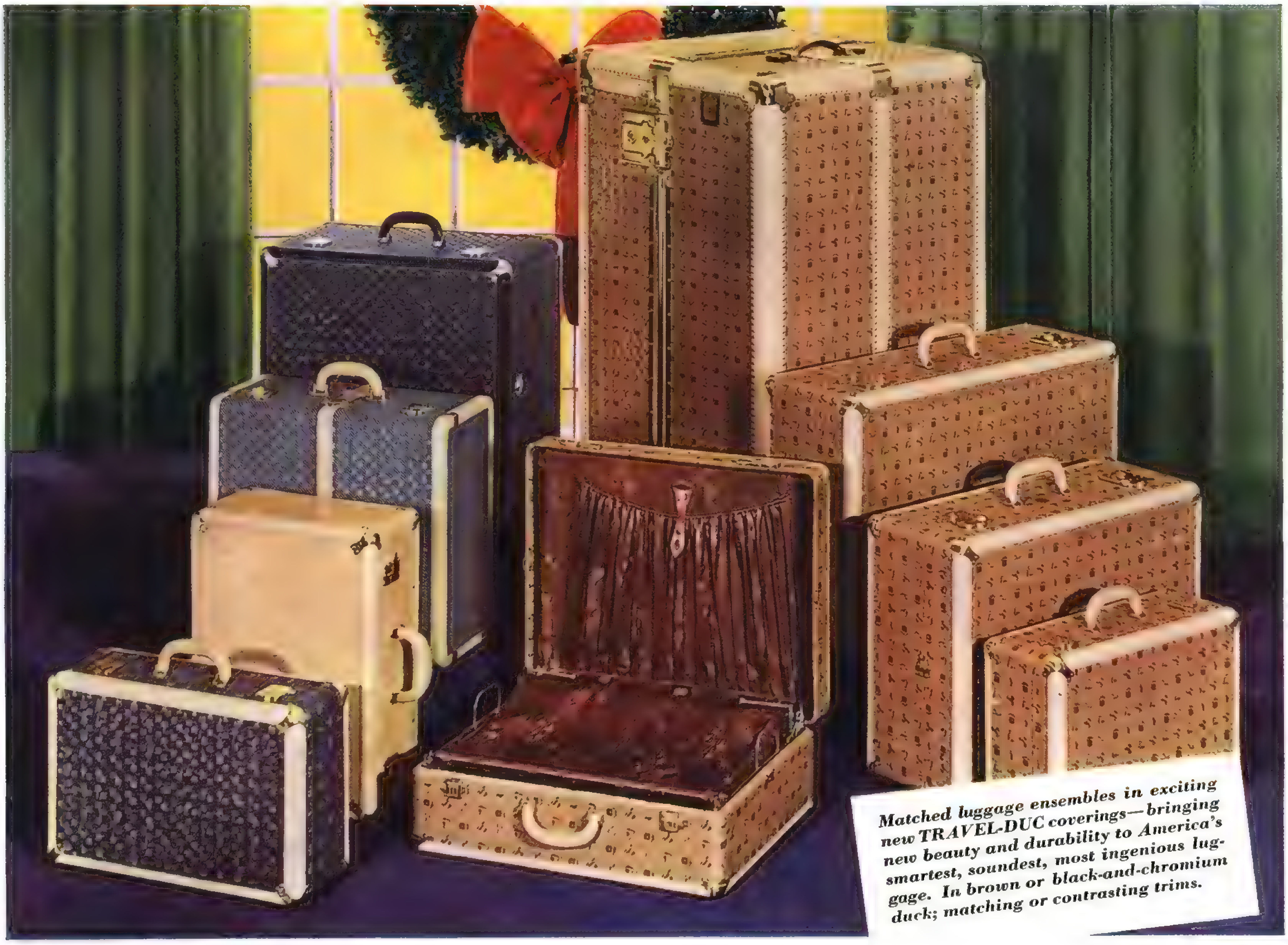

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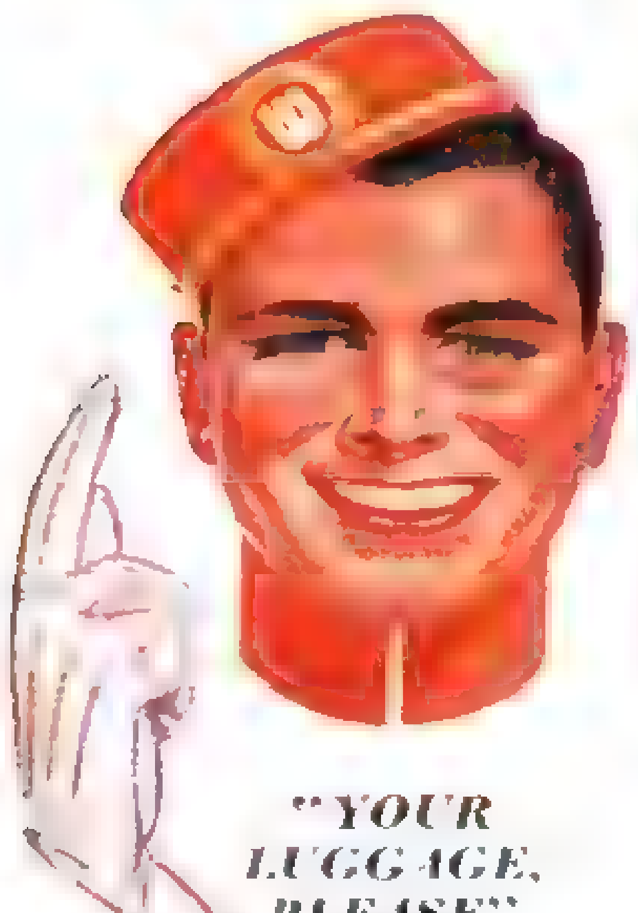

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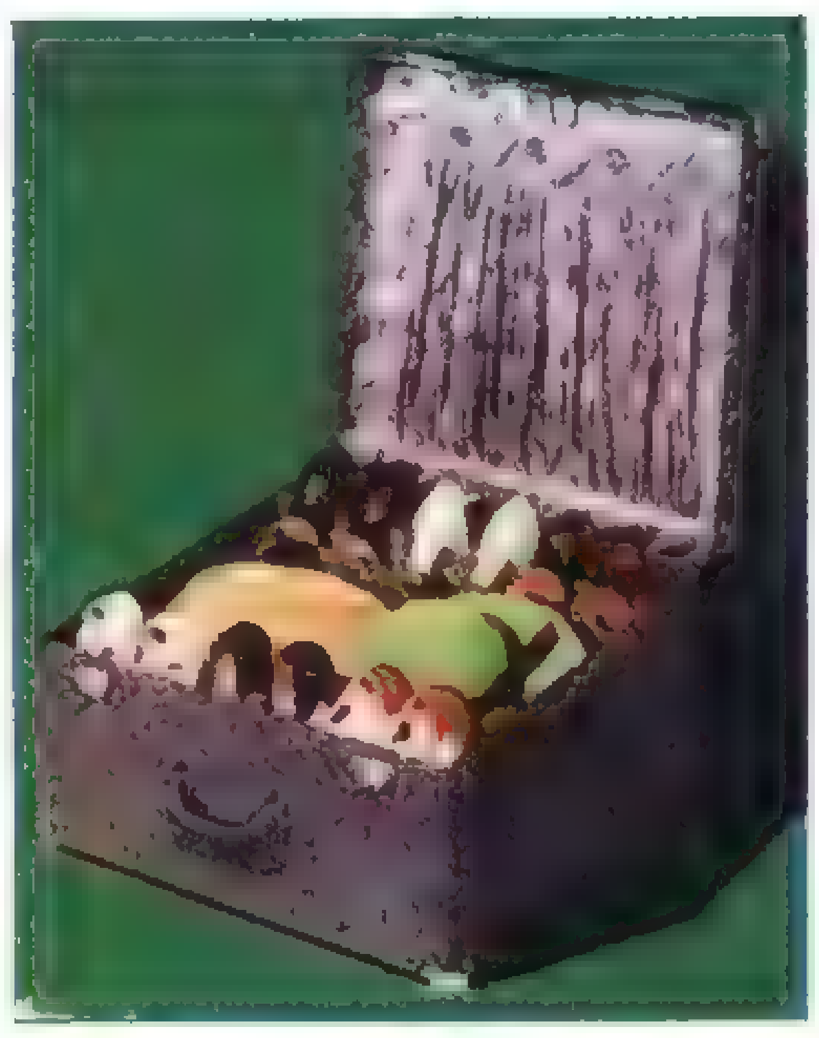

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Air Motif

MATCHED LUGGAGE

BY WHEARY

Send for free booklet, "What to Take and How to Pack It," showing Air-Motif Matched Trunks and Cases

The Tie That Binds

Continued from page 148

suggestion that no gentleman drinks alone. Tuck under the red ribbon the following recipe:

Separate the white and yolks of six eggs and beat separately, adding eight teaspoons of sugar to the whites. Now beat together until creamy. Use two tablespoons of this mixture in a heavy glass or mug, adding one pony of brandy and one pony of rum. Fill to the top with hot water and sprinkle a little nutmeg on top.

In the pre-prohibition days every bar worth its name had a steaming urn with the mixture ready at hand for the holiday trade. But some state laws will not allow this and a happy custom passes. Another recipe that might be put into this basket is one of Pickwick's favorites. It calls for a bottle of English ale to be added to the rum and brandy.

Rub eight lumps of sugar on the rind of a lemon and then dissolve in boiling water. Add one pony of strong tea, one wine glass of rum, one wine glass of brandy, one-half pint of boiling ale, the juice of one lime and a half-pint of boiling milk. Mix well and serve hot.

The prices on the suggestions following are approximate, as taxes vary in states. These noted are based on the better liquor stores of New York City. Other centers may be lower. You can work out other combinations to suit individual tastes.

For The 100% American—$10

1 bottle Eastern grown 35 year old Port
1 bottle New York 1915 Sherry or Tokay
1 bottle Apple Brandy
1 bottle Rye

Drink America—$12 or $15

1 bottle American Champagne
1 bottle Eastern coast Burgundy '16
1 bottle California Claret '26
1 bottle Finger Lakes District Sauterne

French Touch—$30

1 bottle Champagne, vintage '21, '23, '26, '28
1 Grand Marnier Liqueur
1 bottle Cognac
1 bottle White Burgundy (Chablis, Meursault or Montrachet)
1 bottle Bordeau, Chateau bottled: Margaux or Lafite or Leoville-Poyferre or La Mission Haut-Brion
1 bottle Pernod Fils
1 bottle Dubonnet

For The English Friend—$20

1 bottle Scotch
1 bottle Champagne
1 bottle Madeira
1 bottle very old Port
1 nut cracker with bowl

For An Unknown Taste—$10.50

1 4-compartment Liqueur bottle:
Apricot
Crème de Menthe
Curaçao
Cherry Brandy

For The Tall Man (with hopes)—$20

1 bottle Scotch
1 bottle Cognac
1 bottle Rye or Bourbon
1 bottle Champagne '26 or '28

For a Millionaire Who Has a Desirable Daughter—$60 to $75

Ask dealer for French serving baskets, tie handles together with red ribbon, forming a star. Fill each basket with one bottle, viz.:—

1 bottle Vintage Champagne '26
1 bottle Chateau Mouton-Rothschild '29
1 bottle Chateau LaTour '29
1 bottle Chateau Gruaud-Larose-Sarget '24
1 bottle La Mission Haut Brion '20
1 bottle Chateau-Yquem, Crème de Tete '21
1 bottle Romanee Conti '15
1 bottle Clos de Vouget '28
1 bottle Batard-Montrachet '29
1 bottle Pouilly-Fuisse '28
1 bottle Vosne-Romanee '29
1 bottle Schloss-Johannisberger Cabinet '21

For a Gentleman Who Remembers—$20

1 bottle Piesporter '31
1 bottle Berncastler Doktor Spätlese '31
1 bottle Rauenthaler Berg Riesling '29
1 bottle Liebfraumilch '29

When In Doubt—$15

1 bottle 10-year old Scotch
1 bottle 8-year old Scotch
1 bottle Drambuie Liqueur

If He Likes Skiing—$10

1 bottle Aquavit
1 bottle Swedish Punch
1 bottle Vodka

If He Has a Sweet Tooth—$27

1 bottle Benedictine
1 bottle Green Chartreuse
1 bottle Cherry Brandy
1 bottle Cointreau
1 bottle Curaçao

If He Takes Ladies to See His Etchings—$15

1 bottle Prunelle
1 bottle Parfait Amour
1 bottle Crème Yvette
1 bottle Crème de Menthe

If He Knows The Farmer's Daughter—$25

12 pints of Bourbon
12 pints of Applejack

OUR THIRSTY FRIENDS

Members of the American Tasters & Testers Association write in all the time with floor plans of little things they have constructed or come across in their travels. Probably not living long enough to try them all, your corresponding secretary will pass them on to the ultimate consumer. Try these over on your shaker.

Singapore Sling
(*As tasted by W. J. C. in Singapore*)

1 jigger Sloe Gin
½ jigger Dry Gin
½ jigger Apricot Brandy
½ jigger Cherry Brandy
½ lime juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Serve in 12 ounce glass, fill with ice, seltzer, decorate with cherry and slice of orange and stick of fresh pineapple. (This should come out deep red in color.)

Pale Deacon

3 jiggers Grapefruit Juice
2 jiggers Dry Gin
1 dash of powdered sugar
Shake with cracked ice, serve in frosted glass.

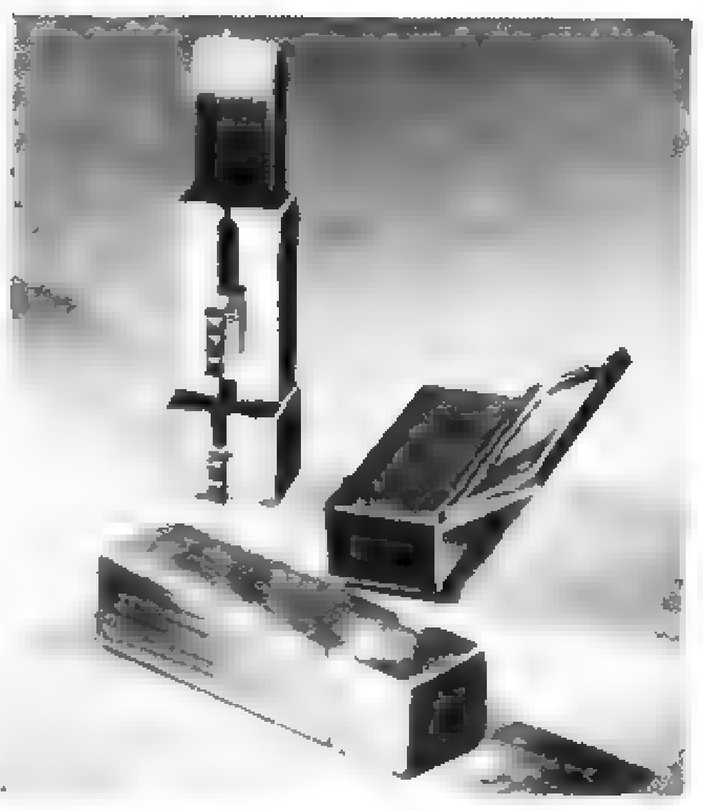
Rosy Deacon

2 jiggers Grapefruit Juice
1 jigger Sloe Gin
1 jigger Dry Gin
1 dash powdered sugar
Shake with cracked ice, serve in frosted glass.

Jack F. Zimmerman, Akron, O. ⧺

Does she rate the last word in chic? Unquestionably it's *Blue Grass Perfume,* in the Paris bottle of course, presented for the first time with an atomizer $22

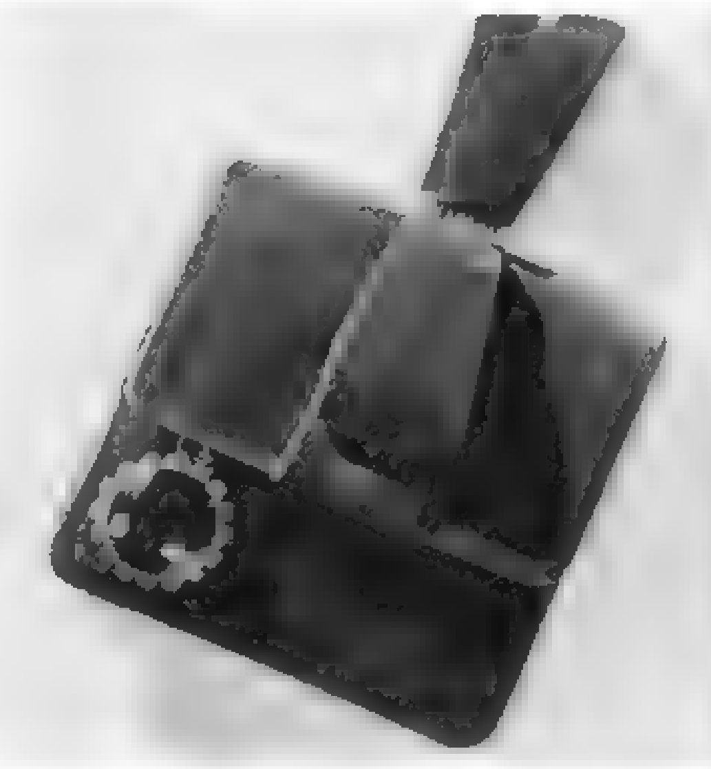
"Under the mistletoe . . ." give her one of these exclusive gifts by Elizabeth Arden



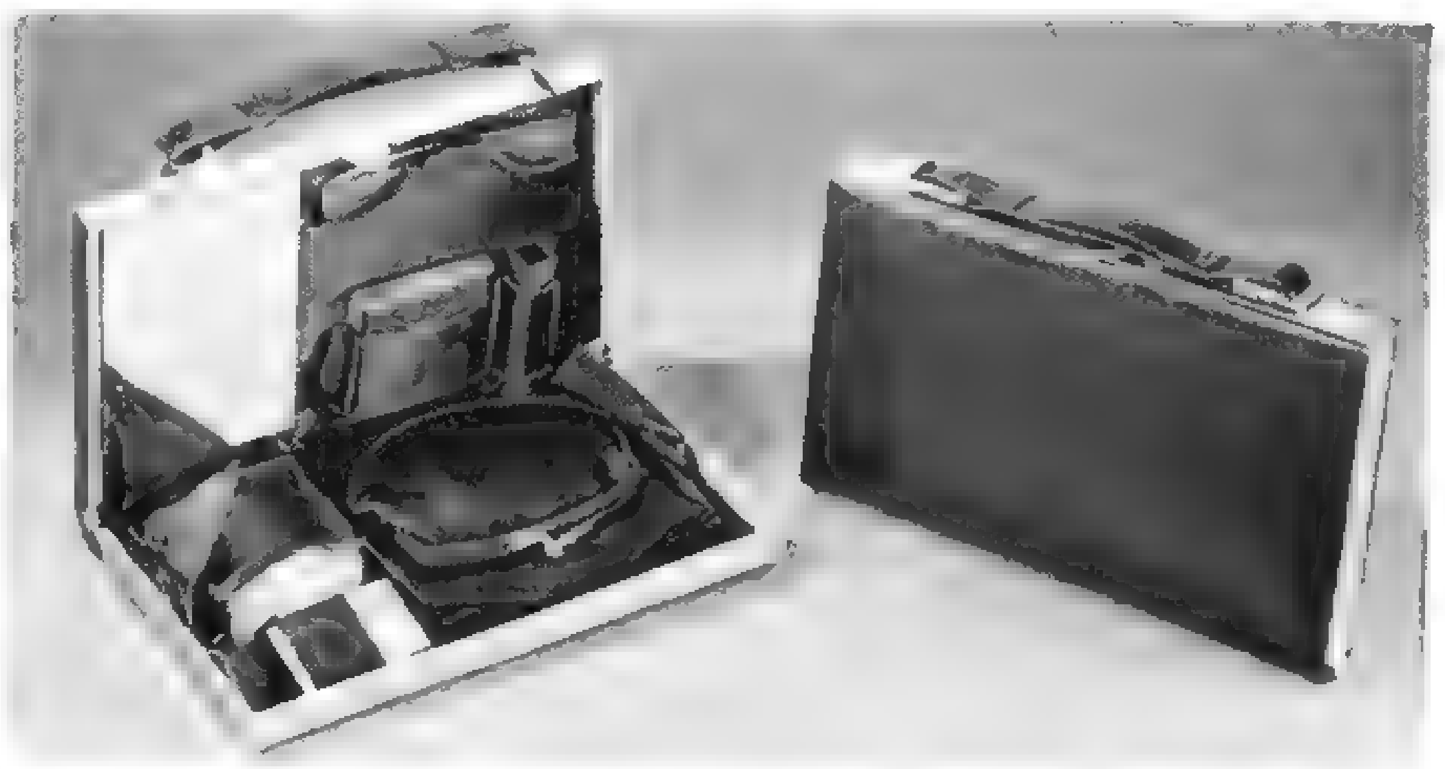
Is she always filling your pockets with gadgets? In self-defense give her one of the *Looking Glass Lipsticks.* $1.50 to $10

Is she meticulous about her hands? Then she can appreciate the ultimate in manicures . . . the *Manicure Coffret* by Elizabeth Arden. $7.50

Is she devoted to delicatescents? Then she'll adore *Eau de Cologne* by Elizabeth Arden. Blue Grass, Jasmin, Gardenia . $3.50



Is she fond of formality? Then this *Evening Bag* fitted with jeweled compact and lipstick. $32.50



Is she smartly, smoothly modern? Then she'll prize the chic simplicity of this self-contained *Daytime Bag,* superbly appointed with jeweled compact and lipstick. $27.50 and $29.00

Is she a confirmed traveler? She will travel in state accompanied by this *Travel Case de Luxe,* stocked with beauty preparations to keep her at her beautiful best en route $165

Is she a week-end visitor? Then the *Treasurette,* packed with every Elizabeth Arden preparation essential for her holiday $5.00

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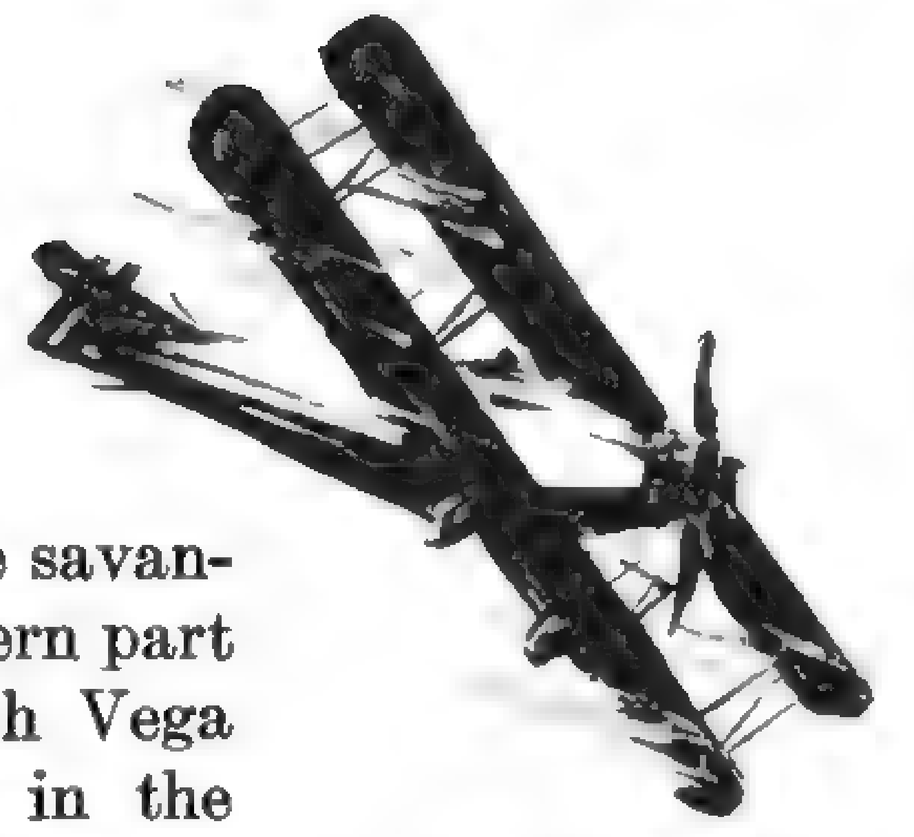
Spinning Into a Mountain

As one who flies over the scene of a former crash, and sees the bones of his plane, whitening

by CAPT. HAYNE BOYDEN

• ARTICLE •

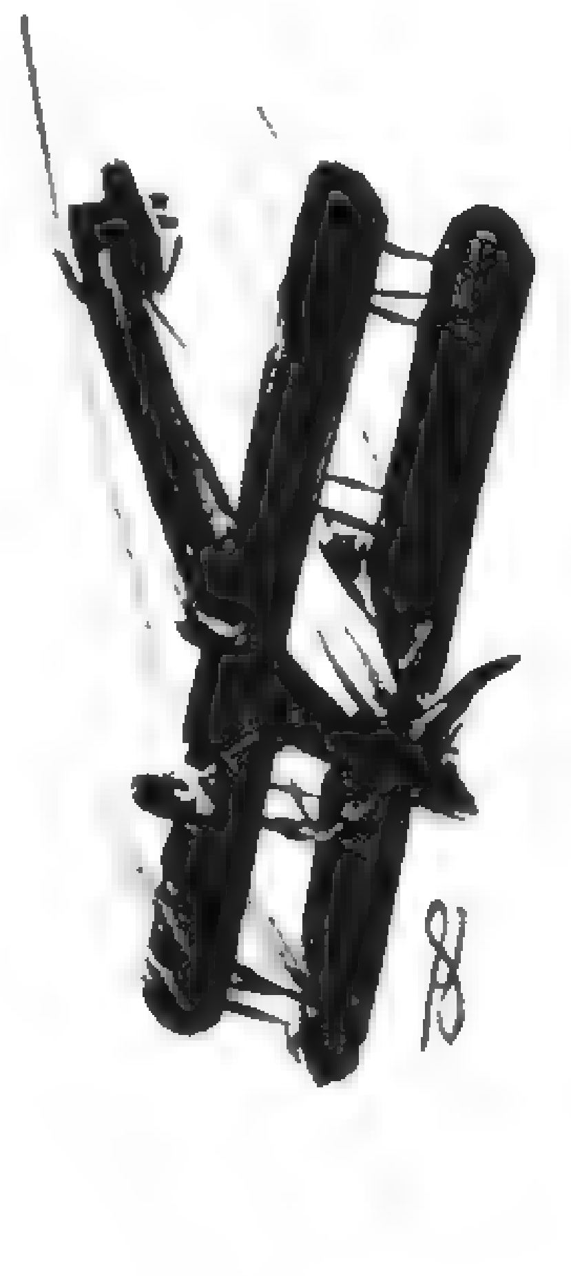


THE pass between Santo Domingo City and Santiago runs southeast and northwest, extending from the savannah portion of the southern part of the island to the rich Vega Real Valley, or Cibao, in the middle of which lies Santiago. Lofty peaks border the pass. On the eastern side they tower 3,000 feet; on the west they start at 3,500 and rear up to an impressive, forested range, the wind-swept top of which reaches 12,000 feet in height. If an aviator wishes to span the distance between the cities, he chooses Bonao Pass, for herein are located the only possible forced landing areas, and it is the shortest route. I know that Pass all too well.

Corporal Goldsmith of the Marines was my passenger one July day as we took off in a De Havilland from Santiago at 11:15 A.M. It had been raining, but now the sun was shining between scattered clouds over the valley. Soon the Bonao Pass loomed before us.

I was flying at 6,000 feet, just above the shimmering rain clouds between which I could glimpse the lush green of the tropical forest down below. Thunderheads were plentiful. The air was pretty thick, but I had been through in much worse weather, and I expected to go over the Pass before the clouds got together for a big storm. But now already ahead and to the east, on my left, a general storm seemed to be making. The top ran clear to the zenith—too high to fly over—and it looked very black and forbidding . . . Up along and over the eastern peaks of the Pass it was coming, and it obscured my path ahead. Yet I was too high to peer under it to determine if it was raining from the cloud in front of me.

We were flying momentarily in the clear; ahead and to the left this gloomy storm menaced; below I saw the jungle and isolated peaks shrouded by lowering clouds. To my right on the west, white clouds were banking up thousands of feet until they covered the highest peaks. I had an alternative: I could go down through the hole in the clouds and look ahead to see if I were able to sneak through before the rain covered the whole pass with a wall of water, or I could turn now at 6,000 feet and return to Santiago as the way was still clear behind me.



First, I decided, I would take that look. I spiralled down through the hole over the middle of the Pass to 2,500. When I started down the rain seemed just coming across the eastern peaks, but at 2,500 I could see nothing but a torrential sheet of rain ahead, so thick that nothing was visible through it. No use. I had to turn back. Banking over, I swung to climb back for Santiago. The Pass at this point was little more than two miles across. Hardly had I turned before the impenetrable cloud enveloped me and heavy rain beat down on my wings in sheets. I climbed, circling, for the near peaks reached 3,000 on both sides of me. The hole in the clouds through which I had come down was completely blown over and now converged with the mountains. So I stuck the ship's nose up, gave her full gun and waited expectantly to break through at the 6,000 mark.

The air was by now very rough, the rain a veritable deluge, and the clouds hemmed me in so densely that I could barely see my wing tips. A gust of wind would hit me, toss me up to a stalling position! Then I would be forced down, and with all I could put on the stick I couldn't pull her nose up. Another current of air would suddenly strike, and I fought the controls frantically. I was in a tropical hurricane, blind!

I fell into a spin up around 6,000. Using all my flying senses, I recovered and brought her back to an even keel. I was tossed up and spun again. I righted myself and continued to climb. My angle of climb I judged by keeping an eye on my air speed indicator in conjunction with the r.p.m. tachometer, and for my lateral balance in the old crate I had to do the best I could with none of the fancy instruments in use today. That was 1921. Long anxious moments passed while the ship tossed and whirled in the insane currents of white fog above the hidden peaks. It was a surprise to me that I could maintain right-side-up flight for so long in the limitless, white, blinding substance. Around me, above and below it stretched, and I strove to climb, ever upward.

My compass was of little use to me in my climbing spirals—it was spinning. I had no idea, without it, in what direction to fly straight so that I might escape the clouds which engulfed me and my plane. I thought fearfully of the high, menacing mountains in the west toward which the storm was drifting me, and prayed.

One instrument I could trust was my altimeter; it showed 8,000 feet. I was winning my battle with the elements! The rain became less. The clouds showed lighter above. Surely I would be out soon! But I flew on, upward, and it began to dawn on me that I was trapped, caught on my last hop. A claustrophobic fear gripped me. I must escape from the pressing, blinding mists which swirled back from my propeller.

Suddenly the stick came right back into my stomach, the nose fell to the right as if the elevators would not hold it up, and I was in a spin to the right. I kicked the rudder and stopped the spin. She was in a nose dive. As the stick seemed useless, I rolled up the stabilizer. I opened the motor, and gradually regained a level position, but she kept on climbing and stalled off again before I could roll it down. I repeated the process and came out again, only to fall off into a spin another time. Just as I was coming out of this one, to my horror out of the fog a mountain peak loomed suddenly in front of my face! As I saw it I gripped the stick in a desperate effort to lift her over by the ailerons from the steeply banked over position—gunned her—and the lights went out!

When I came to I was lying on the trunk and branches of a tree knocked over by the plane in its crash. It was raining sullenly and the silence was oppressive. I sensed all this in a dull fashion and slowly took in my surroundings. It came to me suddenly that I was still alive, with a big shock, for it was the last thing I had expected. Corporal Goldsmith was bending over me. I asked him how he was and he replied that he felt all right, just a bit shaken up. I moved my arms and legs and found them intact.

"We've got to get out of here, and get going," I said. The left side of my head hurt. I felt my ear and discovered blood oozing from it. "What time is it?" I asked.

"Two o'clock," Goldsmith replied. I had been unconscious more than an hour and a half! The plane, upside down, was a total wreck. I directed Goldsmith to secure the compass and the clock, and the bag of mail

Continued at top of page 292

Smart to receive Smart to give
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Old Battle Scars

Long and gallant fight of a humpback whale who could not shake off the last harpoon

by PETER DANIEL SALVUS

• ARTICLE •

Two days of morning fog and sloppy afternoon winds had left us aboard the *S. S. Tanginak*, a ninety-foot "killer boat," without a whale catch. Discouraged, our only solace was sighting the *S. S. Moran* and the *S. S. Aberdeen*, also with no whales flagged and none alongside. On the afternoon of the second day, seeing our sister ships were whaleless but hunting, we abandoned the grounds to them and headed for Alitak Bay, a hundred miles from our shore station on Sitkalidak Island.

After an overnight berthing in Lazy Bay, a wind-sheltered cannery station off Alitak, we weighed anchor at six bells on the first watch. The lookout from the barrel atop the forty-foot mast had sighted eleven whale blows about four miles sou' sou' east and when I came on watch speed had been slacked off to three-quarters as we worked up to our quarry. Ole, the gunner, was already on the gun platform and the order for slow and then dead-slow speeds telegraphed from the wheelhouse to the engine room.

Slowly we knifed our way through the flat water of early morning to the spot where the eleven whales had last blown, our every sense concentrated on their reappearance. The helm was in steam gear for rapid maneuvering and the lookout in the barrel stood on tip-toe, intent on the unruffled surface. The gunner swivelled the harpoon from side to side in nervous anticipation.

"Far off on the starboard bow!" the lookout cried. Four blows appeared in the distance, the vapors rising white against the blue waters on the bay and to sunward of us.

Again came the direction shout from the barrel as three more blows were sighted astern, and another group then rose into the sun streak on our port side.

The whales were wild, although it was the first appearance of a killer boat in those waters for two years. Our hopes for an early kill, a flag on the dead beast and further pursuit during the morning were ended by the wildness of the beasts. The gunner came disgustedly to the wheelhouse but the lookout again sighted the three astern coming towards us about two points off our course. I shifted the wheel at the gunner's orders so our bow would cross the course last set by the three whales. Our speed was picked up from dead slow to slow.

Majestically before us, about three hundred fathoms, arched the huge black form of a humpback whale, the rattling sound of his blow reaching us plainly across the still water. To his right rose another form, closer to our ship but out of range. Then a third, much smaller shape appeared and blew. Laying into the slight wind as we were, a sour, fishy odor swept over the deck as we reached the spot where the beasts had arisen. One blow was all they took, as they had sighted the whaling boat abeam them and only swirling eddies of water marked their appearance. I put the wheel hard over as we circled for them, only to have the trio appear again a half-mile away. The ease they showed before us proved, despite their fear and wildness, they might prove our game.

Shortly after setting out again for them, at half speed, I went from the wheel to the barrel watch. The gunner was still on the platform. Speed was checked again to slow, partially silencing the twin screws and wash of the bow. The water broke before us, dead fore and aft, about seventy fathoms away.

"Dead Slow!" the gunner shouted over his shoulder, training the sights of the gun upon the huge black form that followed the break and the "smoke" of the blow.

Two more black bodies rose, arched, blew and slithered their huge flukes through the water as they dove again. Once more they blew before us, still fore and aft and a well-nigh impossible harpoon shot. Another blow and the three settled slowly into the blue waters again. They seemed unaware of our stalking as they lolled leisurely before us—the bull slightly ahead and half a point off our bow, the cow next and the calf forming the starboard flank, farthest from the boat.

It seemed certain our patient stalking was not in vain. We continued dead slow, shifting our course slightly to bring them more abeam to allow a penetrating target for the hundred and fifty pounds of iron awaiting one of them in the gun. I scanned the waters ahead and on either side, depth visibility increasing as the sun rose higher.

When the beasts had last blown on our bow, two jagged scars of previous harpoons showed on the bull. One, where his fin joined his back and slightly forward, let light through the thick blubber. The other had clubbed his port fluke to three-quarters its normal size. Old Battle Scars knew, then, the power of the killer boat and uncomfortable memories of former engagements probably seeped through his bucket-size brain and made him wary.

He next came up with his cow and calf safely blown far on our starboard stern. The patient stalking was begun once more after we had moved closer at half speed. The pursuit continued through my second wheel watch but we moved no nearer than two hundred fathoms to the wily whales.

In the barrel again, the depth visibility was more pronounced, the sun being close to its meridian. The whales were on the run now and the engines were turned from half, to three-quarters, and finally full speed.

From the barrel I could see the beasts at times rise almost to the surface but shy off as they sensed the boat above them. The white of their flippers beneath the sea contrasted with the blue of the water and the speed at which they maneuvered away from our keel sent a wake to the surface that easily made it possible to follow them. However, travelling in circles as they were to elude us, our craft, even with the wheel hard over and the port propeller in reverse, could not dodge quickly enough to keep atop them.

Suddenly changing their circling tactics, they held steady. The calf blew, close to, but a fore and aft shot. The cow rose next, slightly off our starboard bow. We wanted the cow, if possible, because if she were wounded both the calf and bull would stand by until the death, allowing us a shot at either with the starboard foregore after reloading another harpoon. With a mighty breaking of water the battle-scarred back of the bull arose, slightly ahead and well to starboard. His blow cascaded a cloud of spray that rainbowed to leeward and I could feel its dampness on my face as I watched from the barrel.

I waited in nervous expectancy as the gunner braced himself, bending his knees slightly forward and leaning back from the

Continued in center of page 292

A
CHRISTMAS PORTFOLIO
of
PAINTINGS & PRINTS

Comprising

Four Nineteenth Century British prints, "The Stage Coach Passengers" and "Cottagers' Hospitality to Travellers;" "Water-Fowl Shooting" and "Woodcock Shooting," reproduced through the courtesy of the Art Institute, Chicago.

Two Nineteenth Century British prints, "Merry Christmas" and "The Same to You," reproduced through the courtesy of Arthur Ackerman & Son, Ltd., of London, Chicago and New York.

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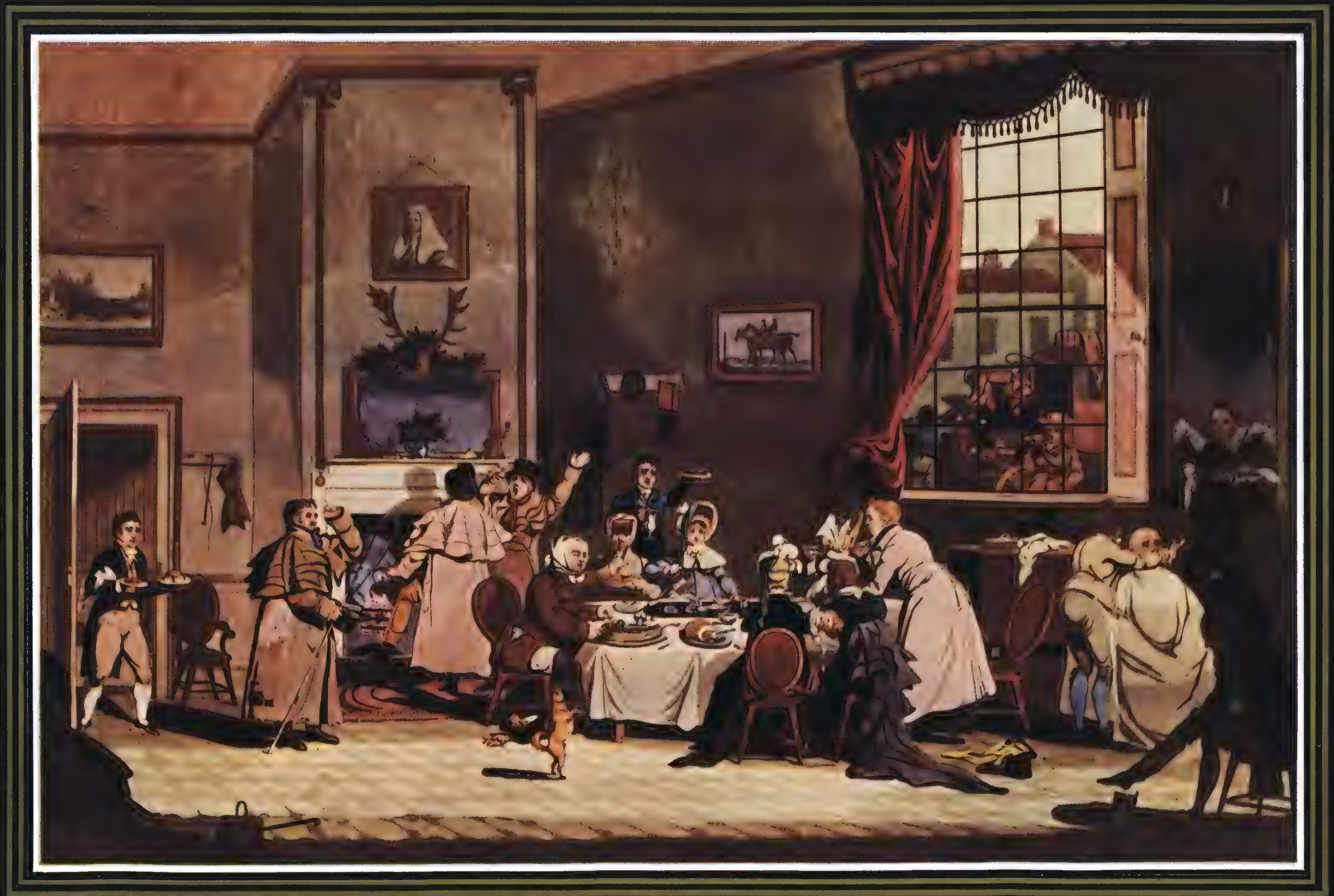
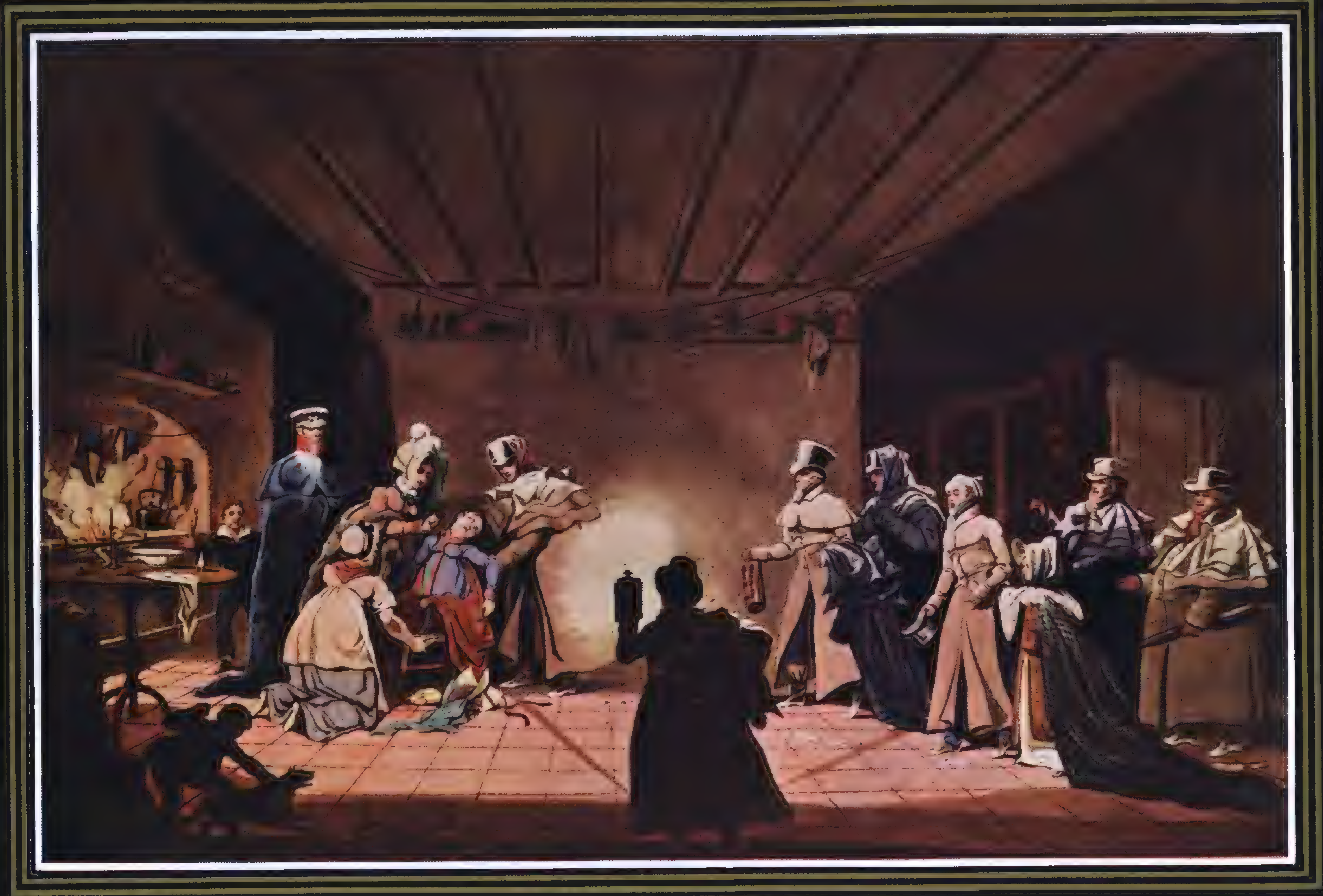
ESQUIRE
The Magazine for Men



Drawn & Engraved by James Pollard

Pub^{d} Mar^{h} 27, 1819 by R. Pollard & Sons, Holloway, Near London

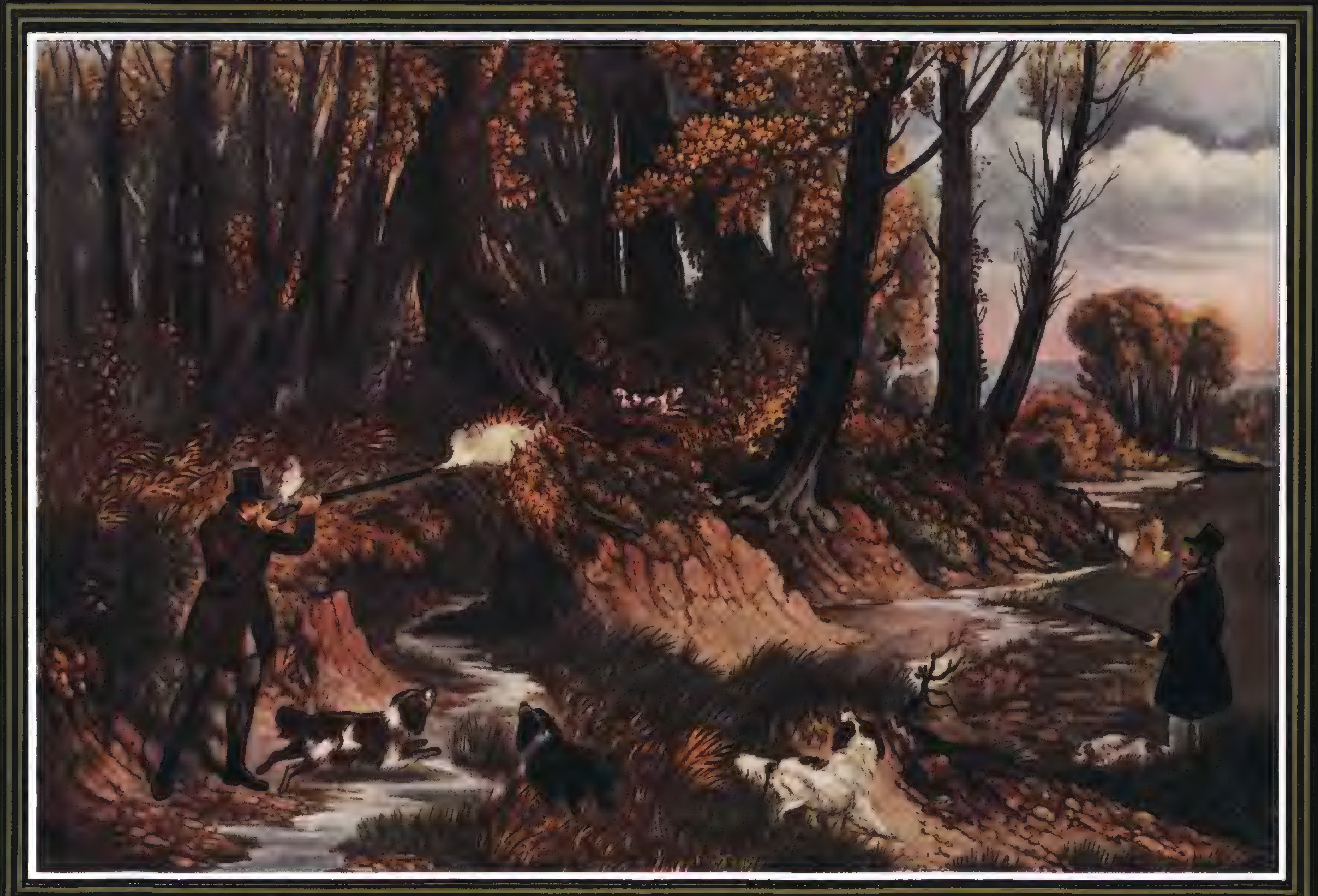
STAGE COACH PASSENGERS AT BREAKFAST



Drawn & Engraved by James Pollard

Pub^{d} Mar^{h} 27, 1819 by R. Pollard & Sons, Holloway, New London

COTTAGER'S HOSPITALITY TO TRAVELLERS

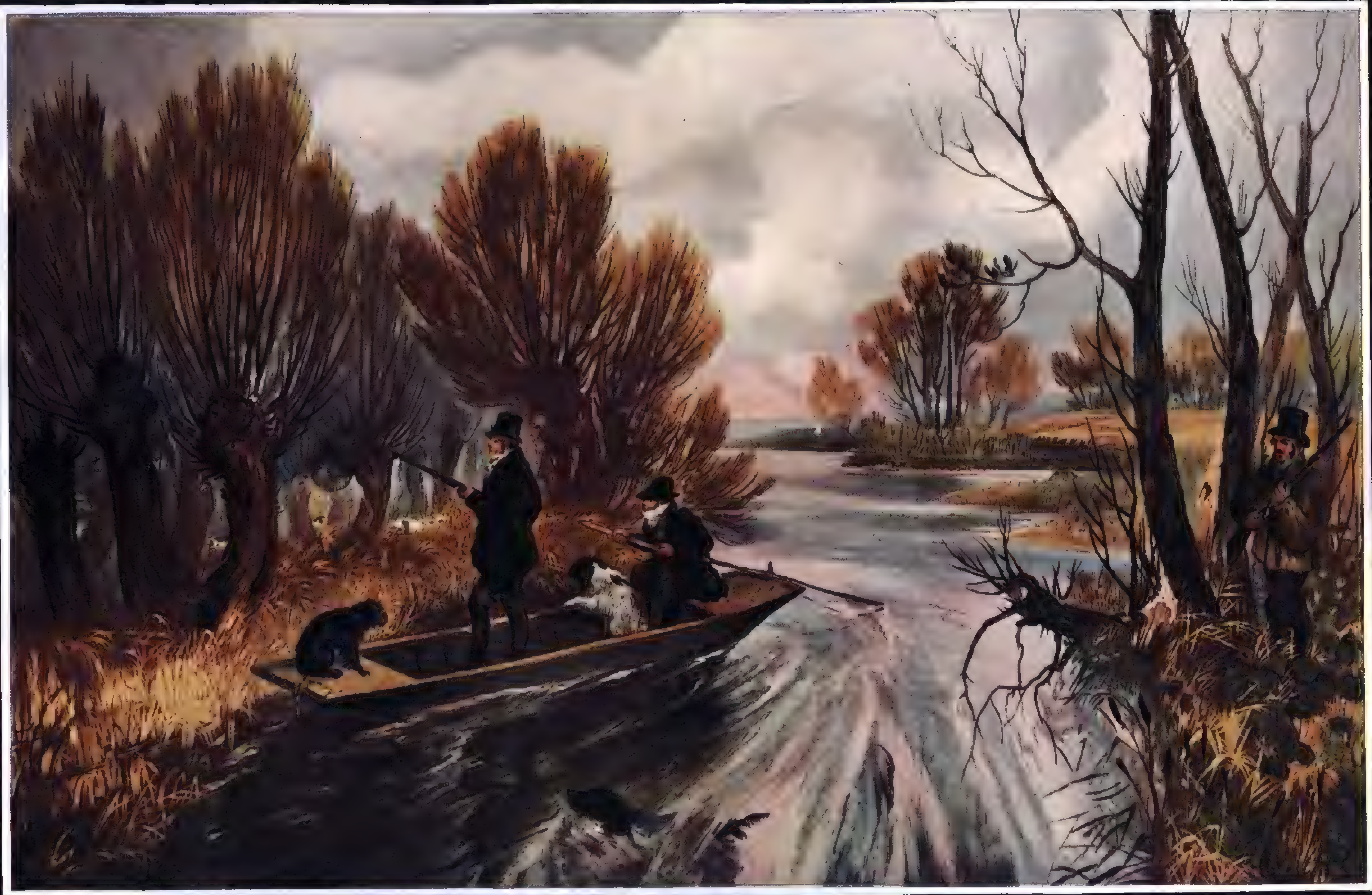


Painted by R. B. Davis, Animal Painter to His Majesty

London, published Nov. 2nd 1836 by Thos. McLean, 26 Haymarket

Engraved by R. G. Reeve

WOODCOCK SHOOTING, DECEMBER

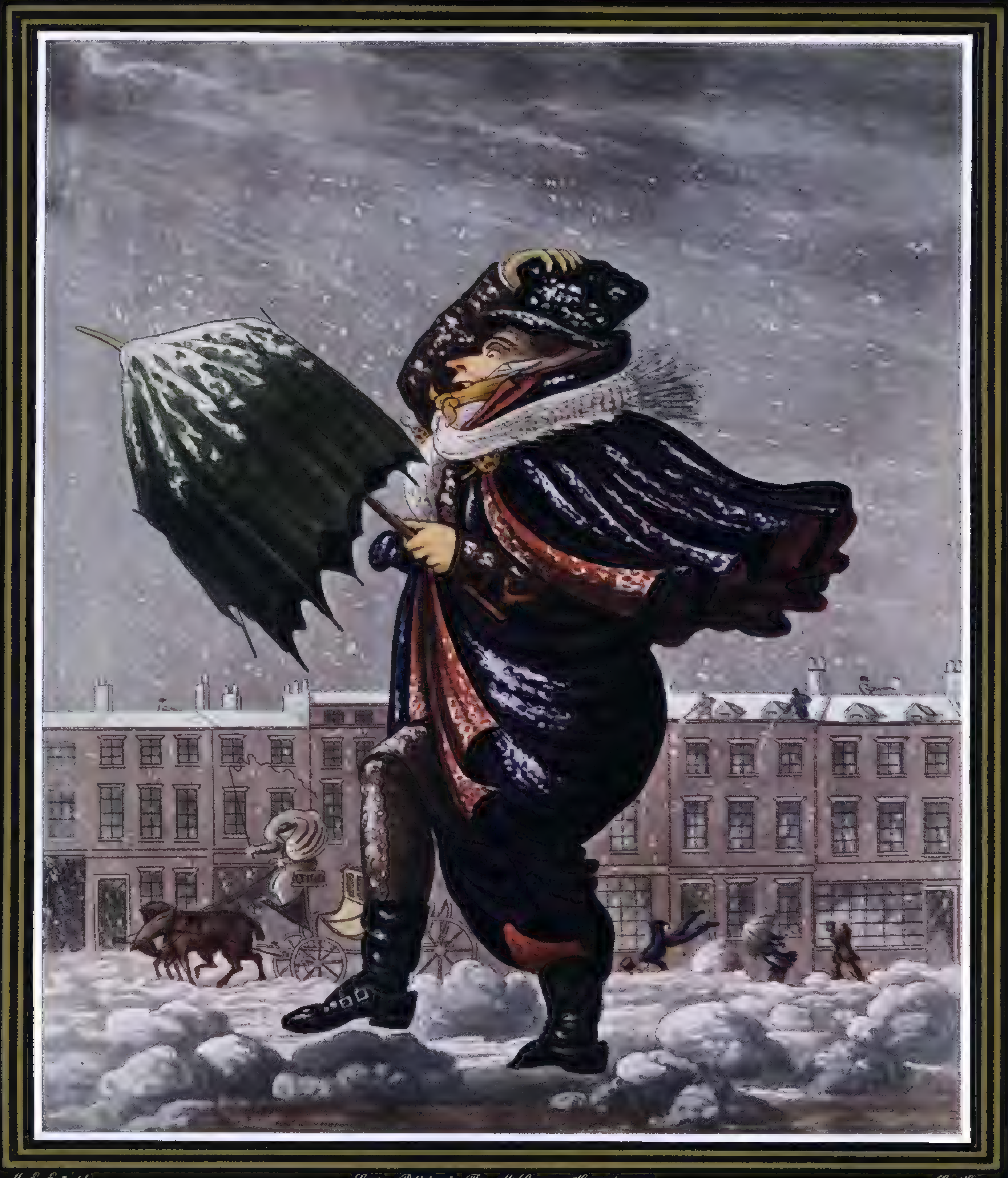


Painted by R. B. Davis, Animal Painter to His Majesty

London, published Nov. 2nd 1836 by Thos. McLean, 26 Haymarket

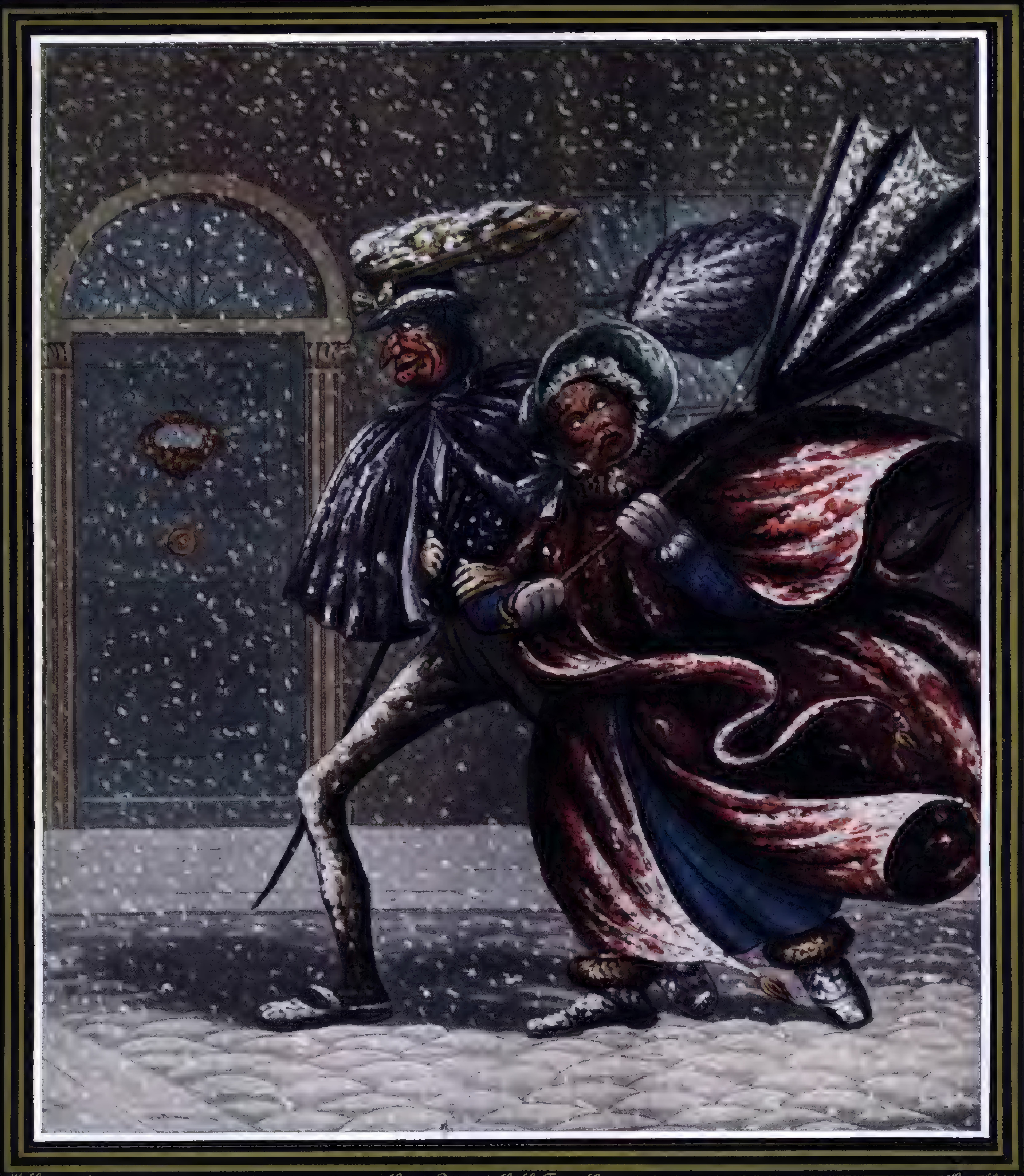
Engraved by R. G. Reeve

WATER FOWL SHOOTING. JANUARY



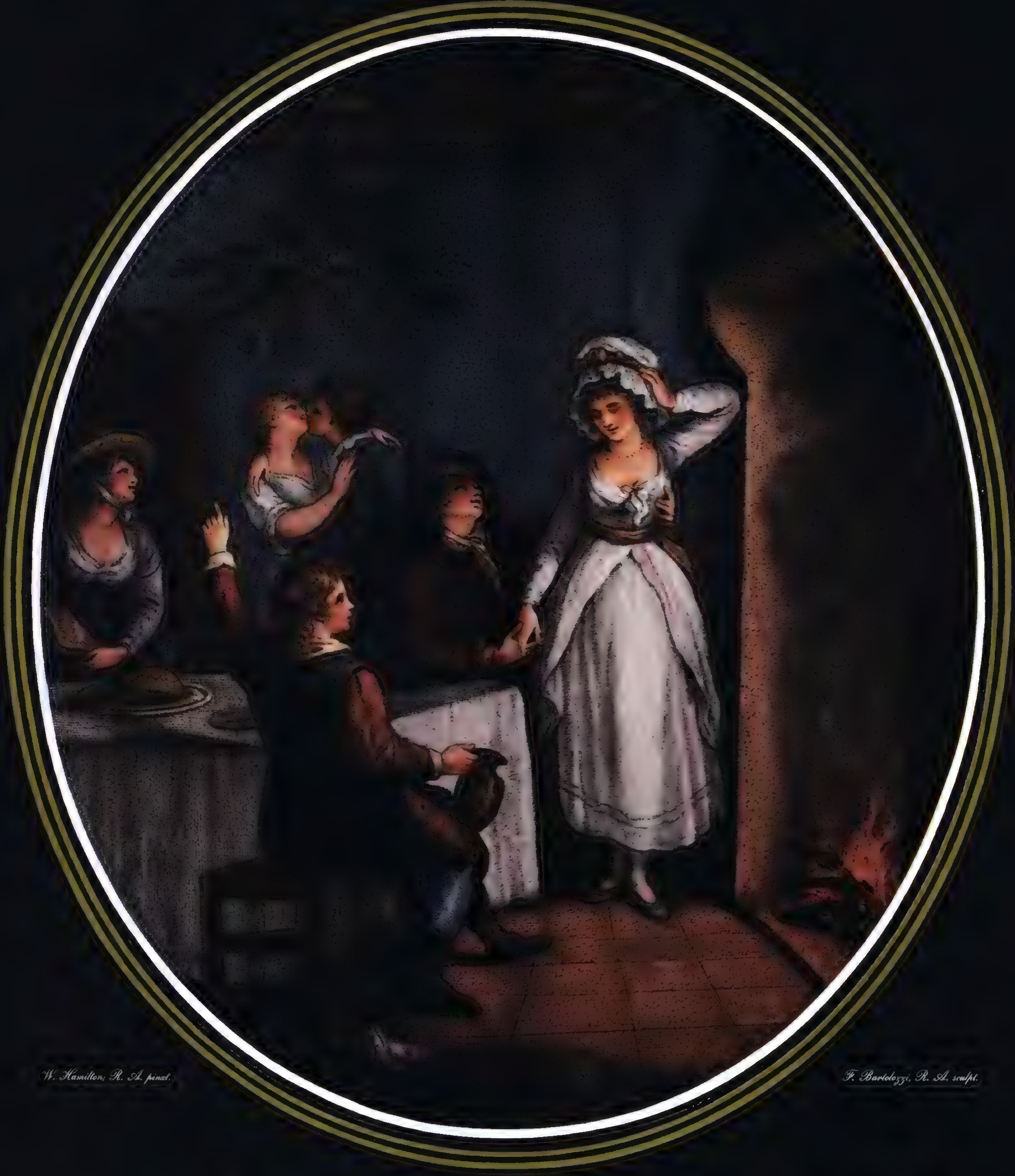
M. E. Esq^r. del *London, Published by Thos. M^c Lean, 26 Haymarket 1827* *G. Hunt, sc.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS & A HAPPY NEW YEAR



W. Summers del. London, Published by G. S. Tregear, Cheapside Hunt, Sculpt

THE SAME TO YOU AND MANY OF—EM



W. Hamilton, R. A. pinxt.

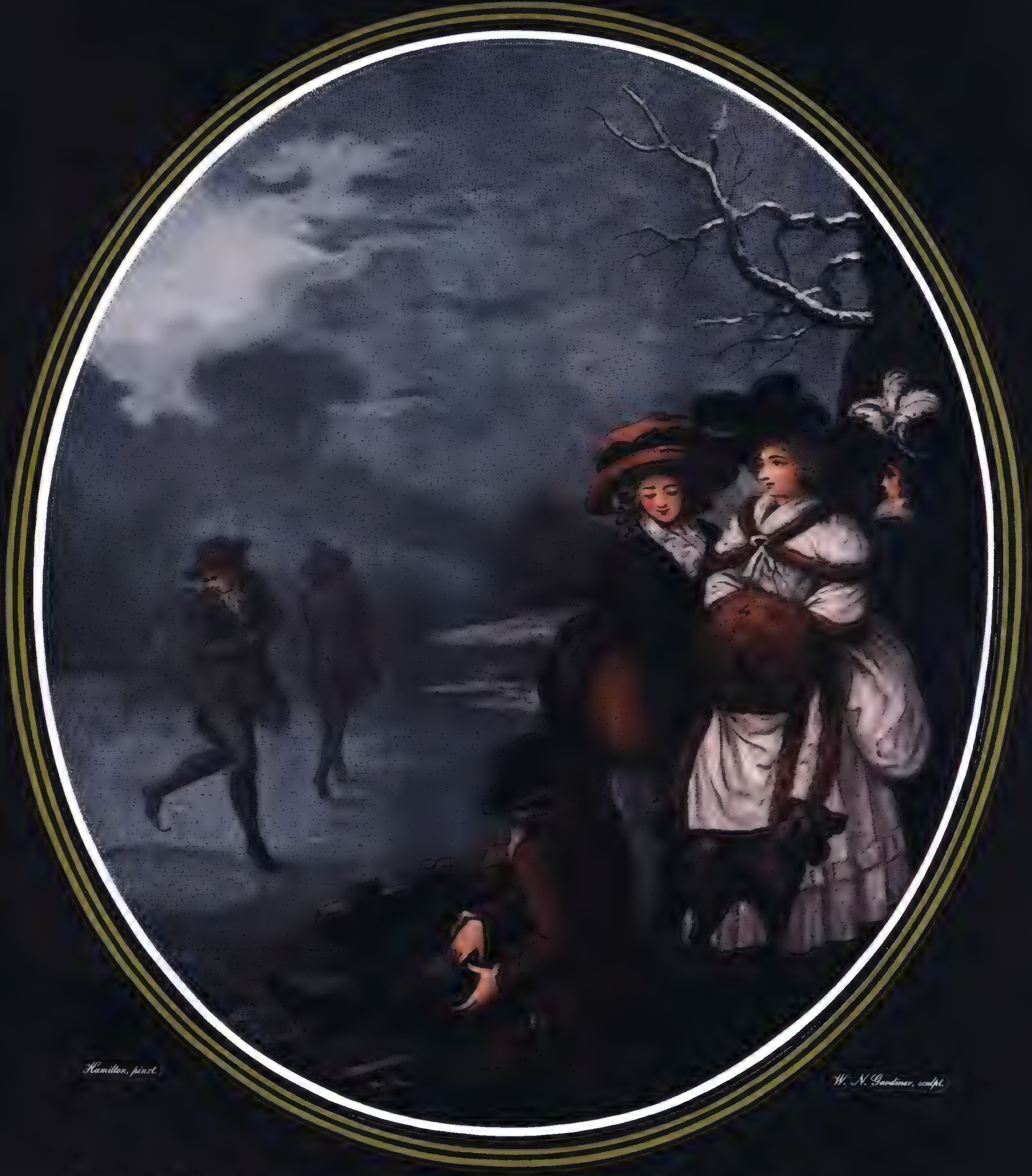
F. Bartolozzi, R. A. sculpt.

Frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake
The rural Gambol, rustic Mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the Shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased, the long loud laugh sincere,

DECEMBER

The kiss, snatch hasty from the sidelong Maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul, and stoop to notes
Of native Music, the respond Dance,
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter's night.

London, Pubd Novr 10, 1790 by T. Macklin, Poets Gallery, Fleet Street



Hamilton, pinxt.

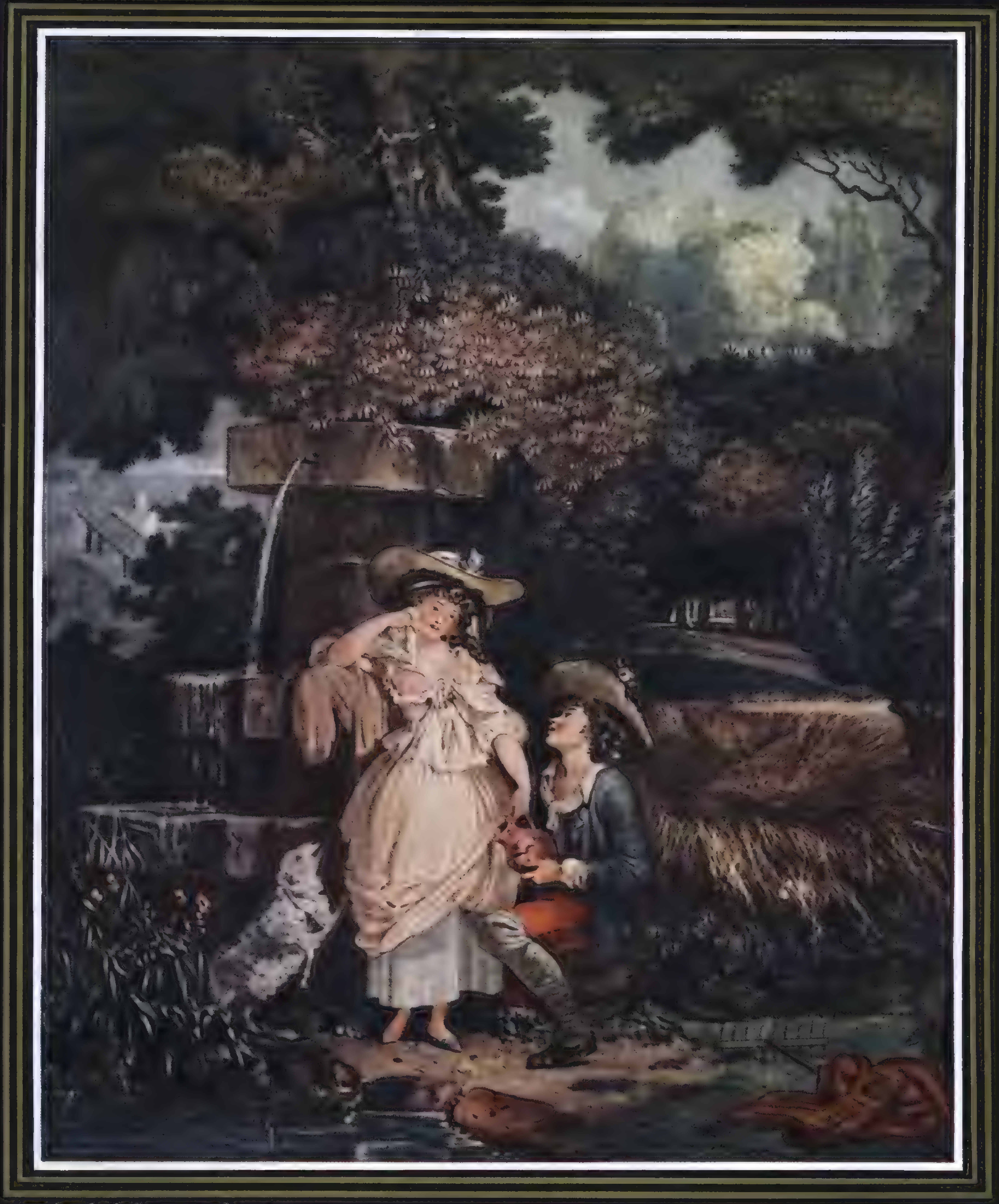
W. N. Gardiner, sculpt.

In frozen fetters January lies,
While snow and hail upon him ruthless beat
With rugged force, regardless of his cries,
Or vain request to feel wan Phoebus heat;
Now on the ice-bound surface of the lake,
By polished steel upborne, the jocund croud

JANUARY

Display their skill, and mazy windings make,
Some, skill-less, fall, the others laugh aloud;
While from the bank each fair, with fond surprize,
Beholds her favourite Youth like arrow fleet,
And darts such influence from her bright eyes
As more than compensates for Sol's retreat.

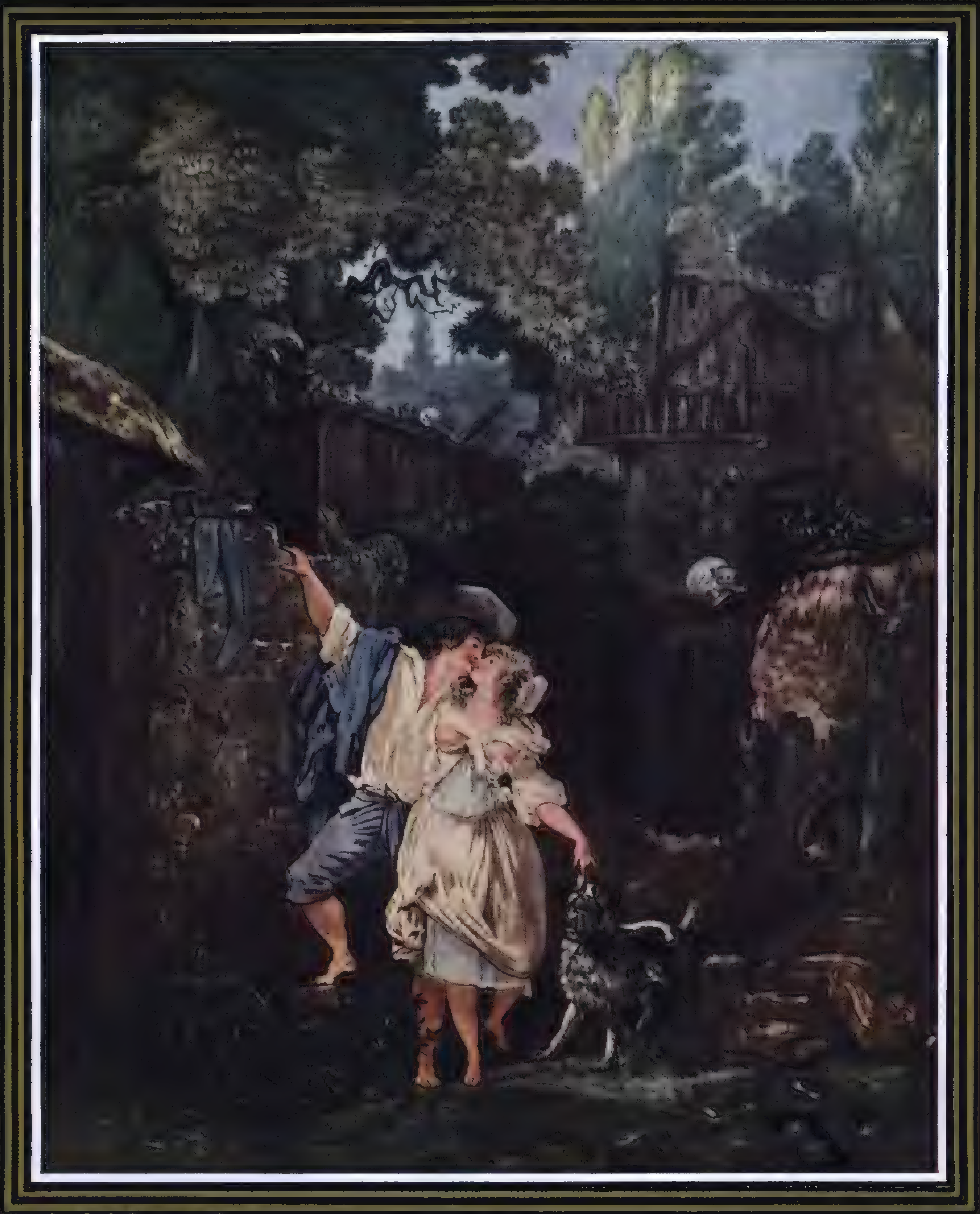
London, Published April 1, 1788 by T. Macklin, No. 39, Fleet Street



Peint et Gravé Par De Bucourt peintre du Roy 1787

HEUR ET MALHEUR
OU
LA CRUCHE CASSÉE

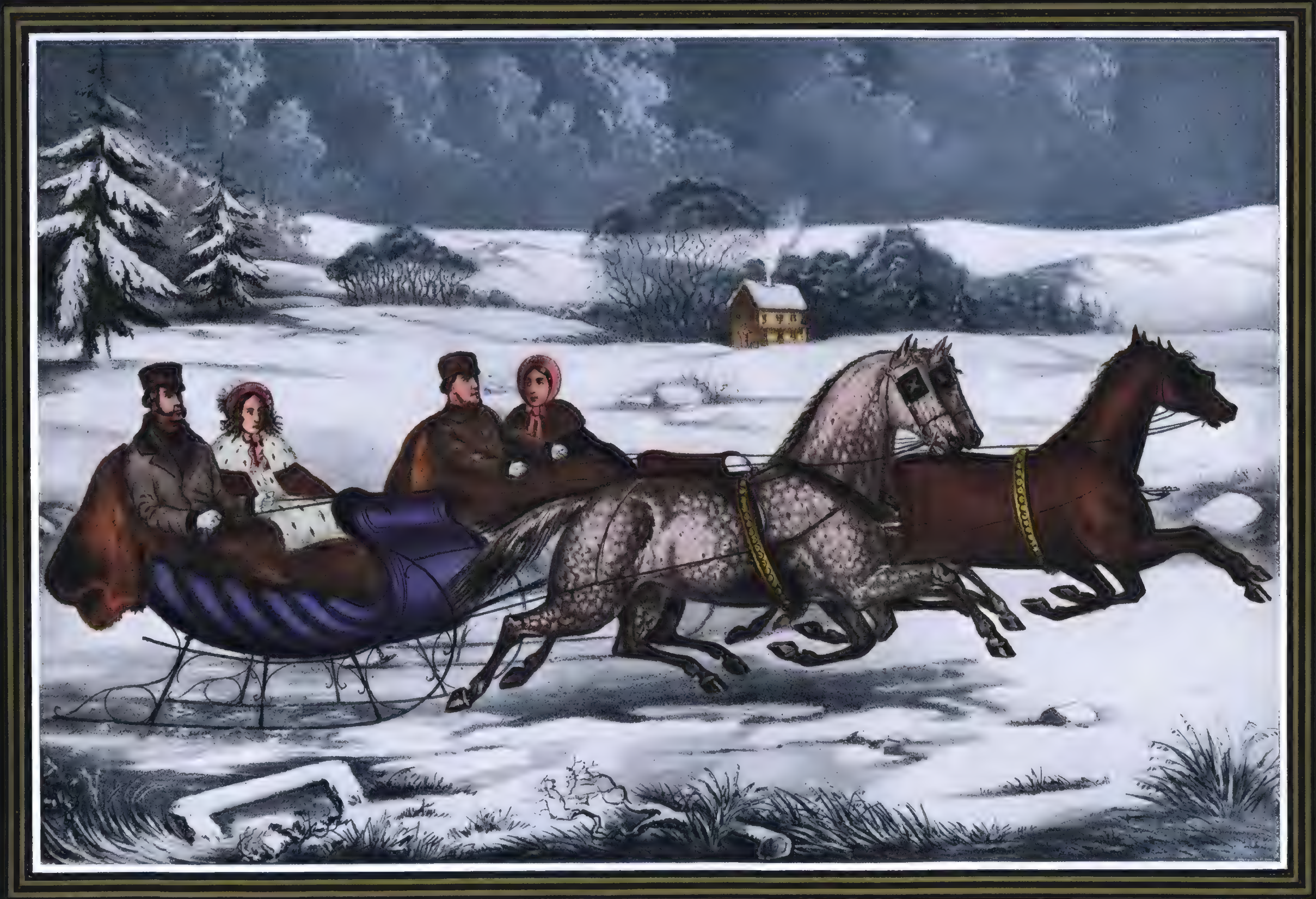
à Paris chez l'auteur cour du Louvre la 5eme porte agauche en entrant par la colonade au 1er



Peint et Gravé Par De Bucourt peintre du Roy 1787

L' ESCALADE
OU
LES ADIEUX DU MATIN

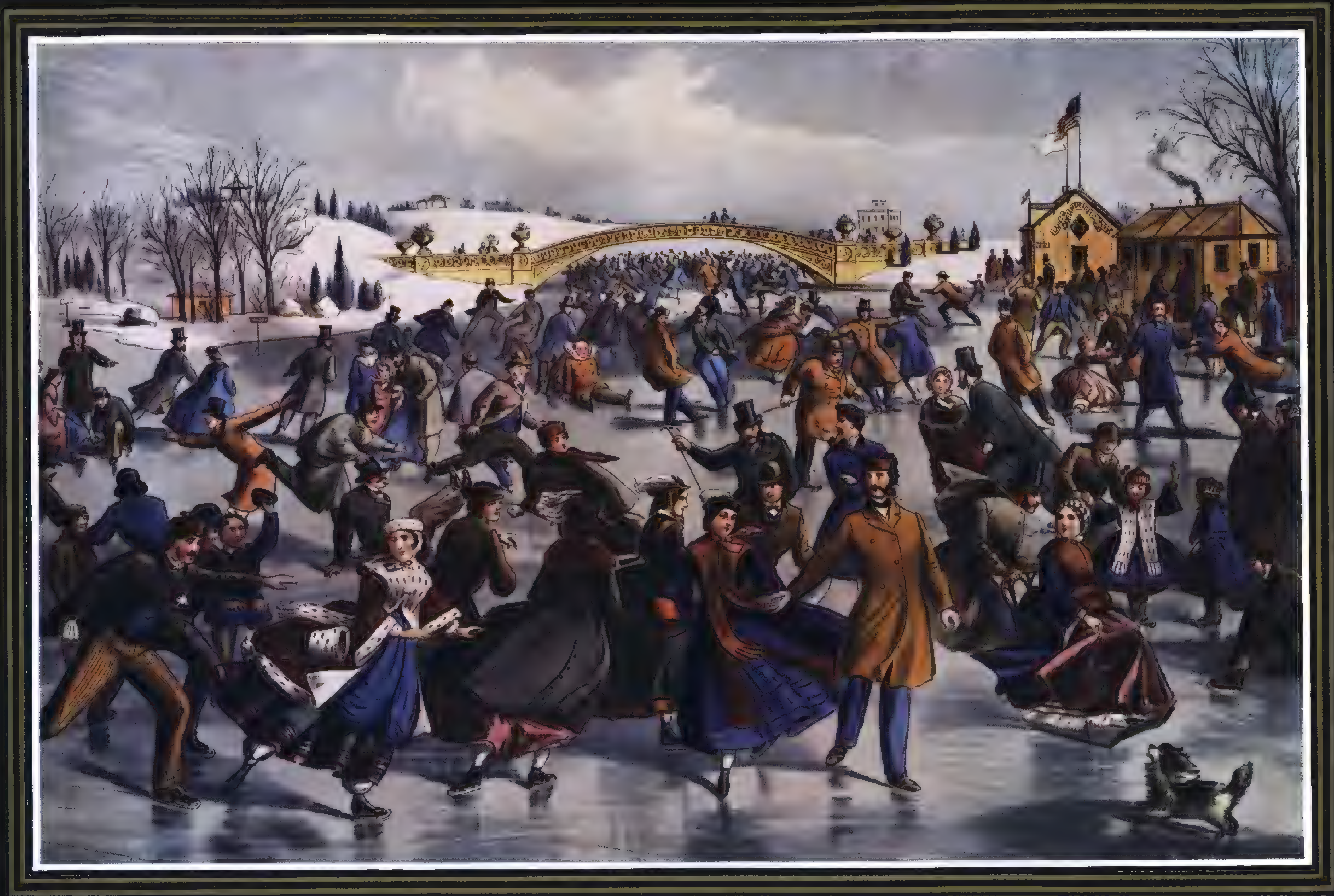
à Paris chez l'auteur cour du Louvre la 5ème porte agauche en entrant par la colonade au 1er



Published by Currier & Ives

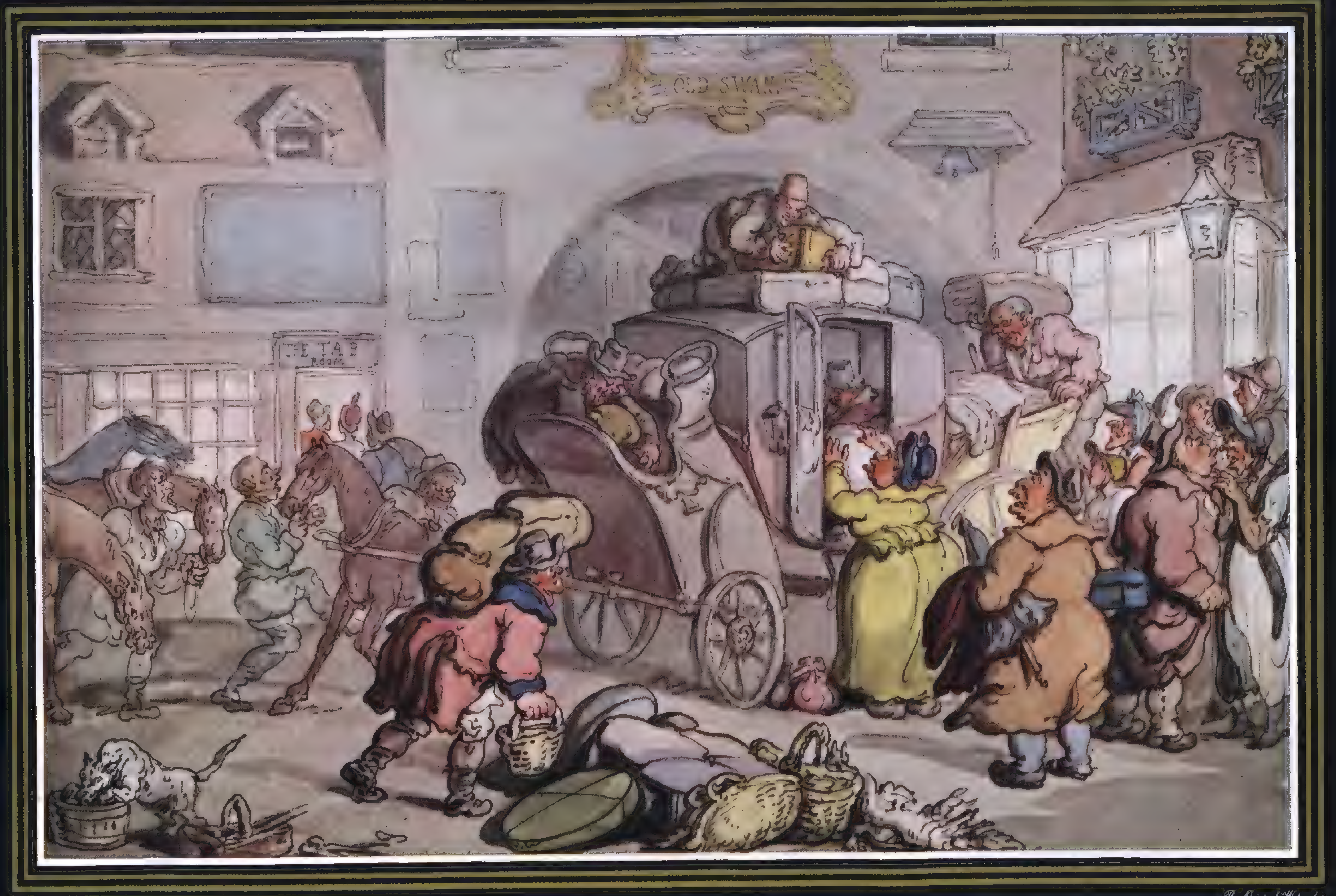
152 Nassau St New York

THE SLEIGH RACE



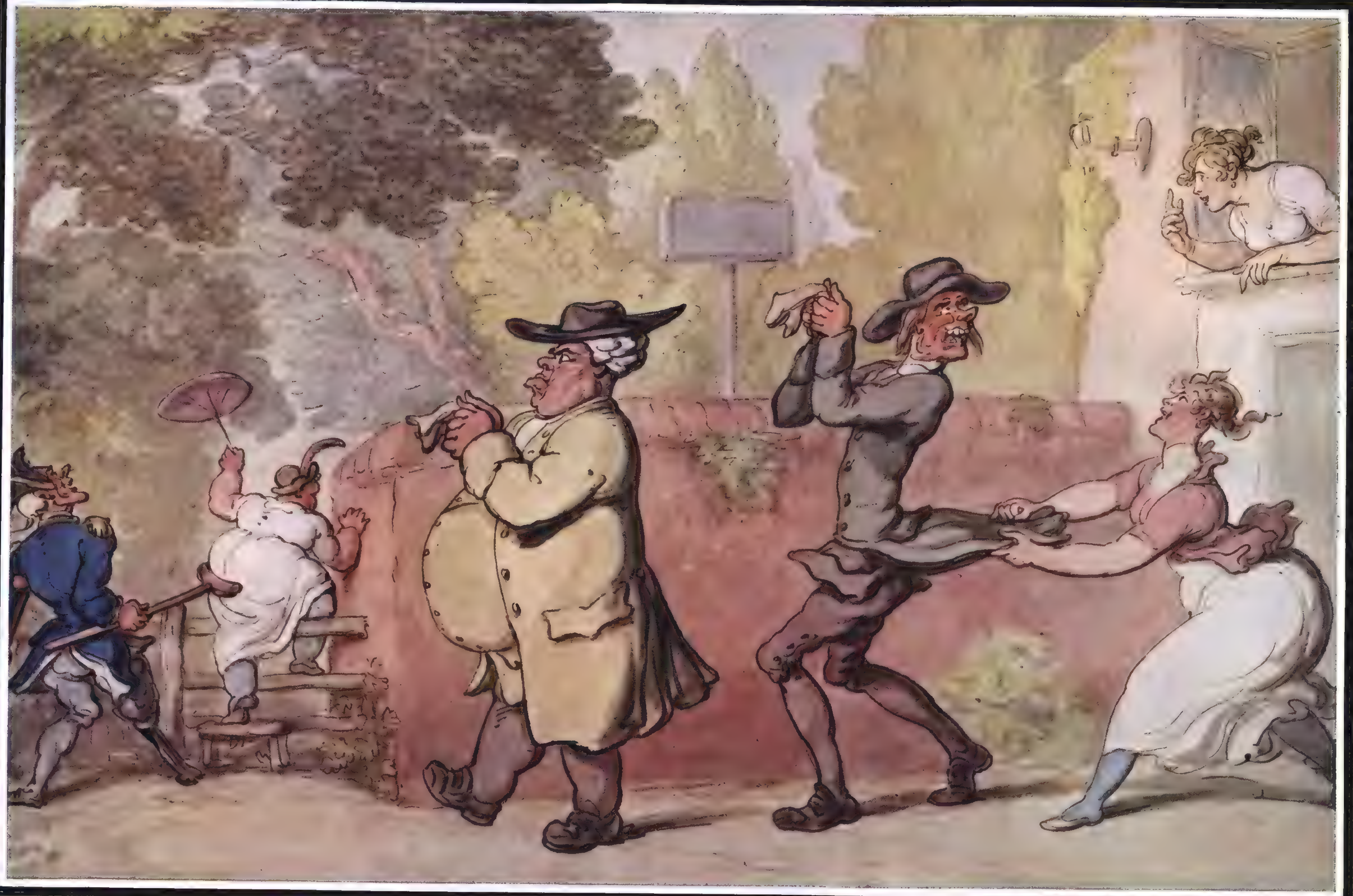
Currier & Ives, Lith. N.Y. *C. Parsons, Del.*

CENTRAL-PARK, WINTER


OLD SWAN
THE TAP ROOM

Thomas Rowlandson *The Original Watercolor*

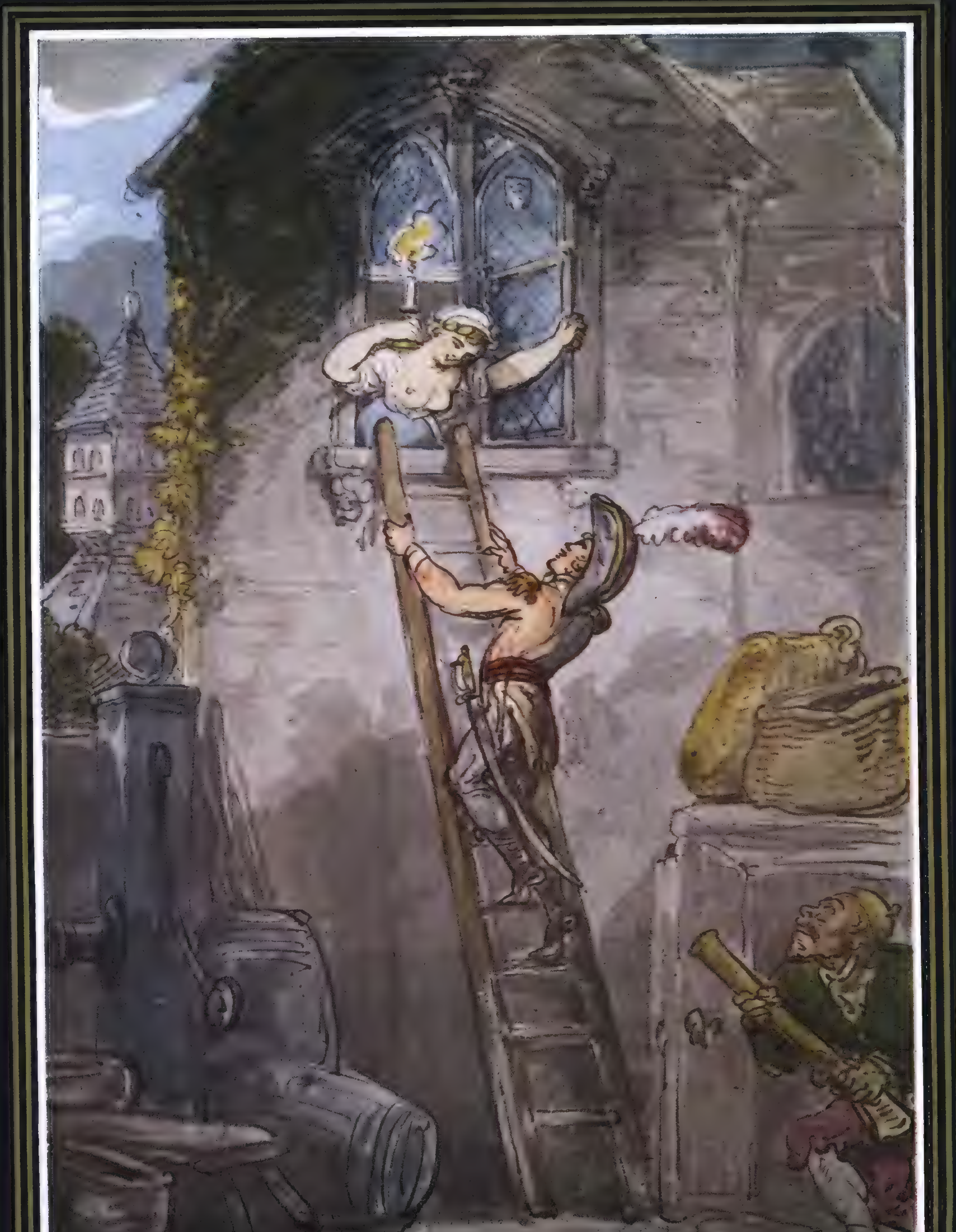
PACKING A COACH



Thomas Rowlandson

The Original Watercolour

LOVE AND WAR



Thomas Rowlandson

The Original Watercolor

THE ASSIGNATION

Fiction Is Stranger

Continued from page 103

made to commit a crime *unless* it is the sort of thing that finds little opposition in his established habits and emotional reactions. In other words, if you aren't above torturing babies or burning churches in your conscious state you can be made to do such things in a hypnotized state; otherwise you cannot. So the next time an Oriental of evil countenance turns his gimlet eye on you and starts making strange passes in the air with his hands, at the same time giving you instructions to go steal the Government's reserve supply of gold, you needn't quiver and quake. You can safely bite your thumb at him.

The above form of Mastermind-itis isn't any more absurd than the type of masterminding exhibited by a great many fictional detectives. These creatures suck their briar pipes as they regard the lord of the manor stretched out on the library carpet, clear their throats portentously and announce, "No powder burns. It *must* be murder." Or they may examine the corpse in the areaway and settle that little matter with the gruff remark, "You see, there is no weapon. It *can't* be suicide."

Your trained homicide man's reply to both remarks would probably be both scornful and profane.

Black powder burns around a gunshot wound are supposed to indicate that the shot was fired close at hand. The absence of these burns, so the belief is, precludes suicide.

A medical examiner can, of course, determine whether the shot came from near at hand or far away, but he doesn't rely on the existence or absence of powder burns. The explosives used in modern ammunition consist mainly of nitro-powders, various picrates, fulminate of mercury, ammonium perchlorate and other chemical compounds which are known as smokeless powders and which cause no blackening of the skin, even when fired close at hand. At the most there will be slight yellow discoloration.

Take the case of Captain William Newton Lancaster, of the Royal Flying Corps, who was tried in Miami, Florida, in 1932, for the murder of Haden Clarke. The prosecution made much of the fact that there were no powder burns around the wound in Clarke's temple. The contention of the defense that Clarke had committed suicide was, for the foregoing reason, ridiculed by the opposition. It was Captain Lancaster's amazing good fortune that an experienced criminologist, Albert H. Hamilton, in Auburn, New York, happened to read the newspaper accounts of the trial with professional care. His suspicions were aroused and on his own initiative and at his own expense Mr. Hamilton journeyed to Miami and got in touch with the lawyers for the defense. The outcome of it all was that Hamilton was able to go on the witness stand and prove, with the aid of Clarke's skull, that Clarke had pressed the muzzle of the gun so tightly against his scalp that the gases generated by the explosion, requiring some avenue of escape, had escaped beneath the scalp, causing it to balloon away from the skull. The marks and pitting caused by these explosive gases were found on the skull where, due to an incomplete autopsy, they had hitherto remained hidden, and one of the State's main arguments against suicide collapsed. Lancaster was acquitted.

If the absence or presence of powder burns offers nothing in the way of conclusive proof the question of the presence or absence of a weapon at a scene of violent death is equally inconclusive. When your fictional Sherlock states dogmatically, "There is no weapon. It can't be suicide," he is talking without benefit of experience.

Suicides frequently give themselves a fatal wound or swallow a fatal dose of poison and remain conscious long enough to remove themselves far from the scene.

The classic example is that of an Englishman who shot himself in the brain. The bullet destroyed the anterior portion of the right hemisphere. To his not inconsiderable surprise he found himself still in the land of the living and conscious. With the Englishman's fine feeling for form he decided, once he had recovered from his surprise, that inasmuch as he wasn't dead he had no really polite excuse for failing to keep an engagement he had previously made for the evening. So he journeyed from the country up to London and spent the evening playing billiards and, not to be wondered at, drinking heavily. When his companion left the club the gentleman, having preserved the social amenities, sat himself down and died.

Another historic gentleman, of questionable sanity, decided that there would be nothing picayune about his attempt at self-destruction. He made a rather novel choice of weapons. With a two and a half pound mallet he drove a chisel eight and a half inches long through his skull, so that over an inch of it projected out on the opposite side. Nothing happened. He tried again, and drove the second chisel into the center of his frontal bone. Still nothing happened. Somewhat puzzled at the failure of his earnest endeavours the would-be suicide walked to his doctor's office and asked what was now to be done. However, before the embarrassed doctor was able to decide what the devil *could* be done the chisels asserted themselves and the mallet wielder departed this vale of tears.

Nor does the absence of a vial of poison necessarily indicate homicide, even when the poison taken is of the strongest variety.

Toxicologists are generally agreed that Hydrocyanic (Prussic) Acid is the deadliest existing poison. Of the acid they say, under the heading *Fatal Period*, "Death *has* taken place within two minutes." The implication being that, while this has occurred, it generally requires two minutes or longer.

A trained athlete can run half a mile in less than two minutes. A man can shave in two minutes. In the same 120 seconds you could stand in your bathroom, drain a vial of Prussic Acid, replace the cap on the bottle and the bottle in the medicine cabinet, return to your chair and drain your highball before dying. It is quite conceivable that the rookie policeman or detective who arrived on the scene might pick up your highball glass and detect the odor of bitter almonds which your poison-coated lips had deposited on the glass. The same officer, unable to find a bottle with a skull and crossbones conveniently at hand and laboring under the popular delusion that you had taken an instantaneous poison, might report you as being the victim of a murderer. Instrument, a poisoned highball.

There are very, very few poisons that will kill with real rapidity despite the fact that fiction seems to deal almost exclusively in poisons that cause death the minute they pass the lips. The large majority of poisons, whether irritants, corrosives or neurotics, require any time from twenty minutes to forty-eight hours to function lethally.

It is well to remember, also, that not only may the suicide travel away from the instrument of death but the instrument of death may readily travel *away from* the victim. This may occur in many ways, not the least interesting of which is that method which I recently encountered in a manuscript written by a current English author of mystery novels.

An English peer of the realm discovered that his wife had been "having at" the comely young Oxford Blue who shot the neighboring copse. The peer was a conservative and this adultery irked him. He felt something should be done about it. Inasmuch as he was dying of cancer anyway suicide had no fears for him and it struck him that it would be great fun to kill himself in such a manner that the poacher on his preserves would be thought guilty of his death and hung by his neck until too late. Eventually the lord of the realm was found dead of a bullet in his brain. Ballistics proved that the bullet had been fired from the revolver found in the Oxford Blue's study, a mile or so distant from the scene of the crime.

A pretty problem, you say. Did the gun fly from the scene of the peer's demise to the young man's study? What perspicacity! The gun did fly. You see, the peer owned a carrier pigeon and this obliging bird, after the suicide had taken place, retrieved the gun, flew with it to the young man's study, and there dropped it in a conveniently open drawer of his desk. But the dastardly plot was uncovered. The Oxford Blue now poaches with benefit of clergy and the manuscript has been regretfully declined.

Dactyloscopy is probably the most important science of all the many sciences used today in the work of criminal detection and apprehension. It is the science of the identification of the individual by means of fingerprints.

The knowledge that fingerprints have individual characteristics is by no means modern. Before Christ the Chinese used fingerprints as seals for personal identification. The ancient Babylonians, in order to protect themselves against forgeries, pressed a fingerprint into the clay tablets on which they wrote receipts and other important documents. Stylized designs of the patterns of friction ridges have been found in a prehistoric tomb in Brittany and, in Nova Scotia, an Indian pictograph of finger patterns was found carved on a rock.

The first recorded use of fingerprints in a criminal case occurred in the first century after Christ. In this case Quintilian, a Roman lawyer, defending a blind man accused of murdering his father, used as a portion of his defense his contention that the bloody prints discovered on the walls were not the defendant's but the prints of the defendant's stepmother.

Modern Dactyloscopy was invented around 1858, independently, by two Englishmen living in Asia; Sir William J. Herschel, Administrator of the Hooghly district in Bengal, and Dr. Henry Faulds, on the staff of the Tsukiji Hospital in Tokyo. The foundation of the system of fingerprint classification in use today was established by an English anthropologist, Sir Francis Galton, working from the Herschel-Faulds, and was developed into its final state by Sir Edward Richard Henry, who had studied with Herschel in India and who later became the Police Commissioner of the metropolitan district of London. The Galton-Henry system definitely wiped out the old Bertillon anthropometrical system of identification.

There are two rules of modern fingerprinting:

1. There are no two identical fingerprints.
2. Fingerprints are not changeable.

The first rule isn't open to argument. At least, no identical prints have ever been found and experts have had plenty of oppor-

Continued on page 172

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Fiction Is Stranger

Continued from pages 103-171

tunity to gather data on the subject. In this country alone the Division of Investigation has over 5,000,000 sets of fingerprints on file in Washington, and new ones roll in at the rate of 2,800 a day—or six a minute during working hours. A pair of identical prints has yet to be discovered in this, the largest fingerprint file in the world.

It has, however, been fairly well established that the second rule is not true in the strictest sense. Ribeiro, a criminologist of Rio de Janeiro, has demonstrated through case histories that leprosy may cause such extreme alteration in papillary patterns that they cannot be used in identifying a diseased person through prints taken before the onset of the disease. This is, of course, quibbling. Leprosy is such a rare disease that this fact does not in any way destroy the value of fingerprint identification. These changes brought about by leprosy are unique in fingerprint history.

Leprosy may change prints but cannot *be* changed. No criminal ever had greater reason to alter his prints and his appearance than the late unlamented John Dillinger and, probably, no one ever made any greater efforts in that direction. I have seen his original prints and those taken after his death. The latter show considerable scar tissue, caused by the corrosive action of some acid, but Dillinger's effort to change his prints proved to be only a futile and painful gesture. Enough ridge detail remains to establish positively the identification on comparison with prior prints.

The criminal who endeavours to deface his fingerprints succeeds only in drawing attention to himself. In Prohibition days a Chicago punk eradicated a rival dealer in alcohol and left immediately to take the rest cure in Southern California. This was necessary as he had been interrupted in his work and had had to depart via the back fence, rather than in the car in which he had arrived at the scene of action. His fingerprints were found on the car. Once he was safely hidden out in California he used acid on his fingertips . . . and was arrested for speeding some two months later. In traffic court an observant policeman noted the condition of the traffic violator's fingertips, and said to himself, "There must be a reason for that." Result: one visit to the fingerprinting room, one search for the files, one "Guilty of murder in the first degree" verdict, and one less would-be wise guy.

Fingerprint experts are beset by one real headache. It is at present a minor ailment but with the spread of knowledge and the advance of technique in the underworld it may well become violently painful. It is with reluctance that the experts have come to realize that prints can be forged and have been forced to admit as much in court. Naturally, the possibility of forging fingerprints no more destroys the value of Dactyloscopy than does the possibility of a perfect forgery of a signature nullify the worth of handwriting identification.

Dies, casts and plastic impressions may be used in faking a print. One of the most effective methods is to make a zinc cut, the exact size of the original, from a genuine print. From this cut an embossing is made in a sheet of dental wax, to reproduce a three-dimensional negative of the pattern. From this embossing a cast is made in a film of gelatine. This is applied to a dummy fingertip having the consistency of flesh and the prints are made from the dummy.

Eight experts were subjected to a test involving original prints and forged prints made by this method. Out of thirty-two diagnoses twenty were correct, eleven erroneous and one doubtful. An approximate thirty-three per cent margin of error in expert testimony would seem to indicate that fingerprint forgery could be undertaken with a fair chance of success. However, the skill required in a successful forgery and the difficulty of successfully planting it at the scene of the crime is so great that the counterfeiting of prints can hardly, as yet, be considered a threat to police science.

The last word on the subject of fingerprints and their potentialities appeared recently in a story in the New York *Times* where it was stated of an individual that—"Breaking the glass with a chair he climbed through and clung to the sill by his fingertips until three detectives called on him to jump!"

Even Hollywood couldn't duplicate this feat but Hollywood can, and does, produce its own miracles.

The moving picture people recently took up where Dickens left off and produced and solved *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* In the picture the murderer placed the body of his victim in an unoccupied burial niche in the crypt of an old cathedral and then poured quicklime over it. It was some time before the hiding place was discovered and when the grave was finally opened only a quart or so of ashes, artistically sprinkled in the shape of a human body, were found. The audience loved it.

How this old chestnut of fiction and the theatre continues its grasp on popular belief is hard to understand. Quicklime has frequently been used in murder cases; three famous instances are the Manning, Crippen, and Wainwright cases. In the Manning trial it was stated in evidence that quicklime would cause a dead body to decompose more rapidly. In the

Continued on page 174

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Fiction Is Stranger

Continued from pages 103-171-172

Crippen trial it was stated that quicklime would, given a sufficient quantity, destroy the whole body. And that is the popular belief—but it is absolutely contrary to fact.

If a dead body is surrounded with quicklime and this is suddenly slaked, as in the Manning case, a small amount of superficial burning would take place and a greater amount of drying of the body, as a result of the heat generated, would occur.The body wouldn't be even partially destroyed. The drying, by delaying putrefaction, would tend to preserve the body.

If only gradual slaking of the lime took place, by means of moisture abstracted from the body or the surrounding soil, as in the Crippen case, there would again be only partial desiccation, with the consequent delay in putrefaction. The lime in both cases would aid in preserving the body, not in its destruction.

At the most, lime used in the form of milk of lime might cause the hair to fall off.

A. Lucas, prominent criminologist, records an experiment carried out in Egypt by professional workers in the field of criminology.

Four young pigeons were killed and only their feathers were removed. They were then treated separately as follows:

A. Buried in dry earth.
B. Buried in freshly slaked and sifted lime.
C. Buried in quicklime in the form of small lumps.
D. Buried in quicklime in small lumps which was suddenly slaked by the addition of water.

After six months the pigeons were disinterred and examined. The following results were found:

A. In very bad condition. I'll omit the details.
B. In good condition; very slight odor; shrunken; flesh soft; skin pliable and unbroken.
C. In good condition; shrunken; skin unbroken; dry and hard.
D. In good condition; dry, hard and brittle; shrunken; skin unbroken.

In other words, lime is a preservative and the act of slaking lime in contact with a dead body does not destroy it. The murderer who anoints the body of his victim with quicklime is doing himself a considerable disservice.

The quicklime myth owes its existence to another and even more popular myth. The full myth should read—the murderer poured quicklime over the body, the quicklime destroyed the body, and because there was no *corpus delicti* (body) the murderer was safe and could not be prosecuted for his crime.

Corpus delicti! This simple Latin phrase is probably more misunderstood than any other phrase used in law or criminology. It is almost universally believed that the phrase refers to the body of a slain person. *Corpus*, of course, means body, but, in a legal sense, it does not refer to a human body but, rather, to the "body of the offence or crime."

Corpus delicti is commonly thought, also, to apply only to homicide. It is just as applicable to any other crime. In burglary, for example, the felonious breaking and entering of a house constitutes the *corpus delicti*, in arson it is the willful firing of a house or building. It is the body of the crime or the subject matter which has been the particular objective of the criminal. In other words, *corpus delicti* means the simple, fundamental fact that a crime has been committed.

As related to murder *corpus delicti* has given rise to what is probably the greatest single misconception in the popular mind in regard to crime . . . the belief that one cannot be convicted of murder in any degree unless there is *direct* and positive proof of the existence of the body of the person murdered, and that unless the body is discovered the murderer goes free.

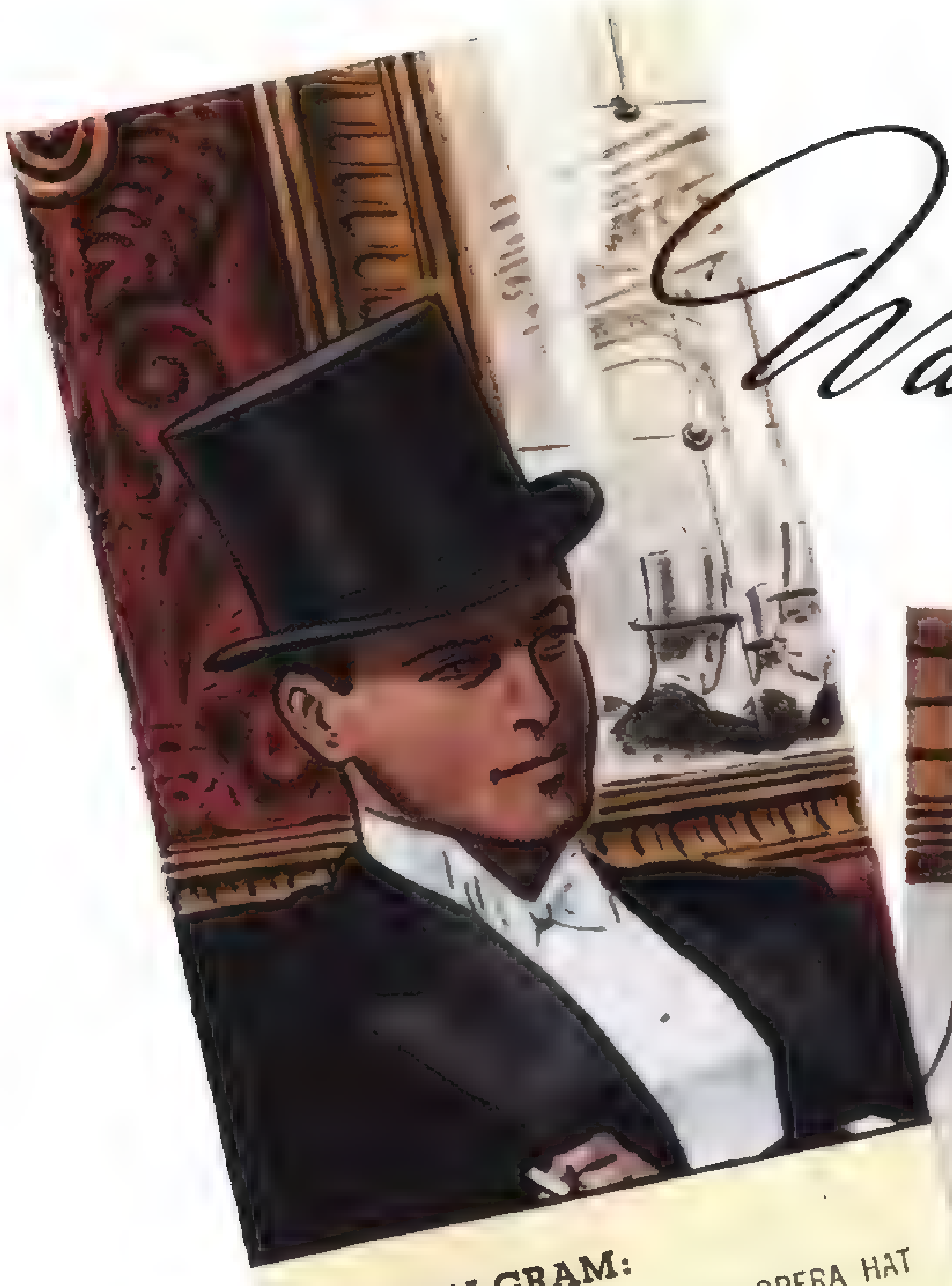
Frequently corpses are found in such a state that the physical body itself cannot be identified but many extraneous things, such as clothing, dental work, laundry marks or jewelry, may lead to an identification and a conviction.

There are several cases on record in this country, none of them particularly startling, of conviction when no body was ever found. As an example, a man left his home with his two children, three years old and one year old. He returned the following day without the year-old youngster, claiming he had left the child with friends. The child was not discovered with the friends named, nor was any trace of it ever found. The man was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, a sentence which the Court of Appeals sustained. A child of that age couldn't run away, nor could it take care of itself if abandoned. No trace of the child could be found after it left home with its father. The accused had lied, he made no effort to produce the child, and could offer no explanation of the child's absence other than the one which had been proved to be a falsehood. Under the circumstances kidnapping was out of the question. Murder was proved beyond a reasonable doubt.

In California recently a man's wife disappeared. He could offer no satisfactory explanation of her absence. Faint stains were found in their joint bedroom and laboratory tests revealed them to be stains of human blood. Further search of the bedroom uncovered a fragmentary piece of human skull with a few hairs similar to that of the missing woman. The *corpus delicti* was thus established

Continued at top of page 177

Watch the gun-metal boom!



STETSON-GRAM:
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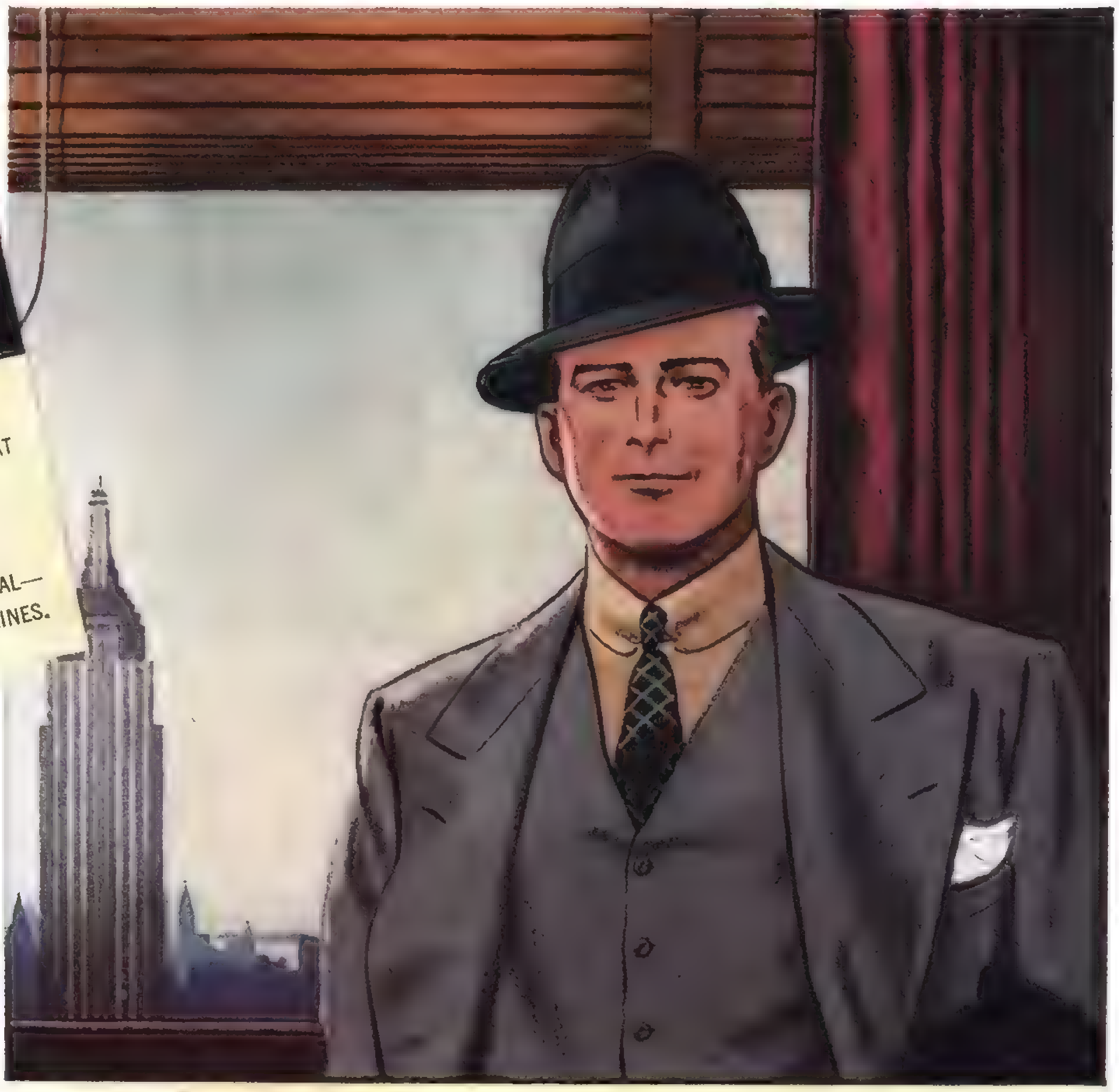
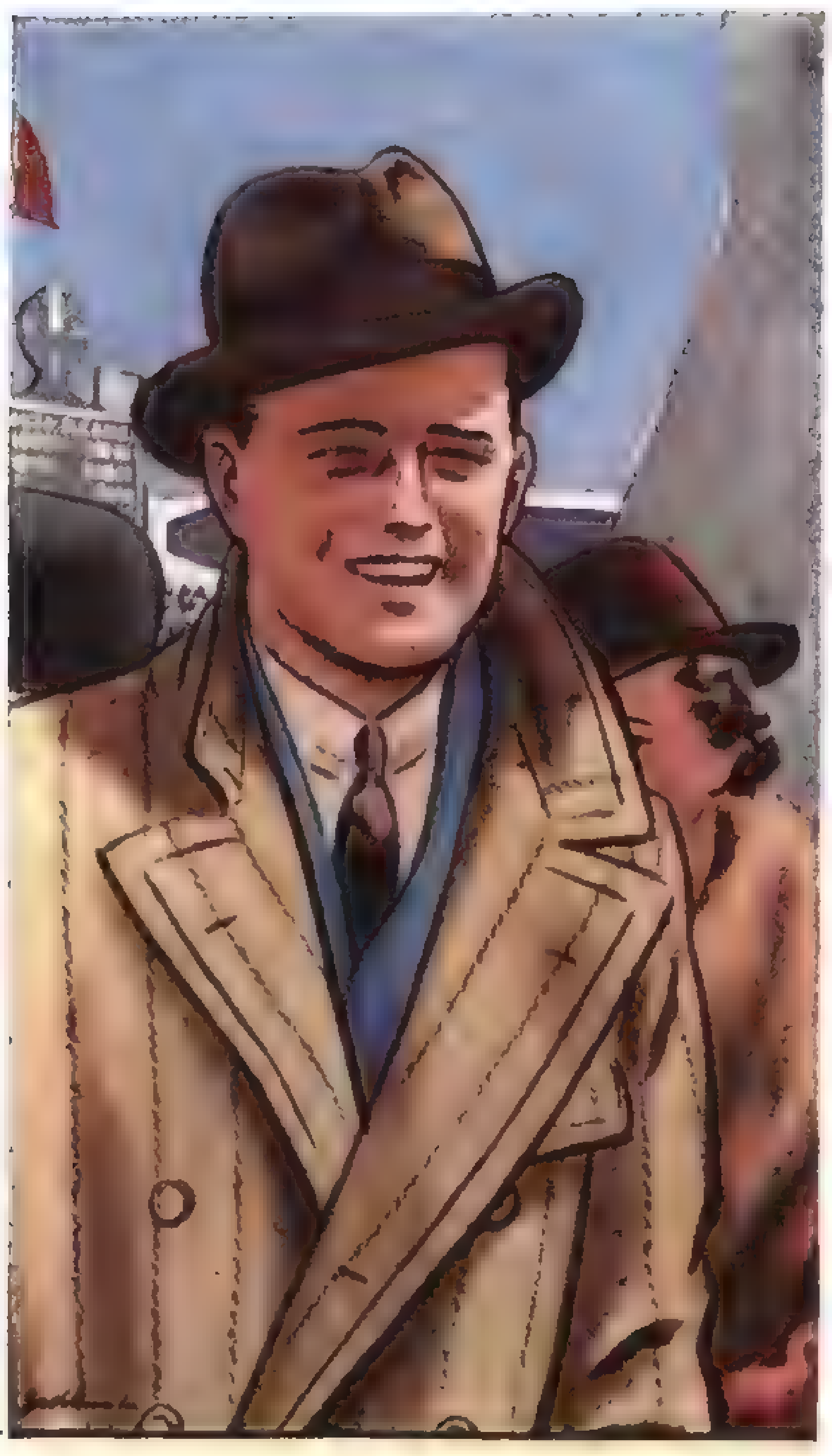


STETSON-GRAM:
STETSON SAYS SMARTEST OF THE NEW COLORS WILL BE GUN-METAL. NOT JUST GRAY, BUT A SPECIAL DARK SHADE THAT'S LIKE NOTHING SO MUCH AS THE SHEEN OF A FINE GUN-BARREL. WEAR IT WITH GRAY, BLUE, BROWN OR EVENING BLACK. BEST SHAPE: STETSON'S "ELLINGER." BOUND EDGE. WIDER BRIM, CURLED AT THE BACK. CROWN, WITH THE NEW LOWER LINE.



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● Months from now your Stetson will still rank high among smart hats. For its style, cast well into the future, has been molded to stay—by craftsmen with four generations of accumulated skill. You can always count on your Stetson to see you through. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris . . . Stetsons are also made in Canada.

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Fiction Is Stranger

Continued from pages 103-171-172-174

and the husband was convicted.

The most unusual case of this type I have encountered occurred recently in Sydney, Australia.

On April 8th, 1935, one James Smith, 40, disappeared. On May 18, 1935, a shark captured in nearby waters disgorged a tattooed arm. Police published pictures of the tattoo mark, which were identified by Smith's wife. Medical examination revealed that the arm had been severed from the body, not by the bite of the shark's teeth, but by a sharp instrument. The shark had swallowed the arm, whole. In other words, it constituted reasonable proof that the body had been dismembered and the remains tossed into the sea. A *corpus delicti* had been established.

As a result, the man last known to have been with Smith before his disappearance was arrested and formally charged with his murder. If, out of the thousands of sharks in the surrounding seas this one had not been caught no *corpus delicti* could have been established and no charge of murder could have been entered against the suspected man. This is one of the most amazing coincidences in all criminology. At this writing, the case is in the process of being tried and I haven't yet learned the outcome.

Criminology is daily becoming a more exact and a more fascinating science. Its accomplishments are startling enough to satisfy even the most sensationally minded. Why then does the public cling so stubbornly and tenaciously to misconceptions and superstitions when the facts are so readily available and so much more interesting? Why do authors so constantly rework the old chestnuts which make their fiction so much stranger—and less interesting—than the truth? This is a mystery that even the many criminological sciences cannot solve. Perhaps the public likes to be wrong. #

Table Tennis Comes of Age

Continued from page 80

abroad. In the early rounds she breezed through match after match. But the real test came in the semi-finals when she was called upon to meet the defending world champion, Marie Kettnerova, a Czech, who would be buoyed up playing before her own people. Starting shakily and facing a girl who could drive like a man, the petite, blonde, seventeen-year-old American lost the first game at 21-16. She was having difficulty in returning the Czech girl's deep and sharply angled smashes because of interference from the encroaching sideline seats. Despite this handicap Ruth won the second game by an amazing exhibition of incredible "gets" of furious drives which she retrieved from the laps of spectators fifteen feet behind the table. At this juncture our captain lodged a protest and suggested that conditions could be improved by moving the spectators back. At the end of a fifteen minute debate this was refused. This rebuff would upset a normal person but the plucky U. S. girl merely gritted her teeth and set herself for the next game. The match was now tied at one game all and the capture of the crucial third game meant much. Ruth got off to a fine lead but frittered it away by overdriving. With the score tied at 18 all she braced and grimly took the next two points, advancing to within one point of taking the game. Now Kettnerova risked everything with a furious driving attack that brought the crowd to its feet. Finally she hit a kill so hard it seemed impossible that anyone could even so much as touch it. In relief she turned from the table only to have Ruth streak like a deer to deep court, stab her arm out over the heads of boxholders—do the impossible and get it back with Kettnerova completely out of position. Even the Czechs roared wild approval at the shot. The champion never seemed to regain her confidence after this and Ruth annexed this game and went on to win the match. On the following night Aarons became America's first world champion as she smothered Fraülein Krebsbach without the loss of a game. Miss Aarons' ability need not be minimized because of her sex. She could spot the average man fifteen points and still win the game.

Ten minutes before the men's doubles event commenced, shrewd Sidney M. Biddell, captain of the American team, suddenly decided that Jimmy McClure and Robert Blattner might hit it off pretty well, though they had never paired together before. So good was Biddell's hunch that this team stepped right out and grabbed off a second world crown for Uncle Sam. In the finals they were so hot that they blasted the opposing Czech combination off the table in three whirlwind games at 21-11, 21-7, 21-9.

The Prague meeting was one of startling upsets. In the third round a youth from Hungary eliminated Viktor Barna with ease, and thereby suddenly ended Barna's long tenure as world's singles titleholder. Another surprise came with the defeat of Barna and Szabados, defending doubles champions. The Hungarian rout was not over, for they also failed to capture the international team trophy. Some say the collapse of the hitherto almost unbeatable Hungarians was due to the dead tables used by the Czechs which would not allow the ball to bounce high enough to permit them to use their attacking style of play, where they excel. Others

Continued on page 178

Be she wife or wench, lady or lady-friend . . . your future or your past . . . in short, a woman . . . Parfum Indiscret is the perfect gift, saying everything, literally everything, more discreetly than words !

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Table Tennis Comes of Age

Continued from pages 80-177

credit their downfall to the belligerent attitude of the Czech spectators. And then again it is possible that the three musketeers of Hungary—Barna, Szabados and Bellak—are going the way of all flesh and are on the wane.

Some odd things happened at Prague. One match went on for eight hours without a decision. It was finally stopped and the winner decided by the toss of a coin. And here is another one. Word got around that the Rumanians were "pushing"—refusing to hit the ball, and avoiding shots that might involve any risk. These deplorable tactics so enraged the Polish player, Ehrlich, that he made up his mind he would show his first Rumanian opponent that if it was a poking marathon he wanted he would get it. On the following day these teams met and when Ehrlich clashed with Marin the first point lasted two hours and five minutes! Ehrlich won it, and having proved his point then proceeded to blow Marin off the table with a fusillade of murderous smashes. Fortunately, long, tedious encounters of this kind are extremely rare, and they will never again be tolerated in match play as a new international ruling now empowers tournament officials to default a contest if the participants decline to make a game of it. And further, as an additional incentive to the Babe Ruths of the game, the association has just passed a rule which officially lowers the height of the net from 6¾ inches to 6 inches. The "pushing" game rarely wins, in fact no exponent of this purely defensive style has ever held a world title.

* * *

One wonders why it is that this miniature pastime has probably become America's national indoor sport during the past ten years. Let us examine some plausible reasons. In the first place it is compact, requiring far less space than is needed for other indoor sports. Here is the original vest pocket game which can overnight convert a home into an athletic club with the outlay of only a small sum for equipment. Behold the only active sport in captivity that is adaptable to home, office (am I putting ideas into your head?), barber shop, night club, prison cell or what have you. In contrast to leisurely golf, for example, where, taking everything into account, a full half day is taken up for eighteen holes, table tennis is an efficient lunch counter proposition. No time wasted—just peel off the coat and go to it. (Tournament players are always uniformed.) Like medicine it can be taken in measured doses. If you are itching for a vigorous workout you can get one in an hour, or if you just want enough to relax, a couple of games will do the trick. Always easy to find a partner, too, even if you have to fall back on the wife. As anyone can catch on to the hang of the game in no time it's a royal family diversion. Incidentally table tennis is being played more and more in the open and on porches. While I was in Hollywood last winter, making a sports movie on the game, I was surprised to see any number of tables in quiet patios, protected by windbreaks on the beaches.

That people are taking the game more seriously is proved in the increasing requests for professional instruction, the accelerated sale of textbooks with the official rules, and the appearance of an ever-growing number of public table tennis courts offering splendid playing facilities. Players, too, are moving from the cramped quarters of the dining salon to the more spacious recreation room, where a large standard-size table replaces the nondescript dining-room variety. As a white background makes it hard to follow the ball, walls should be treated with some solid color other than white. Three 100-watt lamps with shades, strung in a line down the center of the table, are infinitely better than one lone, bare 60-watter. How large a room do you need to play in? The table is 9x5 feet, and 30 inches high. There should be a minimum of 2½ feet at the sides and 4 feet at either end, but for expert play there should be 8 to 12 feet at either end, and more room on the sides. (For tournaments the association specifies a minimum runback of fifteen feet.) An ample playing area will enable you to perform the classical strokes of the game far more easily.

The other day a man asked me if we had "advanced" far enough to be confronted with any "Eleanor Holm" problems. I am glad to say we are not, simply because the table tennis fathers have been sensible enough to solve the amateur-professional bugaboo in a straightforward and unique manner. Professionals, defined as those who play for money, and commercials, those associated with equipment manufacturers, are encouraged to join the scrupulously non-commercial player's association, and they are welcome to compete against amateurs in all the tournaments. But there is no possibility of their meddling in the affairs of the federation for they may not hold office. As a result of this sane policy we have no "table tennis bums," no hypocrites, no rival professional body and no headaches—yet.

Just a word of warning to those who are about to purchase equipment. Be sure to buy the best. In the long run you will find it

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cheaper and you simply can't do justice to the game if you use inferior merchandise. Insist on the official, five-ply veneer, ¾ inch, painted table, and procure the large, pebbled-rubber rackets which are infinitely superior to the sandpaper kind. There is a great deal of difference in balls, nets and brackets, too. Here again it will not pay to skimp.

And now a few hints, if you don't mind, on how to play the game, and a brief clarification of the most controversial rules.*

As there is no doubt that the "tennis" grip is vastly superior to the old-fashioned "penholder" method, adopt the former.

The serve puts the ball into play. Be sure that you use the "bounce ball" service, wherein the ball is struck behind the table so that it first touches your court, and passing over the net, touches the receiver's half of the table. Disregard the minor courts made by the white line running down the center of the table as these are used for doubles play only. Direct "over the net" serving, without the ball first having touched your side of the table, is illegal.

Also, the number of "let" serves which you are permitted is unlimited. Finger-spin and knuckle-ball serves, once allowed, are now barred. Place your serves and keep them low so that your opponent cannot smash them for sure points.

A game is 21 points and a match either best of three, or best of five games. After every five points service changes. At 20 all service alternates after each point and the player who first scores two successive points wins the game. Only one service, mind you, not two as in tennis.

In playing first learn to keep the ball on the table. No slugging yet. First accuracy and control. Return each ball on the rising bounce, directly after it touches the table—half-volley it —on its first bounce.

Volleying, or striking it on the fly, is not permitted. Just keep pushing it back and forth. If the ball comes to your right side use your forehand. If it is directed at your left side or straight at you, your backhand will come into play. Keep the other fellow guessing by aiming the ball "where he ain't."

Now learn to chop, or cut the ball. This is a defensive shot which you should use when your adversary drives the ball so hard that you are forced back several feet behind the table. (Warning —if you haven't got at least five feet of clear space behind the table do not bother to learn to chop.) As the ball approaches you draw the racket back and to the side, shoulder high. Now swing forward and down with a sharp, short stroke, meeting the ball at the crest of its bounce with the top edge of the racket tilted back. This stroke will put excessive under-spin on the ball and make it difficult for the other fellow to lift it back over the net.

Now learn the offensive stroke, a drive, for you will not be content to win always on your opponent's errors. You will want to get the thrill yourself of winning points outright with sizzling aces. This calls for the topspin drive, a stroke which permits you to hit the ball hard and still remain on the table because the overspin (acting like a topped drive in golf) causes the ball to dive downwards after it passes the net and not fly out beyond the table. Start the stroke low, about table high, and swing crisply forward and up.

The use of rubber rackets in executing properly effective topspin and underspin shots is of great importance. Rubber is what puts lots of stuff on the ball and is to the racket what chalk is to the billiard cue.

As the strokes of table tennis must be made much faster than those for playing tennis, your shots must be shorter and less sweeping. Hit from the elbow more than from the shoulder and let the wrist help out. Bear in mind that the chop is the easiest way to return a hard driven ball, if you have five or more feet of clear space behind the table. Here is the clue on how you can win in cramped quarters. Keep the ball in play by pushing, now and then placing the ball. Eventually your adversary will present you with a ball you can drive. This will be difficult for him to push back, and he can't chop it back for lack of room! So he pays the bets, but the next time you play him in his basement you pay the bets, for he chops the daylights out of your proudest drives, because since your last visit he has installed a gas furnace and there is now no coal bin to hinder him.

If you wish to progress rapidly and go far, by all means engage the services of a competent instructor. Mixing it with different players will likewise be beneficial; hence, you should welcome the opportunity to compete in league and tournament play. If an exhibition match or a tournament is announced in your community don't miss it, as a great deal can be learned by observation. The site for the national championships has not yet been made public, but the National Intercity Championships, the most spectacular event of the season in which all the outstanding exponents of the game take part, will be held at the Lake Shore Athletic Club, Chicago, during the first week in January. See you there.

All things considered I guess the best brains of man did invent a pretty fair way to kill a rainy afternoon. Come to think about it, here is the only sport where a match has never been postponed on account of the weather! #

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*The latest, complete, official rules of table tennis, which govern the game throughout the world, will be sent to you free. Write Dorothy Buerger, 323 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. No obligation.

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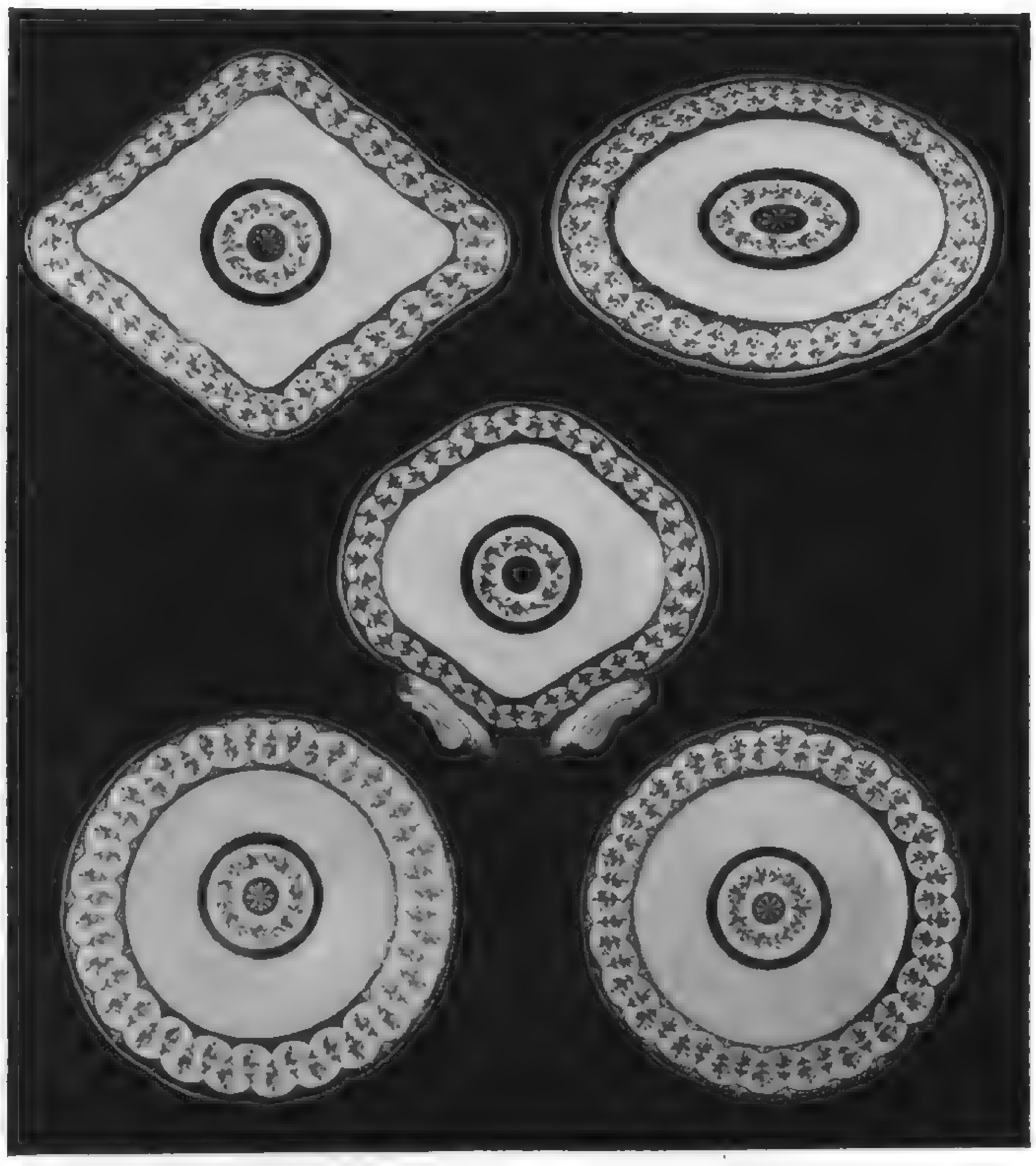
FRENCH PORCELAIN



● Represented here is a complete Sevres dinner service of 128 pieces including covers. This service formerly in the collection of Senator Clark is outstanding for its beautiful simplicity of design. The predominating color is royal blue on a white ground with a patterned floral decoration. Some of the most outstanding artists of that day have appended their signature to individual pieces, among whom are Buteux, De Choisy, Massy, Boulanger and Le Guay. The date mark on the service is 1791. Vincent, who was responsible for the guilding of many of the pieces, ingeniously used as his signature "2000" (VINCENT).

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 121

her prat at the first sight of him. Her older lover, a character always primarily distinguishable from the younger lover by virtue of pants less spectacularly pressed, phones about a dinner date. With a far-away look in her eyes our heroine says no, she isn't feeling well, and as the curtain comes down we duly appreciate that the next slice of the evening will be devoted mainly to the business of the juvenile's proposal of marriage, to our heroine's perplexed ponderations over her duty to her great public (which somehow always seems strangely to desert the actual theatre in which this kind of heroine and the show she is in are playing), and to her final resolve to get away from it all and take a fling with the young ham at matrimony and babies. The last act, of course, finds her giving up all ideas of marriage and consecrating herself to her art.

Interlard this ancient and ignoble hoke with the customary half dozen scenes in which the heroine, by way of proving her unusual degree of artistic temperament, rages around the stage in a tantrum, occasionally throwing something at someone or smashing an object against a table, with the equally customary changes from one gaspful gown to another, and with the episodes in which Gaston, the hand-rubbing headwaiter, comes up to take the supper order, in which the sentimental old stage-door keeper makes a brief appearance and gets the usual loud applause for no discernible reason from the otherwise hard-boiled customers, and in which the older lover returns, just as the heroine feels that she might as well marry him after all, and calmly introduces the heroine to the girl he has just married, and you get the whole idea, if you didn't already get it five minutes ago.

Tallulah Bankhead worked like a longshoremen's union's beaver mascot to unload Kelly's cargo on the audience and now and again managed to arouse some interest by getting it to center its attention upon herself instead of upon the stuff that was given her to speak, but the job was too much to ask of her. It was too much to have asked of Bernhardt in her prime. It was too much to have asked of even Gypsy Rose Lee.

Speaking of Miss Lee, who is now appearing in the *Ziegfeld Follies*, it seems that that great artiste has become the latest darling of the New York illuminati, literati and intelligentsia, to say nothing of the men who eat regularly. Miss Lee, I assume you need not be told, is the lady, late of the Minsky entourage, who slowly divests herself of her clothing to the tune of *Frankie and Johnny* and the presumable uncontrollable incalescence of her male customers. A granddaughter of General Robert E. Lee, a niece of Lee Shubert, a cousin of Billy Rose and a member of the famous Lee and Perrins family of England, Gypsy Rose Lee has elevated herself to the proud position of Duse of the strip-tease. That, except perhaps for Ann Corio, still on the burlesque circuit, she is without a serious rival no one even thinks of gainsaying. And I have the honor to list myself among the aforesaid no ones. But there is one point I'd like to make in connection with her act and in connection with the acts of her strip-tease competitors. While I am the last critic in the world to argue that Miss Lee's gradual revelation of her anatomy is not interesting, it is my feeling that that interest is more closely identified with an impersonal appreciation and admiration of the beauty of her torso and, in Mercutio's phrase, the demesnes adjacent thereto than with any erotic stimulation which they may conceivably provoke. I believe, in other words, that the strip-tease business very largely defeats the very purpose, aim and end that Miss Lee has in view. And, always ready and willing to help a lady in distress, I have a confidential suggestion and a valuable bit of constructive criticism which she may have, gratis.

It is this:

Instead of disrobing slowly as she currently does, let her come out on the stage at the start stark naked. Then, very slowly, to the accompaniment of, say, the Charfreitag music from *Parsifal*, let her slowly don stockings, garters, panties and all the other articles of dress until she is fully clothed. That is, let her do the strip-tease in reverse. And if that doesn't drive the presently blasé and apathetic boys half-crazy I don't know what I'm talking about. The trouble with Gypsy Rose is that she hasn't studied up on sex psychology, particularly present-day theatrical sex psychology. Twenty years ago, her strip-tease might have galvanized the libido of male audiences outside the low burlesque houses. But today, what with music shows, cabaret floor shows and many other shows chock-a-block straight-off with girls without any clothes on, the spectacle of Miss Lee only gradually taking her clothes off is simply an excursion of coals to Newcastle. There's no kick in it; it's too late. Let her follow my advice and gradually put clothes on and the Winter Garden won't be big enough to hold the crowds.

* * *

So Proudly We Hail, by Joseph M. Viertel, treated by the majority of the newspaper reviewers as something beneath their contempt, impressed me as being not without its points. A study of the processes whereby a military school may take sensitive young boys and turn them out hard-bitten, domineering, cruel-fibred men, it seemed to me,

Continued at top of page 183

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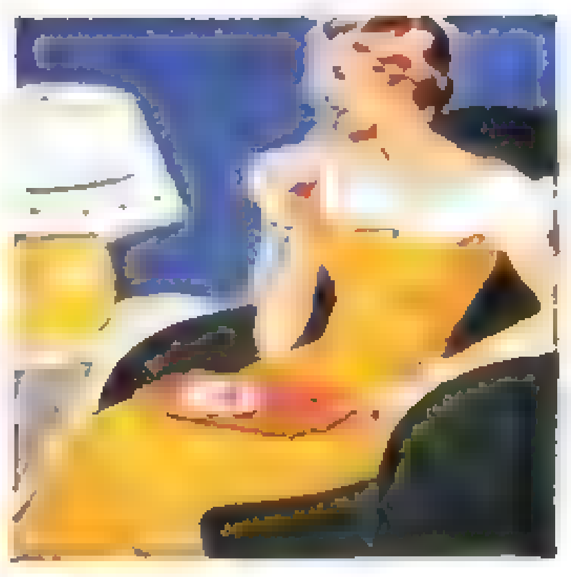
If you think he's forgotten that you want a Toastmaster Hospitality Tray—*remind* him, gently but firmly! Or—if *you* are choosing a very special gift for somebody, just remember what *you* have set your heart on.

You've never seen anything more attractive than this *new* Hospitality Tray. The tray itself, in rich-grained, lustrous walnut or mahogany; the graceful china appetizer dishes; the keen little toast-trimmer; and that talked-of Toastmaster innovation—the *lap trays* for individual service, with plenty of room for everything!

And the new Toastmaster toaster! With its sweeping modern lines and intriguing decoration, it is America's most beautiful toaster—and the most efficient of all. Its exclusive, patented Flexible Toast-Timer times every slice individually—fast when the toaster is cold, faster when hot—then *automatically pops up* the golden-brown slices, both sides done to a turn. Perfect toast, every time, for everybody!

That is why a Toastmaster Hospitality Tray makes smart informal entertaining so simple and effortless. *You don't have to watch the toast.* It won't burn. Enjoy yourself, enjoy your guests, while everybody helps himself to delicious toasty tidbits and has a perfectly marvelous time!

See this loveliest of Hospitality Trays, and other fine Toastmaster products, at your nearest dealer's. Then homeward, with your mind made up. And if necessary—hint! . . . *McGraw Electric Co., Toastmaster Products Division, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*



The new lap trays hold everything! Four come with the de luxe set shown above; your dealer has more.

Another Hospitality Tray—and less expensive! You will be delighted with its beauty and completeness. . . . The sturdy folding stand fits and matches either tray; costs only a little more.

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 121-180

despite its melodramatic generalizations and exaggerations, to offer in its shrewdly designed implications and overtones a spirited dramatic analogy to the processes of militarism and Fascism. It is true that much of the playwriting was on the amateur side and that the scheme of the play, which sought first to show a sensitive boy being brutalized and then his brutalization, in turn, of younger boys, necessitated a practical dramatic duplication and repetition of the episodes of Part I of the play in Part II, all of which made the evening periodically dull going, but nevertheless there was a force and vitality to the undercurrent of the whole that could clearly be felt. At its worst, the exhibit was worth six gross of *Reflected Glorys, Seen But Not Heards, Golden Journeys* and other such plays that opened the new season.

And now for next month and what promises to be the liveliest assortment of drama that the august art of criticism has been called upon to engage in some time. ⁂

The Portrait of Mrs. Morton

Continued from page 116

a day or two, so that I would have a chance to give you warning and explain to you who and what he is. But any day now you may expect to see his extraordinary figure walking into your garden. I think you are going to have an amusing time with him, and I certainly hope you will consent to pose for him. Don't imagine for a moment that he will want to sell you the picture: he is much more likely to present it to you if he likes you. He seems to have an independent income from some source, and he scorns the idea of making money out of his art.

"I shall be eager to hear how you get on with him."

Mrs. Morton put down the letter, and her wrinkled face broke into a smile. So she was to have the honor of entertaining a crazy painter, was she? Very good! No form of kindly eccentricity repelled her: she enjoyed watching even the queerest animals in the human zoo.

Two days later, as Mrs. Morton was sitting on the terrace overlooking her garden and reading a volume of Ruskin to improve her mind, Pedro, the faithful house-boy, came to her with his little tray. On it was an engraved card that was twice the size of an ordinary calling-card. Mrs. Morton took it up and read

PROFESSOR ARZICI
MEXICO

"I think he wants to sell something," Pedro said. "He is loaded down with a whole burro-load of sticks and canvas and bags and all sorts of things."

"That's all right: I will see him."

Professor Arzici entered, shuffled across the terrace to Mrs. Morton, and bowed low. He was indeed encumbered. On his back was strapped an easel, and he was carrying two large blank canvases, a palette, and several heavy bags that were smeared with paint-stains.

"How do you do, Professor Arzici? I am glad to see you."

He looked at her intently with his bright piercing eyes. After a moment he said: "Yes, just as I thought. That is indeed the face. Ah yes! my picture is already completed in my mind. Señora, shall we begin?"

She was amused by his impetuosity. "Why, yes, if you like. But you look hot and tired after your walk from the village. Don't you want to sit down for a moment and let me give you a cup of tea?"

"That would be delightful! That would be delightful! How kind you are, Señora." He divested himself of his burdens, and mopped his brow with a huge red silk handkerchief.

She sent for tea, and began to observe her guest. He was all that her daughter had described, and more. His vast dome of a forehead seemed as big as a mountain-slope; and behind the forehead, the top of his cranium rose up in another enormous bump, like mountain beyond mountain. His old eyes were shrewd, animated and full of expressive feeling. His long white beard was discolored around the lips by the stain of tobacco smoke. His flaming red tie was as big as an ordinary shawl. His whole bearing was vibrant with an energy such as she had rarely seen in so old a man. The aspect of his face was ferocious yet calm, like the outlines of volcanic lava when they have cooled into timeless tranquillity. He beamed on her.

"I knew, Senora, that your place of residence would be like this," he began. "I saw it quite clearly in vision last night on the train. There is a propriety ruling the universe—there is a harmonic principle governing all things—which would make it necessary that such a face should have such a garden. If this garden did not already exist, the Powers would have been obliged, by their own inner necessity, to create it. Such is the Law of Conditioned Origination. I have discovered that Law, and all my painting is merely the demonstration of it."

"I am glad you like the garden, Professor Arzici. In all the years I have lived here since my husband's death, I have never tired of it. It is my daily delight."

"Precisely. Precisely. The face creates the garden: the garden creates the face. Each force in this world, as it operates, is itself modified by that on which it op-

Continued on page 184

FOR ESQUIRE ESQUIMOS

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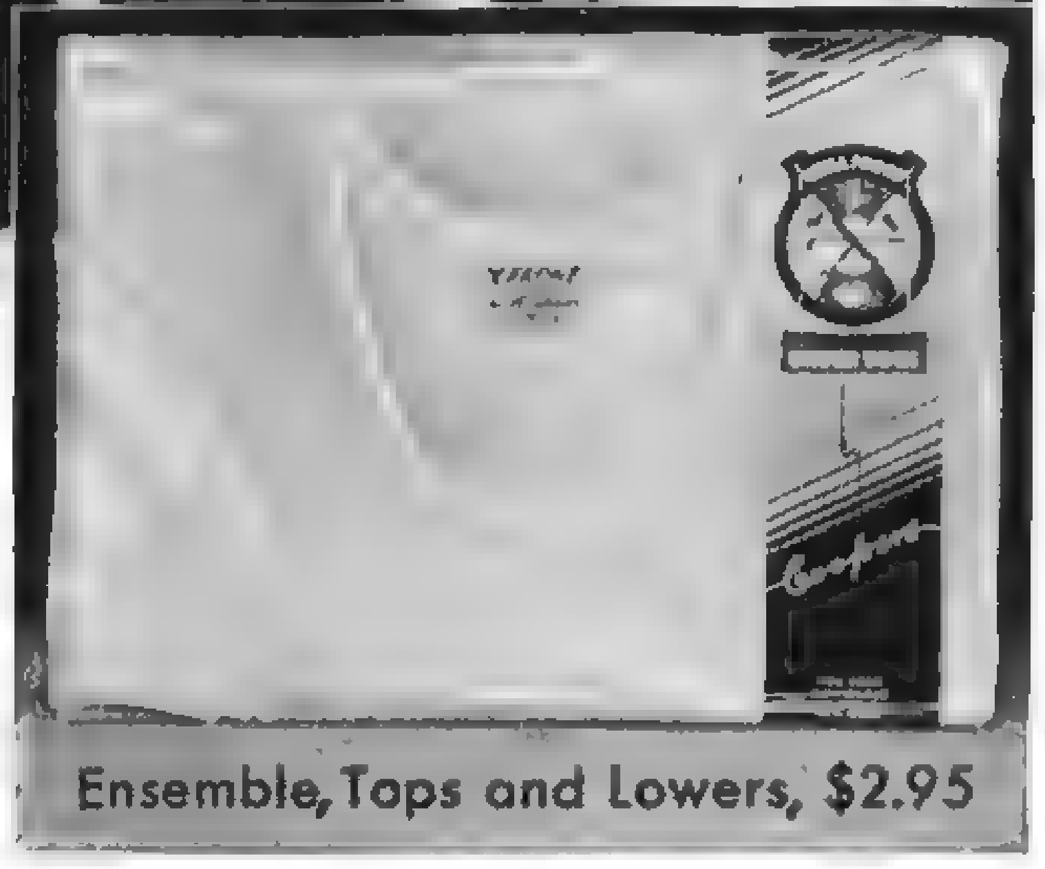

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The Portrait of Mrs. Morton

Continued from pages 116-183

erates. To use a violent example—when we say that a stroke of lightning has destroyed a tree, we speak inadequately; for it is equally true to say that the tree has destroyed the stroke of lightning. When we say that the rain has given life to the fields, we should add that the fields give life to the rain."

His eyes gleamed with the intensity of inner feeling as he disclosed these mystical thoughts. Mrs. Morton did not understand precisely what he meant; but he was certainly an animated old fellow to listen to.

"I fear I shall have to hear your views at greater length before I shall be able to grasp them completely," she said. "But they sound interesting. You see, Professor Arzici, I discovered at about the age of thirty that I did not know everything: since then, I have been a sparrow, picking up crumbs of knowledge from under the tables of the rich."

He laughed an enormous laugh. "Ah, how well you put it, Señora! Only the great eagle, lord of the air, can at will take on the humility of the sparrow. That is the final test of human character. . . I should like to teach you to paint. You would paint well."

He was beaming at her. "I, too," he said, "hope to die a less ignorant man than I was at thirty."

She said: "Well, Professor, that is the hope of us all. But now, as to the thing you have come here for—I understand from my daughter that you want to paint my portrait?"

"If I may have the honor. It was for that sole purpose that I came all the way from Mexico City, on that foul train which is one of the curses of our confused and corrupt modern civilization. Until trains are abolished, the spirit of man will remain in a state of insane coma."

She did not agree with him; so she merely went on: "Yes, I shall be glad to pose for you. Do you want to paint me in the dress I am wearing at present, or would you prefer something else?"

He at once forgot the problems of civilization, and became intent on scrutinizing her very carefully.

"Señora, while I greatly admire your present costume, may I venture to ask whether you have a gown of a blue that is not too dark a blue?"

Mrs. Morton reflected. "Yes, I think I have something of the kind you mean. Wait a moment: I will show you."

She went upstairs to her closet, and found the old dress she had in mind. It was, as she had remembered it, a simply cut garment, the color of the cornflower. She carried it down stairs.

He was in raptures. "Ah, Señora! Perfect! Superb! Sublime! Here again is the Law of Conditioned Origination! It was obligatory, from the very nature of the Universe, that precisely this gown exist!"

"Good! Where do you want to paint me?"

"Why not just where you were sitting a moment ago, Señora—if that is agreeable to you?"

"Very well. You can be setting up your easel while I change to this other gown. I shall not be long." She started to go.

"One moment, gracious Señora! I must request that in preparing yourself for the portrait you do not put on any jewels, such as diamonds, pearls, rubies, or the like: they would not be compatible with the picture as I see it." He hesitated a moment, and then added: "And no rouge, please."

"You need not worry, Professor: I have no diamonds, pearls, rubies or the like. As for rouge, I never use it. And further, you need have no fear that I shall enamel my finger nails red or purple!"

She departed, much pleased with her last shot at him.

She smiled to herself as she changed her dress. This was going to be rather good fun. He was a phenomenon, if there ever was one. Crazy as a loon, doubtless; but by no means a charlatan, as she had feared might be the case. His sincerity was burning all over him. She was a little excited by the prospect of having him paint her portrait.

When she had changed to the cornflower blue gown, she came downstairs again and went out onto the terrace, where he had already set up his easel and a large canvas. He had taken off his coat and his red tie, opened the collar of his shirt, and rolled up his sleeves to the elbow. His vast gleaming dome of bald head was even more striking now than before. He was busied in squeezing large worm-like gobs of paint from lead tubes onto his palette. His mind was in a frowning dream of concentration: he seemed hardly aware that she was present.

She seated herself.

"Is this all right?"

He looked at her for a long time.

"Permit me, Señora."

He walked over to her, pulled the folds of her skirt into more freely hanging lines, adjusted her right hand a trifle where it rested on the arm of the chair, and then stepped back.

"Please raise your chin just a little. . . No, it was better the other way. . . Yes, that is perfect. . . Now relax completely; be

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comfortable. . . That is right! Now we are off! Oh, Professor Arzici! I call upon your soul and upon the soul of the great Orizaba for aid!"

He began to paint, with large gestures of the brush. He made no preliminary charcoal outlines but at once attacked the canvas with his pigments. He would stop at times to glare at her for a long moment: then he was working furiously at the canvas again. Though the day was a cool one and a pleasant breeze was blowing across the terrace from the lake, beads of excited sweat stood out on his bald forehead.

Mrs. Morton sat there quietly and comfortably, looking at the blue lake and the far-off grey mountains. She was not a fidgety or nervous person, and remaining still was no trial to her. In fact, she was finding this to be a very pleasant way of spending a nice summer afternoon, and an agreeable break in the monotony of her quiet life. Some quality in the gold of the sunlight brought back to her mind a summer day in the English countryside of her girlhood, and she smiled to herself as her thoughts dwelt on the recollection of those tranquil and far-off years. All of those dear people were dead now—her father, gentlest of men and simplest hearted of clergymen—her gracious mother who so loved the writings of Ruskin—her two older sisters—all of them gone now. She thought of them not with sadness or grief, but rather with a sense of the rich completeness of the innocent lives they had led and the tranquil deaths they had died.

She was aroused from her musing by Professor Arzici. "Señora, I note by my watch that you have been posing for an hour, though it has seemed to me only a few seconds. Please rest now: get up and stroll around for a few moments. You will become tired if you hold the pose too long. But you will be glad to know that, in a sense, the picture is already finished. I have discovered what I was seeking. It will take me only three days to put in the details that will give my concept its formal aesthetic expression."

She rose, stretched herself, and was about to cross the terrace to the Professor and look at the start he had made. He held up a forbidding hand. "I beg you, gracious Señora, not to take so much as a glimpse of the portrait until it is completed. I might not be able to go on if you did so. Even the most courteous interposition of another mind would be likely to break the continuity of my Conditioned Origination. And I dare take no chances—for the Spirit of the tremendous Orizaba has been with me, and this is to be one of my most notable paintings."

"Very good, Professor Arzici. Only one thing I want to request of you—don't flatter me! Don't make me look younger and prettier than I am. You see, it has taken me a long time to put these wrinkles into my face, and they came there honorably, and I don't want them left out."

Professor Arzici bowed. "Not a wrinkle shall be omitted!" he promised solemnly, and went on with his painting.

After a short rest, she resumed her pose.

"The chin a little higher, please. The right hand a little more relaxed. That is good." He painted on.

After a while he began to talk as he painted. "The great Chinese painters of the Sung Dynasty never used a model: they studied their subject until it became a part of the very fibre of their brains, and then re-created from memory. It may be that their theory was correct. Yet I do not know: it is possible that such a technique is not suitable for us who have European blood. I have found that I myself require the slight stimulation of some visible object before me as I paint: the mind alone is not enough."

"It seems reasonable," she said.

"Yet perhaps we ought to transcend reason. Perhaps we ought to do without material aids, and rely solely on the imagination. Its powers, combined with the powers of memory, are limitless. But I regretfully confess that I myself require some starting-point—just as an expert diver requires a springboard from which to leap if he is to execute a swan dive."

Mrs. Morton could scarcely refrain from laughter as there came into her mind the imaginary picture of Professor Arzici, with his great bald head and white beard, poising on a springboard high above the water and about to make a swan dive. But she managed to control herself.

She asked him: "I think you spoke of yourself as a European? You were not born in Mexico?"

"I was born, as one of your greatest English poets, Señor Santayana, says,

'I was born where first the rills of Tagus
Turn to the westward.'

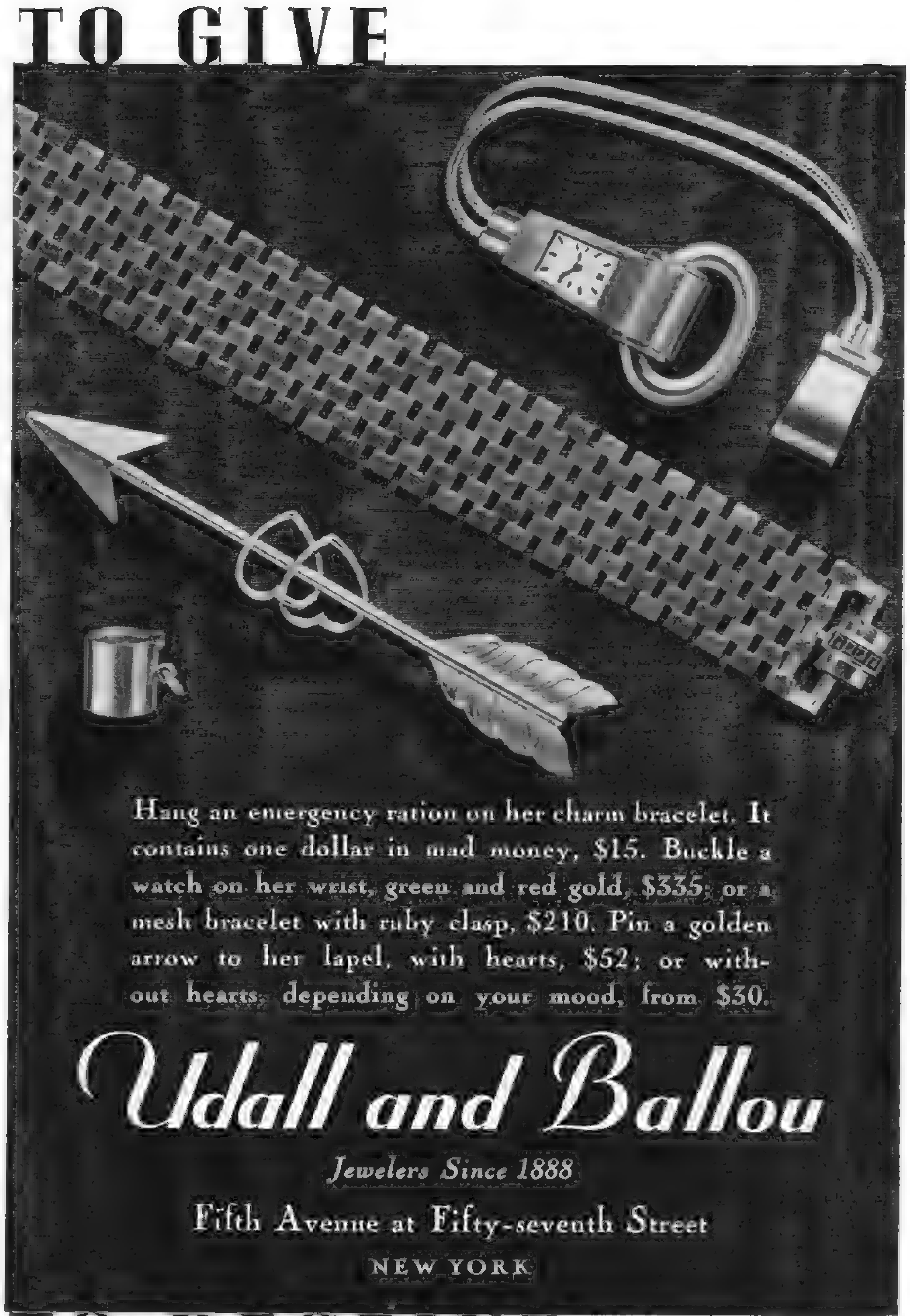
My father was Spanish, my mother was German. He had the blood of Cervantes in his veins: she, that of Goethe. At least, I have been told so—and I will defend that faith at the point of the pistol if any man dares question the fact!"

He was painting prodigiously now. He did not pause for an instant. His palette had become a battle field of paints, where the most improbable hues met in what seemed to Mrs. Morton's eye a chaos. But apparently not a chaos to his eyes: he worked on, steadily, confidently.

At length she said: "May I rest again? I find that I am getting a little tired."

"Gracious Señora! Certainly!" He glanced at the sun, which was now beginning to sink below the tops of the mango trees in the garden. "Yes, it is getting late. We have done enough for today. We will stop. Ah, how I regret

Continued on page 186



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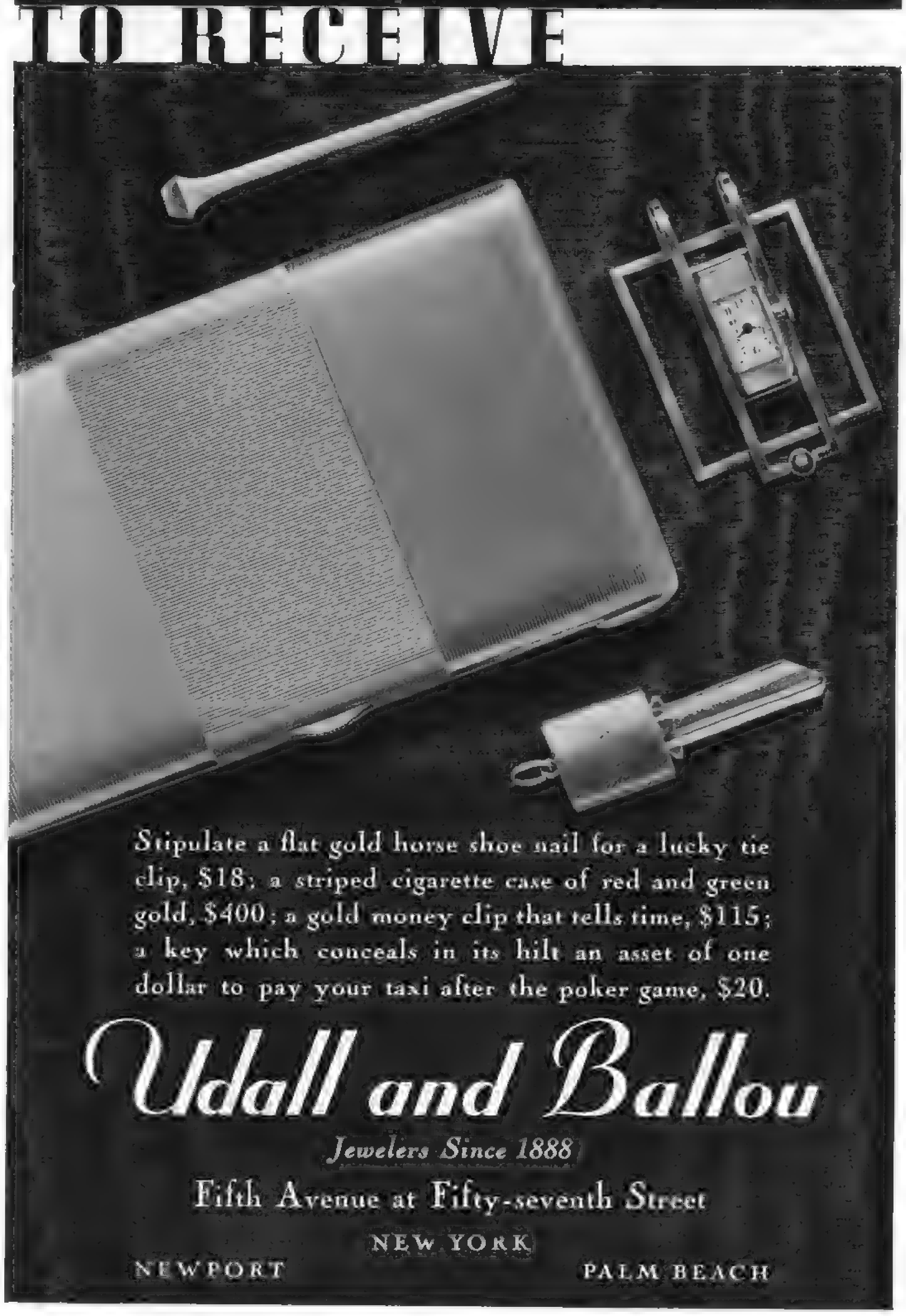

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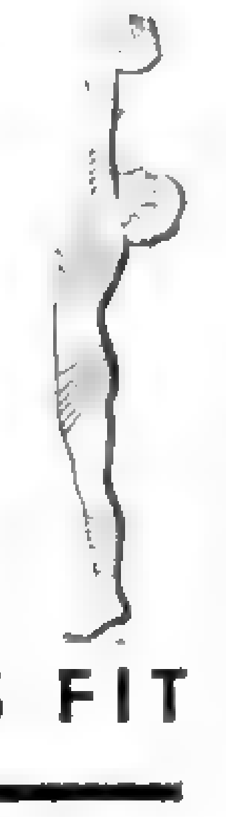

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THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

The Portrait of Mrs. Morton

Continued from pages 116-183-185

the treachery of our mortal sun! I could go on painting for twenty-four more hours: it does not tire me; I grow in strength with each brush-stroke."

He put down his palette and brushes, and turned to look at the garden, the vast lake and the blue mountains.

"Beautiful! Beautiful! Ah, Señora—do you realize that some ladies go rushing about continually from one spot on this spinning planet to another spot on this spinning planet—go rushing about in those detestable motor-cars—while you sit here, washing your soul in the mystery of Creation?"

"Well, maybe they like it," she replied. She had never in her life tried to change the ways of the world; and though she privately disapproved of many of them, she had steadfastly refused to join any of the associations whose purpose was to convert the heathen, or abolish alcohol, or stop bull-fighting in Mexico.

Professor Arzici peered at her. "Of course, you are right. It is not your business, nor mine. . . Now, Señora, have you some closet or some unused room where I may stow away my painting-materials until tomorrow?"

She showed him where to put them. He was careful, in carrying his canvas, to keep its face turned away from her.

"Now," she said, "won't you stay to dinner? I don't dine until seven-thirty, so I will go and rest a little while; but you can sit here and read for the next hour."

"I am happy to accept your kind invitation. But I should prefer to return to my hotel and remove the paint and turpentine from my person; and I shall return at seven-thirty exactly."

He bowed courteously and strode out. She went upstairs. There from her window she watched him as he paused at the gate, filled his huge meerschaum pipe, lighted it, and walked away puffing clouds of smoke into the tranquil air of Chapala.

"A real volcano!" she thought. She was having a very amusing time with this odd creature.

When he returned, Mrs. Morton found his company at dinner extremely pleasant. She noted with approval that Professor Arzici ate with a fine appetite, and drank a goodly portion of the bottle of sound Burgundy which she had provided for him. It was an agreeable sight for a hostess to see a man who relished the food and drink that was offered him. And she also noted with approval that his table-manners were fastidious and neat.

After dinner, when they went into the living room, she called his attention to her prized possession, the great silver and amethyst cross which the former Secretary of War, General Hernando Gonzales, had presented to her.

Professor Arzici examined the cross with careful scrutiny. Then he put it back onto its pedestal.

"I am sorry to say that I do not care for it."

She was surprised. "Why not? It is an authentic old piece, isn't it?"

"Unquestionably. Indeed, nothing finer of its kind exists. Of course, I recognize it: I am not so ignorant as to be unaware that it is the famous amethyst cross which was presented in 1549 to the first Archbishop of Mexico by the Pope, and which was stolen by General Hernando Gonzales from the National Museum on January 11, of last year. You are not afraid to keep it?"

"No," she said.

"Nor would I be. We will now proceed to more important considerations. The reason why I do not like the cross is as follows: The theory is wrong. No design based on the rectilinear system can achieve perfection. It is not possible to create a satisfactory work of art with the aid of rectilinear principles. Nothing in Nature is straight: everything is curved. From the great globe of the earth itself down to the tiniest drop of water, all objects partake more or less of the principle of the circle. Nature does not employ either the straight line or the wheel: both are unfortunate inventions of man. If man had not invented the straight line, out of the more wicked part of his nature, the loathsome skyscrapers of New York could never have been built, and rifles and artillery could never have been constructed."

"There is something quite charming," she said, "in the thought of an army rifle shaped like a half-circle, that would shoot its user accurately in the pit of the stomach. Why don't you invent that?"

He disregarded her frivolous interruption. "And the wheel—if man had not invented that, out of even more poisonous depths of his spiritual ignominy, there would be no traffic, no machines, no modern social degradation. The straight line and the wheel come directly from Hell.

"Curvilinear Perspective," he went on, "which I have invented, will doubtless change the present situation. All perspectives must be based on curves, not straight lines, if human life is to be in harmony with nature. There are no straight lines."

Mrs. Morton began to object. Suddenly she had a bright idea. "But Professor Arzici, how about the straight lines of a rock-crystal? Surely those are perfectly straight lines—and they are in Nature. You can't deny that!"

"Ah, my dear lady! With your customary penetration of intellect, you have at once hit upon the one apparent exception in Nature to my Law of Curvilinear Space! But the exception is only apparent, not real. You see, the angular meeting-point of the

Continued on page 189

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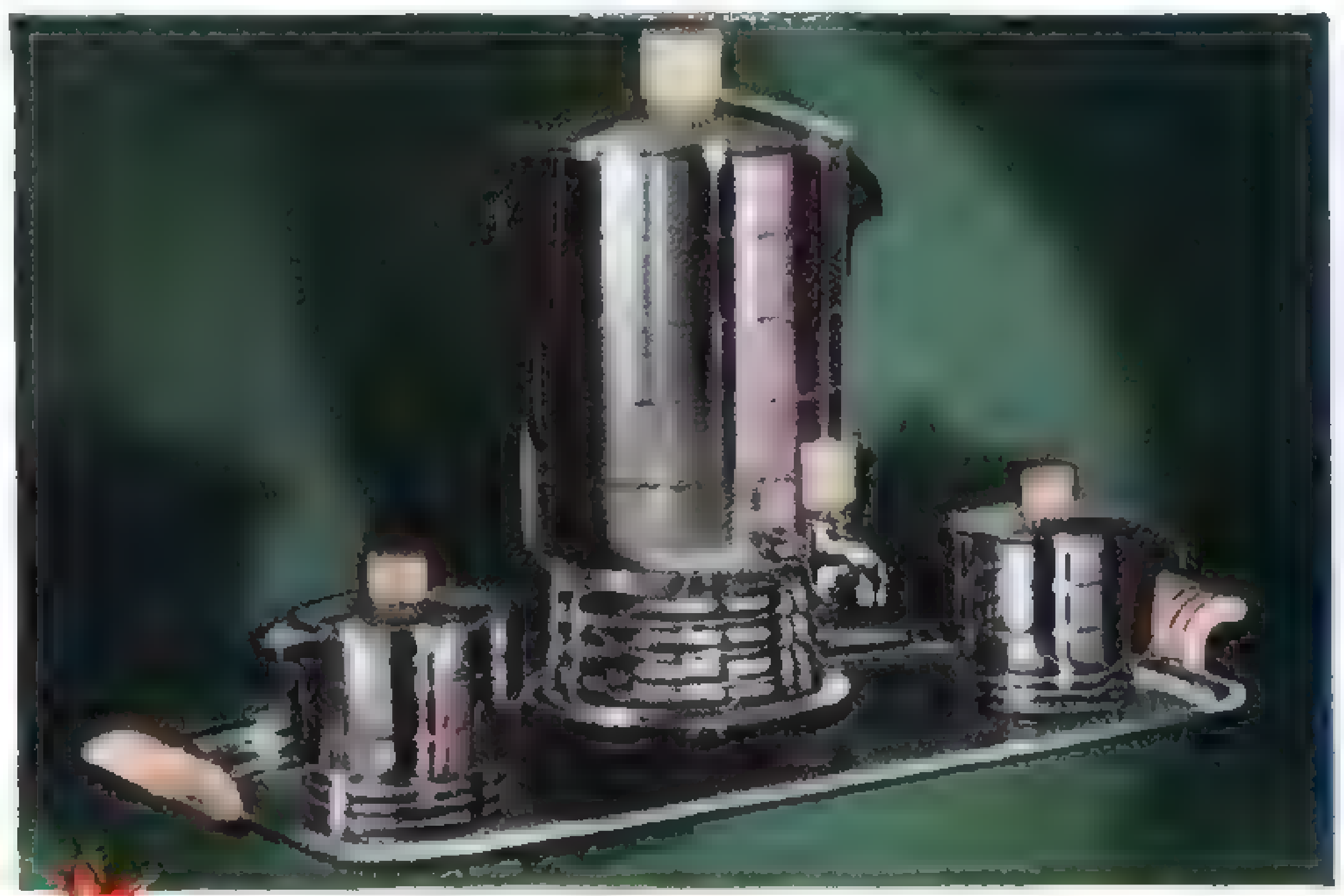

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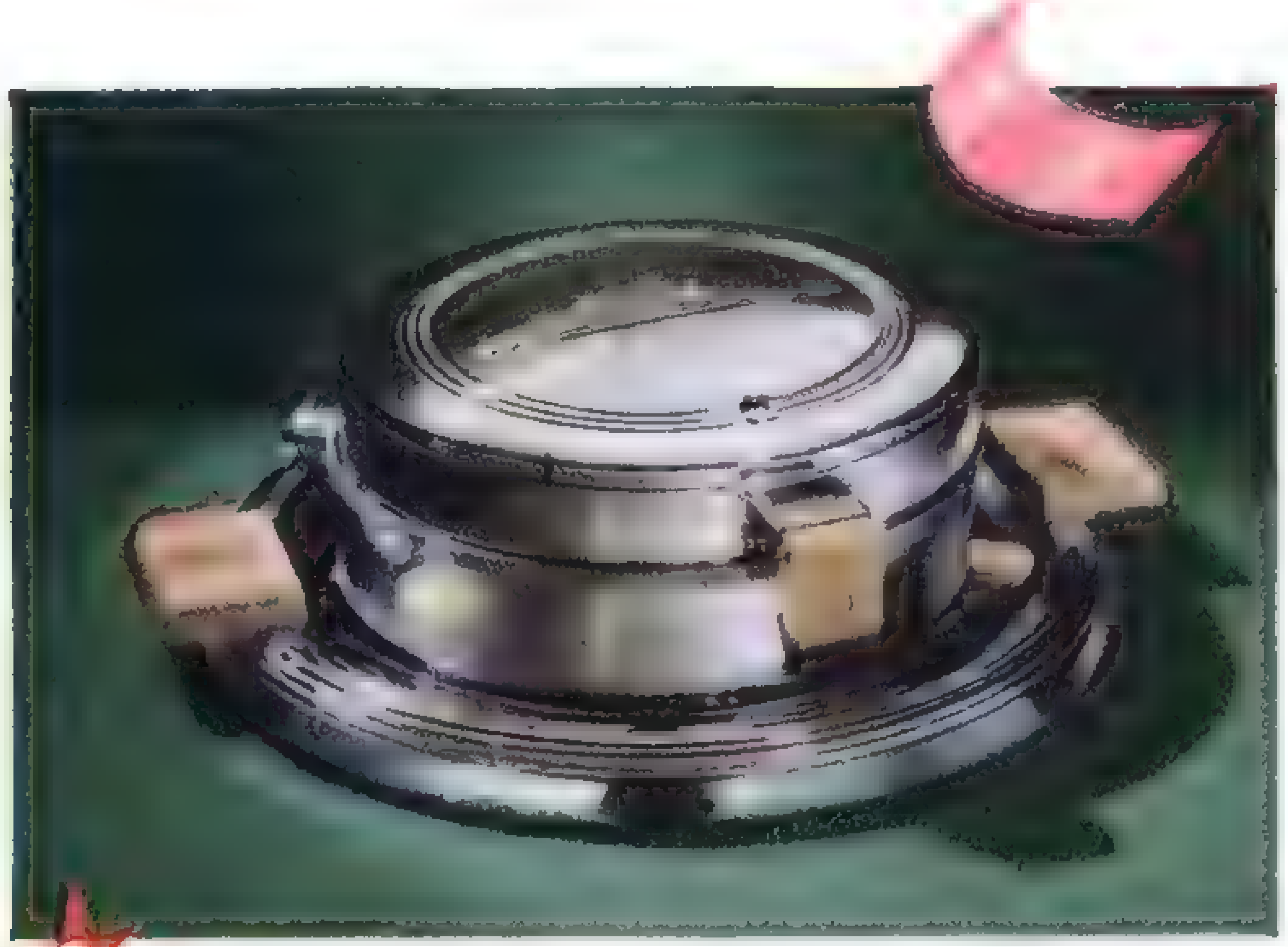

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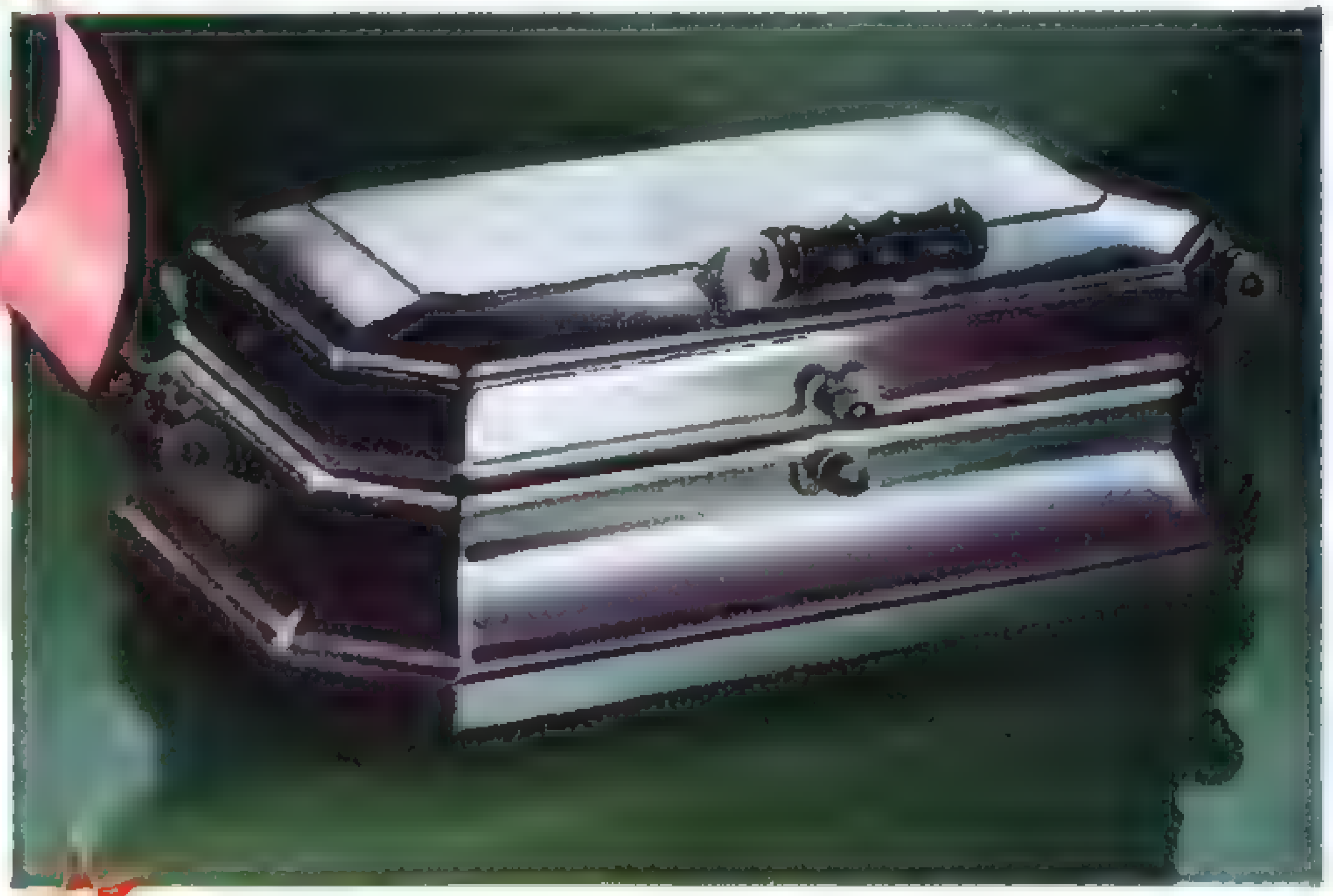
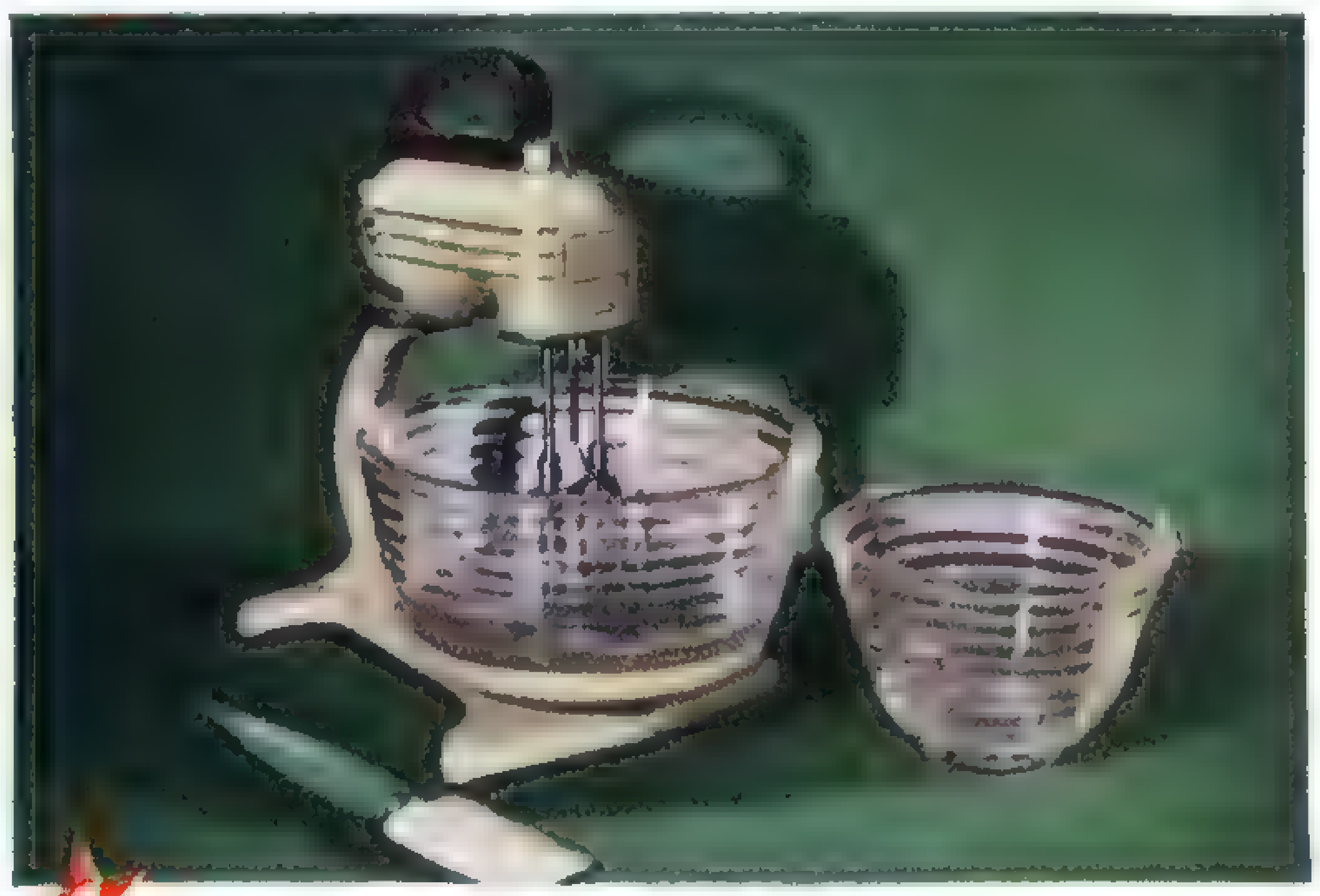
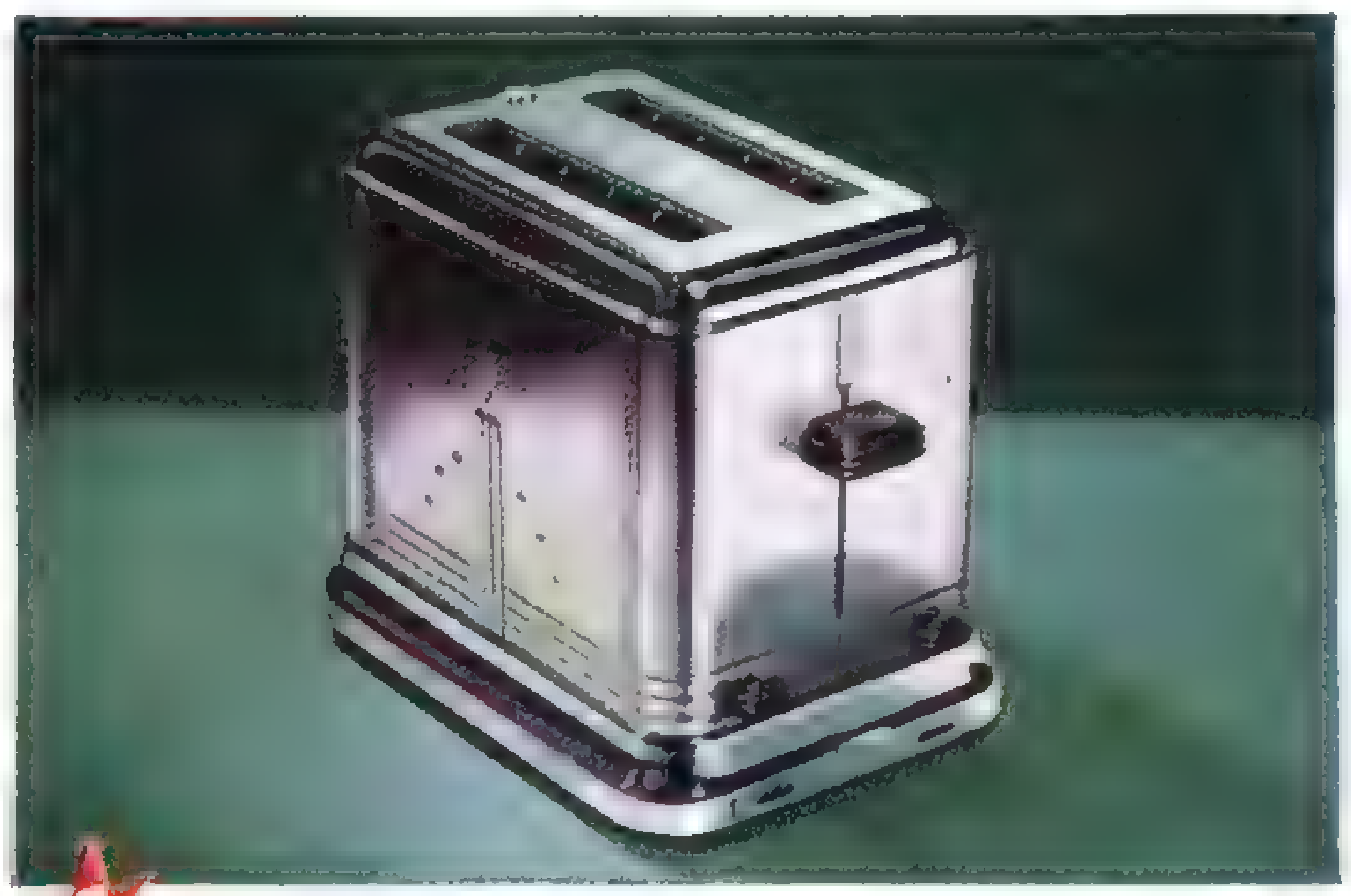


3 *Gem Box Cooker.* $6.95 (Waffle grids at slight extra cost).



4 *New Portable Mixer.* $18.75 (Juice extractor $2.75 additional. Other accessories at slight extra cost).



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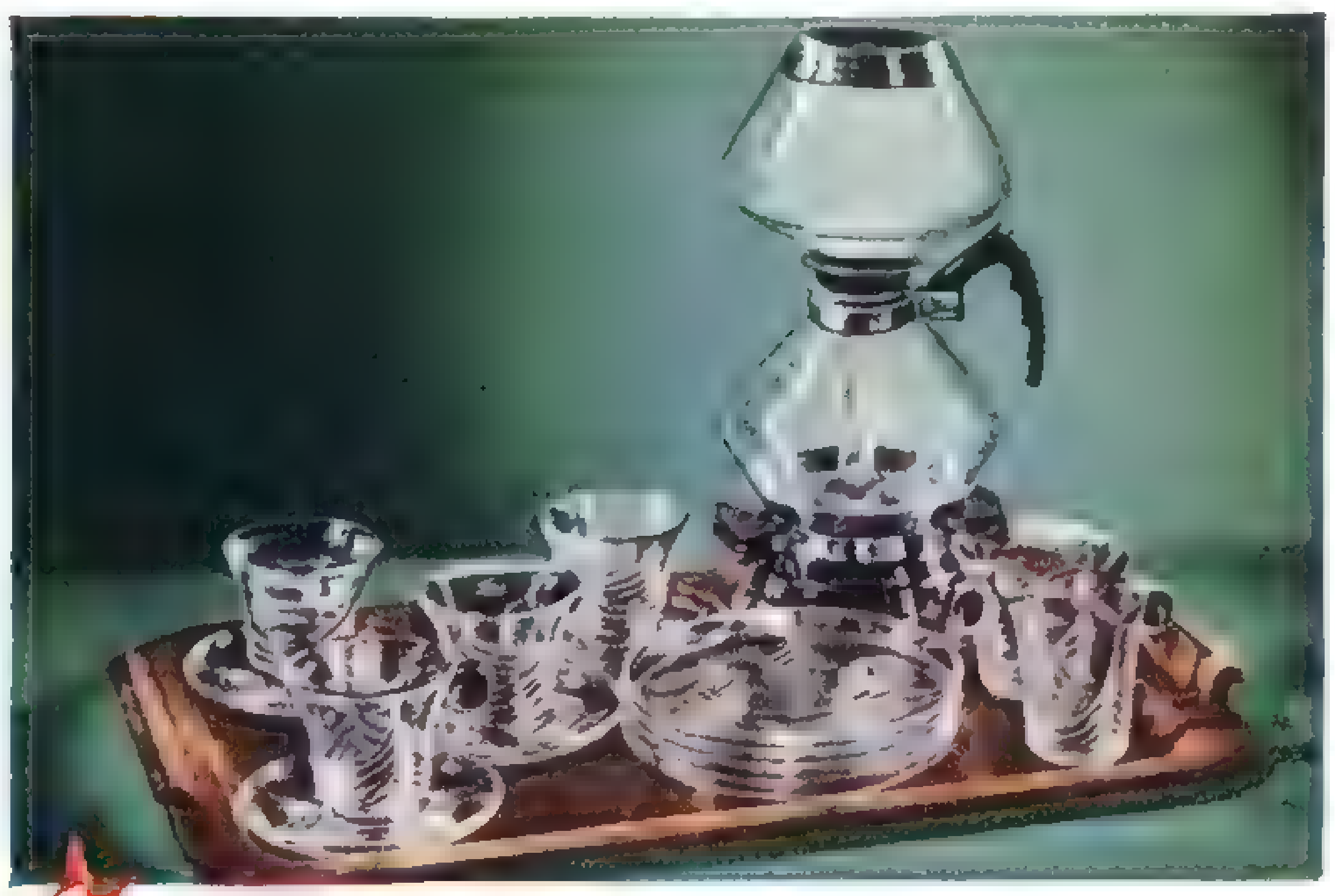

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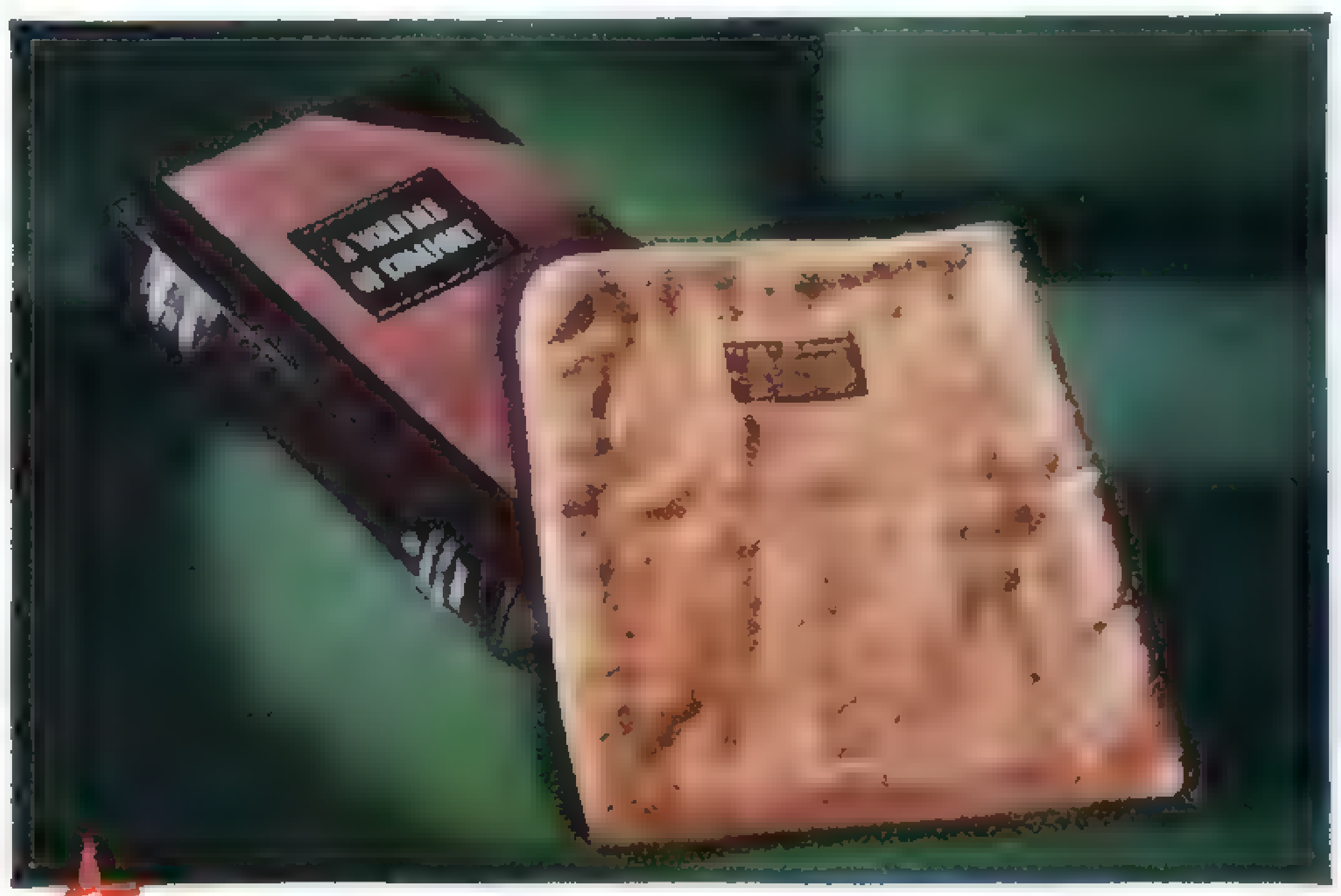

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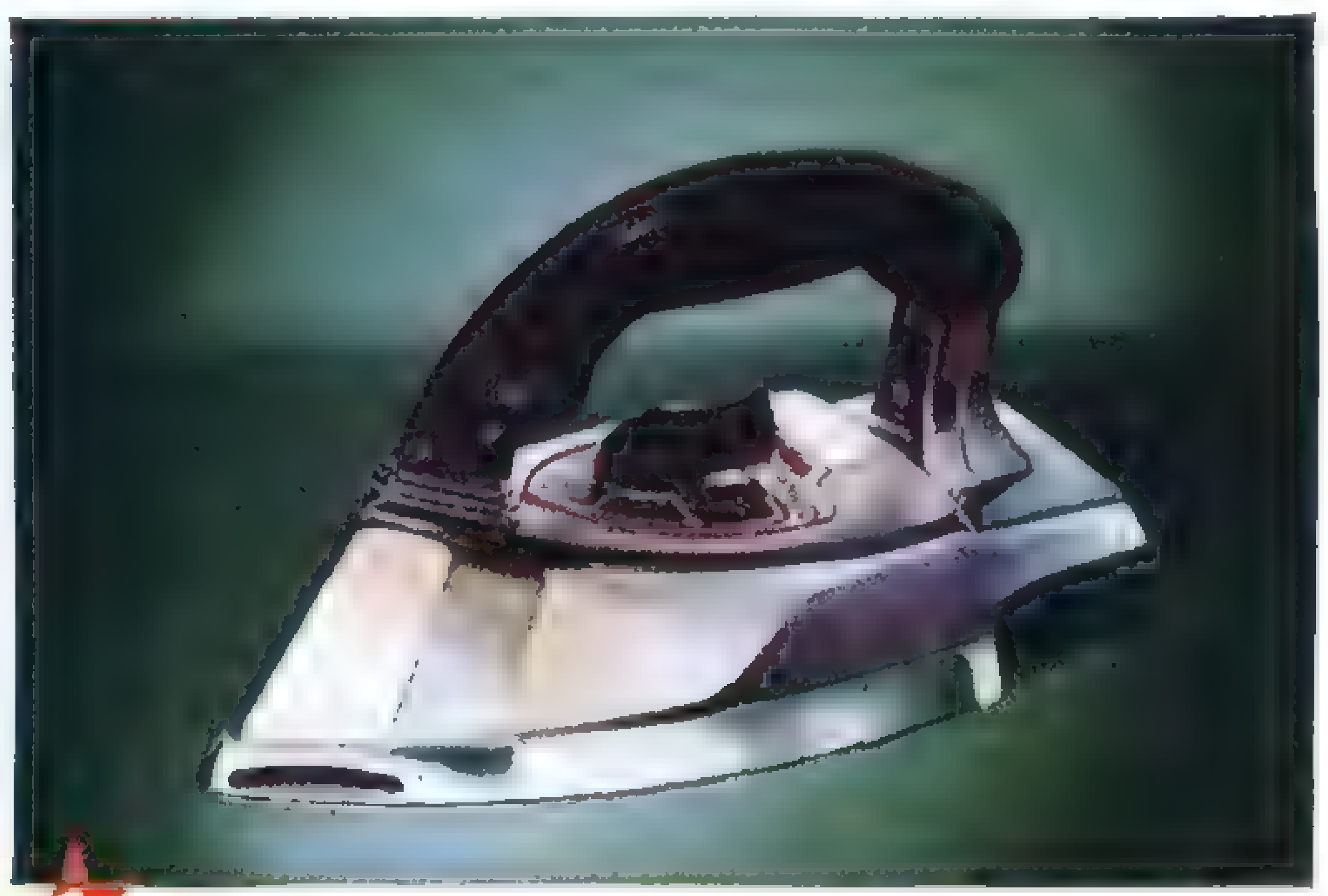

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The Portrait of Mrs. Morton

Continued from pages 116-183-185-186

planes of the crystal is subject to inconceivable internal strains. I have calculated that the internal molecular pressure there must be about nine and a half billion tons per square centimetre—a pressure much higher than that released by the explosion of dynamite. This static pressure produces a curvature of the straight lines of the crystal. Our human instruments of precision are not delicate enough to measure or even to detect this curvature—but it is there. It is readily perceptible to the imaginative faculties."

"Really!" she said. There was no downing this old fellow.

"Yes, such are the mysterious facts. When I was younger and utterly ignorant and understood nothing of importance—and so was, naturally, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Salamanca—I did not grasp this idea. But now it seems very obvious."

"Oh, so that is what you are Professor of!"

"Far from it! I have conferred my title on myself: I do not derive it from the University of Salamanca. I am 'Professor of the Theory and Practice of Curvilinear Perspective.' I conferred this title on myself after three days of meditation at the foot of Orizaba. And when you see my paintings, you will grant the justice of my claim to the title. All my pictures employ a perspective that is a series of concentric or inter-locking circles—so that the design is held together in a firm geometric pattern that is little less solid and organic than the structure of the universe itself."

She could not understand a word of this, and tried to turn his thoughts to more concrete topics.

"You speak of Orizaba. I understand that you have painted a great deal around the base of that volcano."

His face lighted up. "Ah, that majestic mountain! The most imposing and awe-inspiring peak on the face of the planet! Yes, I try to take several months in each year for a period of painting in that rich tropical region. The forests there are jungles, the streams are liquid crystal, the nightingales sing all night long like insane angels. I go to the town of Orizaba, buy me a small patient burro, pack my painting-materials and some food into several heavy canvas bags, and load them onto my little four-footed friend. Then I put on a ragged shirt and a pair of old trousers, and set out into the wild mountains. Sometimes I do not see a living soul for weeks at a time. Some days I paint from dawn until dusk; on other days, I do not touch a brush, but merely contemplate some aspect of the mighty mountain until it becomes a part of me and I become a part of it. In all my paintings, I try to depict not the physical but the spiritual reality of the mountain. Once in a while I come to a little village, and stay a day or two with the natives, and replenish my food supply. But mostly I live alone with the Spirit of the Mountain."

Mrs. Morton asked: "I have heard that the natives of that region are almost unchanged since the days of the Conquest, and that they are very unfriendly to strangers."

"Yes—but not to me. They regard me as crazy, and therefore sacred to the old Aztec gods."

In the course of the evening, she showed him her daughter's portrait of Clara, her grave Madonna-faced cook.

"I like it very much," he said meditatively after examining it for several minutes. "Your daughter is a very gifted painter. But this work suffers from the defects and limitations that are inevitable in every portrait that is done in the Empirical Formula."

"What is the Empirical Formula?"

"It is the method that has been used by all portrait-painters of the past—that of the depiction of an observed physical reality. At its best it can result in a mere likeness—as we see in Titian and Rembrandt. Of course your English portrait-painters are beneath contempt: Gainsborough and Reynolds should have earned a more honest living by being ploughboys instead of toadying to the vanity of the aristocracy. But even for serious painters, the path has been difficult—until I discovered, by chance, the secret of the Subliminal Formula."

"Could you tell me anything about this Formula?" She was a little annoyed by his remarks about the immortal Sir Joshua, but she concealed the fact.

"No, Señora, not in a few words. But when you see my portrait of yourself, where I am applying the Subliminal Formula with the utmost rigor, you will be able to judge of its efficacy." He beamed upon her. "You will then know that you have not been wasting your time in idle prattle with an old idiot." He chuckled. "In Mexico City, some people call me 'the Crazy Old Mountain that Smokes!' Have I your permission to light my pipe?"

"Certainly. Why didn't you do so earlier? I like the smell of a pipe. I detest the smell of cigarettes."

He produced his enormous curved meerschaum pipe, charged it with tobacco, and began to puff with satisfaction. "Quite correct! Quite correct! I would have expected nothing different from you. The pipe and the cigarette illustrate, in convenient fashion, the Law of the Contrasted Maxima and Trivia. The Maxima, in whatever form they occur, are always tranquillizing; the Trivia are always destructive of the long rhythms of composure: the one uplifts, the other degrades: the one widens, the other narrows. Our customs in this matter are

Continued on page 190

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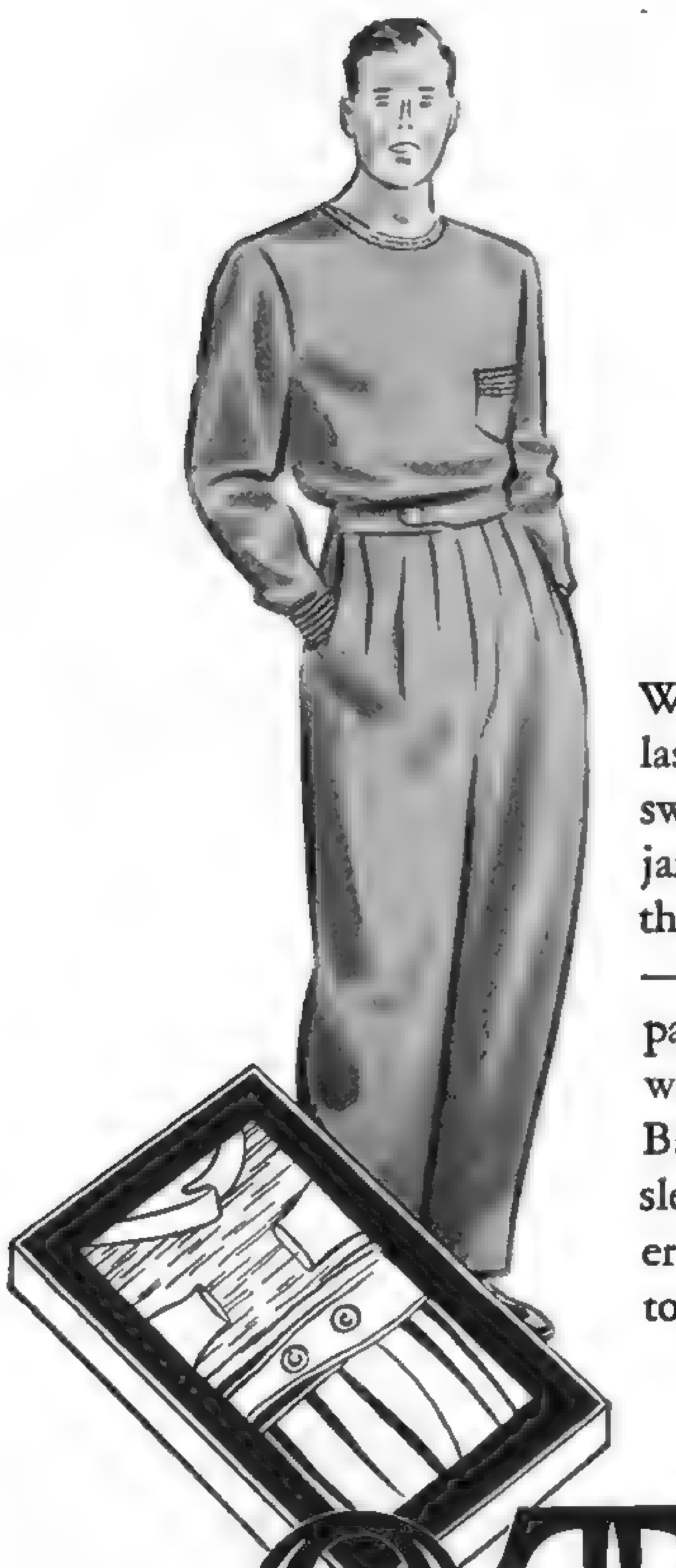

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The Portrait of Mrs. Morton

Continued from pages 116-183-185-186-189

very unfortunate; but I am planning to correct this, and I shall write a book next year, in which I shall explain how desirable it is that ladies, also, should smoke pipes and not cigarettes. And when that change in fashion has taken place, it will be my pleasure to send you a meerschaum pipe, made according to my own design by that great craftsman, Hans Schmidt of Leipzig, who understands my theories and does exquisite work. You see, each individual requires a different form of pipe, and it takes considerable skill to determine which type of pipe is suitable in any given case. But after my study of you this afternoon, I am aware of the rhythm of your personality—and I could sit down at this moment and design exactly the correct pipe for you. But it is now late, I fear, and I must go away, in order that both you and I may be at our best when I return tomorrow morning to continue with our great collaboration. I will design your pipe some other time."

She shook hands with him cordially, and he went lumbering out into the night. Was he completely crazy or wasn't he? she wondered as she went to bed. At any rate, she was enjoying the episode. To use the phrases she had heard American tourists use, he might be a "nut," but he wasn't a "bad egg."

Next day he came in, brisk, sparkling, full of the energy of a creative artist or a madman—she did not know which. He set up his easel and began at once to paint.

"It does not matter much today," he said, "whether you pose or not. Today I shall be occupied chiefly with abstract problems that have little to do with the likeness. Attend to your gardening; do whatever you like; but come back once in a while and relax in that chair for a few moments. That is all I require today. Tomorrow I shall be more exacting."

At the end of the morning, she invited him to take luncheon with her. He declined courteously, saying that he never ate at noon, and continued with his painting.

When evening came, and he was putting away his painting materials, she invited him to stay to dinner. Again he declined, in simple terms—

"Señora, nothing would give me greater pleasure—but I must consider my duty to my picture. I have been burning up my very soul in my work this afternoon, and I must to go my room and take a simple supper of bread and cheese and beer, and sleep. Tomorrow comes the crisis."

She understood perfectly, and offered no objection.

On the third day, he was as exacting as he had foretold. He fussed about the way the folds of her dress were affected by the wind—about the posture of her head—about the vile commercial paints he was obliged to use. She saw that he was in a state of high nervous tension, and was very gentle in her remarks. He worked on, furiously. She could see that he was almost exhausted by the strain of his effort.

Sunset was not far away. She noted that it would be upon them within half an hour. Then he could paint no more. She was glad, for she felt it might be dangerous for him to continue much longer.

Suddenly his face glowed with an inner light. He stepped back, and for a long moment stared at his picture. Then he said:

"Señora, your portrait is finished, and it is my masterpiece. I hereby have the honor of asking you to accept it as a token of my esteem. Wait until I sign it: then you may look at it."

He signed it, and put down his palette and brushes. She, rather weary herself, went forward to look at her portrait.

She had been prepared for any horror of distortion or flattery of her face—but not for the surprise of what she now saw. She was shocked by astonishment as she took her first glance at the picture. It was not a portrait at all; it was not the representation of a face or a figure: it was the painting of a landscape.

It was a picture of the green countryside of the England that she had known in her youth. In the foreground was a meadow bounded by trim hedges, and beyond that a winding country road. Then came clumps of trees —majestic oaks and chestnuts surrounding and almost hiding a small cottage of ancient stone. And beyond that rose the hills, ascending in gentle slopes over which she had walked so many a time in the loneliness and mystery of her girlhood. And far away towered a vague blue mountain that was wholly a mystery.

Her astonishment gave way to the feeling that this was an extremely beautiful picture. It was a perfect representation of the land of her first twenty years. It was charged with the vague and deep emotion of those years—with peace and wonder and summer lights—a tranquil land, wholly different from this volcanic Mexico. She had an uncomfortable feeling of violated privacy as she realized how much this stranger knew about her and her homeland.

Suddenly her emotions shifted into indignation.

"So that is what you call my portrait, is it?"

He smiled. "Yes!"

"So I've been wasting my time, posing here, while you just painted a landscape out of your imagination?"

"No, Señora, you have not been wasting your time. I could not have done it without the inspiration of your face."

There was a tone of sincerity and of suppressed emotion in his voice that made her anger fade away.

"Yes, I understand," she said. She did not understand in the least—but she was aware that the exalted beauty of the picture made it a thing about which one should not bicker. "Have you been much in England?"

"I took my Doctor's degree at Cambridge. During the Long Vacations I used to walk all over England. Does the picture please you?"

"Yes, it is very beautiful," she said wearily. "Very beautiful."

"And now that it is finished," Professor Arzici said as he lighted his pipe, "have I your permission to come tomorrow, and for the next three days paint a picture of your garden?"

"Certainly. I shall be honored to have you do so," she said perfunctorily.

"Thank you, Señora."

He departed, perfectly happy, puffing his pipe. She went to bed, perfectly miserable. She felt that, in spite of the beauty of the picture, she had been made a fool of by this madman. Well, it served her right. She should have known from the start that he was crazy.

She scarcely saw him during the next three days. He came in and out like a ghost. Once she heard a shout from the garden, and looked out of her window to see the descendant of Cervantes and of Gothe dancing like a little boy around his easel. She was disgusted, and turned away.

At the end of the third day, he came up onto the terrace where she was reading. He was carrying his canvas. He spoke to her very gravely.

"Señora, my picture of your garden is finished. Would you care to see it?"

"Certainly, Professor Arzici. I hope you have had a nice time doing it."

"I have!"

He shifted to his right hand the canvas which he had been holding behind his back, and put it down on the chair before her so that it faced her.

She stared at it, astonished.

The painting had nothing whatsoever to do with her garden. It was a full-sized portrait of herself.

There she sat in the picture, a quiet figure against a background of golden sunset clouds. The face was composed, thoughtful, alive with an internal life—looking out into infinity with a faint smile hovering on the lips, the smile of one who in the twilight of old age is remembering happy things of the noonday. Her hands were folded in her lap: they were strong, old hands, expressive in some magical way of perfect peace.

She realized very quickly that this was more than a picture: it was an interpretation and a hymn. It was a celebration of the dignity of old age and of the tragic human spirit whose dealings with the flesh are so difficult but whose ultimate downfall is not always ignoble or ignominious.

She grew dizzy with the sense of her own eighty-year-old beauty: she forgot herself as she looked at the picture, and lost herself in its implications. Tears came into her eyes. Was she indeed like this? Was this grave compassionate face indeed her own? Had the long erosion of the years actually molded the blank lineaments of her girlhood into so noble looking a person? Did light still shine out of her eyes?

Arzici had kept his promise not to omit one wrinkle: this was unmistakably the portrait of a woman of eighty. Yet if it were true that she really looked like this, she was a finer person than she supposed herself to be, and her effort to achieve spiritual strength and purgation had not failed.

Professor Arzici was watching her intently. When she turned to him, she saw that his eyes blazed with joy as he noted the expression on her face.

"Ah!" he said, "so the crazy old fool Professor Arzici is beginning to learn how to paint, is he!"

He came across the terrace to her, bent low, and kissed her hand. She was weeping.

In a moment she recovered her composure. "Thank you, Professor Arzici," she said.

"Thank you, gracious Señora!" he said, and took out his meerschaum pipe.

They sat down in silence. He relaxed completely, and began to puff vast clouds of smoke into the air. He was, for the moment, content. And so was she. A great event had happened in both their lives: he had achieved a masterpiece, and she had received a revivifying impression of her own spiritual integrity.

Presently he arose, and turned the portrait so that she could see it a little more clearly. "Permit me, Señora, to have the honor of presenting to you my picture of your garden!"

"I thank you." She could say nothing more.

They sat for a long time in silence. At last Mrs. Morton's mood changed, and she felt the need of breaking the emotional tension.

"So that's the way you paint, is it? Always painting what is around the corner? You old cheater!"

He smiled. "Yes. That is the Subliminal Formula. The far is the near, the unreal is the real, the invisible is the visible."

She laughed. "And the utmost lunacy is the height of sanity?"

"Precisely!" said Professor Arzici, puffing at his pipe. "I could not have expressed the matter better myself."

After a little while, he gathered up his painting materials, loaded himself down with them, gravely shook hands with Mrs. Morton, and departed.

Next day she wrote to her daughter in Mexico City: "Dear Mary: The portrait is wonderful. Send me some more madmen: I like them." ⧻

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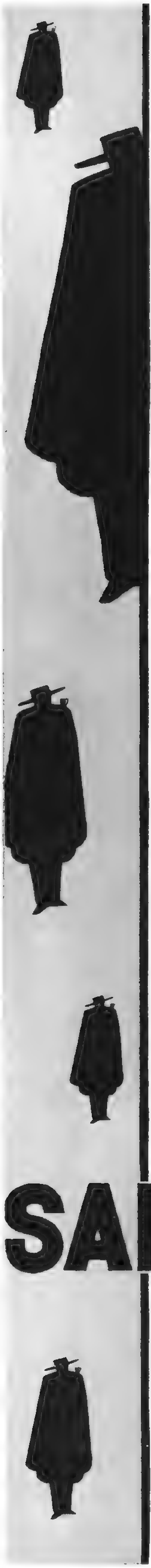

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Tale of the Black Pig

Continued from page 75

he wouldn't leave the palace till she gave him enough money to start relief works around Rossmore. Now the Queen wasn't a gripe and there are some says she was very flohool, but she was a careful woman, and forbye she had a long family to provide for. So she argued about the point for a long time, but at last she gave him enough money to build a light railway from Rossmore to Killdangan Sound and a fish-curing station and a new pier, and a lot of steam-rolled roads."

"What did Mr. Balfour think really caused the fever, Bridget?"

"Well, agrah, he owned up to Queen Victoria, the same as he had owned up to the others, that his brains was bothered trying to find out whether the fever was caused by the blighted potatoes or by dint of the tinkers and the militiamen having ate a pig that died of the dancing staggers after biting a Christian."

"I want to have a look at the light railway to Killdangan Sound for the building of which some people say I am indirectly responsible," I said.

"Well, you won't see it no more, because it was stole by thieving blackguards it was."

"Stolen, Bridget? A railway stolen?"

"Aye, stole it was, sure enough, agrah. 'Twas for many years used only for carrying load of periwinkles and cockles and cranuc and bornucs and rabbits for the quality in Dublin. And then at last the railway stopped running altogether, and the farmers tore up the rails and sleepers for fences and fires. My man, Darby Donnellan, stole the signal box, and made two ass carts out of it. Queen Victoria went lepping mad about it, and gave a bit of her mind about it in the House of Commons to Jimmy McGloin, the M.P., him that had his letters took away. And she says to him, says she, banging her gold crown on the table, 'I think, Mr. McGloin, 'tis a dirty shame after all the money I lost on that same railway, to have it stole by a griping lot of con-acre farmers and by that dirty porter shark, Darby Donnellan.' But, look, agrah, here's my Rosaneen. That's the girleen you met, and you coming along here. And look! 'Tis in her bare feet she is too, and her shoes and stockings undher her oxther the ways of the mountainy girls. They always sit down on the side of the road and them after leaving Rossmore town, and they takes off their shoes, fearing them mountainy roads would spoil them. Rosaneen, is a wise, careful, saving colleen, God bless her."

The girl whom I had seen passing through Rossmore earlier in the day, was walking briskly up the steep bohreen. Tall, dark-haired and dark-skinned, she was dressed in a frock of faded red homespun, barely reaching her knees. She was hatless and a small plaid shawl was thrown carelessly over her shoulders. Though she was barefooted, she stepped nimbly along the rough rocky track, carrying her shoes under her left arm. As she approached nearer, I noticed that, apparently as a result of crouching over turf fires, her shapely legs were mottled from knees to shins with irregular rhomboidal purple patterns like the spiral markings of a mackerel or the stratification of cirrus-cumulus clouds.

She was within a few yards of the door when she stubbed her big toe against a sharp projecting stone. Letting the shoes drop, and grimacing with pain, she hopped around on one foot for a minute, all the while nursing the injured toe in her right hand.

Mrs. Donnellan rushed out, and clasped her in her arms.

"Is my Rosheen dhu, me lannah og macushla machree, hurted?" she crooned.

"I'm not hurted, ma, agrasheen," said Rosanna stoically, as she extricated herself from her mother's embrace. "And, anyways, thanks be to God 'twas my big toe got that, and not my grand new shoes."

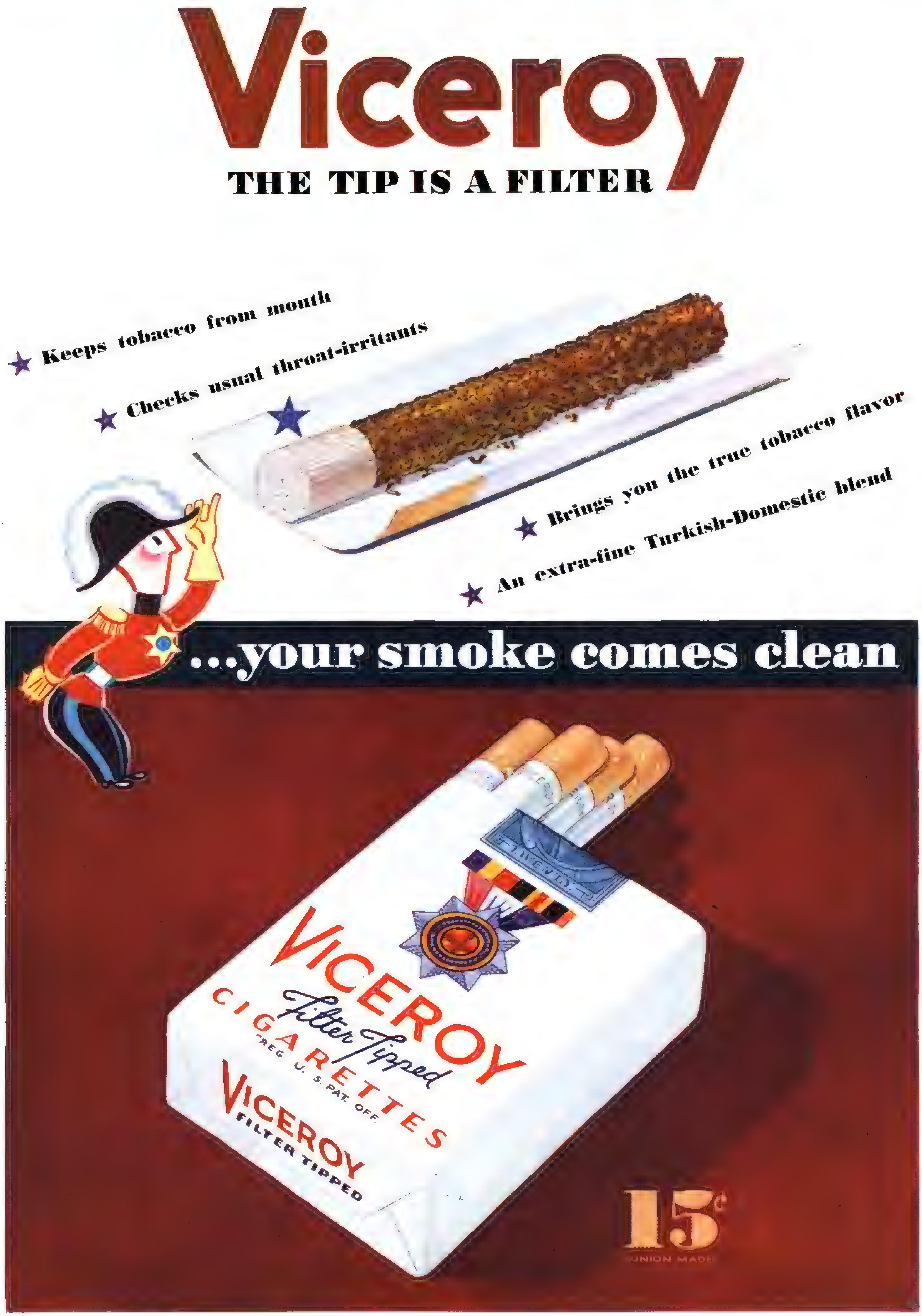
Picking up her shoes, she limped into the cottage, squatted on a creepie close to the turf fire, and nursed her toe again.

"There's a porter-dance tonight at the Palays Dee Dance ma, agrah," she said while she levelled at me a chilly detached glance. "Jimmy McGloin is giving a half-barrel, and Thomasheen Mike O'Grady Mor another. It'll be nearly all jazz, but they want me to give an Irish jig, and me old da, if the I.R.A. doesn't get hold of him for him to have robbed the mail the other day, is to play the tune for me. But he is drinking in Jimmy McGloin's now with some penny poet from Dublin, and he'll be that parlatic before night he won't be able to draw a screech from the old fiddle. And I'm afeared the I.R.A. will get him before night, so I want you to go along ma, and bring him home at once. He's freckened of your tongue, but 'tis only how he'd give me a clout on the lug and me to try to put sense into him."

"The dirty blackguard! Leave him to me, Rosaneen, agrah. And if the I.R.A. haven't landed him, they'll get him later. Well, let you be making a cup of tea for this grand gentleman all the ways from America. He is a son of the old doctor's (God rest his soul!). And he has just come back from foreign parts to see the old country."

A look of dawning interest supplanted the expression of cold indifference in Rosanna's dark, lustrous eyes.

"Oh! you're the man that the pig half ate alive and you a gosoor—are you?"



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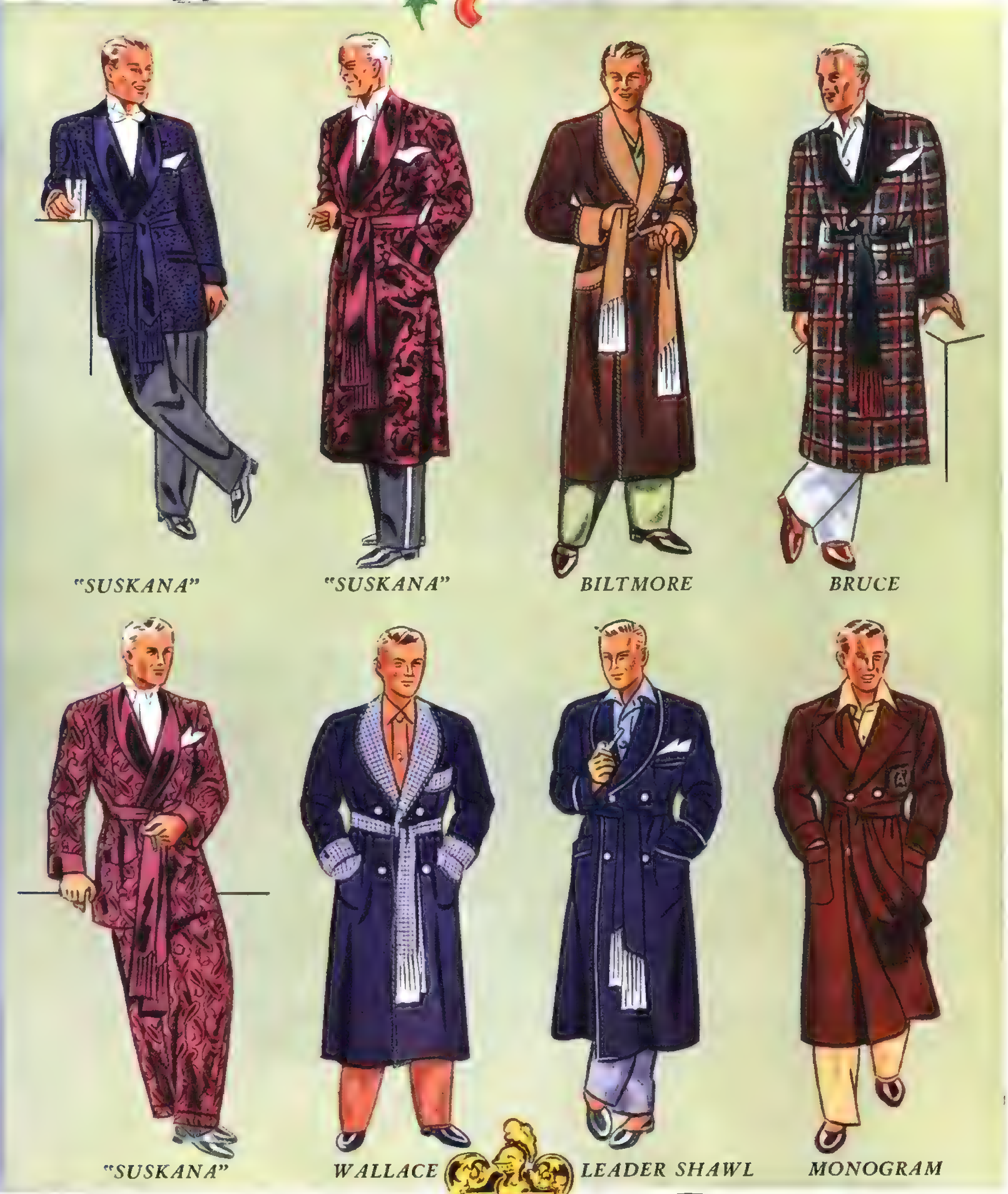

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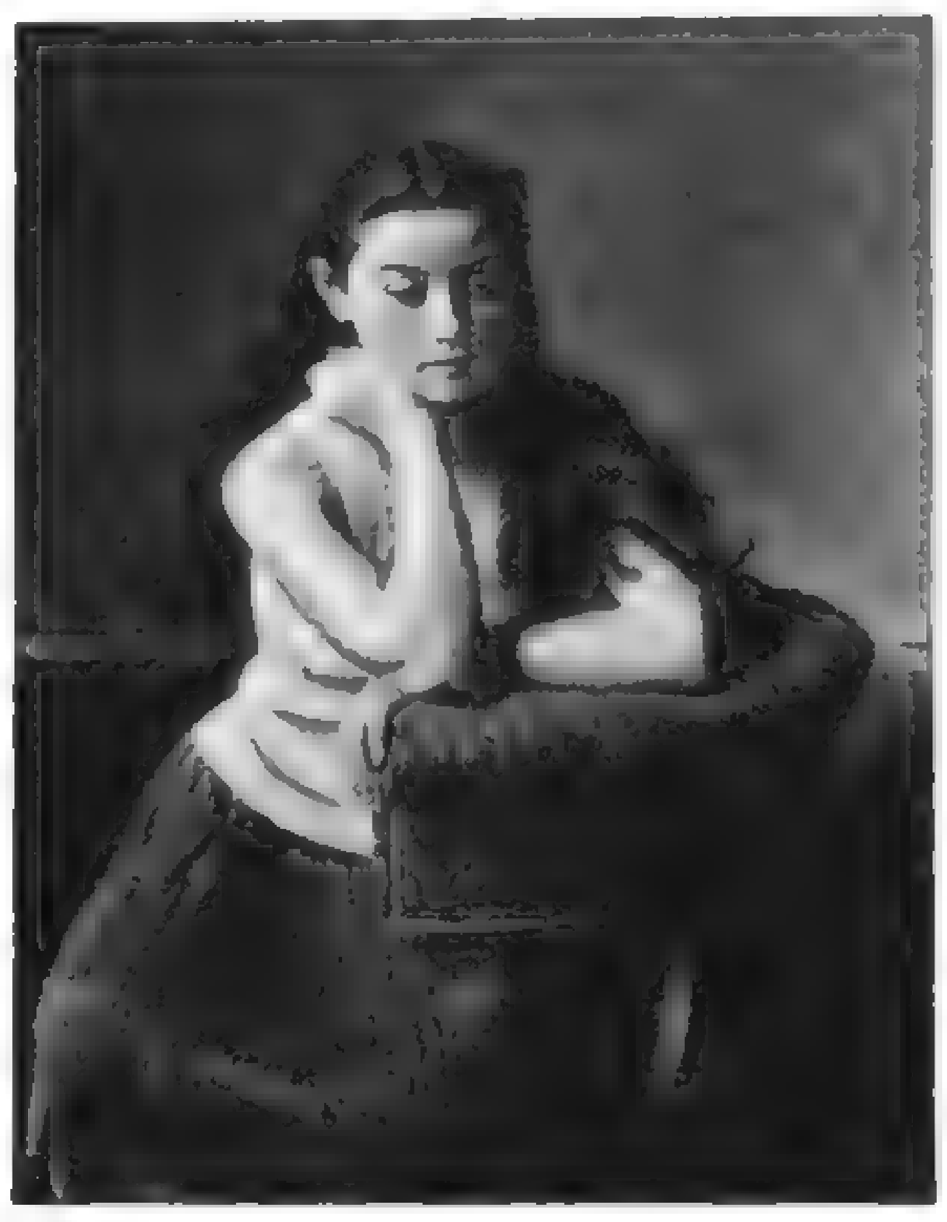
Big American: Speicher

Continued from page 73

Velásquez, who was a court painter, and not Goya, who was also, among other things, a court painter, but one who told on the court. Speicher has the healthy man's aversion to analysis and explanation, for when I asked him why he painted certain women and not others, he replied: "I either react or I don't. I am a simple man, not given to analysis or ratiocination or complicated explanation."

There is one important sense in which Speicher is not a fashionable portrait painter. Resemblance of the painting to the person is neither his chief nor his exclusive purpose, although it is achieved, incidentally. Dowagers would be grateful to a painter intent on something other than a resemblance, but Speicher's aim is not, necessarily, to flatter. To him the model is not something to be copied—he calls that the Academician's idea of portrait painting—but a point of departure and a point of reference. He puts it this way:



ANNA

"When I begin painting the model is alive and the blank canvas dead. Once I've started and got the idea on canvas, the canvas becomes imbued with life and the model is . . . not dead, but something to refer to. Every true picture is an invention with a life of its own. When I put my painting of a flowerpiece next to the flower itself both must be alive."

Speicher wants to produce portraits that are paintings and that will stand as paintings, not portraits that will stand as subtly flattering resemblances.

On what basis, I asked the painter who habitually refuses portrait commissions, would he undertake to paint a person on commission?

Only, Speicher replied, if the picture he could see in that person as well as the person interested him. When the painting is finished, the sitter may or may not buy it. If it isn't satisfactory to Speicher, it won't be offered for sale, for even if the sitter finds the canvas acceptable, his right to purchase may be cancelled by the painter's unwillingness to allow this portrait to represent him. In other words, the commissioned portrait must go through the same gauntlet that any other painting has to survive. Exhibiting only once in five years Speicher does not show everything that he does. He wants to show only the ore mined from the mountain, not the whole mountain. The men and women whom he likes to portray are not those who can afford to buy pictures, although up to 1926 he suited his convenience to his commissions. Now, as a rule, he prefers women to men and, among women, professional models to dowagers. Recently, he tells me, he has discovered his happiest sitters among Martha Graham's dancing pupils, because they have rhythm, rhythm even in repose.

Except for these, Speicher has found most of his models in Woodstock, that little village in New York State which visitors call artists' colony and of which Speicher is one of the most substantial citizens, rating next to the undertaker and the butcher. He has lived in it for so many summers that he has the standing of a native and not merely of a summer visitor. They call him 'Gene and he calls them by their first names. Speicher is to them not a poverty stricken rackety sloppy Bohemian, but a man of property and standing, who has land and an air-conditioned home, who rides around in a fine car, plays golf at the country club, roots for the home baseball team at the Sunday sand lot games and cultivates a garden in which he raises the flowers which later he paints. They know him, they and their daughters, because they have sat to him. There was John Hommel, the old quarryman of Rock City Road who, after the first day on the model stand, marvelled that the artist should have been able to transfer him to canvas without a pattern. Before he looked upon his finished portrait Hommel had never, in the eighty-eight years of his life, seen a painting. There was also Red Moore, the blacksmith over the mountain at Montoma, with whom Speicher dealt in a large and picturesque way. Other Woodstockians he has painted have included the daughter of the local electrician, the son of the mason, the personable young women who work in the village stores; Rose Hobart, actress daughter of Paul Kefer, and Gaetana Britt, daughter of Horace Britt, both these fathers being well-known 'cellists. He has painted also Polly and Katherine Rosen, lovely daughters of the painter, Charles Rosen, and Hervey White, founder of The Maverick, which is an idea, a piece of land and a cluster of artists' homes, all in one, and, among many others, Sandra Nemser, handsome daughter of the woman who runs the Russian Corner.

Speicher says he likes to select his models from around the coun-

Continued on page 196

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Big American: Speicher

Continued from pages 73-195

tryside, as they are more indicative of it and because, being acquainted with them, he finds them easier to paint. He may glimpse his next model passing the door of a spring or summer morning but usually they knock and Mrs. Speicher, watchdog of the menage, answers to say that Mr. Speicher sees models at such and such and hour.

The painter did not come to Woodstock in affluence. Old inhabitants recall him as a hard-working student in 1909 when, to make ends meet, he pitched hay in summer time at two dollars a day and didn't do his hands, large and muscular as they always have been, any good. Speicher recalls that there were other young artists who earned summer money that way, except the remittance boys. "There wasn't any WPA in those days." But he isn't the one to lick the old sores of hardship. He admits that on the whole his life has not been a hard one.

His parentage is American, his ancestry German. Both his father and mother were born in Buffalo, in which he also was born, but his father's father was born in Alsace and his father's mother in Bingen-on-the-Rhine. Grandma came to the United States as a girl of 14 and ran a farm at that age in the now roaring vicinity of John Street, in New York. It was in Staten Island that she met the painter's grandfather.

Eugene was born with no silver spoon in his mouth. As a boy he blacked boots and sold newspapers on the streets of Buffalo. But at the age of four he had already made his mark as an artist prodigy. At a teachers' convention in Buffalo he was lifted up on a table and drew in colored chalks on a blackboard, to the accompaniment of schoolmarms' gasps of wonder, a bunch of tomatoes coming out of a basket. Today he works in strict privacy. His parents, he tells me, gave him every encouragement and were tickled at his wanting to pursue art, yet he pursued art after taking quite a number of detours and for a time was much closer to becoming a lumberman than an artist. He looks more like a lumberman than an artist even today —but a polished and successful lumberman.

He attended high school for three years and was a better athlete than a scholar. He was on the Buffalo Y.M.C.A. basketball team that won the Pan-American Exposition championship. He played baseball with the Masten Park High School team, football with a local scrub team and was a solo star in tennis and track, excelling in the 100-yard dash and the running high jump. Before he had hair on his face he had won a set of seven razors, which were promptly given to Dad. It was typical of young Speicher that he should have spent his first day in New York in the gym of the 57th Street Y.M.C.A., in which, a basketball game being in progress, he remarked the expert playing of one Ho Bellows of Columbus, between whom and Spike a life-long friendship was that day commenced. Today the erstwhile athlete keeps fit by playing golf on the Woodstock Country Club's course and, in winter, hand and squash tennis on the courts of the New York Athletic Club.

After high school Speicher went to work in a lumber yard outside Buffalo and gave such good account of himself that the way was opened up to him of becoming a lumberman. He was about to start for lumber camp to learn the business from the ground up when he decided to attempt a more genteel labor. He had already become a scholarship student at the Albright Art School where he attended evening classes while tally boy and inspector and for a year he fulfilled a program which would have made a nervous wreck out of any Horatio Alger hero. He left home at 5 a.m. in order to reach the yard at 6:45. He worked until 5:30, then rushed to the Y.M.C.A. to play basketball, then went home for dinner and then to art classes, which closed at 11 p.m. He was home before midnight. At the lumber yard he was earning twenty-eight dollars a week. When he abandoned lumbering for publishing and went to work for the Matthews-Northrup Co., he earned nothing for six months and then, having made good, he achieved a two dollars a week salary for the second six months. Perhaps it was this job which helped him to decide, by 1906, to become an artist.

In October, 1907 he stormed New York with a general scholarship to the Art Students' League and forty dollars in his pocket. He had already sold his first picture, a landscape, to Charles M. Kurtz, director of the Buffalo Art Gallery, for thirty-five dollars.

He indicated his flair for portrait painting from the start. At the League he won the Kelly prize for a portrait of a fellow-student then known as Patsy O'Keeffe but since come to fame, if not fortune, as Georgia O'Keeffe. He won also a scholarship allowing him a second year of free tuition at the League, which he took in the classes of William Chase and Frank Vincent Dumond. Even in that year, 1908, his work was being shown in three group exhibitions, and except for 1909, there have been Speichers on view somewhere in the United States every year since. The early summers after leaving Buffalo he not only pitched hay, but tramped as many as fifteen miles to make, and sell, a sketch. About this time also he began meeting all comers, traveling out to Metuchen, New Jersey, where he made a portrait each weekend within three sittings; price, twenty-five dollars.

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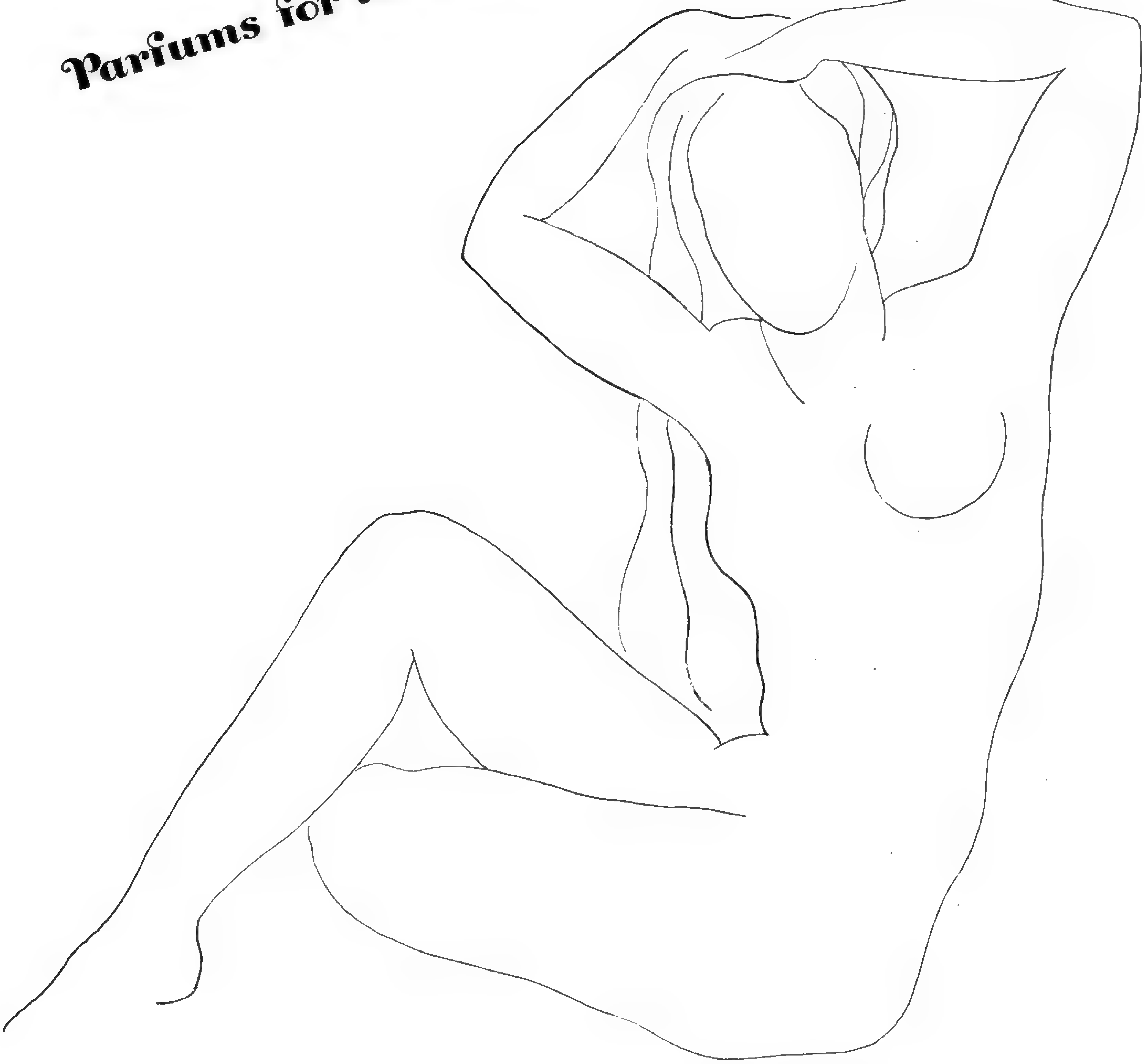
Parfums for the skin



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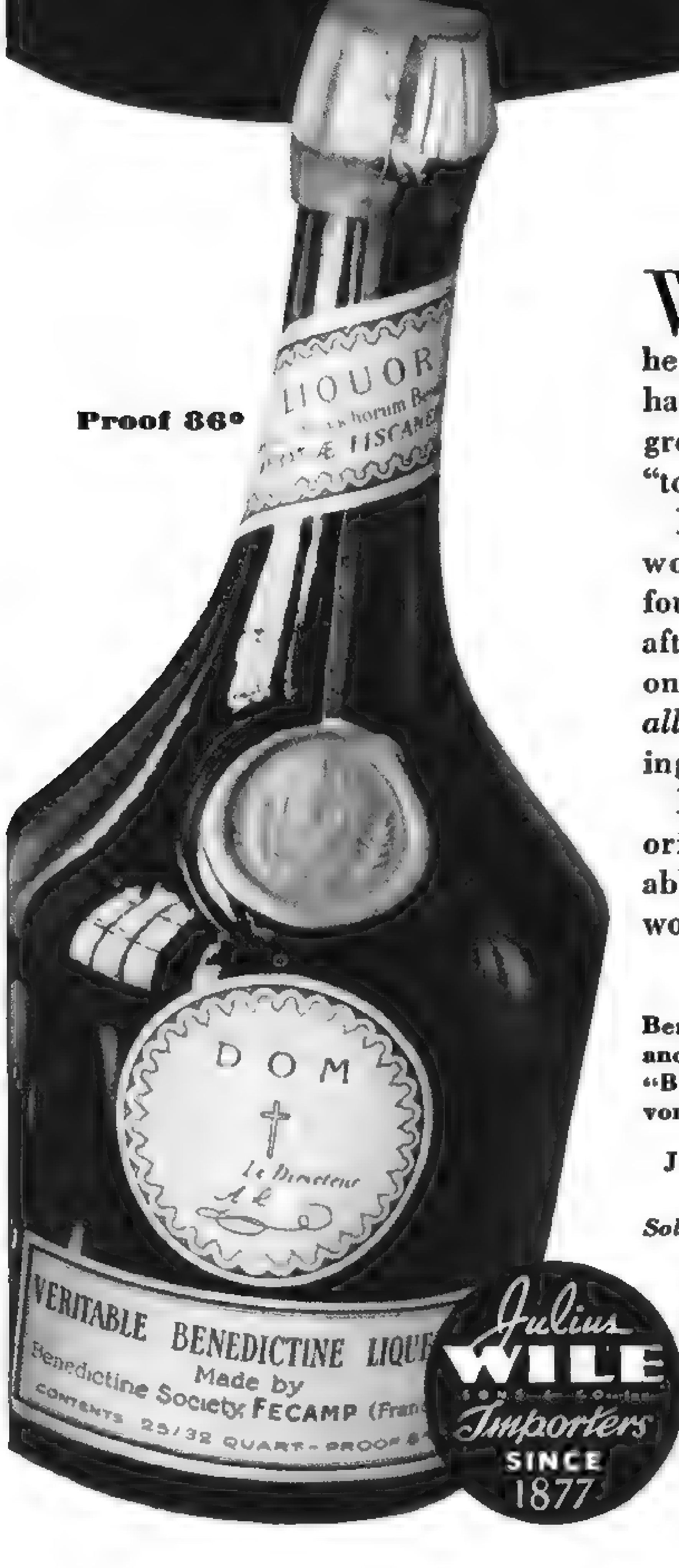

When Dom Bernardo Vincelli discovered Benedictine in 1510, he rightly considered that a miracle had happened. So he dedicated his great discovery, Deo Optimo Maximo, "to God most good, most great."

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La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Big American: Speicher

Continued from pages 73-195-196

Among his early subjects were Henry Mills Alden, the venerable editor of a venerable magazine; Mary Wilkins Freeman, famous New England story teller; the present Mrs. Leopold Stokowski and the present Mrs. Joyce Kilmer. It was in 1909 that the young painter came under the benign and energizing influence of Robert Henri, who was then conducting in the Lincoln Arcade Building the classes and lectures which were to influence the direction of modern American painting and the course of such careers as Bellows' and du Bois' as well as his own. Speicher calls Henri the man who gave him the greatest incentive to continue and "the greatest teacher in American art because of his absolute faculty for seeing your potentialities and getting you to develop them." In 1909 also Speicher moved into the studio in which the famous (but since outmoded) Kenyon Cox had worked and in 1910 he married and with bride and pictures set his stakes firmly in Woodstock soil, his present home being on the site of that first shack. Out of the packing cases in which he had brought his pictures he constructed the first edition of their furniture and he has since proved his handiness by building the garden and putting a fence around it, putting down the flag walks and the stone wall and building the porch.

It is pleasant in time of plentiful harvest to recall the difficult season of sowing. In 1911, when Speicher had the price, he bought his beers at Pabst's, on 59th Street. There were free lunch counters in those days and Speicher knew the head waiter. After buying his beer, Speicher would make his way to the lunch counter, cram his pockets with sandwiches and gleefully deliver them to Mrs. Speicher, who was waiting in the Kenyon Cox studio, four blocks down. In that year also occurred another event of much greater significance than the shaking down of Mr. Pabst's sandwich tree. Speicher sent eleven pictures to the National Academy of Design. All were found acceptable, but only two could be accepted. Of the two finally exhibited, one was bought for the Metropolitan by George Hearn of the Hearn Fund and the other, a portrait of Helen Appleton Read, art critic, won the Thomas R. Proctor prize of $300. It was only natural that the Academy should then elect him an associate. Now he may, but does not, write N. A. after his name.

He calls the period from 1910 to 1915 his lean years. He was ready to do portraits but the commissions were slow in coming. He painted portraits for himself, of course, and worked on landscapes. Especially in Woodstock one could not escape the rays of influence sent out by the Armory show of 1913, which introduced the modern French movement to America. That show, he reports, made him feel that certain qualities were lacking in his own work. He was conscious of his ignorance of color and one has but to see a picture like *The Ploughed Field* (in the Whitney Museum) to see how pallid his palette could be. He sought to learn how the Impressionists used color and he felt that there were things he could learn from the plasticity of Cézanne, the drawing of Picasso, the vitality of Renoir. He thought then that his work was lacking in vitality. For about two years he retreated into himself and experimented in the quest of qualities in which he felt himself deficient and he reports that within that period his work began to take on the vital qualities for which he had been seeking.

There does not, however, seem to have been any respite in the submission of pictures and the winning of prizes. In 1913 he won a portrait prize at the Salmagundi Club, in 1914 the third Hallgarten prize at the National Academy and in 1915 the first Hallgarten prize and the silver medal at the Pan-Pacific Exposition. The account of prize winnings becomes almost monotonous, the painter's trophies including the Beck gold medal of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the second and third class medals at the Carnegie Internationals, the Potter Palmer gold medal at the Chicago Art Institute and the Corcoran Gallery gold medal. His pictures are in museums in New York, Andover, Massachusetts, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Boston, Decatur, Illinois, Des Moines, Detroit, Galveston, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Washington, Worcester, Massachusetts, Providence, Rhode Island, San Francisco. In two museums in New York alone there are ten of his pictures and in Washington he is represented in at least two museums. In the National Gallery he is represented with a portrait of Charles Dana Gibson and in at least three other museums with commissioned portraits. The portrait of Katharine Cornell, commissioned in honor of two Buffalonians, the sitter and the painter were intended for the walls of the Albright Gallery in that city, by it refused and purchased as a gift for Miss Cornell, upon whose death it is to be added to the Speichers in the possession of the Metropolitan. The Chicago Art Institute, strangely enough, is the only important American museum which is still looking for a Speicher it may buy.

By the early 1920's Speicher was becoming a fashionable portrait painter. He was taking on, he tells me, six sitters a year, with others waiting in his anteroom. But he wasn't out of the woods. He could have become so wealthy that nothing less than a footman would have opened the

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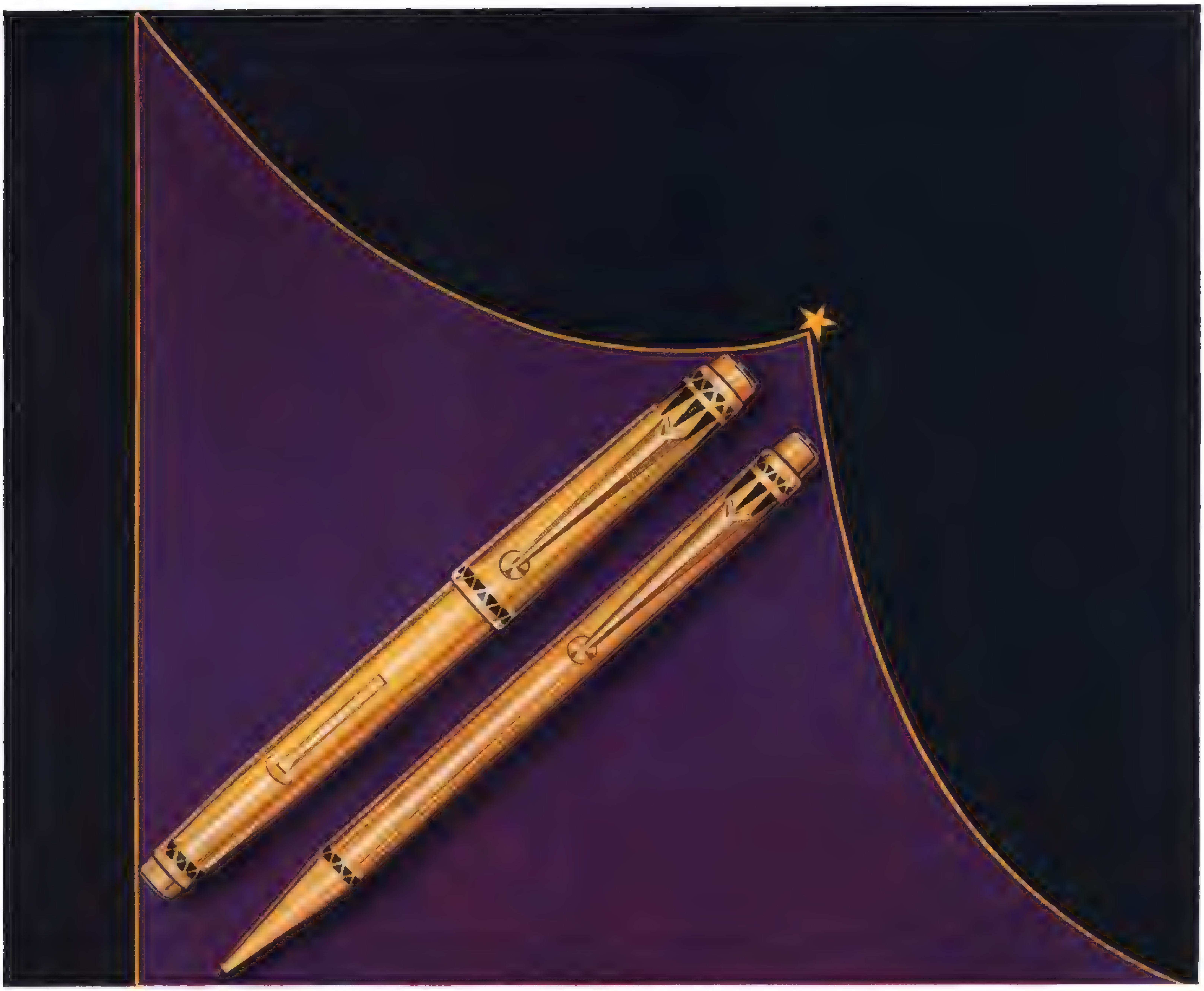
Good News for Christmas



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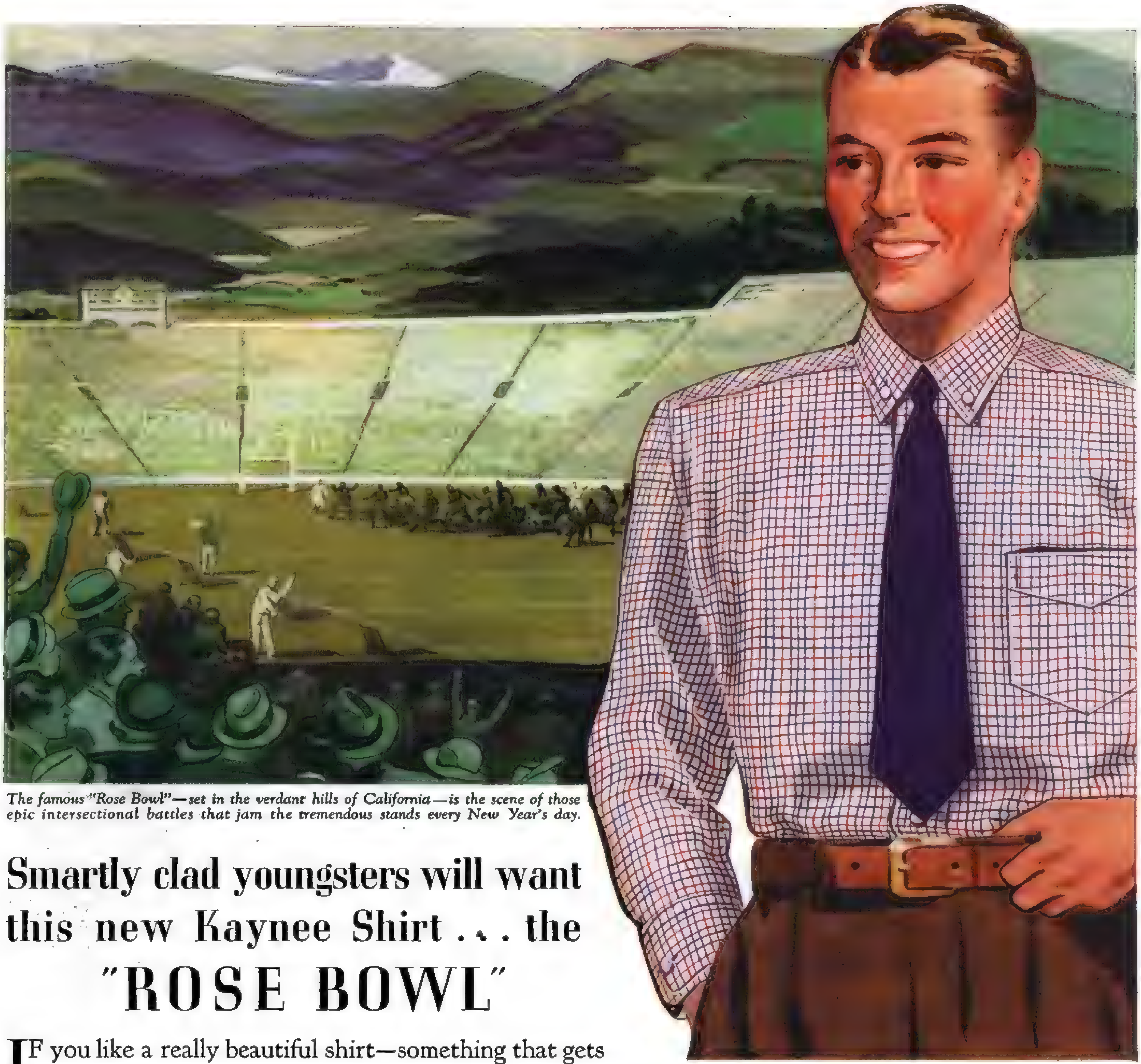

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QUALITY WEAR FOR BOYS

Big American: Speicher

Continued from pages 73-195-196-198

door to my knock on his Woodstock cottage, instead of he himself. He was making money, sure enough, but finding no satisfaction in it. Then, in 1925, Frank K. M. Rehn became his dealer and Frank Rehn sold Speichers in sufficient quantity and at high enough prices to make it perfectly safe for Speicher the following year to abandon the lucrative, but uninspiring, career of a painter of commissioned portraits. The alternative certainly has not involved the eating of hardtack. "I don't want a lot of money," he says. "I don't need it. I live a simple life. The passion for painting is what I want to live by and I find that passion increasing as I grow older. I wanted to paint portraits as they should be painted, but not commissioned portraits. I decided that I was going to paint only the people I wanted to paint and as I wanted to paint them."

From another source I learn that his interest, his passion in painting does not derive simply from the fact that he has made a good thing out of it. He would be as deeply interested, I am told, if he were a down-at-heel painter on a WPA project instead of one who dines and is dined by bankers and similar gentry. He has been called the best informed man on art in New York. He reads voraciously. He will go great distances and put himself to considerable trouble in order to see a few admired pictures. He keeps close track of exhibitions and auction sales and knows the prices. He is the kind of man who will attend sessions of the Artists' Congress and come away knowing how many speeches were good, how many not so good and how many downright bad. He has the courage to proclaim new talent and to go out of his way to make it known. He was one of the judges at the Carnegie International which spotlighted Franklin Watkins' *Suicide in Costume* and bestowed the first prize of $1,500 on it. "I like anything fine of its kind. If I like its quality I like it, no matter who did it or where or when it was done." As one of the art judges of the Guggenheim Foundation he has much to say as to who are to receive the coveted fellowships and who are not. At group exhibitions he will be seen examining the work of young unknowns as closely as if they were masters. He is not too proud to trade his work with that of other American painters, whose work he keeps in his New York apartment, occupied only during the winter months. In his Woodstock home the walls are covered with many of the finished drawings which may be termed the rehearsals of the paintings, as well as color reproductions of the paintings themselves. The drawings are the painter's gifts to Mrs. Speicher and signalize special occasions and have value far beyond those of a cobbler's gifts of shoes to his spouse.

Speicher's preferences in art are, on the whole, conservative. He plumps for Rembrandt and Piero della Francesca, neither of whom is represented in reproductions on the walls of his studio. He is particularly fond of El Greco. He used to be keen on Velásquez, a particular crush of his student days. He is very keen about the suave and mysterious Titian. "If I can see how a painting is made—if I can *read* a painting—my interest in it is not so keen. But when there's magic in it!" Renoir is his great French painter, while to him Courbet surpasses Manet and will in time surpass Cézanne in reputation. "I admire other painters, but I go to Courbet and Renoir. Picasso is one of the greatest draughtsmen of modern times anyway." Among American painters he admires John Singleton Copley, over and above Stuart and West, and Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, and Albert Ryder—but "Walt Disney is the greatest artist America has yet produced, one of the most original." He has not yet recommended Disney for a Guggenheim.

Eugene Speicher isn't worried about the future. He believes that the United States is going to come out all right and that if good pictures are painted they'll be sold. He resents people buying third-rate Frenchmen as against first-rate Americans. "Just as there's a woman for every man so is there a picture for every person. You can't sell poor pictures to some people no matter how much money they have. American painters will find their place even in competition with the French. Let the Americans meet the competition of foreign picture makers."

The artist has been described as frank, straight, big and wholesome. He is indeed physically large, being half an inch short of six feet and weighing 184 pounds. His laugh is one of those hearty outbursts that indicates the laugher finds the world good. His head, hands and features are modelled on a large and generous scale. His teeth are strong, his voice deep, his hair black and thick, with the merest touch of grey. His coloring is olive, overlaid with the slowly acquired tan of sun and wind. He likes good things to eat and drink and less fortunate painters who have lived to rise from the Speicher dinner table declare that Mrs. Speicher is the best cook and the most gracious hostess in the wide world. One happy victim of their hospitality reported that after that dinner there was simply nothing left for him to do but to go to bed and stay there for two days. On a shelf in their Woodstock kitchen, the largest room in the house, there is a long row of cook books, comprising the best collec-

Continued on page 202

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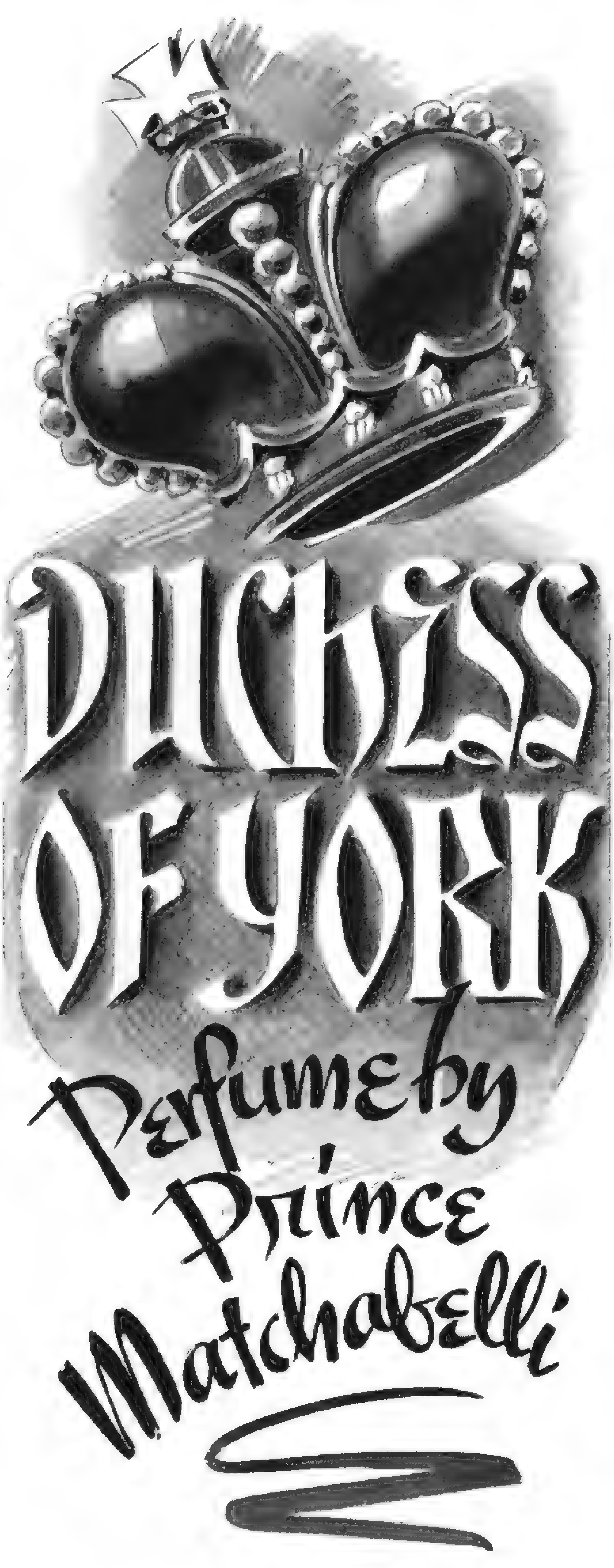

Big American: Speicher

Continued from pages 73-195-196-198-201

tion of its kind in the county, if not in the state. In other ways also Mrs. Speicher ministers to her husband's comfort. She keeps intruders away during his working hours. She runs the house. She mixes his drinks. She knows how to laugh. She keeps conversation going. All of which has a bearing direct and indirect on the painter's state of mind.

Speicher is a domestic man and domesticated, orderly in his ways and gladly submitting to routine, without being aware that it is routine. Now he is a man of system. He used to be different, he says, but he has found that it is worth while to have his life properly organized. In the building which he uses as a studio, everything was in its place and as neat as a pin. The rows of vases and pitchers in which he arranges the flowers he paints and the cupboardful of colors in tubes (enough for a lengthy siege) were in rows as neat as the cords of wood piled behind the kitchen and in one of the side rooms of the studio. Unlike the painter of legend, Speicher's tie is on straight. Meeting him on a New York street or on a Woodstock road, one could easily mistake him for a successful business man of taste and intelligence. It is nothing against him that he obviously has a wardrobe and dresses nattily.

His life and work are organized on the following lines: He lives in the country seven months and in the city five. He gives himself a few weeks of vacation when returning to town in the late fall and a few weeks in the spring when commencing his Woodstock residence. He paints landscapes in the spring and fall, portraits and figure canvasses in winter and summer, and flower pieces during the spring, summer and early fall, choosing the blooms from his own garden. This he built with his own hands, bringing the soil from the woods. He works in the garden, which is twenty by fifty feet, early in the morning and after dinner. Weeding is the only thing he doesn't do for it with his own hands. Not only does Mrs. Speicher *not* set the models their poses but if she arranges a bouquet for him to paint, he must rearrange it. When he works, he works every day like a cabinet-maker and some days he's good and some days he's not so good. In summer he takes off three afternoons a week for golf and in winter about as many afternoons for squash and hand tennis. Every five years, after his one-man show, the Speichers go abroad and during their last trip faithfully and delightedly followed *The Gourmet's Guide to Europe*, but they required no guide to the picture galleries out of which the painter derives both stimulation and inspiration. Speicher has visited every country except Sweden and Soviet Russia. Between European trips Speicher takes shorter trips, not on any schedule but whenever he feels he is painted out, but although he may find delight in landscapes other than those with which he is familiar, he never paints outside his environment. His landscape memo notes are not always sketches, but words. Looking at a landscape he may wish to set down on canvas, he will describe it in words, as if he were writing about it to a friend, and from this letter will paint the picture. The artist remarks that impressions that might require half an hour to put in a sketch book may be described in three words. In his portrait work he never paints directly onto the canvas. For several days he makes drawings from the model. He makes a color sketch as well. These preliminary forays being successful, he goes to work on the canvas. He tries to anticipate the finished result with thin and fast drying colors. Sometimes he works fast and sometimes slowly. The substructure of the picture laid, so to speak, in the first two or three days, he spends the rest of his time building it up. He says that he never chalks out and he finds that painting with brush in thin color is as easy as drawing with charcoal and is more direct. Babette, the subject and the title of the massive painting which the Carnegie Institute bought, tells me that she posed one hundred twelve hours for that picture.

Speicher is a strict man of system in his refusal to mix his classifications. He is, to begin with, strictly a painter on canvas. He is not interested in such process work as water color or the print mediums. His color sketches are in pastel. He paints three kinds of pictures, portraits, landscapes, flower pieces. His landscapes have no figures and his figures no landscapes. Only once, in an early picture of two young women, did more than one figure appear in one canvas. Only now and then, in a large figure piece, such as *Babette*, will he paint in a property, like a wheel, a hatrack, a table, a book, a vase of flowers, a violin or a mandolin. He is a deliberate painter. He doesn't lose his head and he doesn't run over with emotion, but he is probably America's greatest colorist. His color is rich, deep and real without being raw or hot. His flower pieces are nothing short of exquisite, if such a word may be allowed in a he-man's magazine. And when all is said, a painting is judged by the way in which it is done and not by the number of figures or separate objects or textures caught in it. Speicher will never be impulsive or rash or lavish. His art is sober and genteel. It will never hit you between the eyes. But it may prove on the wide walls of museums that a contemporary art faithful to the tradition of Titian is being produced. ⧺

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Twin Flex

DOUBLE LINED FOR DOUBLE WEAR

Peacocks and Crows

Continued from page 112

scare those fellows. One night McGraw got a tip that there was a big game on in one of the rooms at the hotel. So pretty soon he ambled up there to raid it. Somebody heard that he was coming and locked him out.

So the game went on with more hilarity and dynamic betting than before as all the boys chuckled over the thought of the boss camped out there on their doorstep, waiting them out. Realizing that they were besieged the gamblers carried on the game far into the night. But Mugsy never gave up, never relaxed his vigilance. Finally he grew sleepy and the players decided to run for it, like poor Cervera trying to get out of the bottle at Santiago. But McGraw came to just in time, and as they all dashed down the hall, he pointed his finger at each man as he went by, yelling out his sentence: "Fifty for you!" "Fifty for you!" "Fifty for you!"

A gang that had no more respect for law and order than that was no soft bedding for a young fellow trying to break in and get some veteran's job. Jimmy Dykes says that when he first came up to the Athletics he never dared take a swing at the plate until one day old Connie led him up there and stood by him a few minutes just to see what he looked like up there.

Art Wilson, the old Giants' catcher, likes to tell about the first time he showed up on the field at training camp. Cy Seymour came running up to him swinging a big black bat and bawling: "In or out, cull?"—meaning, "Are you an infielder, or an outfielder?"

"Lucky for me," says Art in telling about it, "I was a catcher. If I'd been an outfielder, he'd probably broken my leg right there with a bat."

But considering the type of some of the rookies who used to show up at the camps in those old days, you could hardly blame the vets for letting them have the works. One of the most famous of these hangers-on was a fellow named Charles Victory Faust, who used to hang around the Giants. McGraw put him into a game one time, and framed it with the other team. They lay one over the middle to him and he batted an easy grounder down to the shortstop, who juggled the ball and then over-threw first. McGraw, coaching down there, sent the wild-eyed busher on down to second, but he was caught in a run-down. After a while, someone dropped the ball, and he broke past second and headed for third, where he was caught in another run-down. After four or five minutes, this one broke up just like the former one, and Faust rounded third and headed for home. But just before he got there, the ball was whipped to the catcher who tagged him out. McGraw came rushing up ranting and raring and bellowed to Faust that he was fined a million dollars because he had cost the Giants the pennant!

Here is a preserved copy of a letter supposed to be authentic which Faust is supposed to have sent to Gary Herrmann once when he was secretary of the national commission, in which Faust requested a tryout for his brother by the Cincinnati Reds. It read:

Secretary Gary Herrmann
of the National Commission,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your Honor:

I am writing to your honor because I know your honor is an honorable man. John McGraw tells me, your honor, that my brother belongs to the New York club. I wish to tell your honor that my brother belongs to nobody but myself, and will go any place I tell him to go. There have been stories circulated around the league, your honor, against my character. They say I run around with loose women, and owe money. This is a damned lie, your honor. I do not run around with women, and the only money I owe is $5 which was borrowed to me by my father. I would like to join the Cincinnati club myself, but belong to Mr. John J. McGraw, your honor. I would like to see my brother join the Cincinnati club. I know your honor will do right by me, because your honor is a honorable man.

Yours Affectionately,
CHARLES VICTORY FAUST.

Lardner got into the swing of his dialect while typing letters for a player who could not read or write, but today an illiterate ruffian in baseball would be more of a novelty among the sleek, dapper, penurious middle-class young business men, who tour from city to city putting on baseball exhibitions every afternoon like vaudeville hoofers, than the college men who cracked the majors in those hot and dusty good old days.

Speaking of fighting recalls the story Charlie Grimm, the Cubs' successful young manager, likes to tell on Bob Hart, the old umpire. Hart was a great fellow for peace and quiet, tranquility, the beauties of nature and all that. When a fellow was up there at the plate in a pinch with the call three-and-two on him, Hart would glance up at a pigeon flying by and remark: "I wonder what kind of a bird that is. What kind of a bird do you suppose that is?" Or he would begin asking the batter questions about his family, such as: "How's your old man getting along with his rheumatiz these days?" or "How's little Emily's measles?" or "How do you expect to make any money out of that herd of cattle of yours at these prices?" Very nice for the hitter!

Hart was umpiring down at first base near Grimm one day

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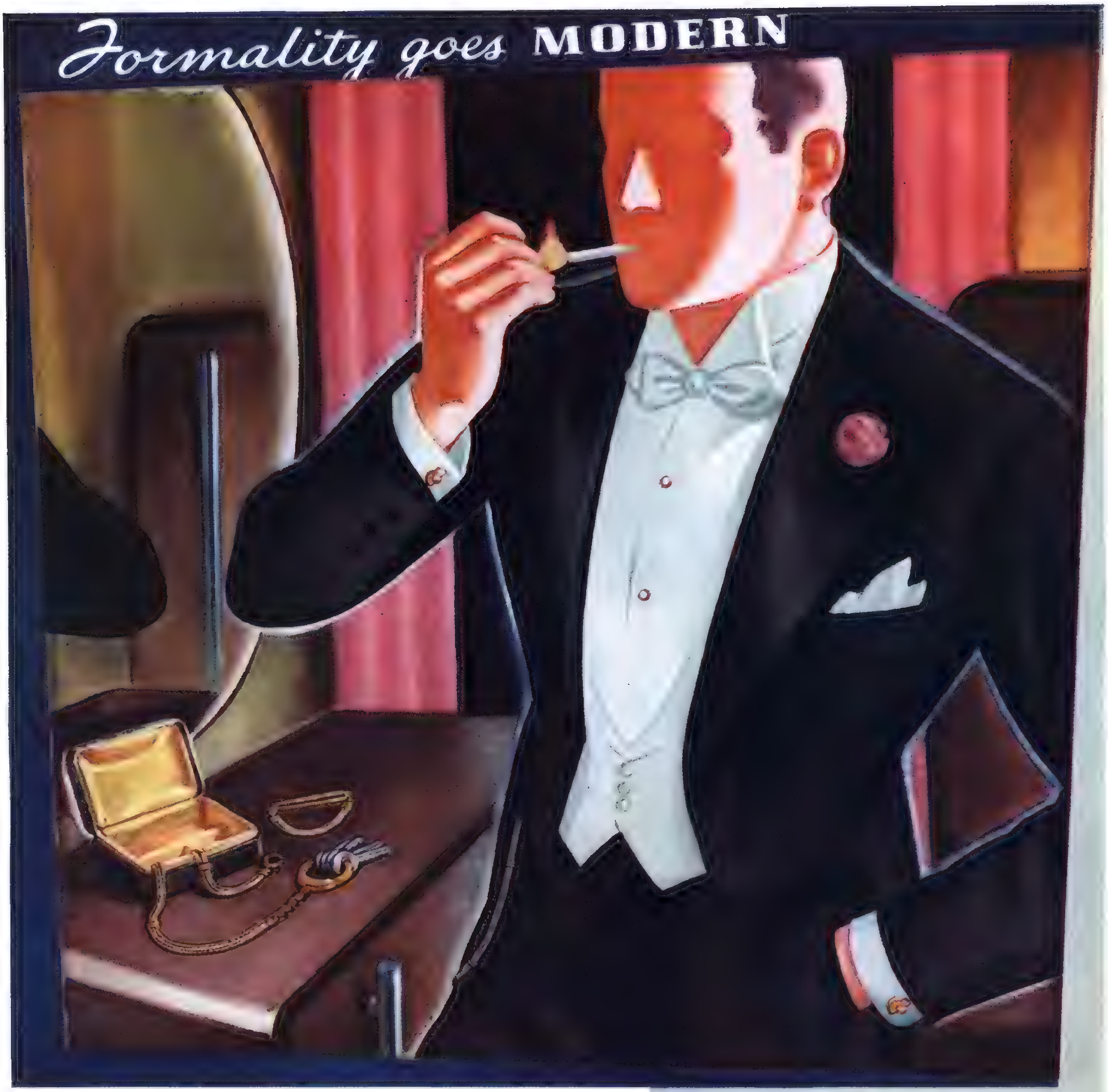

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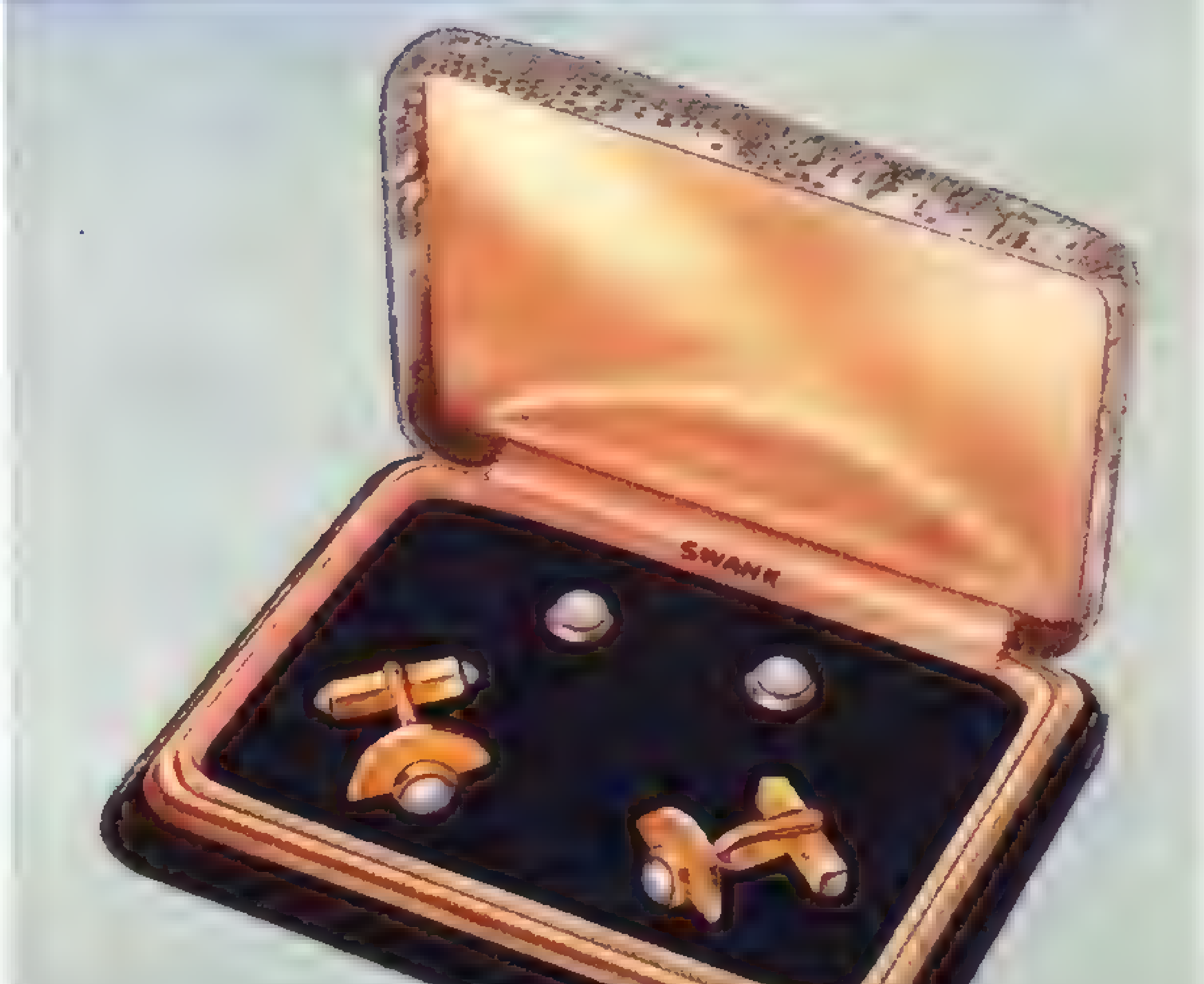

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Peacocks and Crows

Continued from pages 112-204

when he was with the Pirates, when all of a sudden a big fight broke out between Art Fletcher and the umpire at the plate. Fletcher was flailing away with both fists and the umpire was banging him on the back of the head with his mask.

"My my," began Hart sorrowfully, as he placidly looked on at the ferocious brawl. "Isn't that awful? Why do you suppose they want to carry on like that? Two human beings. Isn't it terrible? Why do they want to do it? Why can't they get along? There's no place in baseball for anything like that, no place at all. I hate to see men fight that way."

"Why don't you go up and separate them then?" Grimm suggested.

"I believe I will," agreed Hart resolutely, stirred to action by the suggestion. So he started toward the fight with that patented business-like strut of all umpires when they mean business, and as he walked along he kept bolstering up his intention by saying to himself: "That's just what I ought to do. There's no place in baseball for men fighting like that."

So Hart marched up to the battleground and after a little scuffling, with the help of players of both teams, finally managed to get the belligerents separated. Then he came sauntering back up the baseline toward first base still calmly philosophizing: "Isn't it terrible for men to carry on like that? Why can't they get along? There's no place at all in baseball for that sort of thing."

Grimm was slouching along beside him in that comical swaggering duck-waddle of his; and presently he looked at Hart's face and exclaimed: "Why, what's that on your face, Bob? It's blood! You've been hurt!"

Bob wiped his hand across his cheek and looked at it. "Well I'll be—" he exploded, and away he rushed back to the plate to start the fight all over!

Well, that's a story of the old days that will never be repeated—probably. For one thing—to lay your hand on an umpire in these refined days may mean being barred from baseball for life. And in the second place, few of today's young business men in the game can get excited enough about it to get into any fights over it. Where the game has advanced immeasurably in prominence and stability, it has lost much of that vague human characteristic popularly recognized as "color." Those old timers were genuine ball players; that was their big interest; they played baseball because they liked it. The money wasn't enough to think about. Johnny Evers, during his great days with the Cubs, was drawing around $3,500, while a decade later, Pat Duncan, a Cincinnati outfielder who was never a star, got $10,000 and men sitting on the bench were paid as much as $5,000 or $7,500.

Unquestionably the big money brought about the change in the tension and tempo of baseball, and also the change in the type of men playing the game. Money began breaking into the baseball news back around 1910. In 1906 when Ty Cobb asked for a $6,000 salary for leading the league in hitting and base-running, the late Frank Navin of Detroit told him that he was crazy, that there wasn't that much money in baseball. Rube Marquard, the eccentric southpaw, who became known as the New York Giants' "$11,000 Beauty," was a pioneer in focusing attention on the money in baseball back in 1909. A little later Marty O'Toole, another southpaw, was sold to Pittsburgh for $22,500. In 1910 the sport world was marvelling over Connie Mack's "$100,000 infield" of Stuffy McGinnis, first; Eddie Collins, second; Jack Barry, short; and "Home Run" Frank Baker, third. In 1912 Fred Snodgrass' "$25,000 muff" cost the Giants their World Series with the Boston Red Sox.

The short career of the Federal league brought in some competitive bidding for some of the stars, but the money era reached boom proportions with the coming of the hysterical twenties when Babe Ruth was sold by Boston to New York for $125,000 in 1920. Ruth is given credit for doubling the standard of pay for big league ball players.

Along with money, the rabbit ball, notable accessory to Babe Ruth's big show, has had much to do with changing the type of men in the game by eliminating the scrappy little fellows like "Wee Willie" Keeler, Donie Bush, "Rabbit" Maranville and Johnny Evers. They won't look at a little fellow these days. They want those big powerful fellows to bust that lively ball over the fence. Although you can spot ball players by their dapper clothes in these times, the gate keepers will hardly let a little fellow like Maranville or Jocko Conlan or Ray Schalk into the park.

Once in the old days when ball players wore caps, Schalk went into a beer joint one night. The barkeep took a look at him and ordered: "Clear out, son! No minors allowed!"

In those days third-rate bar rooms were the native habitat of ball players, but today the swankiest hotels are none too good for them. McGraw was the man who started the fad of ball players dressing up and wearing hats. He wouldn't stand for one of his players wearing a cap in the later days. "You stay at the best hotels," he told them, "and I won't stand for you looking like a lot of mugs."

The most apparent difference between a big league club and a minor league outfit today is that

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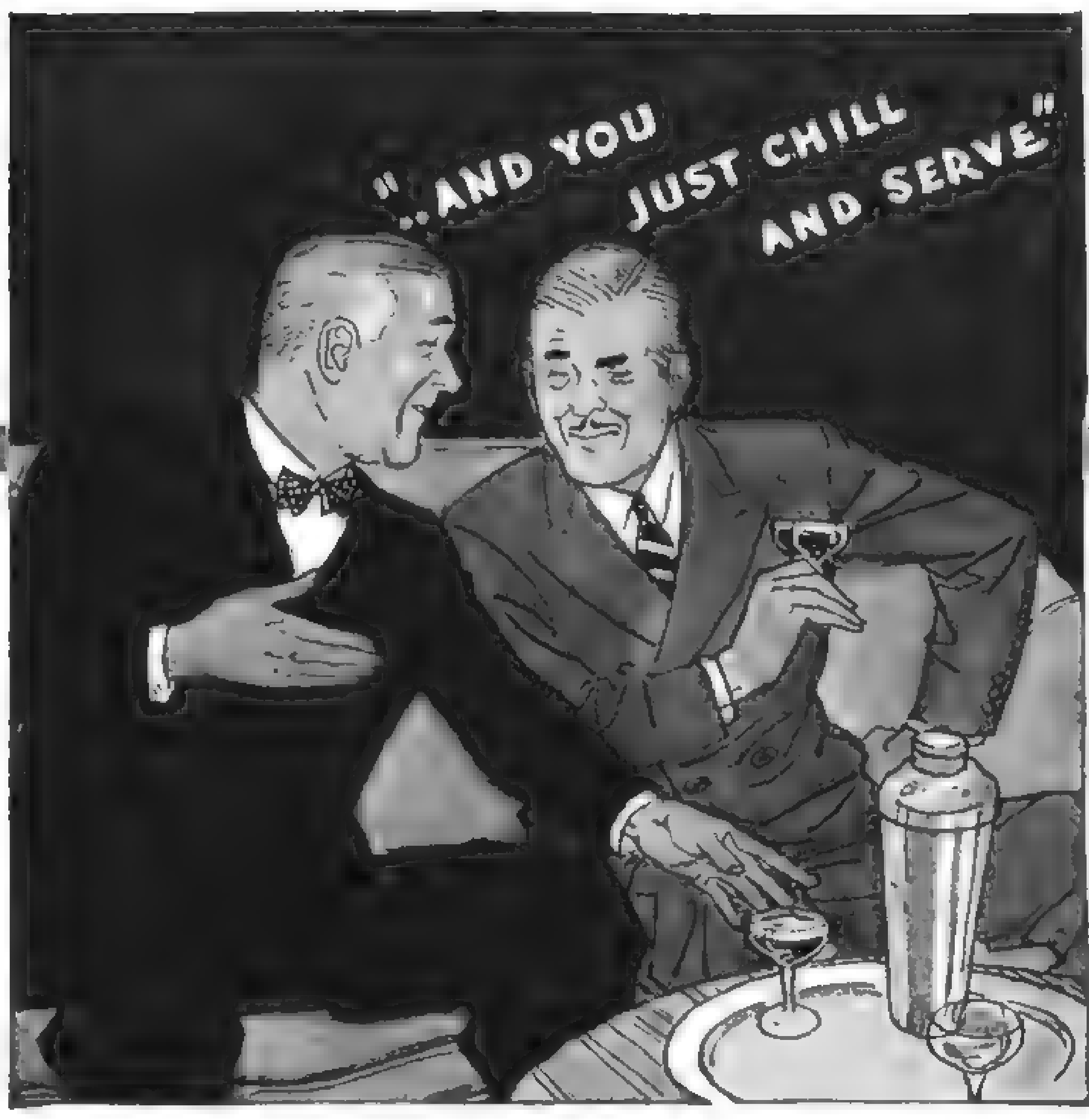
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Peacocks and Crows

Continued from pages 112-204-207

the bushers all dress like Notre Dame tackles, while the big leaguers all dress like Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee sing. A manager might just as well turn in his contract as appear in a hotel wearing slacks and a polo shirt, and a real star couldn't make a flying trip home for the week end without his wardrobe of from 16 to 60 tailor-made suits, single-breasted, double-breasted, pleated back, or what have you? And they go for the best. They know the spots in New York, Philadelphia—Washington for summer stuff. There's an old saying that clothes make the man, but in baseball a man shows how much salary he is getting by the number of fancy-colored suits he has.

Perhaps there is another angle besides money to account for the softening up of big leaguers. In the old days when the money wasn't worth thinking about and the players came out of the rougher stratum of society, they could take it. In those days fellows like Cobb and Bush were always tearing into the bags and taking chances, without being laid up. But today if you see a ball player blow his nose in the evening, the chances are about ten to one that by morning he'll be in a oxygen tent in the hospital with double-pneumonia.

In any sport, to be a good winner one has to be a hard loser. Those old guys played to win, rather than for the money they got out of it. The money wasn't enough to get excited about, so they got their compensation out of victory. That old Cub machine, which tough, tongue-tied magnificent Frank Chance, "The Peerless Leader," ruled with an iron hand, or iron fist as occasion required, hated to lose. They hated so much to lose that in one season, 1906, they lost only 36 games, winning 113. They were tough. That immortal second-base combine, Joe Tinker and Johnny Evers, wouldn't speak to each other for years. This Evers was a fighting fool. He was just the boot on a deal Charles Webb Murphy put over while building up the team. One day Bobby Lowe, the regular second-baseman, got hurt. He was a star, but when Evers went in, Lowe never got his job back again.

They called Evers "the lion and the mouse." The moment he got into his uny he was a wild man, but when he put on his cits he was as meek as a lamb. In the evening after the team had lost a game, he would sit around on the porch moping and munching a half pound of chocolates. He was a fiend for chocolates, and every night after they got beat he would sit around eating these sweets and not saying a word.

Big "Husk" Chance was just as tough after a defeat. He was a big, strapping, fine looking swell dresser who really looked the part of a big league manager of the vintage of 1908. An evening after his team had dropped one, he would come home as glum as a bull and sit down on a soft chair, muttering: "Now, if I hadn't taken Ruelback out. If I had only started Orvie."

Presently his wife would come along and offer him a little snifter. Then pretty soon she would come by with another, and after a while like that old Husk would begin to perk up. After dozing off into a little nap, he would look up and say: "What time is it, honey?" And she would say, "Why it's seven o'clock, Husk."

"Well," Husk would perk up, "what do you say we have a little dinner?"

There was no kidding around on that ball club when they dropped a game. Although few will argue that those old fellows didn't bear down harder for $3,000 a year or $4,500 than the entertainers do nowadays for twelve or fifteen thousand, the old argument that they played a higher caliber of baseball in those days hardly stands up against the tests of progress in every other field.

As the recently traded Lon Warneke, strong-heart world series hero of the present-day Cubs, expresses it: "I don't see why they should have played any better ball in those days. In the first place, their equipment wasn't as good as we have now. The ball, of course, has been changed entirely, and there have also been big improvements in bats, shoes, gloves, sliding pads, chest protectors, shin guards for the catchers and other equipment. Gloves have been improved a lot in just the last five or six years. And it doesn't figure that the generations that grew up then would be any better natural ball players than the youngsters coming up ten or fifteen years later all over the country. With the better equipment now, and with all the knowledge that has grown up in the game since then, there is no reason why we shouldn't play a little better brand of ball."

In those days, of course, the ball players also lacked the distractions of other outside interests, such as golf, handball, bowling, and hunting.

At one time there was talk that golf was going to run baseball out of business, but attendance figures do not show any decline. Automobiles probably have had a greater influence, but they have been both beneficial and harmful. While many people drive to the country on Sundays, thousands of others come in from the little towns within a 250-mile radius. These are the patrons won by the radio, which also has been especially valuable in gaining the attention of the women. The percentage of women in the stands now is far higher than twenty years ago, and perhaps their presence has had something to do with

Continued at top of page 210

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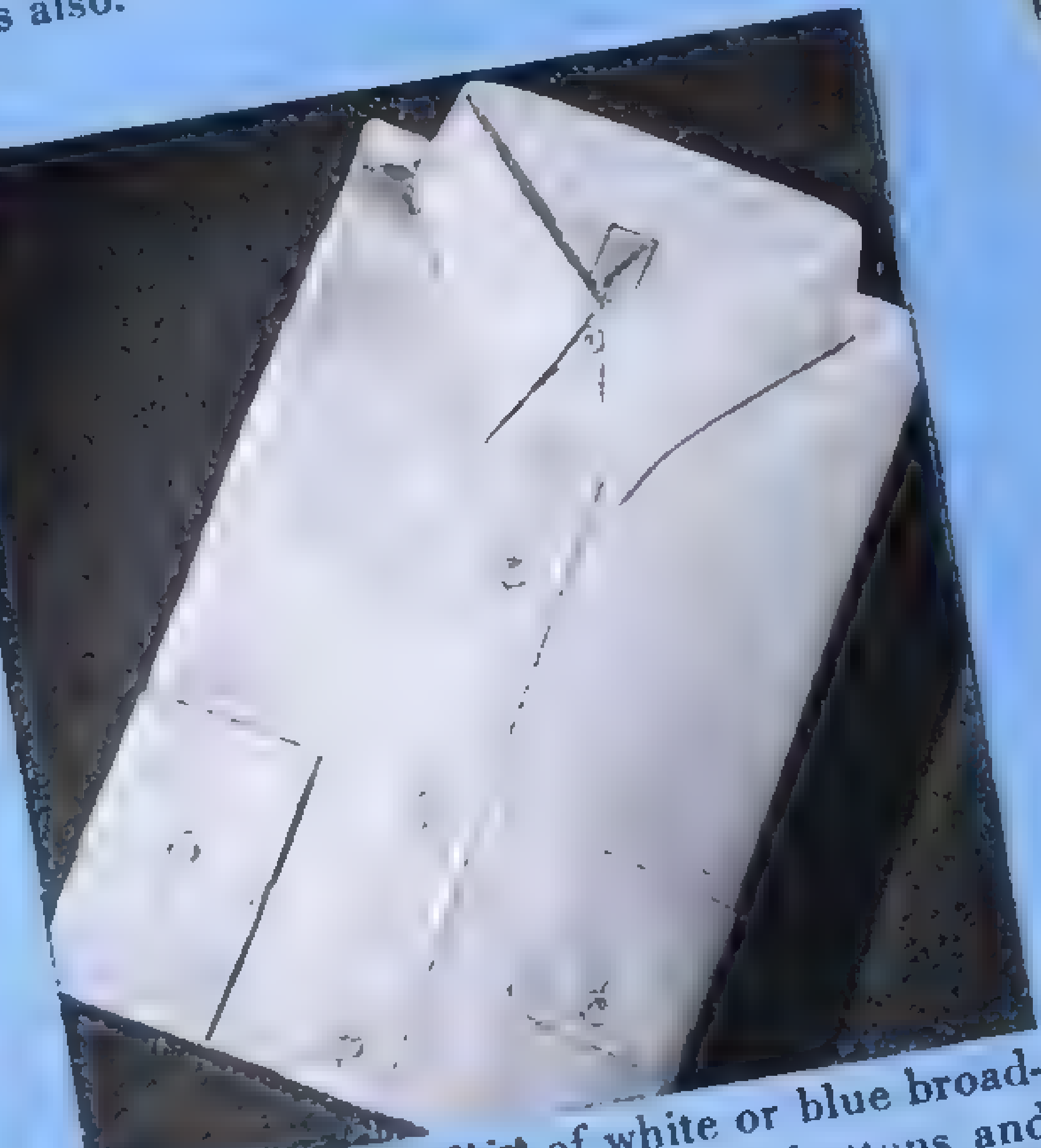
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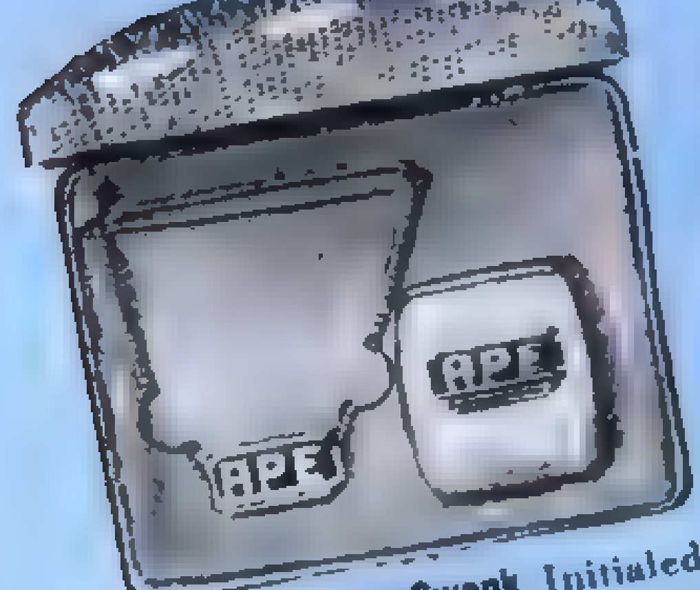
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Peacocks and Crows

Continued from pages 112-204-207-208

the natty nonchalance of the typical big leaguers of today on and off the field. Some of them today will spend half an hour getting their pants rolled just right around their knees. And off the field they are pert, dapper, sleek, aloof, clannish, superior. They can't sit still; they have to be entertained every waking minute—cigars, beer, coca cola, sandwiches, aspirin, cards, poker, movies, night clubs. If you try to talk to one of them two minutes on the subject of Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt or Morgan, he will jump up and get away from there pronto presto. There are no more individualists like Ruth, except possibly Dizzy Dean. The others all conform to type.

The only one I ever heard of who had read a book, outside of old Fred Merkle who became so imbued with the pessimistic teachings of Nietzsche that he made the biggest bonehead play of history, was a fellow named Fred Heimach who used to be with the Athletics. One year Connie Mack socked a $500 fine on him for staying out at night, but offered to refund it if Fred would stay in and behave himself the rest of the year. So every evening after that, Fred would show up in the lobby with a big book under his arm.

"Come on, let's go to the Trocadero," some one would bait.

"Not me," Fred would come back, ducking his chin toward his book. "I got readin' to do."

Casey Stengel has his Brooklyn Dodgers divided up into two squads. The stars who are always strutting around in their fancy clothes with big diamonds flashing in their rings and tiepins, he calls the Peacocks. And the others, the mine-run fellows, are just the Crows. And Casey's two tabulations also stand up pretty well, it seems to me, in differentiating between the old barroom ball players who wound up as drunkards or owners of small farms, and today's dapper breed of vaudeville hoofers who will never know the meaning of want—unless we have another big stock market crash. ⧻

"It Ain't Always the Breaks"

Continued from page 76

want to make a picture and it's right down her alley and I don't believe in all this fancy Hollywood stuff and I think that any star who stars in a picture is as much entitled to the profits it makes as the producer and I want her to star in my picture and instead of giving her any silly kind of three or four thousand a week I'd give her a piece of it, I says, I'd give her 25% of it.

"Thirty-five," she says.

"Have a heart," I says, "I got to save some for myself, I got a wife and children to support."

"Forty," she says.

"I didn't even hear you the first time," I says, "but I'll give you thirty."

So that's the way we settle it.

Well, I was getting along great and before the whole thing went cold on me I figured I'd better follow up quick. So I pick up a couple of trade papers and I look over the list of who the directors are who are in town and I got to see a couple of them.

The first couple of guys I talked to, I didn't even make any proposition to them.

I could see they were dopes and not my kind of people or they wouldn't of kept me waiting around in the lobby so long.

I finally got to Chester Roberts and sold him a bill of goods. I want to tell you about that to show you there wasn't no luck connected with it, like I told you. It was all using the old bean.

First off I told him I was a newspaper man and he got real nice and handed me a cigar and says what can he do for me.

So I asks him what is he doing and what is he planning and he gives me a runaround. This and that, nothing definite, he just walked out on Warners because they weren't giving him stories that were high class enough and he had too much pride to continue making stories that he didn't believe in and that weren't artistic enough and what he told Harry Warner was something that if David had only known that speech before he met up with Goliath he wouldn't of needed no sling-shot.

So that being out of the way, I mention that Anne Ingalls is thinking of making a picture and too bad he couldn't get that job because that's a dame he could work with and really turn out something fine.

So he says, yeah, she sure could, who's making the picture?

So I says, "I am."

So he says, "You are?"

So I says, again, "Yeah, I am."

So he says, "I thought you were a newspaper guy?"

So I smiles, and I says, "I'm sorry I been deceiving you, but the fact is I am really a motion picture producer, but I don't work along Hollywood lines. I'm an independent producer, and I don't like Hollywood and its chiseling methods. And the reason I pulled the stall was I wanted to make sure you are an independent guy."

And now I was convinced, I told him, and if he wanted the job, why he could have it.

Well, then, of course, he got a little cute with me and he began giving out the I don't-know, I-have-to-think-it-over stuff, but I knew I had him. And when I give him the story to read and tell him that this Ingalls dame is all sold on it and with him

Continued on page 213

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Men's Gift Set of After-Shave Lotion and Men's Eau de Cologne in de luxe decanters, Ivory-finish Shaving Bowl, and matching container of After-Shave Powder . . . $6.75.

De luxe Decanter of Men's Eau de Cologne, 16 oz. . . . $4.00.

Gift Set of 5-oz. flacon, Men's Eau de Cologne or After-Shave Lotion, Shaving Bowl, with matching container of After-Shave Powder . . . $2.75.

●

THIRD ROW—*Left to Right:*
Gift Set of After-Shave Lotion or Men's Eau de Cologne, large tube Lather Shaving Cream, and Ivory-finish container of After-Shave Powder . . . $2.25.

De luxe Cedar-lined Humidor Case, fitted with After-Shave Lotion and Men's Eau de Cologne in de luxe decanters, Ivory-finish Shaving Bowl and matching container of After-Shave Powder . . . $12.50.

Master Gift Set, containing 5-oz. flacon each of Men's Eau de Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, and Shampoo, with Shaving Bowl and matching container of After-Shave Powder . . . $4.75.

●

BOTTOM—*Left to Right:*
"The Three Musketeers," Gift Trio of 3-oz. flacon each of Men's Eau de Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, and Scalp Stimulant . . . $1.95.

Flacons Men's Eau de Cologne and After-Shave Lotion, 5 oz. (each)... $1.00

Lenthéric Brushless Shaving Cream and Lather Shaving Cream; Large Tubes (each) . . . 50¢.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS BY Lenthéric

FOR MEN OF Action QUIET • PERFECT GROOMING
MEN'S EAU DE COLOGNE Lenthéric
LENTHÉRIC LATHER CREAM
MEN'S LOTION
LENTHÉRIC SHAVING CREAM
THREE MUSKETEERS
MEN'S SCALP STIMULANT Lenthéric
MEN'S SHAMPOO
NEW YORK
Keys to a man's world
CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN by Lenthéric

tipple
TUMBLER
$2.95

Bakelite top and bottom on shaker protect hands from chill of mix. Leak-proof top. Mix your favorite cocktail without fuss or bother, and without jeopardy to evening clothes.

The COCKTAIL SHAKER that dares to be different

YOU don't have to wrap up this new type shaker in a towel or wear mittens when you use it. No, sir! You can shake Tipple Tumbler with your bare hands because the Bakelite top and bottom protects them from the icy chill of the mix.

And here's another tip about the West Bend shaker—you won't have to wear a bartender's apron when doing your fixing and mixing. Wear your dinner suit or your newest lounging robe. Fear not! Tipple Tumbler never leaks because of its screw-on-top feature and tightly fitting cap.

Handsome? Plenty,—and as rich in color as the new cocktail bars! The metal is Satin-Glo Aluminum, a glowing, semi-dull finish of the newer vogue. Bakelite, in jet black, forms a pleasing contrast at top and bottom. The cap is a cherry-red resinoid—a gay crown for a happy mixer.

ONLY BARE FACTS: Capacity—3 pints. Will mix up to 12 cocktails at a time. . . . Jigger cap—it holds 2 ounces and therefore serves as a jigger. . . . Strainer-top—non-clogging, screws on, can't leak. . . . Wide opening—at top for easy cleaning. . . . Bakelite grip—top and bottom.

Satin-Glo Aluminum
The newest gift ware in metal—Satin-Glo Aluminum is a rich, semi-dull finish which glows like satin. It will not tarnish, rust or chip. The ideal metal for beverage service.

10 Piece Cocktail Set
Complete service for the cocktail hour. Cups and tray match design of Tipple Tumbler. Cups have capacity of 4½ ounces. Cork inset in tray prevents cups from skidding.
Complete Set $8.75

A PRODUCT OF
WB WEST BEND
ALUMINUM CO., WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

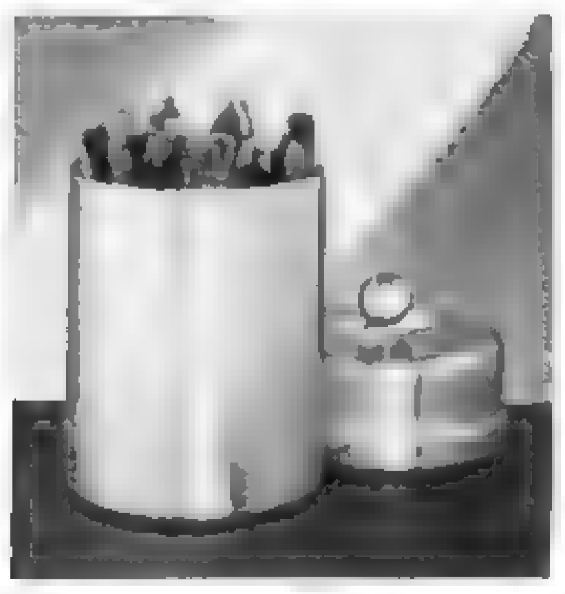
WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
Dept. 40, West Bend, Wisconsin

Send your free booklet picturing the Tipple Tumbler and other West Bend gifts for all occasions.

Name..

Address...

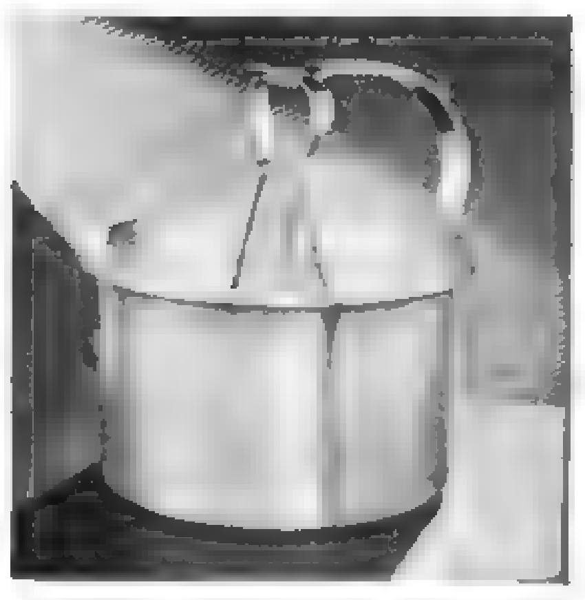
City.... ....State..................



Tobacco or Cigar Humidor with unique humidifier $1.50.

Other West Bend Gift Creations

Ask to see some of the 50 new West Bend Gifts at leading stores, or mail the coupon for free booklet picturing gifts for all occasions. Never before have such gifts of distinction been available for so little.

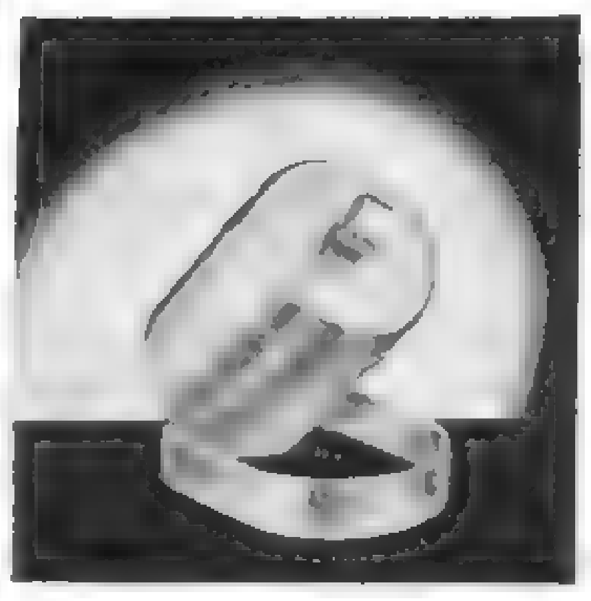


Ice Tub of Satin-Glo and Tongs of brass $1.65

Clipper Glow Lamp in Satin-Glo with brass trim $2.00.

Cocktail service with Walnut Tray and brass handle $5.00

Prices slightly higher in the West.



Cigarette Server in Satin-Glo with brass base $1.00

"It Ain't Always the Breaks"

Continued from pages 76-210

directing it it can't miss, then I knew I had him.

So then I was all set. I had a story, a star and a director.

Now, I figured, was the time to really get to work.

I went around to see the laboratory guys. At first they stetsoned me a little but when they heard me talking about my star and my director, they began warming up.

Just to clinch it I say, "Can I use your phone a minute?" and I call up the Waldorf-Astoria and talk to this guy Roberts and I make a date with him for dinner at the Tavern.

So they figure I must be okay if I know a guy like him as good as that and can afford to take him to joints like the Tavern for dinner and they begin listening. Later on I phoned up Roberts again and called the date off, but they didn't know that.

Anyway, I finally make a deal with them that they'll advance me half of the coin for making the picture if I give them a budget that they approve and use their film and their laboratory and give them a first mortgage on the film and pay them back their coin out of first moneys and if I can show them a release contract from some distributor.

Well, that was a new one on me. I didn't figure on that and it almost threw me for a loss. But not for long.

I began to think it over and I figured it out right away. It was a cinch.

I went over to United Artists and I asked to see Sam Goldwyn. A dame comes out and says Mr. Goldwyn is out of town and can she do anything for me.

I says I'm representing Anne Ingalls and she's making a picture and she wants to talk to Mr. Goldwyn about it and I'm her manager and how about it.

She goes away and she comes back pretty soon and she says Mr. Goldwyn is really out of town, on the level, and can it wait till he gets back? And I tells her straight from the shoulder without pulling my punches or anything, "If I have to wait that long, for Goldwyn or anybody else," I says, "why, I'll be walking around without no pants on."

So she laughs and says, well, maybe Mr. Kelly will do, he's the head salesman.

That's all I wanted to know.

I thanks her and goes back to the desk and asks to see this Kelly. I get to him, and I tells him Mr. Goldwyn suggested I talk to him, which is practically the truth, anyway, because this was Goldwyn's girl that told me to see Kelly and if Goldwyn isn't in town then his girl is really his representative and what she says is what he'd probably say.

So I talk to him quite a while and I could see right away that he's a nice guy and he says what the hell, United Artists has so many independent pictures now, one more or less won't make any difference, to give him a synopsis and a budget and he'll think it over and let me know.

Well, I figured it was in the bag, anyway, and it can't do any harm to talk some more, so I give him the whole lineup and he still says maybe, he thinks so, but he can't say for sure.

Finally I keep on talking and I guess maybe he had a couple of other guys to see and a couple of other things to do, so he gives in and writes me a note saying his company accepts first option on distribution rights of my picture *Queen Edna* starring Anne Ingalls and directed by Chester Roberts and produced by Joe Levy but doesn't have to pay anything for it in advance and can turn it down if it wants to without no cash loss of any kind or without being involved in any of the financing or expenses involved.

Well, that was certainly putting it over on that guy. Now I had a star, a director, a story, a laboratory and a distributor.

All I had to do was get a studio and that was a cinch.

All I had to do was reach the production manager at the studio and promise him half a gee, as soon as I laid my hands on some coin, and also a job as production manager on the picture while it was shooting at three cee's a week. He fixed it for me, the studio putting up half of the coin for production of the picture and getting their money back from the first moneys, plus a first mortgage on the negative.

So that's what tripped me up. That first mortgage stuff.

What the hell. I was being perfectly honest and above board with all parties concerned. I worked hard on it all and promoted it and figured it all out. Just because two of them happened to have papers for first mortgages and first moneys was no fault of mine. That was a mere slip of the pen.

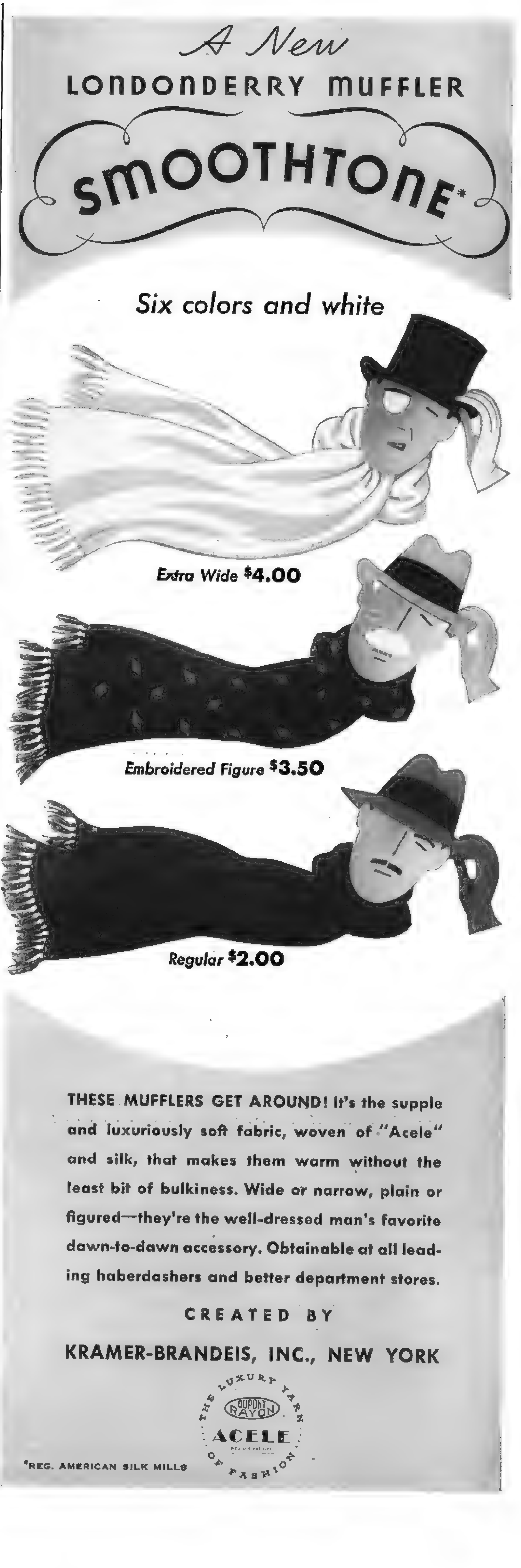
It could of been second as well as first, anyway, the way it all turned out, because the picture laid an egg from here to the Coast and back again. So all the squawking was for nothing.

When it comes to selling the picture, United Artists ain't got sense enough to pick up its option, and Joe Glick at 630 Ninth Avenue takes the distribution over and ruins the whole thing.

That picture needed classy selling. With a smart selling campaign on a big scale, like in proportion with the production schedule it got, it would have been a sockeroo.

But like I said what the hell. I can't do everything. I'm only a single guy, with only two hands. All I can do is turn 'em out.

And you gotta admit, I did that. ⁂



A New
LONDONDERRY MUFFLER
SMOOTHTONE*

Six colors and white

Extra Wide $4.00

Embroidered Figure $3.50

Regular $2.00

THESE MUFFLERS GET AROUND! It's the supple and luxuriously soft fabric, woven of "Acele" and silk, that makes them warm without the least bit of bulkiness. Wide or narrow, plain or figured—they're the well-dressed man's favorite dawn-to-dawn accessory. Obtainable at all leading haberdashers and better department stores.

CREATED BY

KRAMER-BRANDEIS, INC., NEW YORK

THE LUXURY YARN OF FASHION
DUPONT RAYON
ACELE

*REG. AMERICAN SILK MILLS

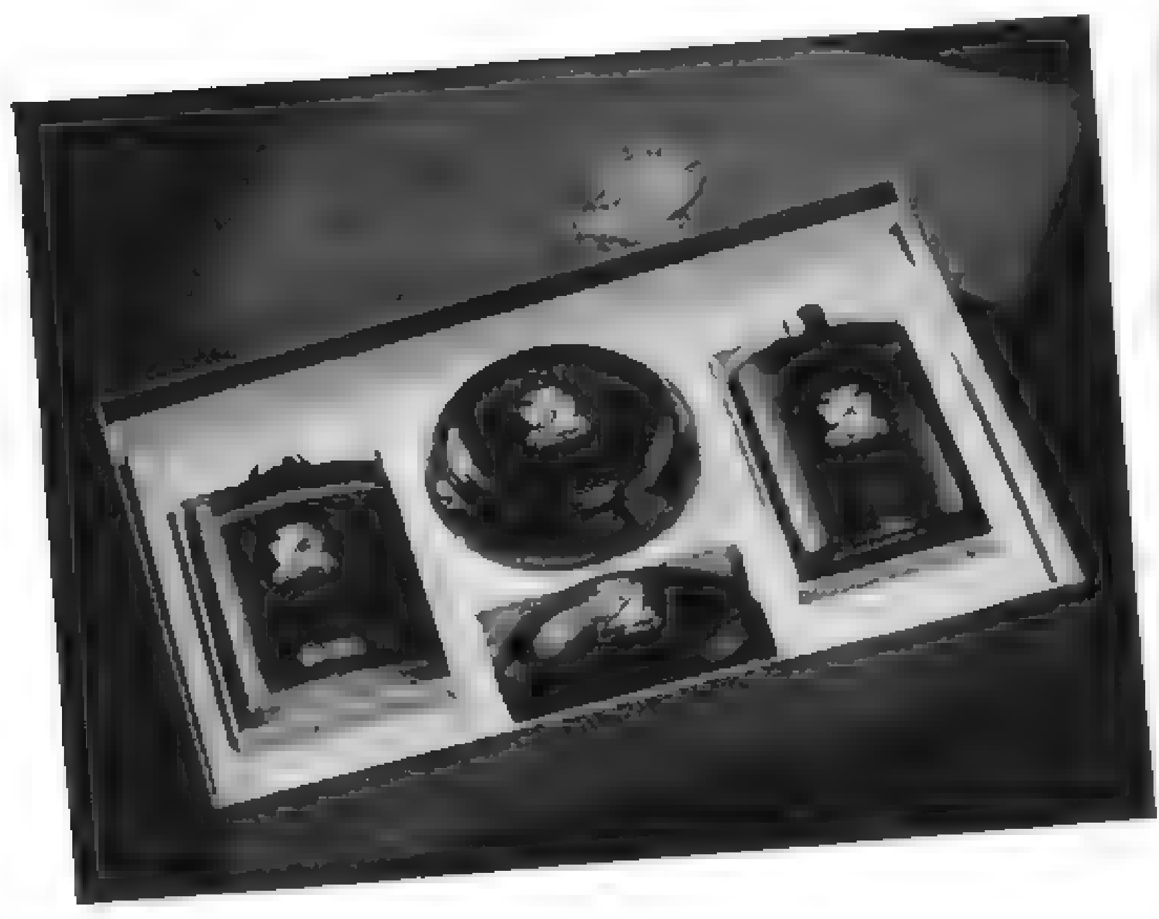
HUNT CLUB

Toilet Requisites for MEN

● *Hunt Club Gift Box de luxe—Essence, Shaving Bowl, Talcum, Toilet Water, Soap and Skin Cream packed in a handsome, embossed, simulated blue leather box that is a useful and appreciated gift in itself. . . $12*

The Aristocrat of All Gifts

The famous Hunt Club preparations
. . . now in rich
gift sets for Christmas



● *Above: A smaller Hunt Club Gift Box containing Shaving Bowl, Talcum and Soap—three of the most popular of these famous toilet requisites. . . . $2.50*

● *Above: Hunt Club Gift Box containing Shaving Bowl, Talcum, Toilet Water and Soap—four appreciated essentials to the smart man's toilet. $5*

Hunt Club Gift Boxes are available now at most leading stores. If your favorite store does not have them, mail this coupon direct to

LE BARON BALTIQUE, Ltd., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send the following Hunt Club Gift Boxes, wrapped for Christmas giving:

____De luxe boxes at $12 each; ____Gift Boxes at $5 each; ____Gift Boxes at $2.50 each.

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C. O. D.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*______________ *State*________

After-Dinner Witch-Doctor

Continued from page 79

There are a number of manholes in fortune telling, which it would be well to avoid. Remembering Rule No. 1, of pre-information, and Rule No. 2, of superlative lying, keep well in mind Rule No. 3, which is *use no known system.* If you lay down your cards in a known system this very system may be very well known to your frail victim, and should this be the very unfortunate case you will probably soon find a Ming vase wrapped around your broken neck. On the contrary, you must lay your cards down in a most complicated arrangement—any arrangement will do provided it is not an arrangement you have ever seen before. After you lay the cards down you will now spend a long time studying them—the longer the better—and as you *crouch* over each card, you will mumble "Uphump!" This signifies that you are getting a load of something pretty terrific and that you are endeavoring to piece this mess together although, apparently, you hate to do so. She will already be shaking in a quiver of apprehension.

And now, Mr. Psychologist, tell her a nice, good, pleasant fortune. She will be so relieved that she will be very predisposed to believe anything you say, if you say it firmly.

To tell the actual fortune, first draw a long breath (this will send blood to your brain and oil up the muscles in your tongue) and then spiel . . . and when I say "spiel," I mean SPIEL. Pointing from one card to the other you will now proceed to deliver as brilliantly as you can, and Heaven help you if you stop. If you find that you can think at all, try to draw upon every piece of eavesdropping or pre-information that you can. Don't look closely at the cards; the less you know about them, the better. Guide yourself firmly but delicately by her ejaculations; you must constantly know whether you are upon the right trail and consequently be prepared in an instant to swerve if disaster appears imminent. When a trail is hot she will brighten with confidence. When it is cold she will look at you clammily through half-closed eyes.

Let us suppose that early in the card-laying you have had the good fortune to stumble across a personage or situation which is obviously kosher and of the most tremendous interest to her. This incidentally is the most tremendous luck that can happen to any fortune teller. Not only can you now efficiently cook "his" goose, but you can also safely begin to coax and prod the "subject" with card after card—"by the way this card *would seem to mean* . . . that is true, isn't it?" etc., etc. And you need not worry. By this time she will be so completely under the card-laying hypnosis, so utterly astonished that you should have turned up something of secret but sizzling importance to her, that she will now scarcely permit you to tell her fortune, but *she will now proceed to tell it for you!* Nor is this the end of miracles. In the remote future she will always believe quite absolutely that you have told her the very things she actually told you, and loudly indeed will she sing your praises! And now, if you are only the least tiny bit unscrupulous (and I hope that you are a gentleman) she will gladly come up to hear you play Hindemith or to look at your priceless Picassos; why not cook her a Crêpe Suzette while you are about it? For, upon first night acquaintance, that is about the only *quick* way to have pretty ladies leaning upon your piano *raptly.* For they have learned to hold their liquor. And—after all, what a small favor their presence there is in return for the priceless future which you have just given them! And remember to be a card-layer you need not know one suit from the other; as a matter of fact the nearer pretty pictures playing-cards look to you, the better fortune teller you will be.

But if you blush easily and are not a good liar, do not give up. All is not lost. Why not try table-tipping and have a table do your talking for you?

There are, I believe, the most legitimate and wholesome of table-tippers, but I regret to state that I am not one of these. My spiritualistic seances are the phoniest of the phoniest, but insofar as superficial appearance is concerned, they certainly look as good as the real ones. They have the advantage, however, of being entirely within my own control and not within that of any half-witted spirit who might persist (as they are often wont to do) in spelling and respelling "Mama loves papa, mama loves papa," etc., *ad absurdum.* My messages, on the other hand, will be severely to the point and concern themselves specifically with the future some attractive young lady presents.

Table-tipping also has the advantage of being even more mesmeric than card-laying; the eerie atmosphere will not only set the lady's psychological tom-tom-beating, but it will also make her afraid to go home alone at night. You will now simply call loudly for a small table—if possible select one with one leg a little shorter than the others—then place four or five persons around the table and have everyone spread his hands out flat, thumbs touching each other and little finger tips touching the little fingers of the persons alongside. This is, you explain, to keep the "electrical body-fluid" unbroken and acting upon the table; this very favorable condition will lure

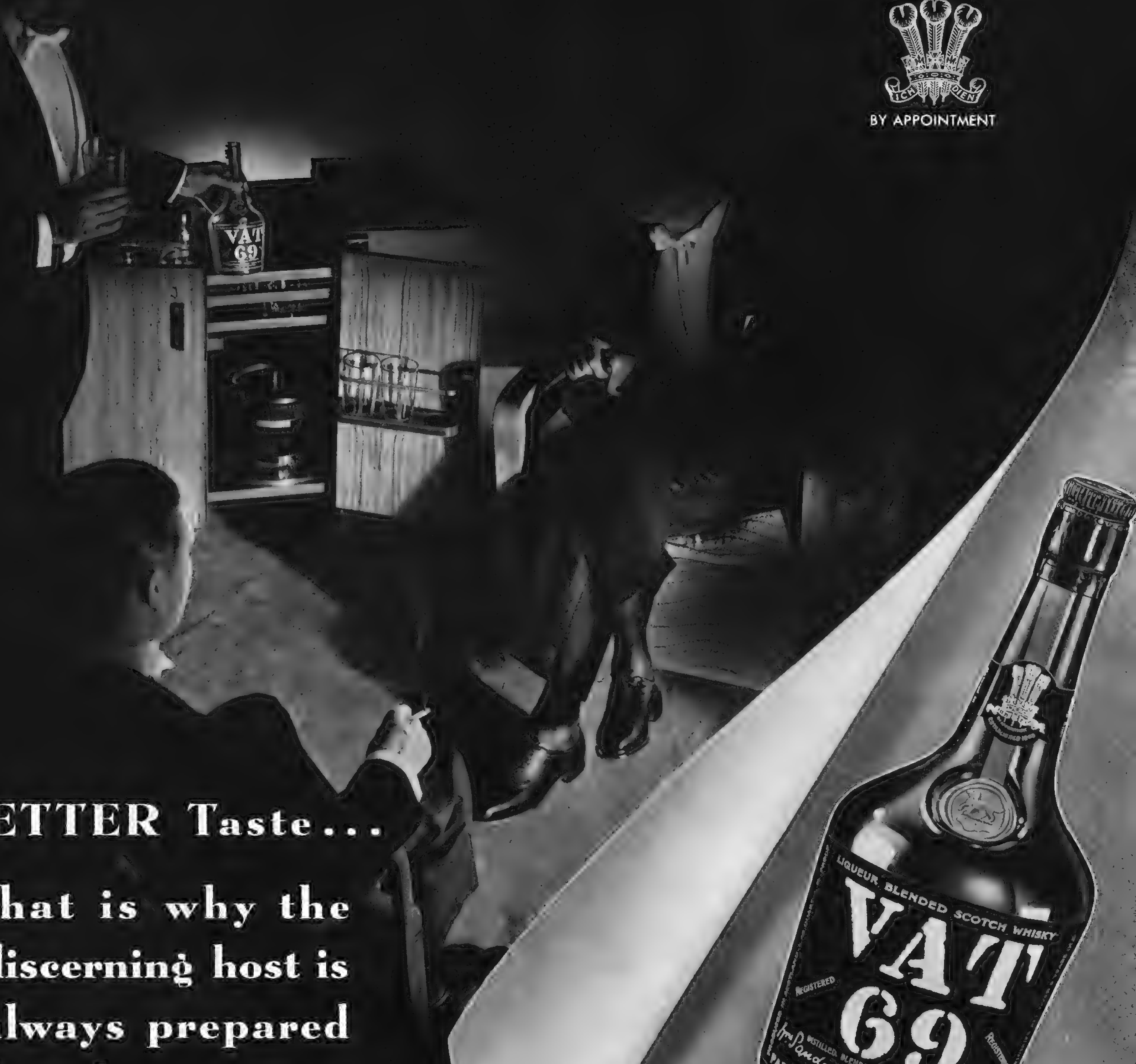
Continued on page 216

VAT 69

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

ICH DIEN

BY APPOINTMENT


VAT 69
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
REGISTERED
Wm Sanderson & Son
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
LEITH, SCOTLAND
Sole Agent for United States
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, New York

BETTER Taste...

that is why the
discerning host is
always prepared
for the request

"Vat 69, please!"

86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.
Exclusive U. S. Representative

GIFTS FOR HER OR HIM

OF A DISTINGUISHED LINE

TOSCA

Distinguished for its feminine delicacy, expressed in an unmistakable emanation of impeccable *savoir faire.*

TROIKA

Imparting to the rugged youthfulness of sports just the right feminine suggestion for undeniable allure.

Distinguished, and of a distinguished line. Two perfumed Eaux de Cologne, based upon that stimulating and refreshing "4711" Classic Eau de Cologne, traditionally regarded by men and women the world over as the badge of exquisite grooming since 1792. Also, attractively packaged for the giver and recipient of gifts of distinction, from *her* or *him* to *him* or *her.*

These *two* splendid gifts are typical of the *many* combinations of this established line . . . honoring either his lady, or the esquire himself.

Shaving cream, lotion, and talc . . . assembled for satisfaction with distinction.

No. 4711.

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

A FULL LINE OF TOILETRIES FROM BATH TO BOUDOIR

After-Dinner Witch-Doctor

Continued from pages 79-214

sundry loose spirits to try their hands on an evening's terrestial conversation. All spirits use the same code, a rather imbecile one; A is signaled by one rap, B is signaled by two, C is signaled by three, and so on down to Z (incidentally a rather tiresome letter to telegraph). But, in table-tipping everybody has plenty of time, and no one seems to care if our first spirit telegraphs something like this "WXKLHIQUPGYPGYPOHNOOHNO" for you can easily explain this as the work of either a malicious little spirit who always annoys you at first or the signal of an ancient Persian Prince who has never learned English but who has been trying all of these years to "break through" without, however, any apparent success.

All is now ready except for the dimming of the lights and the placing of a scribe with paper and pencil at a far corner of the room. He will take down any possible messages. You are now able to proceed. With your hands upon the small table and after about three minutes of expectant waiting you will now exert a small pressure upon the rickety table causing it to move an inch or two along the floor. You now exclaim,

"There! Didn't you feel something? I felt something!"

The table moves again. You say with suppressed excitement, "The spirit is approaching."

Then the table begins to rap. (You are merely upsetting its small balance as rapidly and surely as a machine gun.) The short leg is jittering in code against the floor. "I-I-I-I-I-I-I." You now pretend to be angry with the spirit. "What do you want?" you whisper hoarsely into the half-darkness.

IAMDEADTRYTOGETMYMESSAGE ITISOFGREATESTIMPORTANCE.

After the scribe has separated this into English and it has made a certain disturbing impression the table will move to a new section of the floor twisting and turning *en route.* You all move your chairs with it and set up a new base of operations. It will now tap:

XYZLMNOPQRSTOOOOOOOOOOO

Now this you will have none of. You are severe. "Malicious spirit leave us! Let the friendly control break through!" Everybody shivers; the table commences tapping again.

IAMDEADIAMDEADIAMDEADXY QUTYLXWQZWQXOOOOOOOO!

Again you have to pull the spirit back upon the track, but soon he will really open up and give you all some pretty wonderful advice. If this advice isn't of the kind that will make that lovely blonde on the other side of the table sit up and resolve to make several important changes in her immediate date book, then you should not be head man at a table-tipping party.

Numerology is another attractive parlor game and it will entice your beautiful victim to sit with you over a page of your penciled numerals for hours upon end. There is nothing to it. All that is necessary is for you to maintain stoutly that you have an older and much more accurate system of Numerology than any Numerology system ever discovered before, yours having come directly from the ancient Chaldeans, whereas all later systems stem from the Phoenicians who had already fairly bungled it, so accounting for the fact that so many people today having their numbers read are deeply dissatisfied with the results thereof. This, you aver, could never happen with your older and more perfect system.

You now write down the letters of her name and quickly, without apparent thought, mark a cipher —any cipher—underneath each letter. It matters not if you should accidentally have the same numeral under B and Q . . . your system is different, remember. You will now do an enormous amount of multiplication, subtraction, and addition and if you want, you can throw in a little higher calculus just to impress. At last you are ready to tell her fortune. I hope you make it a good one.

* * *

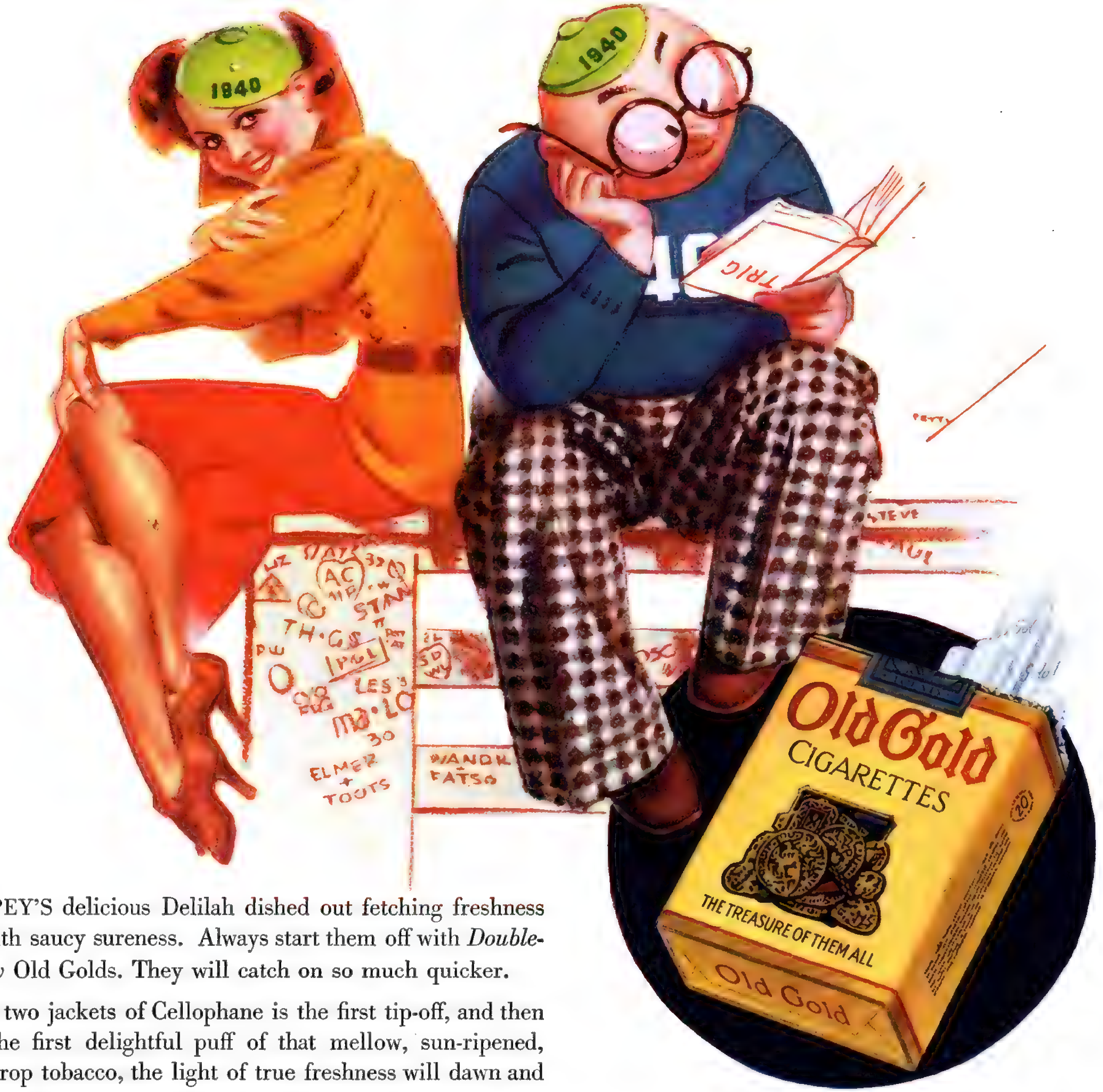
If you want to throw in a few remarks about her glandular personality at this point you will give her that comfortable feeling that nothing can be concealed from you. She feels as if she were nude before you, incidentally an extremely homelike and relaxing attitude. She will automatically think "Oh what's the use of resisting him, he can see right through me anyway."

* * *

But the really smart fortune teller will soon drop all these infantile pursuits and take up, instead, Astrology. Astrology is really the Big Noise follow-up of after-dinner witchcraft. The method is simplicity itself. Remember there are dozens of Astrology magazines upon the news stands containing exact information about the stars many years in advance. Therefore should you, at your dinner party, meet the most attractive young girl you have ever seen, be sure to tell her fortune by one of the above methods, and if she is impressed, ask her for the date and hour of her birth. You will make a note of this and assure her that you will now cast her horoscope. But you must tell her *that this,* unfortunately, will take one whole week of your time, entailing an infinite amount of hard labor, calculations, and tremendous rechecking. Keep her waiting. She will barely be able to wait out the week, and within the allotted amount of time she will telephone you. "Is my horoscope ready?"

Continued at top of page 219

And He Learned about *FRESHNESS* from Her!


1940
1940
40
TRIG
ELMER + TOOTS
WANDK FATSO
STEVE
PETTY
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
20

DOPEY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with *Double-Mellow* Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . *it will be factory-fresh.*

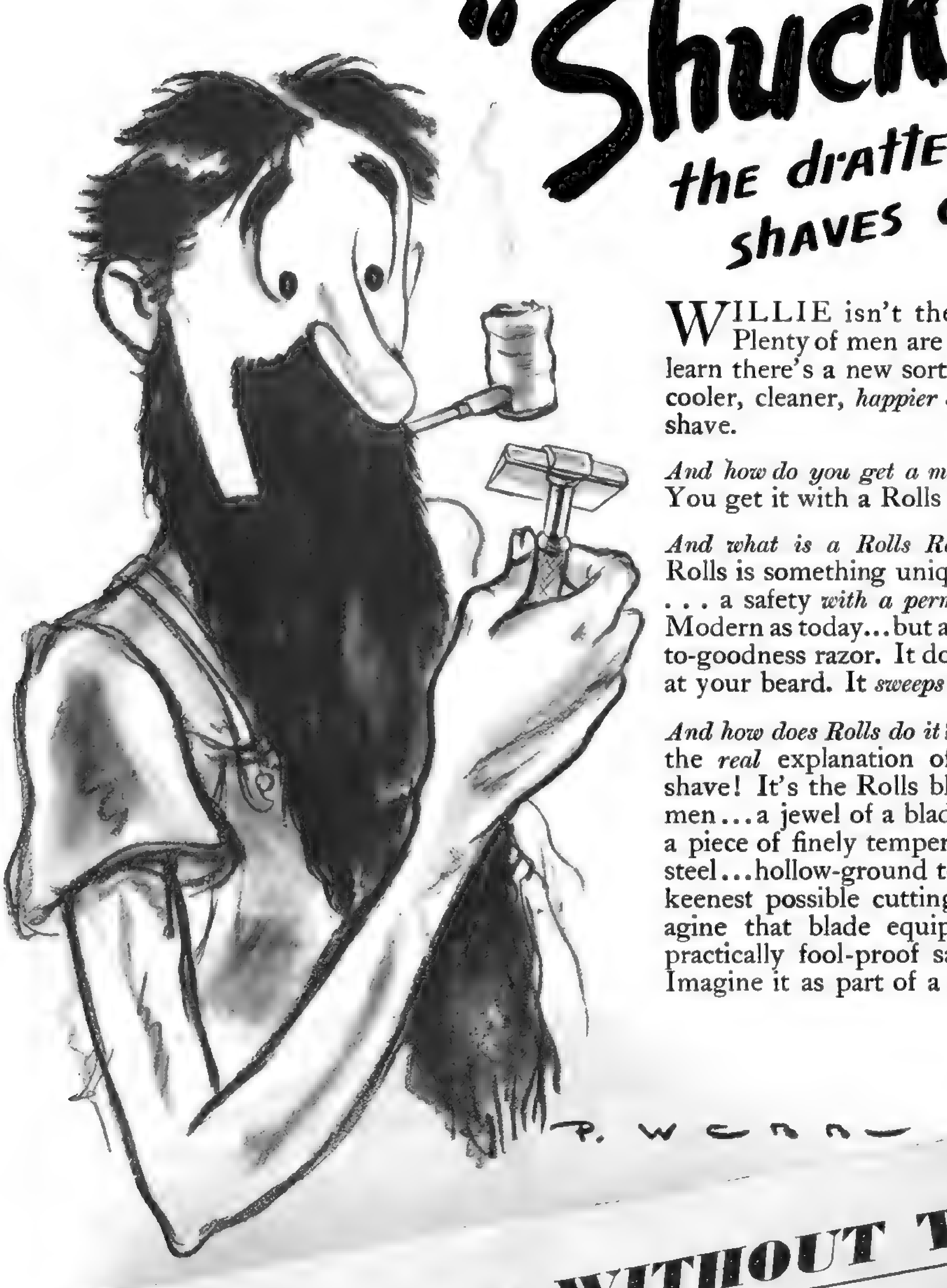
ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

"Shucks—the drafted thing shaves clean as a pigs whistle"



WILLIE isn't the only one. Plenty of men are surprised to learn there's a new sort of shave... cooler, cleaner, *happier* . . . a *modern* shave.

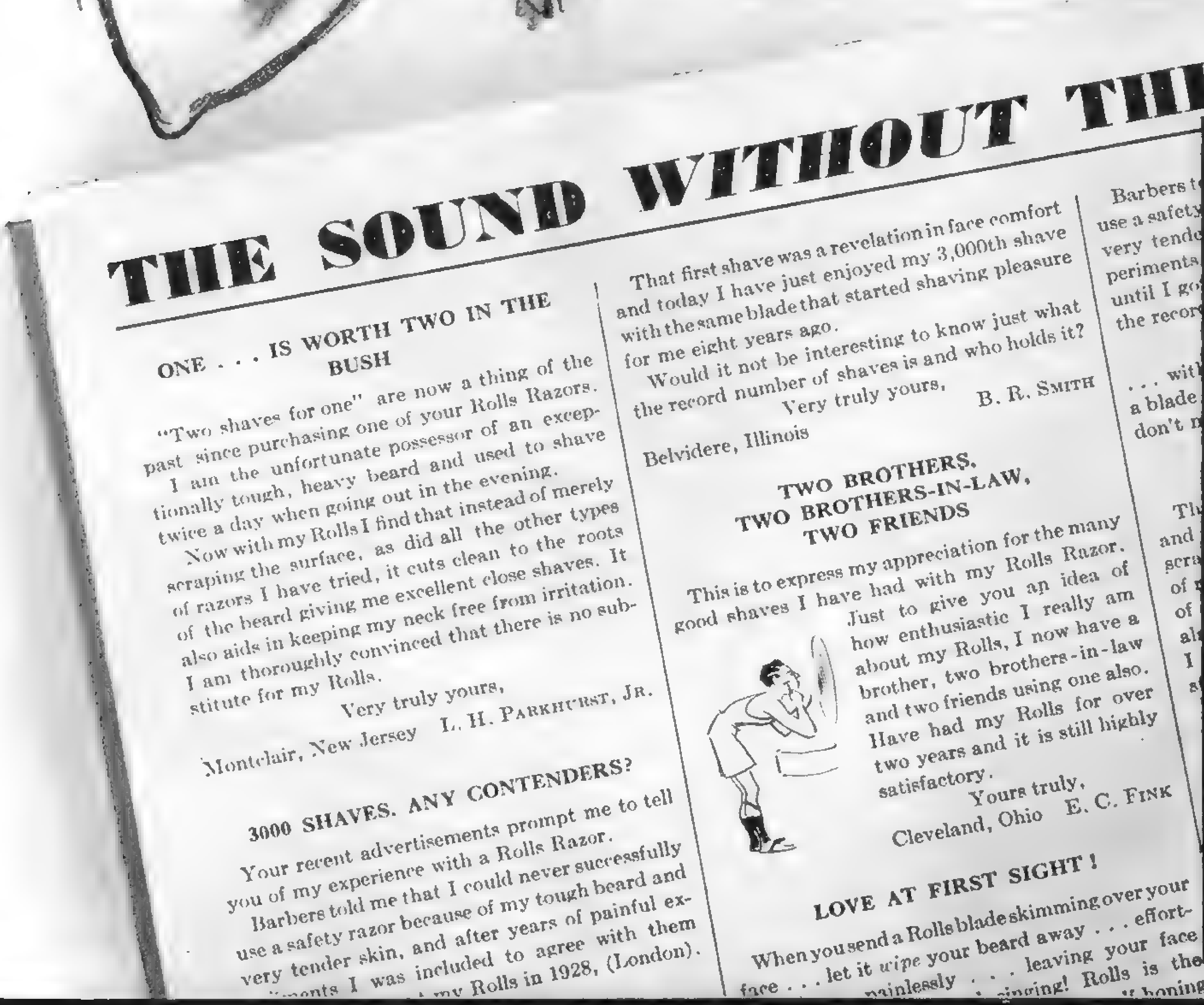
And how do you get a modern shave? You get it with a Rolls Razor.

And what is a Rolls Razor? Well, Rolls is something unique in razors . . . a safety *with a permanent blade.* Modern as today...but a *real*, honest-to-goodness razor. It doesn't nibble at your beard. It *sweeps* it away.

And how does Rolls do it? Ah, *there's* the *real* explanation of a modern shave! It's the Rolls blade, gentlemen...a jewel of a blade! Imagine a piece of finely tempered Sheffield steel...hollow-ground to give it the keenest possible cutting edge. Imagine that blade equipped with a practically fool-proof safety guard. Imagine it as part of a razor whose compact case includes a simple stropping and honing device—a device that recreates a perfect cutting edge *before each shave*...so that your magic blade is *always* on its best behavior. And here's the ripest plum of all, gentlemen! Treat it right, and *that same blade* will be giving you modern shaves the rest of your life!

But there's more to shaving than merely removing whiskers. A good *clean* shave demands soap and water. A face shaved daily needs the beneficial oils a good shaving soap contains to protect skin texture and cleanse the pores. And that's where Rolls Shaving Soap comes in...a rich, luxurious, foamy-lathering soap that works hand in glove with this modern safety razor to give you the last word in truly modern shaving.

LEE & SCHIFFER, INC.
Sole U. S. Distributors
305 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



THE SOUND WITHOUT THE FURY

ONE . . . IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH

"Two shaves for one" are now a thing of the past since purchasing one of your Rolls Razors. I am the unfortunate possessor of an exceptionally tough, heavy beard and used to shave twice a day when going out in the evening.

Now with my Rolls I find that instead of merely scraping the surface, as did all the other types of razors I have tried, it cuts clean to the roots of the beard giving me excellent close shaves. It also aids in keeping my neck free from irritation. I am thoroughly convinced that there is no substitute for my Rolls.

Very truly yours,
Montclair, New Jersey L. H. PARKHURST, JR.

3000 SHAVES. ANY CONTENDERS?

Your recent advertisements prompt me to tell you of my experience with a Rolls Razor.

Barbers told me that I could never successfully use a safety razor because of my tough beard and very tender skin, and after years of painful ex-
ments I was included to agree with them
my Rolls in 1928, (London).

That first shave was a revelation in face comfort and today I have just enjoyed my 3,000th shave with the same blade that started shaving pleasure for me eight years ago.

Would it not be interesting to know just what the record number of shaves is and who holds it?

Very truly yours,
Belvidere, Illinois B. R. SMITH

TWO BROTHERS, TWO BROTHERS-IN-LAW, TWO FRIENDS

This is to express my appreciation for the many good shaves I have had with my Rolls Razor.

Just to give you an idea of how enthusiastic I really am about my Rolls, I now have a brother, two brothers-in-law and two friends using one also. Have had my Rolls for over two years and it is still highly satisfactory.

Yours truly,
Cleveland, Ohio E. C. FINK

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!

When you send a Rolls blade skimming over your face . . . let it *wipe* your beard away . . . effort-
painlessly . . . leaving your face
singing! Rolls is the
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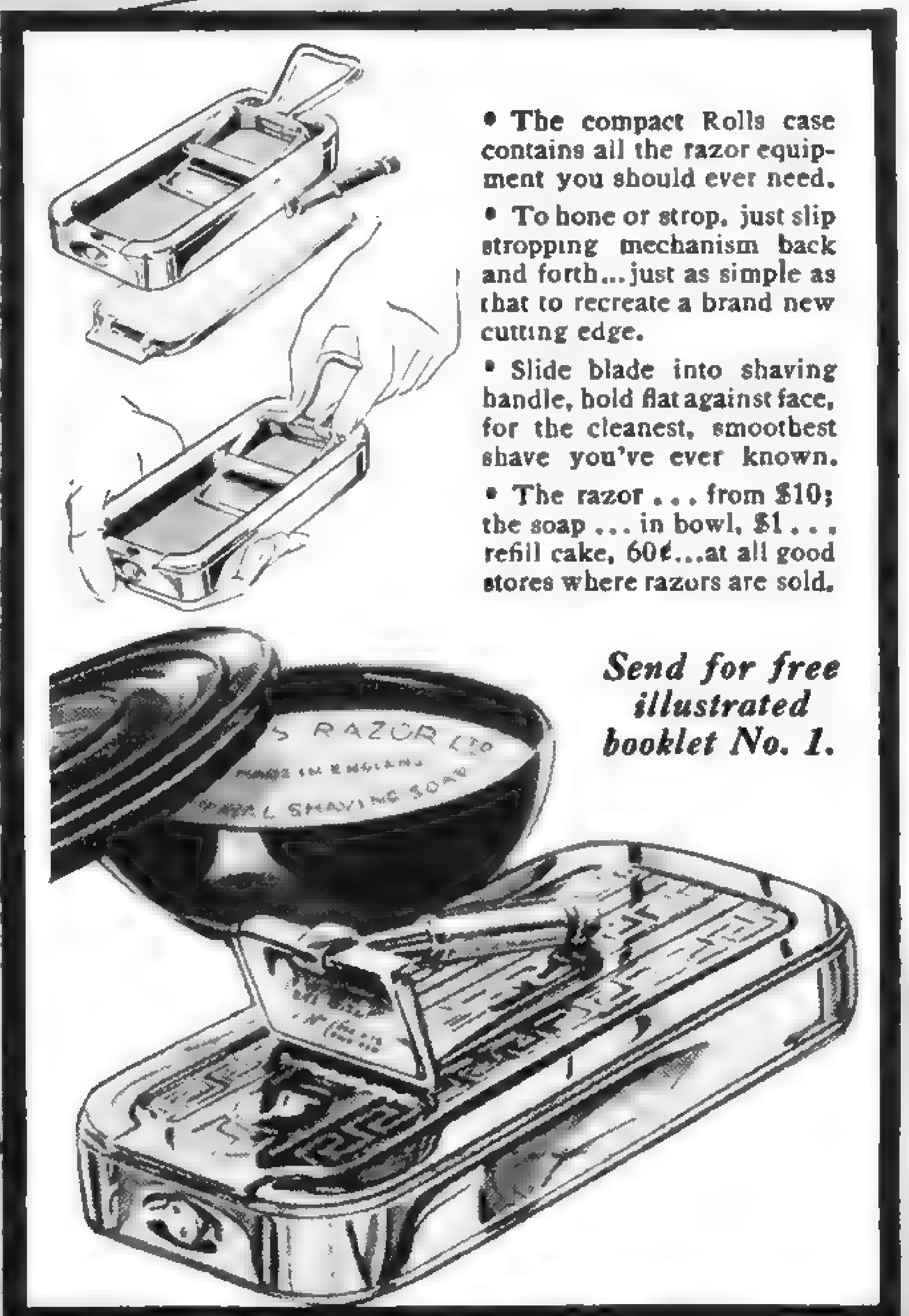

- The compact Rolls case contains all the razor equipment you should ever need.
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- The razor . . . from $10; the soap . . . in bowl, $1 . . . refill cake, 60¢...at all good stores where razors are sold.

Send for free illustrated booklet No. 1.

ROLLS RAZOR

After-Dinner Witch-Doctor

Continued from pages 79-214-216

It is, you having meanwhile used your typewriter, ten pieces of paper, and a horoscope partially copied from one of the more obscure magazines. That is to say you will not copy it quite exactly but use only the technical positions of the stars and considerable fancy of your own. If you have any trepidations just check one astrology magazine against the other and you will come to note that no one astrologer agrees with the other; therefore, why should you, *another* astrologer, agree with the rest? And upon these ten accompanying sheets you will typewrite just exactly *everything* the stars command her to do day by day for the next three months. I sincerely hope that you will make the stars show the least bit of common ordinary horse sense. Just think, she will be following a typewritten list of *your* instructions for three months! Boy!

And so goodby to after-dinner piano playing, after-dinner astronomy, and those long-winded book reviews out upon the terrace. Beautiful American girls, oh yes, the most beautiful girls in the world, will not discuss Cocteau, Aragon, Strawinsky, nor will they ask you to play a choice bit of Schostakovitch which, you flatter yourself, you play very well. Nobody will ever mention Georges Auric. Pouting and petulant you will want it known that *if you are compelled* to play Spin-the-bottle you can play it just as well if not better than anybody else. "The green tree bends but does not break."

If you must turn astronomy and the spiral nebulae into Astrology, or the beauty of mathematics into Numerology, no one will be able to say that you have not done so aptly and gracefully.

But, mark you, no longer will they laugh when you say that you can play the piano. Their laughs will turn to amazement when you turn on the mumbo-jumbo, the little savage uncivilized lovelies! ⁂

Shyster of Fortune

Continued from page 93

In due course Mrs. O'Gilvey came ambling through the door. Bucky seated her with special ceremony and came right to the point.

"Many is the time I pass your place of business and say to myself, there's a woman who should stop working so hard and retire. Now, the question is what should you sell for? You might ask two thousand dollars or twenty-five hundred, but maybe you can get four thousand. Maybe even five thousand. Who knows?"

"I know," she said promptly. "It ain't wor'rth it."

"How can you tell what a thing is worth?" demanded Bucky. "What's one man's luxury is another man's bargain. Furthermore, the party who wants to buy your business is a very rich man and a generous hearted gentleman besides."

It was a fault of Bucky Sharp that he could never stop piling it on. It was that touch about the generous hearted gentleman that made Mrs. O'Gilvey suspect that all this talk about buying her business was probably a fake. Meanwhile, Bucky waited anxiously for his telephone call; his stenographer came in and told him Mr. Hoyt was on the wire.

"Speak of the devil!" said Bucky. "This is the party who wants to buy your business." He spoke into the instrument. "Yes, Mr. Hoyt. I spoke to her but she's not so anxious to sell, though maybe I could induce her for a good profit. What will she take for it? Five thousand dollars and not a cent less. No, I'm not joking, Mr. Hoyt. You'd like to talk it over with her personally? All right, I'll tell her to be sure and be there."

He put down the receiver and looked at her. "He wants you to go over and see him but he's a very busy man and the only time he can make it is tomorrow eleven o'clock."

Now, Mrs. O'Gilvey had been sitting there, trying to figure out what the lawyer was up to, and as soon as he said that she jumped to the conclusion that he wanted to lure her from her business at a certain day and hour with some dire and sinister purpose. What that might be was beyond her, but she was taking no chances. She said firmly, "I'll not do it."

Bucky gulped. "I'm surprised at you! What's more important than selling your business for five thousand dollars?"

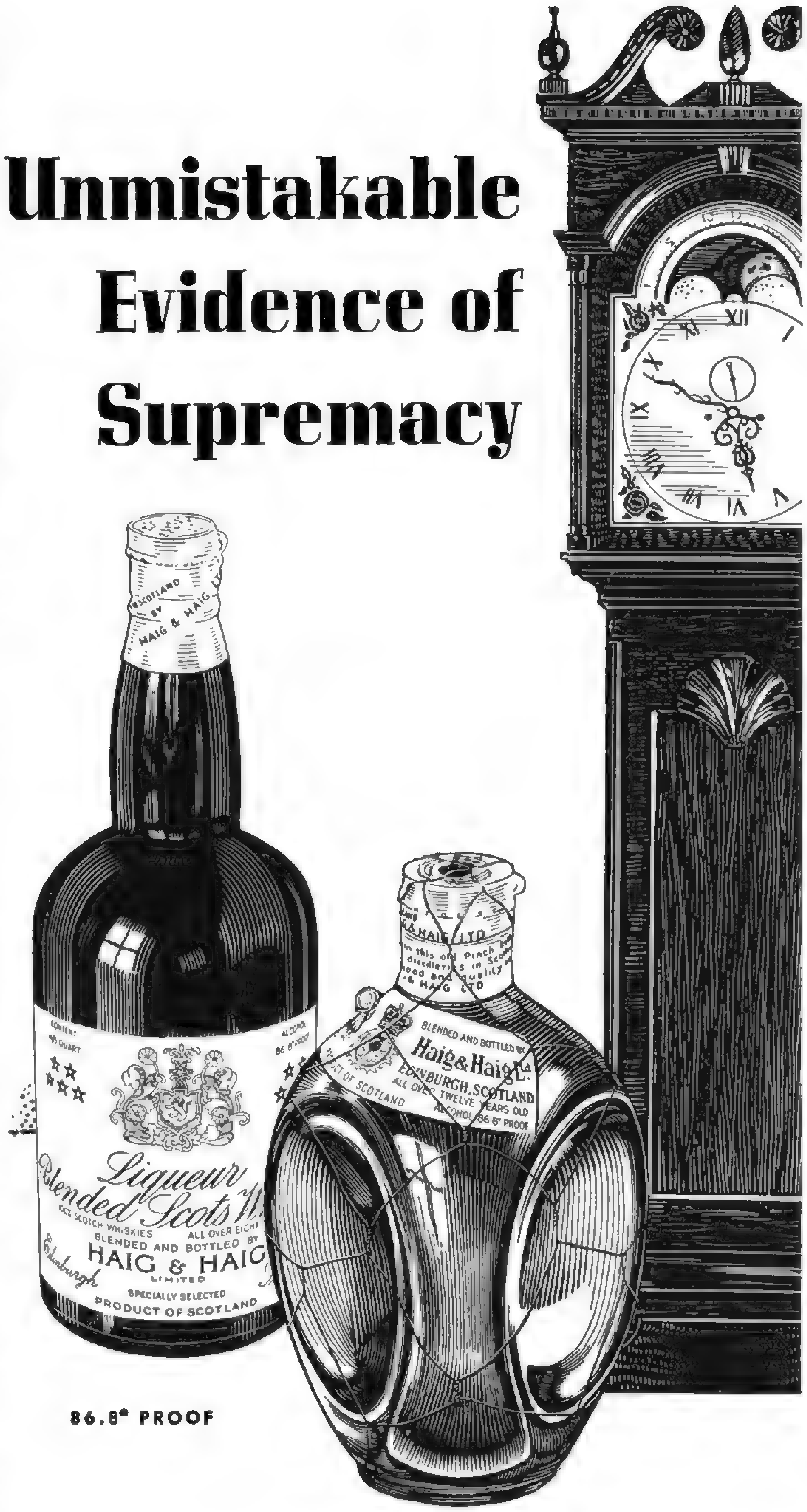
"If he's that anxious I'll see 'im today," said Mrs. O'Gilvey. "Tomorrow mor'rnin' at iliven o'clock I'll be busy."

"Where are you going that you're so busy?" demanded Bucky.

"That's me own business," she retorted. "I don't ask where yur're goin' at iliven o'clock."

She stalked out, thoroughly mad, leaving the lawyer sore and distressed. Now that he could see very plainly that it was Mrs. O'Gilvey who had reported him, he felt worse than before. The Censors had a positive phobia about defrauding a woman, especially a widow; and moreover he had always found gypped women harder to face than men; they were less reasonable, more vindictive. Above everything else he must keep her away from that hearing tomorrow. If she failed to show up the Committee might drop the charge, or anyway set another date, which would give him more time to cook up his story. It was the haste with which he had to work now

Continued on page 220



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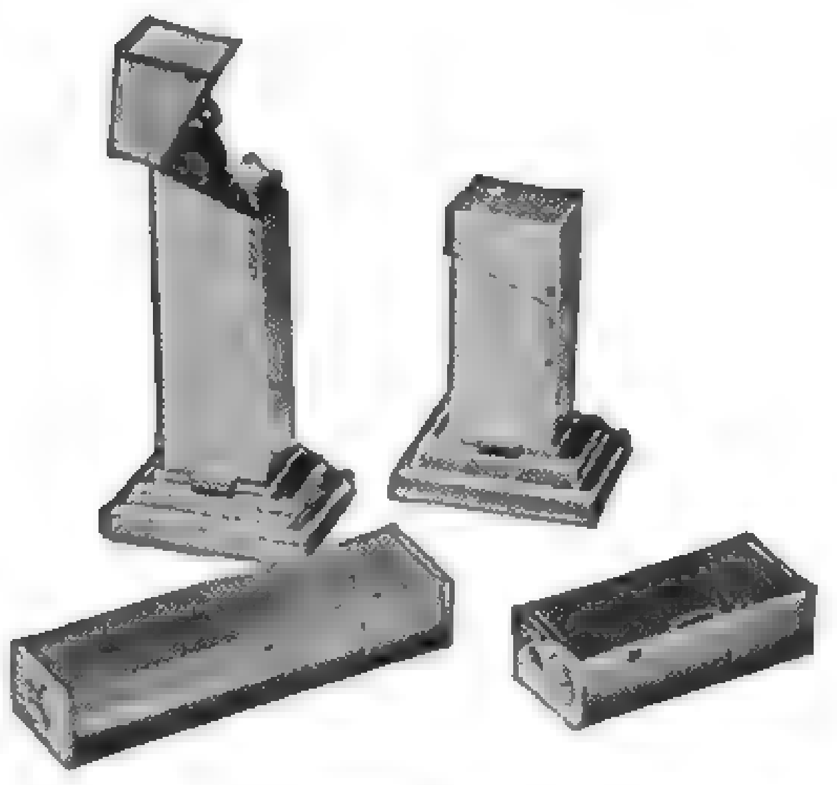

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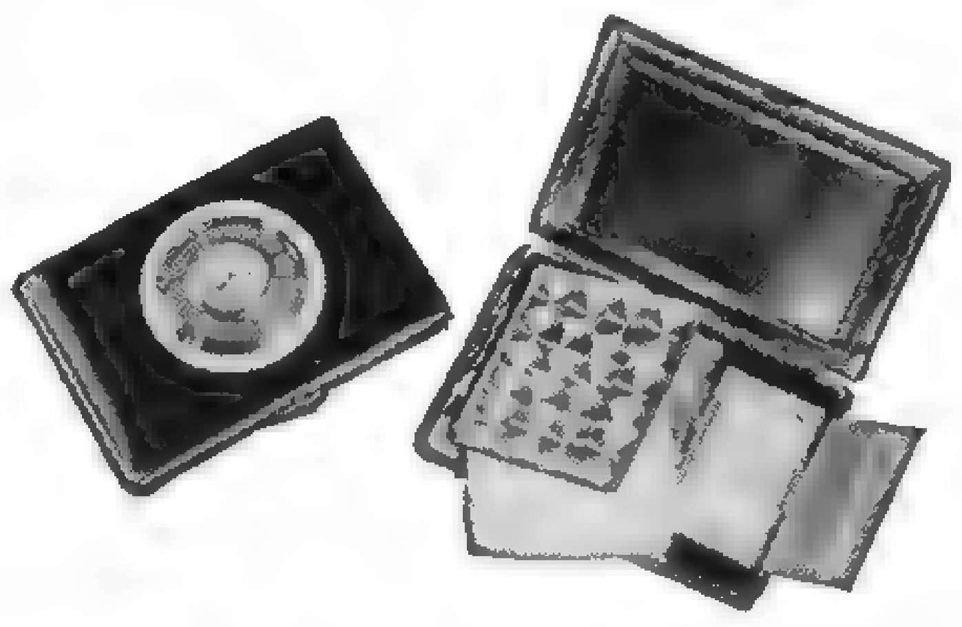

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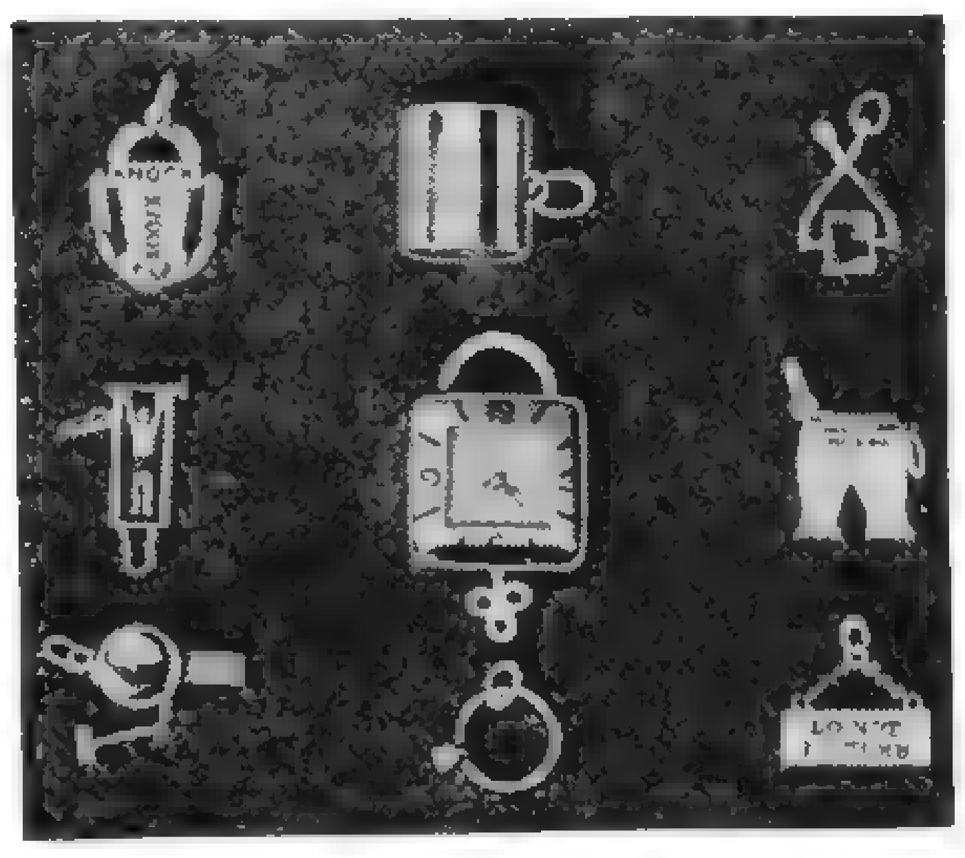
VANITIFLASH HANDBAG

Entirely new type bag with mirror and two electric lights for proper make-up, concealed space for cigarettes or compact, extra zipper pocket and change purse. In black, brown or navy box calfskin $12.50



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A lawn or carpet steeplechase. Players "ride" their horses by manipulating a string from behind. Four large horses, hurdles and winning post . $10.00

Visit the Christmas Corral—a whole floor of games, gifts and sporting toys for children

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Shyster of Fortune

Continued from pages 93-219

that irked him as much as anything else.

Nothing daunted, however, he put his brains to the issue once more and soon evolved another expedient; went out again, this time to the office of Andy Fix.

Andy Fix was a thin, twitchy man with bulging eyes and glasses like a telescope; hair sprouted all over him like grass in the park. Bucky seated himself elbow to elbow and explained what he wanted; for a fee of twenty-five dollars Andy was to see Mrs. O'Gilvey and go through the motions of buying her house in the country.

"Tell her she must show you the improvements but the only time you can go there is eleven o'clock. She'll think you really want the property because you yelled for it so much at the settlement. See what I mean?"

"But why," demanded Andy, "must it be eleven o'clock? What's so important about eleven o'clock?"

"That's none of your business," said Bucky, who had no intention of informing the other that he was in trouble again with the Censors. "It's important—that's all you have to know."

"Does a utility company want the right of way? Is the government assembling property for the P.W.A.? I'll bet this is no plant at all and you really want that house."

"Kindly don't cross-examine me," said Bucky impatiently. "Just do as I tell you and I'll pay you what I promised."

He went back to his office in a more optimistic frame of mind. Sending Andy over was really a stroke of genius; aside from everything else it would tend to validate that Bill for Injunction at the settlement. "You see," Bucky argued mentally to the Committee, "he was really sincere about that and to prove it he tried to buy the property back from her later." He sat and waited impatiently for Andy, and although it was less than an hour since they parted he began to fret.

"What in the devil's keeping him?" he muttered. "You might think the woman was in China."

Even as he said this Andy Fix came bursting through the door as if shot out of a gun. He flung himself on a chair and wiped his face, trembling and shivering.

"My God!" he panted. "Where did you send me? I thought she would murder me! Oh!" He looked himself over. "Am I really alive?"

"Never mind the comedy," snapped Bucky. "Talk! Did she agree to it?"

"Did she agree to it! Does it look like she agreed to it? I went there and spoke exactly the way you told me. I told her I still wanted her house and would pay her a good price for it but naturally she would have to show me the improvements. So, at first she seemed interested. Then I said the only time I could go there was eleven o'clock tomorrow and did she yell! I thought the police would come! She screamed 'Did that crook send you here?' and grabbed that iron bar she keeps on the papers and when I saw that, I ran!" He wiped his face again, a little calmer. "What did she mean, did that crook send me there?"

"How should I know?" Bucky demanded irritably.

But Andy did not have to be told what she meant. "You know," he observed, "I wouldn't monkey with that woman too much. I don't think she likes you."

"Oh, shut up!" said Bucky. "When I want your advice I'll ask for it. All right, you tried and you couldn't—goodby."

"What do you mean, goodby? How about paying me?"

"Paying you?" sneered Bucky. "For what? For failing in something that any child could put over? And you call yourself a capable member of the bar!"

"You said you would pay me," Andy argued. "Even if I didn't succeed one hundred per cent you ought to pay me for sending me there to get murdered."

"If I could pay your heirs I would do it cheerfully," said Bucky, "but in the meantime, kindly don't bother me. Did you hear me? I said goodby."

Genuine wrath flushed the countenance of Andy Fix. "Mr. Sharp," he said, "in my opinion you are a skunk. You may consider our friendship at an end."

He slammed out of the office, fury in his heart and vengeance in his mind, coupled with notions of profit. When occasion demanded Andy could be a man of action, and in the elevator he gave swift thought to the maneuverings of Bucky Sharp. Bucky really wanted Mrs. O'Gilvey's property; that was a self-evident fact, proved by his denial. Bucky was afraid Andy might horn in on the proposition—that further explained the denial. Bucky had tried to buy the house himself and the woman wouldn't have anything to do with him—that was why he sent Andy there to negotiate for him. And, of course, the reason why Bucky wanted the property was because he'd learned somehow that some utility was after it—some corporation whose agent was to call on Mrs. O'Gilvey tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock—that explained his anxiety to get her out of the way. To Andy's inflamed mind it all fitted together perfectly and naturally, and so from the elevator he hurried to his bank, where he withdrew five hundred dollars, and thence to his office, where he hastily drew up an agreement for the purchase of real estate, after which he put wings to his feet and stood once more before Mrs. O'Gilvey.

"Now, madam, don't get ex-

Continued on page 222

Mansfield for Men

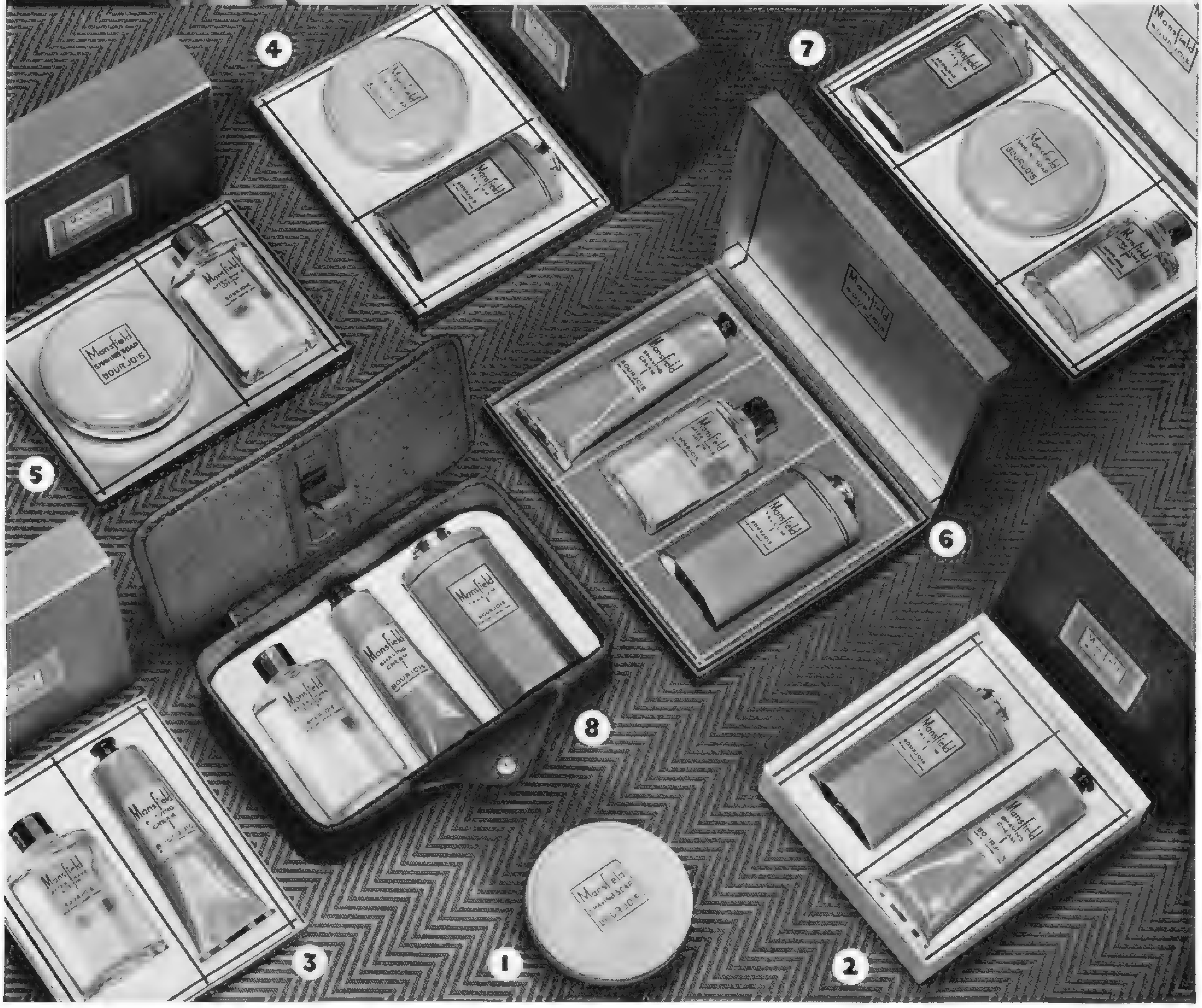
Essentials to Good Grooming in Practical Gift Combinations

For men who are particular—not just fussy—a gift of Mansfield Shaving Cream, Talcum or Lotion is most desirable. Gifts to be used and enjoyed every day, these essentials are especially welcomed by active men.

In practical combinations, the gift boxes complement the clean masculine appearance of the products themselves. An excellent variety to choose from.

These fine Mansfield products have the same character and quality that have established Bourjois essentials in the daily habits of correct Englishmen.

An Aside to the Ladies—Men are particularly choosy in the matter of personal accessories to grooming. Mansfield things are all designed for the exclusive use of men—and approved by them. As gifts they are most certain to be appreciated.



1 **SHAVING BOWL**—Long popular in England; now used by well groomed men in America $1.00

2 **TALCUM AND SHAVING CREAM**—Imported Talcum, invisible tint and unobtrusively scented—packed with Shaving Cream $1.00

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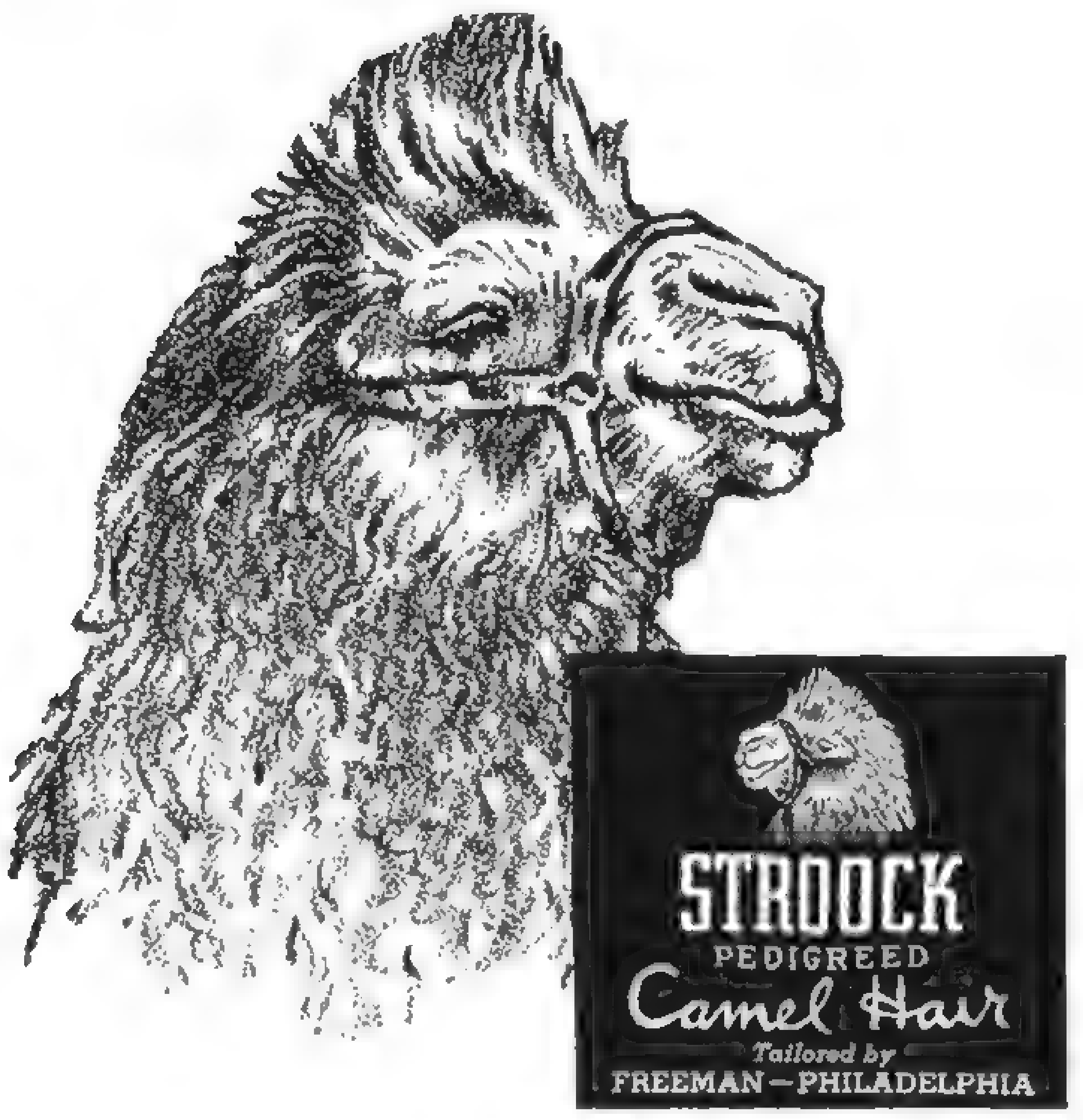
8 **CARRY-ALL CASE** of genuine leather with water-proof lining. Contains Shaving Cream, After Shave Lotion and Talcum $4.25

BOURJOIS



This label is your assurance of QUALITY *... It isn't* STROOCK *if it isn't so labeled!*

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Summer, winter, spring or fall are all the same to him. He wears but one coat the whole year'round. But because you care, here are STROOCK camel hair coats FREEMAN TAILORED which are the finest of their kind, so that you too may have a coat to wear the whole year 'round. One that you will care for, and one that will care for you.

STROOCK Camel Coats are FREEMAN tailored and are featured in many new patterns—colors and models. The all season weight is . . .

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At your favorite clothier's or write for information and fabric sample.

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Marshall Field & Co.
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Burkhardt Bros. Co.
CLEVELAND, O.
The Higbee Co.
DENVER, COLO.
Gano-Downs
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Bullock's
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Toepfer & Bellack
NEWARK, N. J.
L. Bamberger & Co.
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B. Altman & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Jacob Reed's Sons
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PORTLAND, ORE.
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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
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Boyd's
ST. PAUL, MINN.
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SCRANTON, PA.
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TOLEDO, O.
B. R. Baker Co.
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Woodward & Lothrop

Shyster of Fortune

Continued from pages 93-219-220

cited," he cautioned. "For my part I don't care what you do tomorrow. You can stay here or go to Africa—it's nothing to me. Nor do I blame you for the way you acted a while ago, because I realize that you thought Mr. Sharp sent me here. There's a man," continued Andy feelingly, "I wouldn't trust any further than I could throw a horse. Believe me, the things I could tell you about him would make you ashamed of the human race. Why do I tell you this? For your own good, because a widow like you should refuse to have anything to do with him."

Mrs. O'Gilvey completed the sale of a magazine. "So what?"

"So this," said Andy. "Maybe you thought I was faking this morning but I meant what I said. I'm ready to talk business but first I'll ask you a question. What did the property stand you?"

Mrs. O'Gilvey regarded Andy. She was far from trusting him, yet nothing could be plainer than his genuine hatred for Bucky Sharp and that he meant business now. She calculated a moment. "Wit' repairs and ixpinses, thor'rty-five hundred dollars."

"All right," said Andy. "Now, let's talk turkey. What do you want for it?"

"What'll ye give?"

Andy thought quickly. He had never seen the house, but Bucky had told him this morning to offer as high as fifty-five hundred dollars for it; at forty-five hundred he'd be taking practically no chances. Ordinarily he would have haggled, but in this instance time was essential and moreover the woman would hardly sell at less than a tempting profit.

"I'm not a man to quibble when I want something," said Andy. "I'll give you forty-five hundred dollars with a five hundred dollar deposit. Think quick, Mrs. O'Gilvey. Houses in the country are plentiful but you don't pick up a thousand dollars in the gutter. Maybe you think I'm kidding you?" Andy dug in his pocket and came up with cash in one hand and the prepared agreement in the other. "You see this money? There's five hundred dollars there which is yours as soon as you sign this agreement and bring it to my office."

Mrs. O'Gilvey took the agreement from him. She had not bought her house for speculation, but, as Andy said, a thousand dollars was not to be picked up in the gutter. Still, her recent experience had made her cautious. "I think I'll show this to a la'awyer."

"To a lawyer? That's perfectly all right, Mrs. O'Gilvey. For my part you can show it to a judge." Andy knew his agreement was right and proper and he had no fear of what anyone might say of it. "There's only one thing I want to impress on you—this agreement must be signed today or the offer is cancelled. I'm a man who wants what he wants when he wants it. Now I see Mr. Sharp is coming this way and as I don't care to be seen in his company I will leave you with a warning to have nothing whatever to do with him, because that man defrauded you once and he'll do it again. Here's my card, Mrs. O'Gilvey. I'll expect you in my office."

Slightly dazed, Mrs. O'Gilvey fingered Andy's agreement and watched his departure. His statement that she had been defrauded by Bucky was no surprise to her; she had guessed as much herself. For that matter, her instinct told her that Andy had been a party to the fraud and even if he gave her a deposit he might never pay her the balance, but she knew enough real estate to understand that in such case she could keep his deposit. Bucky Sharp claimed her attention.

"Madam, was that Andy Fix I just saw here? I was afraid he might come here to poison your mind and therefore I came right over to warn you. There's a man, Mrs. O'Gilvey, I wouldn't trust with a red hot stove. Now I hear he's been faking to buy your property and if he says I had anything to do with it, he's a liar."

"He's not fakin' at all," she retorted. "He's that sayrious about buyin' it that he's offered me five hundred dollars to sign this agrayment."

"You don't tell me!" Now Bucky understood the meaning of Andy's curiosity, and for the first time that day he felt amused. He snatched the agreement from Mrs. O'Gilvey and looked it over. "H'm, forty-five hundred dollars, five hundred dollar deposit, sixty day settlement, forfeiture clause—I must say, much to my surprise this agreement is all right and if he gives you the money I advise you to sign it. There you are, Mrs. O'Gilvey—legal advice for which I won't charge you a cent. Now I have something to talk over with you. You know that party that called up about buying your business? Well, I went over to see him and induced him to pay you five thousand dollars for it, ten per cent down and the balance in two weeks. Now, let me see. It's one o'clock now, and I've got to have lunch with a judge and attend an important conference—be at my office at three-thirty to sign an agreement and I'll have the money for you." Bucky smiled in his best manner. "My, my, this is your lucky day, all right."

Mrs. O'Gilvey was beginning to think so too, and wondered why she had mistrusted his proposition this morning. She promised to see him at the hour specified.

Bucky left her to perform a task he always detested, studying

Continued on page 225

★★★

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COGNAC BRANDY

★ FLAVOUR
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE
HENNESSY

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84 PROOF

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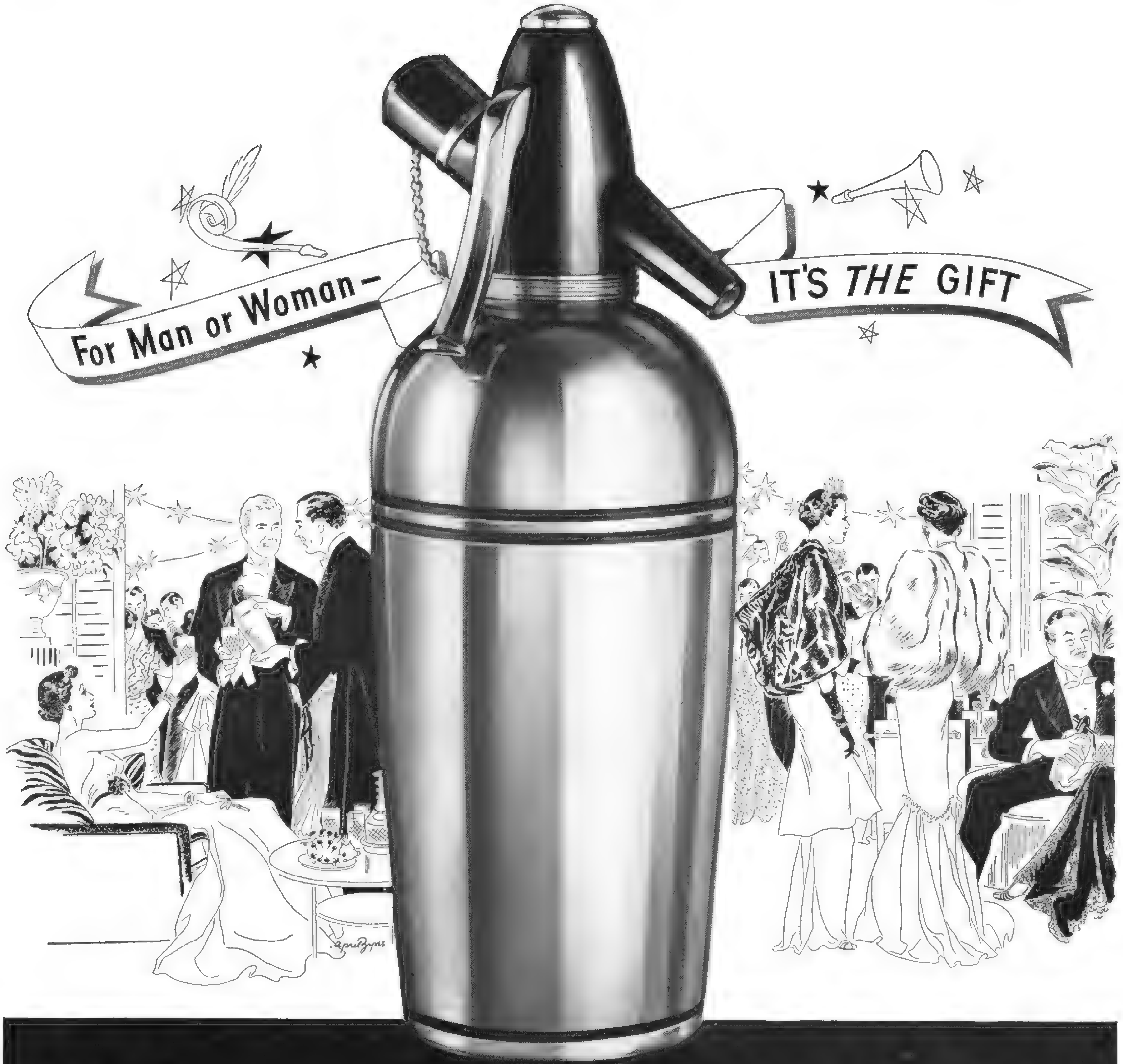

THE NEW *Streamline* **SPARKLET SYPHON**

A Distinctive Drink Accessory for Smart Homes!

"Handsome is as Handsome Does," with the New Sparklet Syphon! A quart of fighting, fizzy club soda, whenever you want it, for 7½¢—a penny a drink! And *so* simple: snap in the magic refill bulb, a twist of the wrist—there she is! A quart—a case—all you want. Bulbs need no more space than a deck of cards. The New Streamline Sparklet Syphon comes in Chromium or Enamel. Weight—2¼ lbs. Height—under a foot. And fool-proof—all metal, no glass. A perfect gift . . . one to remember you by!

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Sparklet with 5 refills, $5 and $6. Bulbs: 5 for 40¢, 10 for 75¢, 25 for $1.75. At all good Department, Drug, Houseware Stores and Specialty Shops.

SPARKLETS CORPORATION, 515 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Shyster of Fortune

Continued from pages 93-219-220-222

the law. After Andy left the office, realizing that he could not keep Mrs. O'Gilvey from the Censors except by heroic methods, he had evolved a third scheme which included a definite offer for the newsstand and a cash deposit; now his problem was to figure out an airtight way of getting the money back from her. While it hurt him intensely to let all this cash out of his possession, the haste of the situation was making him desperate, and moreover he knew Mrs. O'Gilvey would be good for the money. For nearly two hours, following a brief lunch and a stop at the bank, he pondered in the law library. He studied the law of vendor and vendee, and contract and warranty, and by three-thirty, confident of a satisfactory expedient, he hurried back to his office to draw up the papers.

In the meantime Mrs. O'Gilvey, satisfied from what Bucky told her that she could safely sign the agreement, called on Andy Fix and received his money. Pleased with the consummation of the deal—for he had been a little fearful that Bucky might top his offer—and with pleasant anticipation not only of good profit, but also of very pleasant revenge, Andy settled back for a pleasant little chat with Mrs. O'Gilvey.

"And what, may I ask, did that crook Mr. Sharp want from you?"

Now, during the past hour Mrs. O'Gilvey had been doing a little thinking of her own. Just why there should be this flurry of buying was completely beyond her, but in the enmity between the two lawyers she saw the best guarantee for her protection. She decided to take Andy into her confidence.

"He's after buyin' me newsstand fur five thousand dollars," she said.

"What!" Andy Fix was amazed—more than that, he was slightly upset. Here was a red herring across the negotiations which he was unable to fathom. "Are you sure he said the newsstand?"

"It's what he said. He says he'll pay me tin per cint for signin' the agrayment and th' rist in two weeks."

"It's a fake," said Andy; as much to assure himself as to warn her. "It's a scheme of some kind to get you away from your business tomorrow." By now, by a process of wishful thinking, there was not a doubt in his mind that next morning a utility company agent would call on Mrs. O'Gilvey, who naturally would be obliged to state that she had sold her property to Andy, in which case he might turn over his money in a week or two. "I want you to promise me, Mrs. O'Gilvey, that no matter what inducement he offers you won't leave your place of business tomorrow. You promise?"

Mrs. O'Gilvey, who had already determined that come what may she would not budge from her newsstand the next day, readily promised.

"Furthermore," said Andy, anxious to learn what Bucky was up to, "I want you to show me that agreement before you put your name to it. Who knows what joker he's liable to put in it?"

It was what she wanted him to say. "I'll pay ye fur it," she offered.

"Pay me? Take money from a widow for a service like that? You hurt my feelings, dear lady. It will be a pleasure to protect you absolutely gratis. Goodby, Mrs. O'Gilvey."

He put in a call to Bucky, for he was anxious to inform him of his status with regard to Mrs. O'Gilvey's house, and found him out. He called several more times impatiently, of which Bucky was duly informed when he returned to his office.

"Now what," muttered Bucky, "does that crook want from me? Never mind, Miss Dennis. Bring in your notebook. I want you to write some papers in a hurry."

Promptly at three-thirty Mrs. O'Gilvey came through the door and Bucky ensconced her in a chair alongside his desk.

"I just this minute got back from an important civic conference," said Bucky. "The demands on us lawyers—you'd be surprised. Now I have another conference soon with some judges, so we'll have to hurry. Miss Dennis, are those papers ready?"

She came in with the typed sheets and Bucky spread them across the desk.

"Before we go ahead," said Bucky, "I want it understood that this agreement is made with a certain condition, otherwise there is no deal. My client is paying a good price for this business and naturally he's in a hurry to learn it, and the condition is that you are to remain at your newsstand to teach it to him." Bucky's arrangement with Hoyt was to stand there all next day and see to it that she did not leave the place. "You understand, Mrs. O'Gilvey? You're not to leave your newsstand all day tomorrow. You agree?"

"Shure," said the newswoman. "Shure I agree. Why shudn't I agree?"

"Exactly," said Bucky. "Why shouldn't you agree? After all, whatever you intended to do it can't be as important as selling your business at a figure like that. And now, Mrs. O'Gilvey, we are ready to sign the papers. First the receipt." He dipped a pen and handed it to her. "If you please."

"Par'rdon me," she said. "Shudn't I be gettin' five hundred dollars?"

"Can you imagine that! It almost slipped my mind." With a real pang, for it hurt him to let go of so much money, even tem-

Continued on page 226

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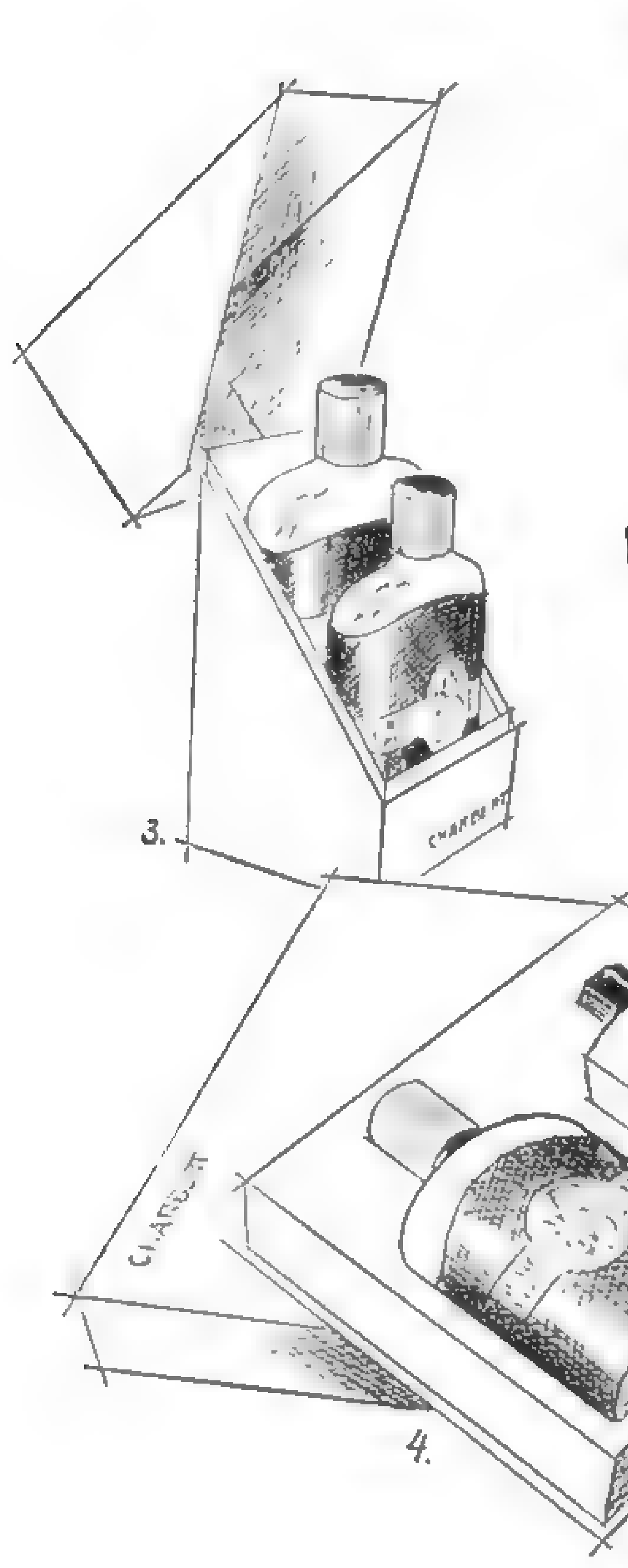

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Shyster of Fortune

Continued from pages 93-219-220-222-225

porarily, Bucky fished out ten fifty dollar bills and handed them to her. "All right—now you have your money. You sign here."

Mrs. O'Gilvey disposed of the money deep in her voluminous costume and gave her attention to the receipt. Slowly, while Bucky hovered impatiently, she made out the wording of the paper, to the effect that she was receiving five hundred dollars as deposit for the sale of her newsstand for five thousand dollars. Bucky had decided to make the agreement in his own name as agent, not caring to trust any straw party in the transaction. Mrs. O'Gilvey put her name to the receipt and put down her pen.

"Now this paper," said Bucky, "and then we're through."

"What's this paper?" demanded Mrs. O'Gilvey.

"This paper? Just a little memorandum. Please—I'm in a hurry."

"Concor'rnin' this paper," said Mrs. O'Gilvey, "I'm not signin' it until I show it to me la'awyer."

It was exactly what Bucky did not want her to do. "Why do you need a lawyer, to charge you fifty dollars maybe for ten minutes' work? You think all lawyers are like me—willing to give legal advice for nothing? I assure you there's nothing in that paper for you to worry about."

But Mrs. O'Gilvey refused even to look at it. "Ain't me name on th' recate good enough fur ye? Mr. Fix didn't have no objection to my showin' his agrayment to a la'awyer."

"To hell with Mr. Fix!" said Bucky hotly. It had been a trying day and his nerves were beginning to snap on him. "All right, madam, if you won't sign this give me back my deposit."

"I don't know if I shud," said Mrs. O'Gilvey. "I'll have to ask me la'awyer about that, too."

She sat there, defiant and unflinching, and Bucky was nonplused. He had never dreamed that with five hundred dollars as bait she would refuse to sign any papers he put before her. Legally, of course, she had no right to take his money except on his own terms, but what, thought Bucky bitterly, was the law to an unreasonable woman? While he stood there, wondering what he ought to do, Miss Dennis came into the room.

"Mr. Fix is here to see you."

"Tell him to go away," snapped Bucky.

But Andy, who had tired of telephoning and decided to call in person, had followed the girl into the room. "I saw my client sitting there and therefore I took the liberty of walking in. How do you do, Mrs. O'Gilvey?"

"Your client?" gasped Bucky.

"My client," affirmed Andy. "I see papers on the desk—did Mr. Sharp want you to sign these? I see you already signed a receipt for five hundred dollars. Did you get the money? You did? That's fine." He picked up the other paper and squinted at it through his glasses. "I hope you don't intend to sign this, Mrs. O'Gilvey?"

"I was goin' to show it to ye for'rst," said Mrs. O'Gilvey.

Andy leered triumphantly at Bucky. "A nice little joker, I must say! I was wondering what you would try to put over on this poor, helpless widow. According to this agreement the party of the second part guarantees all her warranties and representations to be true or she must return the deposit on demand. And who knows what warranties you will put in her mouth later? Mrs. O'Gilvey, did you make any warranties and representations to him?"

"I niver did!" she declared indignantly. "I niver said no such thing!"

Bucky exploded wrathfully at Andy. "You keep out of this!"

"Kindly don't interrupt me during a conference with my client," said Andy. "Mrs. O'Gilvey, as your lawyer I advise you not to sign this paper because that receipt covers all that is necessary. If he gives you the balance you will give him a bill of sale, otherwise sue him. And since you happen to be here now, I will ask you to verify what I am going to say." Andy took out his signed contract of purchase and waved it at Bucky. "Mr. Sharp, I beg to inform you that I am now the legal purchaser of Mrs. O'Gilvey's house."

"Stop waving at me," snapped Bucky. "What you say don't interest me at all. For my part you can be the legal purchaser of a cemetery."

Andy's confidence ebbed only slightly. "You can't fool me, because I know you want that property. If you have any offers to make be quick about it, otherwise I will sell direct to the utility company."

"What utility company?" sneered Bucky. "There's no utility company after that property."

Andy's jaw sagged. "No utility company after it?"

"No," said Bucky. "And neither is the government after it, or the P.W A. That's only your own dirty imagination, out to make trouble for innocent people."

The office was rent in twain by Andy's howl. "It's a trick! I was framed! You, Mrs. O'Gilvey! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Give me back my deposit!"

"Don't you do it!" cut in Bucky. "As your lawyer I advise you not to give him a cent!"

But Mrs. O'Gilvey plainly had no such intention. "What do ye mane," she spat at Andy, "I ought to be asha'amed o' meself. Did I sind fur ye?"

Andy turned on Bucky. "It's you, you rat! You're behind this fraudulent scheme!"

Continued on page 228

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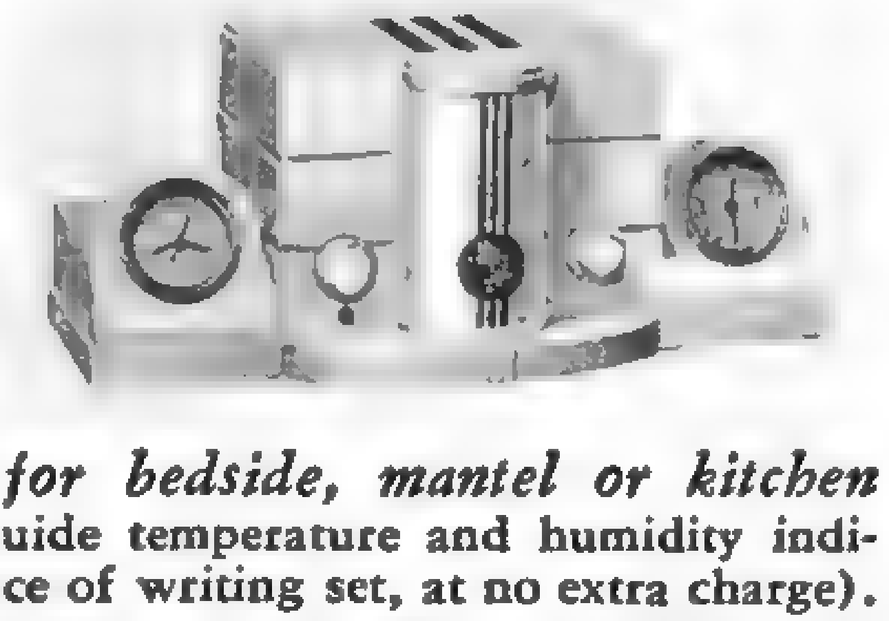

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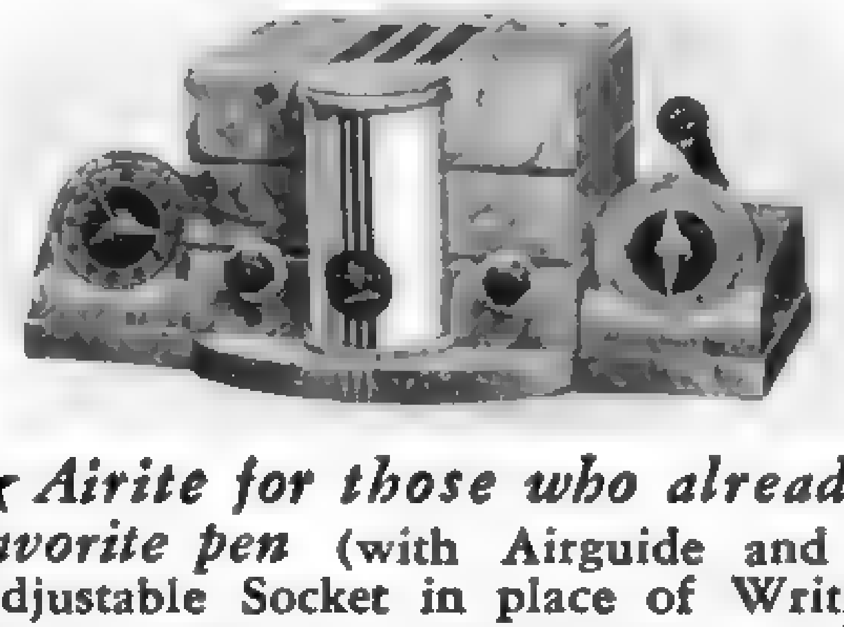

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Shyster of Fortune

Continued from pages 93-219-220-222-225-226

"Will you do me a favor?" said Bucky. "Shut up! And you can do me another favor and get out of my office."

"I will not! I'll stay here if I want to!"

"All right, stay here," said Bucky. "Nobody pays any attention to you anyway. Now, Mrs. O'Gilvey, you can see for yourself what a low character he is, therefore kindly ignore what he told you and return my deposit." Knowing she would never sign the agreement now, his loss loomed larger to him than anything she might say to the Committee; this was today, the other tomorrow.

"Don't you do it!" yelled Andy. "As your lawyer I tell you to keep that money!"

But Mrs. O'Gilvey was in no need of injunction from either of them, for she regarded the events of the day as nothing more than heaven-sent restoration of the money these two lawyers had previously stolen from her. "I'm not givin' nothin' back to nobody," she said flatly. She stood up. "Are ye bot' throo howlin' at me? It's time I wint back to me wor'rk."

"Wait a minute," pleaded Bucky. "Remember, you promised not to leave your place of business tomorrow."

"Shure, I remimber," she said. "I niver had no intention of lavin' it in the for'rst place."

Bucky was stunned. "But didn't you—weren't you supposed to go somewhere tomorrow morning?"

"I don't know what yur're ta'alkin' about," said Mrs. O'Gilvey. "You must be dramin'."

And she walked out of the room and left them there.

Bucky's face went green with agony. After all that, it was not even Mrs. O'Gilvey who had reported him! He sat there broken, exhausted, too weak to say anything. Of the two Andy was the first to rally, for his was the lesser misery; he had no unknown complainant to face in the morning.

"So you thought she was supposed to go somewhere! I'll bet you're in some kind of trouble again! And for that I have to lose five hundred dollars!"

From the depths of his gloom Bucky did not even bother to answer. He had troubles enough without meaningless argument. Andy stood up.

"Since I don't care to associate with rotten apples like you, I will leave. I warn you, if you ever speak to me again I'll smack you right in the mouth!" He saved his most Parthian shot for the last. "I hope they put you in jail, newspaper peddler!"

"The same to you, hick from the country," returned Bucky; but weakly.

He felt down and out. In his state of mind he could not begin to imagine who would appear against him, and even if he could, there was nothing he could do about it now. He went home and could not eat; he spent a miserable evening and a long, sleepless night.

In the morning, haggard and weary, he crept to the Exchange Building, where the Censors Committee met in the office of Jonas Gordon, the chairman. The bright, sunny day offended Bucky; so did the cheerful activity of Mrs. O'Gilvey on the corner. Slower and slower his steps dragged as he neared the building, but finally the rendezvous could be delayed no longer. He took the elevator and walked into the office.

Everything was the same as a year ago; the same girl at the switchboard, the same pictures on the wall, the same sickish feeling in his stomach. He gave his name to the young woman and sank into a chair, staring at a closed room where the complainants were isolated; dully he wondered which of his victims might be there.

The girl nodded to him to go before the Committee. This room, too, was familiar to Bucky. Five men around a directors' table; in the center Jonas Gordon. His ruddy face and white hair gave him the appearance of merriment, but Bucky knew how to rate that. His questions could be as pointed as steel and as ruthless as a knife.

"Gentlemen," said Jonas Gordon to his colleagues, "we have with us Mr. Sharp, a member of our bar. Sit down, Mr. Sharp. How are you today?"

There was something odd in the way they were acting, thought Bucky. You would almost think they were amused. He sat down uneasily. "I feel all right."

"You hear, gentlemen? He feels all right. Well, Mr. Sharp, have you anything special to communicate to us this morning?"

"Nothing special," mumbled Bucky.

"That's disappointing," said Jonas Gordon. "We felt sure you had something to tell us. A great social discovery, or some startling innovation in legal procedure, or"—his eyes glinted—"some confession of which you may want to unburden yourself?"

What in the devil, thought Bucky. He was beginning to feel awful. Charges he could parry, accusations he could explain, but these vague digs and insinuations were getting on his nerves. Why didn't they tell him what he was charged with and be done with it?

But this the chairman seemed disinclined to do.

"Confession," he repeated, as if he liked the word. "It is as fine a sensation as a man can enjoy. But, of course, there's an art in it. Confessions given under duress, or with hope of leniency, are morally valueless. Don't you think so, Mr. Sharp?"

Something was definitely wrong, decided Bucky. It was even worse than he had imagined. They had

Continued on page 230

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Continued from pages 93-219-220-222-225-226-228

him dead to rights and weren't even going to give him a fair hearing—that was why they played with him like that. The way the chairman looked at him, so amused and pleased with himself, actually sent a shiver up his back.

The shiver turned to a quake as Jonas Gordon, with menacing deliberation, went to a file for some papers. At last, thought Bucky—now it was coming! But it turned out to be only his record before the Committee.

"Now, let me see. This Committee first made your acquaintance just four years ago in connection with the disappearance of a witness in a criminal case. You next came before us in May of 1933—an accident case in which there was no accident. The next year found you a little ahead of time—April—but last year you ran true to form again—middle of May. There seems to be a rhythm about all this—each year at this season you require the ministrations of this Committee. How do you explain it, Mr. Sharp—spring madness?"

Bucky had no thought of explaining; he was not interested in explaining it; all he wanted was for this man to stop torturing him and tell him why he was here.

"Can you wonder," continued Gordon, "that your coming here today put us in mind of confession? But since you are silent, I take it that during the past year you have swindled no clients, embezzled no monies, forged no documents, and in general conducted yourself with all good fidelity to your clients and the courts. That is true?"

What could poor Bucky say? He wiped the sweat from his face and said, "Yes, sir."

"And been particularly watchful over the interests of widows and orphans, always the special charge of the profession?"

"Yes, sir," said Bucky desperately.

"Naturally, the Committee is pleased," said Gordon. "And now will you tell us why you came here? We did not send for you."

Bucky was so stunned he could barely gasp. "But I—I got a letter."

"A letter?" Now the chairman was surprised. "Let me see it, please."

Bucky produced the letter and handed it to Gordon, who looked at it with a puzzled frown and rang for his secretary. She was a middle-aged woman and had evidently been with him for a number of years.

"Miss Robbins, Mr. Sharp received this letter to appear before the Committee. Can you tell us how it happened to go out?"

"Why, Mr. Gordon, you asked me to send it."

"I did? I don't recall it."

Miss Robbins stood in thought. "Don't you remember, Mr. Gordon, I was in your office and you were looking at some papers and said, 'H'm, this Sharp lawyer will have to explain this.' And then you said to me, 'Write him and tell him the Committee wants to see him.'"

The chairman, too, was reconstructing the scene in his mind. "By George, now I remember! But when I said 'this sharp lawyer' I wasn't naming Mr. Sharp—I was describing some one else. I must have thought I told you whom I meant or perhaps I subconsciously expected you to know what was in my mind." He grinned. "You generally do, anyway. You, on the other hand, have written Mr. Sharp so many times in the past that you took it for granted I was sending for him again. And now I recall that I had to leave early that day and told you to send out my letters without me—that's why I didn't catch the error later. That explains it, Miss Robbins. Thank you very much."

The secretary went out. "I feel we owe you an explanation, Mr. Sharp. When your name was handed to us this morning we naturally were surprised, for we had no record of sending for you. We therefore thought you had something you wanted to tell us—the pitcher making a voluntary call on the well, as it were—and it occurred to us that we might employ the occasion for a beneficial chat. In any event, your visit has kept up our little annual tradition of meeting each other. I hope you don't regret it?"

"No," Bucky had to say.

"Bearing in mind what I said about the pitcher and the well, it may be well for you to recall what I said the last time you were here. And now, since we have other business to transact, we must bid you good day. I don't suppose you want me to say au revoir?"

Bucky Sharp took his hat and slunk out. He felt as though he had been whipped and scourged even worse than if definite charges had been hurled against him. Nor did it help his self-possession when, on closing the door, he heard a tremendous roar of laughter issue from within. The relief of having no charges to face was more than balanced by the terrible cost of it all: that awful scene with the chairman, the sworn enmity of Andy Fix, five hundred dollars he would never get back from Mrs. O'Gilvey, a possible forty-five hundred dollar suit against which he had practically no defense. And all over a careless slip with which he had nothing whatever to do! Reflecting thus over his grievances, the sense of having been greatly wronged restored some of his lost morale, and on clearing the building he gave vent to his deep indignation.

"Damn them!" swore Bucky Sharp. "They don't even know how to run their own office!" #

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The Dead Cat in Beekman Place

Continued from page 60

having a few words. Fuller is associated with a large architect's office and the whole trouble really started that morning when the plans that were submitted by his office for a building were rejected because they were "too Gothic." And so the argument with his wife at lunch-time was only a projection of what happened in the office. He blamed her for being old-fashioned, too frilly in her dress, and conventional in her ideas. In fact he blamed her for all that was drawn in the plans that were rejected.

Then he looked out of the window and saw the dead cat.

"Well, these days things happen fast," he said. "You work as hard as you can and suddenly you are stopped in your tracks."

"Whatever are you talking about?" asked his wife.

"Well, I suppose unless a building looks like a cheese box or is shaped like a coffin it is not modern. A pile of boxes! And all ornament is bad. Oh yes! It is an evil thing to have a little design traced faintly along a façade. And why! Because there is no design in life today. The whole world is chaos."

"What are you talking about?"

"Our drawings were rejected. Too much Gothic."

"I might have known."

Once more he glanced down into the street and saw the dead cat.

"That is how life goes," he remarked. And now having confessed his main trouble there was no reason to quarrel with his wife. "Tradition goes to the winds! Classical learning down the sink! Proportion, design, balance, composition, color, relief—all is cast aside. And what makes you modern? A concrete box with chromium plated handles. An office building looks the same as a church. That's the age we are living in. Before you know it you are an old fogy and your time is over. And when you are over you are done for. In the gutter you go."

His wife brought a comb from the dresser and fixed his hair. He glanced at his watch. It was time to get back to his office. She kissed him and he felt sorry for all he had said about her being old-fashioned.

On his way down stairs he saw the colored janitor who has charge of several adjoining brownstone houses. He greeted him and said: "By the way, Joe. There is a dead cat in front of the house."

"Is that so, Mister Fuller. Dead cat. Oh my! Don't want nothing dead around here. Yes sir, I'll tend to it."

Joe tore out the side of a carton box and went to the street. He spoke to the cat as he scraped her up. "Oh, my. So you went and got yourself killed. Oh, my. Guess you must have used up all your lives. Come around here to die. Yes sir, we don't want you around here when you are dead. Should die where you live. Who you belong to anyway? Everybody should die where he live. You should stay home when you know you are going to die. Yes mam. And when you are dead you are dead and that's the grand finish."

With these words he carried the cat down the street and left it near the 1st Avenue slums. He looked about for an ash can but not finding one he pushed it quickly into the street gutter and walked away briskly.

On this corner of 1st Avenue is a small taxi stand. Business was not very rushing and two drivers were talking to each other.

"They are starting another safety campaign. Too many accidents. Almost got a ticket this afternoon for passing a light. They expect you to stop on a dime . . . Picked up a dude this morning with a bun on, and he ran up $2.50 on the meter before he could make up his mind where he was going. Didn't know I'd ever get the cash out of him. What can you do with a drunk if the bastard don't pay? Bring him to the station house and you got trouble on your hands. First of all they give your car an inspection and they find the brakes are not equalized. No brakes are ever right. Then the motor number has not been punched in right and they want to know where your bus came from. And you better know and get hold of your bill-of-sale. And then your clock is going fast and someone has been tampering with it. And then they get out your card and go over the whole business about that woman driver in the roadster who clipped your fender and then she called a cop and had you arrested for bad language. All I said to her was: 'Can't you see where you are going, you blind bat you?' And the judge gives you a suspended sentence and they got it written on your license card. They got everything, your whole life story on that card and the moment you show up with a drunk who wants to gyp you out of a fare you are flirting with a lot of trouble. And so you stay away, and if the drunk don't come across you forget about it because they can give you more trouble in ten minutes than you . . . For the love of Pete!—Who the hell ever threw that cat over here!"

"Don't know," said the other. "It wasn't here an hour ago."

"That's a hell of a thing to throw here. Looks like it's been run over. And who is to blame for running over all the cats and dogs in New York? The taxidrivers. Who is to blame for all the murders and all the robberies and all the everything? The taxidrivers. When the cops got no evidence they find a poor hackdriver and nail it on him. They got to plaster it on someone. And I bet you a dollar a cop will be along and asking us who ran over the cat."

"No, he won't," said the other as he unfolded a tabloid newspaper with the pictures of the latest crimes. "They won't plaster a dead cat on us. Not if I know it first."

He threw the paper over the cat and picking it up hurled it around the corner of 1st Avenue. The dead cat now lay in the gutter in front of the slums.

At twelve-thirty that night Mrs. Flynn was looking out of the window while her husband was reading his evening paper.

"I told you before," she said, "there's a dead cat in the street."

"Well, so what?"

"And you'd think someone would be taking it away. If it's not the garbage men it should be the street cleaners. They passed twice with the sprinkler wagon."

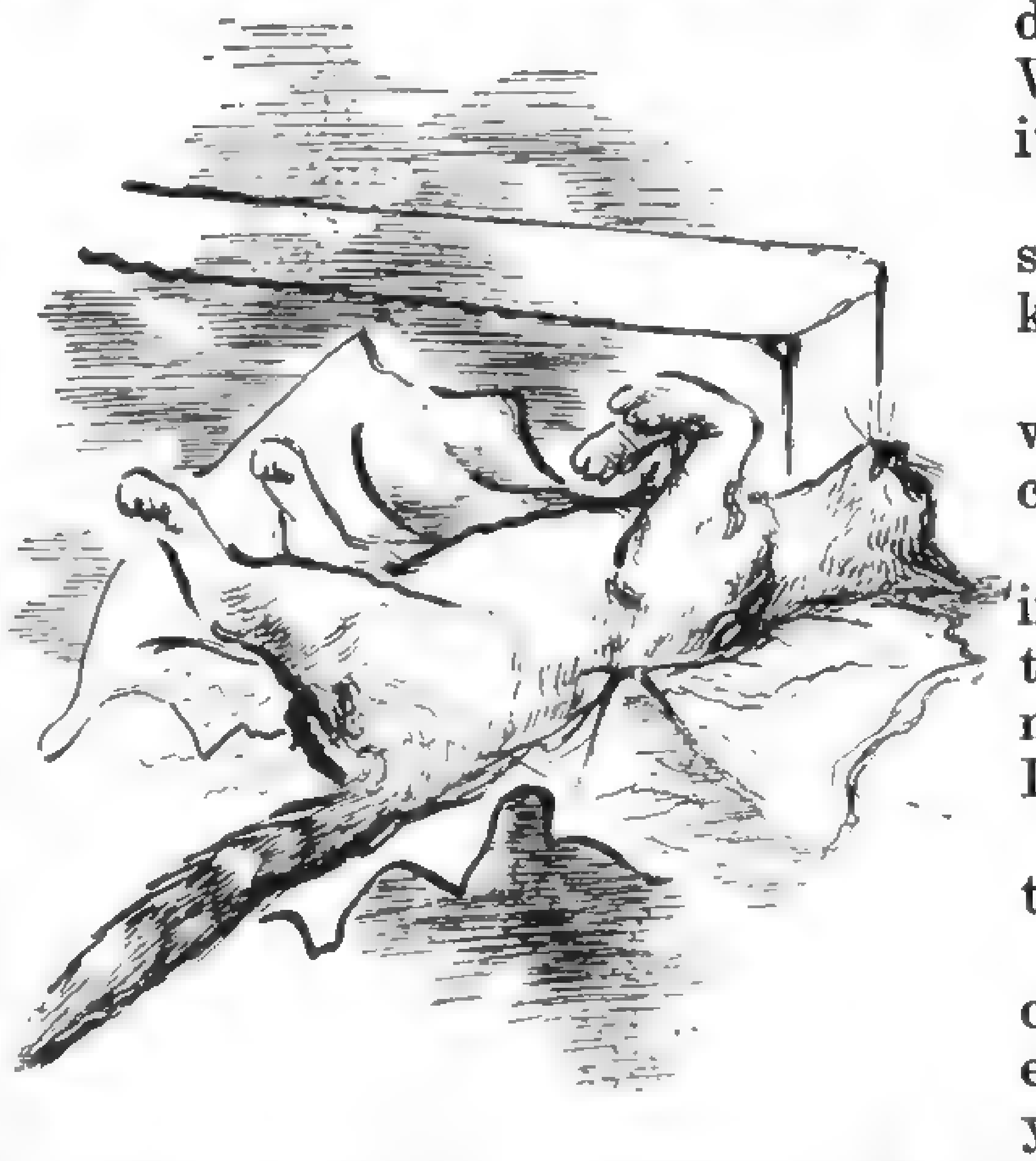
"Well, O.K. And so what do you want me to do about it? You don't expect me to go down and take it away?"

"I don't expect anything from you any more."

"Is that so!"

"That sure is so. When you are out of work you listen to reason, but the moment you get a job then there is no talking to you."

"And the moment I get a job you find more work for me. Now what the hell do I care about a dead cat? Whose cat is it?"



"And how should I know?"

"Well, then why do you care?"

"There was inspectors here today. Tenement House Department."

"What did they want?"

"Looking over the fire-escapes. Says you can't keep anything on the fire-escapes. It's a law. And right after they went came more inspectors from the Home Relief. Investigators they call themselves."

"What did they want?"

"Well, they wanted to know about the people in the house. First it was this one and then another one and in the end they had me worn out. I told them I didn't know what Mrs. Hogan was cooking and where her children got the pennies to buy the candy with."

"And why can't the kids have a stick of candy?"

"Because they are on relief and the money must go for food."

"Well, tell them that candy is food for kids."

"They are coming back tomorrow."

"What for?"

"Well, there are eight tenants in this building that are on relief. And before you fill out all the cards and get all the inspectors talked to, you could be dead with hunger four times over. And they go to all the neighbors and advertise the fact that you haven't got anything to eat. It's a nice business. And they are always asking me this and asking me that. And that is why I think someone should take that dead cat away."

"And what has the dead cat to do with it all?"

"Well, they will be saying next that someone starved it to death and they will have to have another investigation. And you can never tell what will come out of an investigation. They might bring in the Society for Cruelty to Animals or the Children's Society, or they might find out that Hogan's brother has been working for two months and that would take them off relief. They are sure to make some trouble. Why don't they bother the rich people? Just been reading in the paper that all the rich fellows don't even have to pay taxes and the government can't do anything to them. The lawyers get them out every time. And here I bet they will be blaming us for starving the cat."

"No one is blaming you for anything. And supposing the cat was starved. Well, what the hell of it! It's all right for the people to starve but the damn cat must be fed. Who the hell said so! All right, so it starved to death. So what!"

"Well, there is no good talking to you when you are in work. I suppose you'll be wanting me to go down for the beer this time of night."

"What time is it?"

"They will be closing soon."

Flynn got the beer pail and took it down to the corner saloon. On his way he had a good look at the dead cat. At the saloon he got a brown paper bag and said he would be right back for his beer. He scooped the dead cat into the paper bag and took it away. In a few minutes he was back for his can of beer.

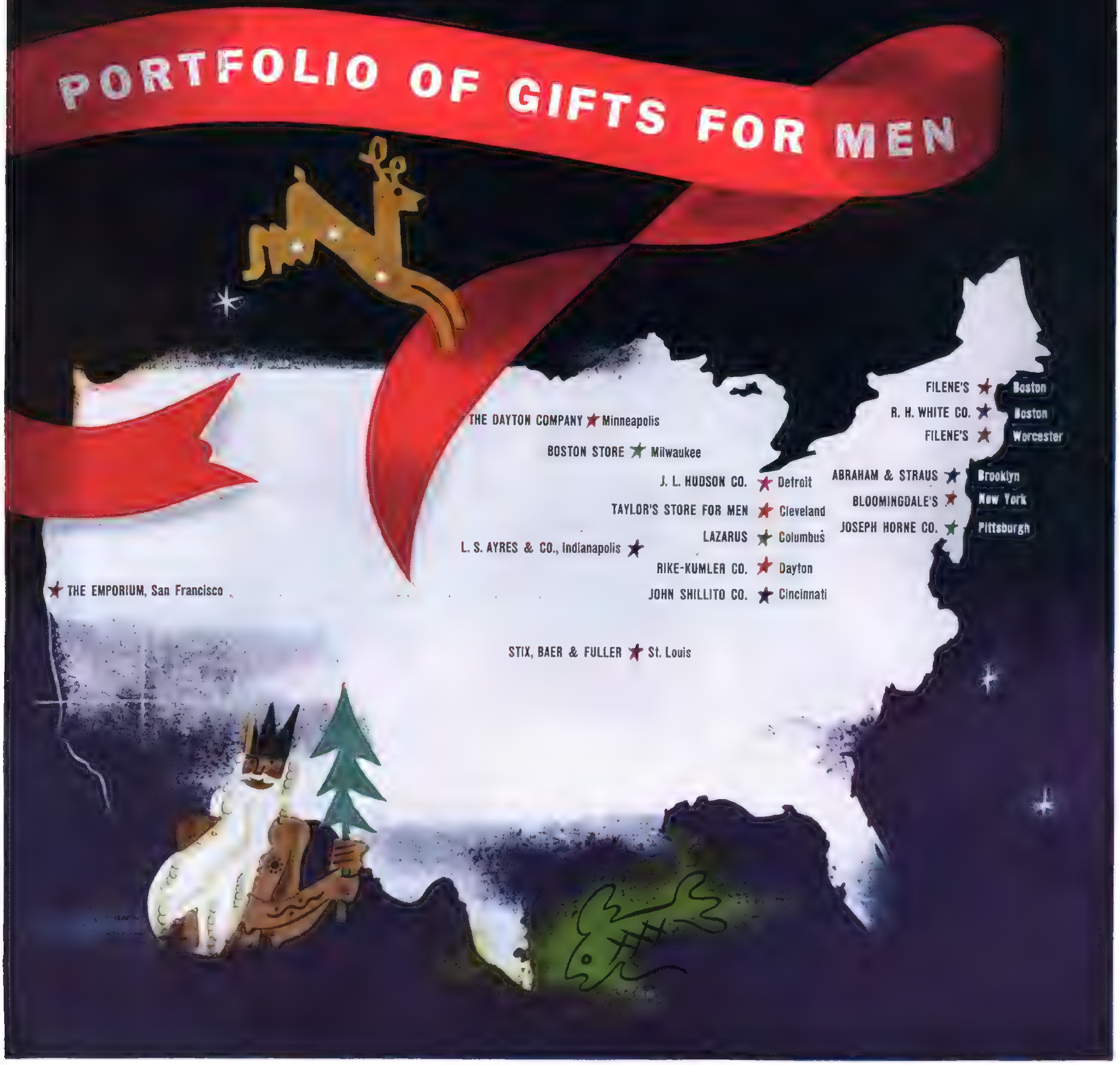
"It's a good boy you are," said his wife when he got up the stairs. "I saw you from the window. Where did you take it?"

"What do you care? I took it to a place where nobody will ever say that the damn thing was starved to death."

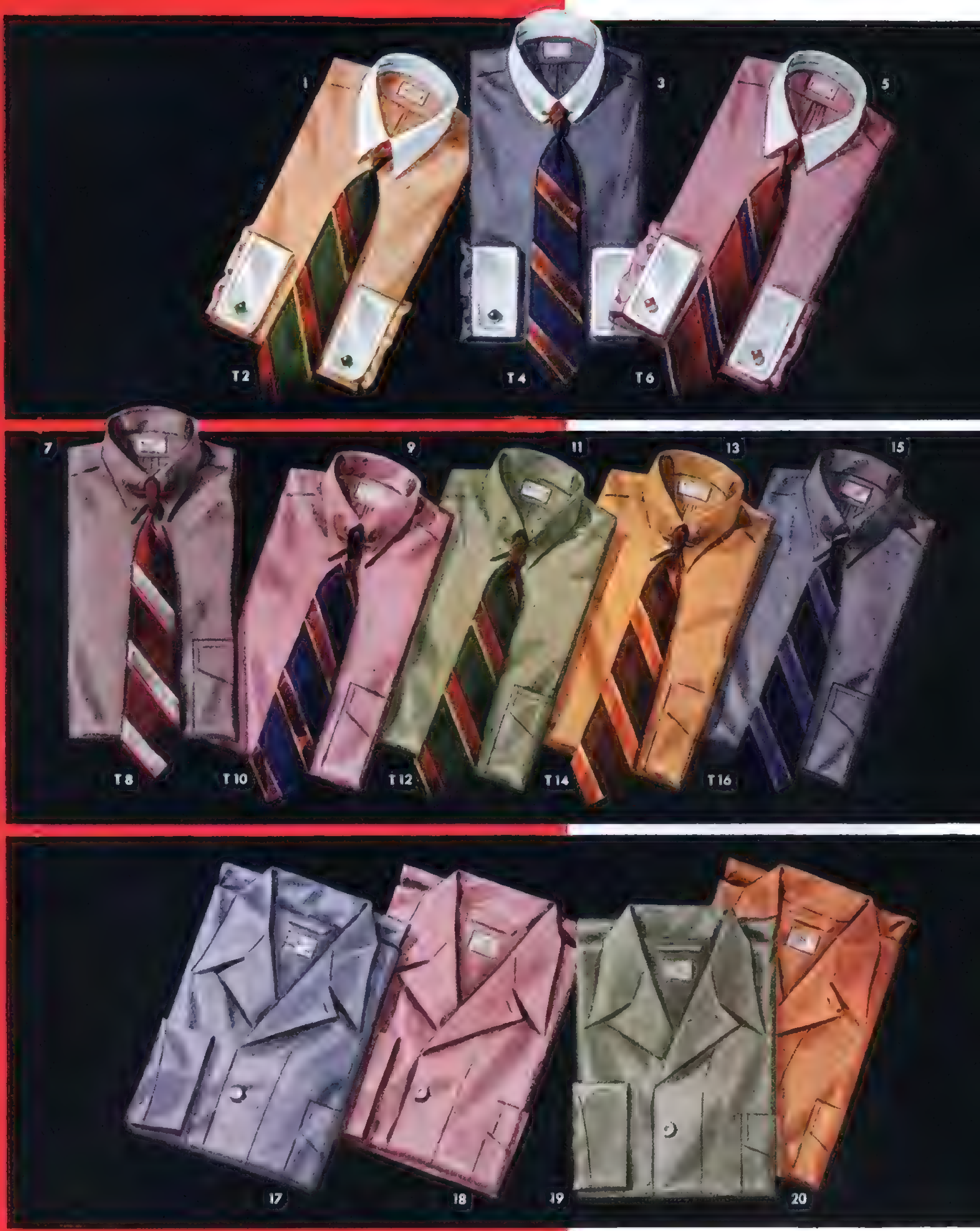
In the morning when Mrs. Wellington Kingsbridge looked out of her window she saw the dead cat in the gutter of Beekman Place.

Pictured in color on the following 11 pages are America's outstanding Gift Fashions for men . . . selected by 15 men's wear authorities. Naturally, the demand for these smart gifts will be great . . . therefore, it is wise to make your selection early.

15 OF AMERICA'S FINE STORES bring you this PORTFOLIO OF GIFTS FOR MEN


PORTFOLIO OF GIFTS FOR MEN
THE DAYTON COMPANY ★ Minneapolis
BOSTON STORE ★ Milwaukee
J. L. HUDSON CO. ★ Detroit
TAYLOR'S STORE FOR MEN ★ Cleveland
LAZARUS ★ Columbus
L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis ★
RIKE-KUMLER CO. ★ Dayton
JOHN SHILLITO CO. ★ Cincinnati
★ THE EMPORIUM, San Francisco
STIX, BAER & FULLER ★ St. Louis
FILENE'S ★ Boston
R. H. WHITE CO. ★ Boston
FILENE'S ★ Worcester
ABRAHAM & STRAUS ★ Brooklyn
BLOOMINGDALE'S ★ New York
JOSEPH HORNE CO. ★ Pittsburgh

he never has too many shirts!



THESE ARE THE FIFTEEN STORES THAT BRING YOU 11 PAGES OF GIFT-FASHIONS

	PHONE
Boston, Mass. **WM. FILENE'S SONS CO.**	Hubbard 4250
Boston, Mass. **R. H. WHITE CO.**	Hubbard 7430
Brooklyn, N. Y. **ABRAHAM & STRAUS**	Cumberland 6-6000
Cincinnati, Ohio **THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY**	Parkway 0100
Cleveland, Ohio **TAYLOR'S** Store for Men	Main 3800
Columbus, Ohio **LAZARUS**	Main 2121
Dayton, Ohio **THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY**	Adams 2131
Detroit, Mich. **THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY**	Cherry 5100
Indianapolis, Ind. **L. S. AYRES & CO.**	Riley 9441
Milwaukee, Wis. **BOSTON STORE**	Marquette 5020
Minneapolis, Minn. **THE DAYTON COMPANY**	Main 6123
New York, N. Y. **BLOOMINGDALE'S**	VOlunteer 5-5900
Pittsburgh, Pa. **JOSEPH HORNE CO.**	Court 3000
San Francisco, Calif. **THE EMPORIUM**	Kearny 6800
St. Louis, Mo. **STIX, BAER & FULLER**	Central 9449

- **visit, phone or write the nearest store**

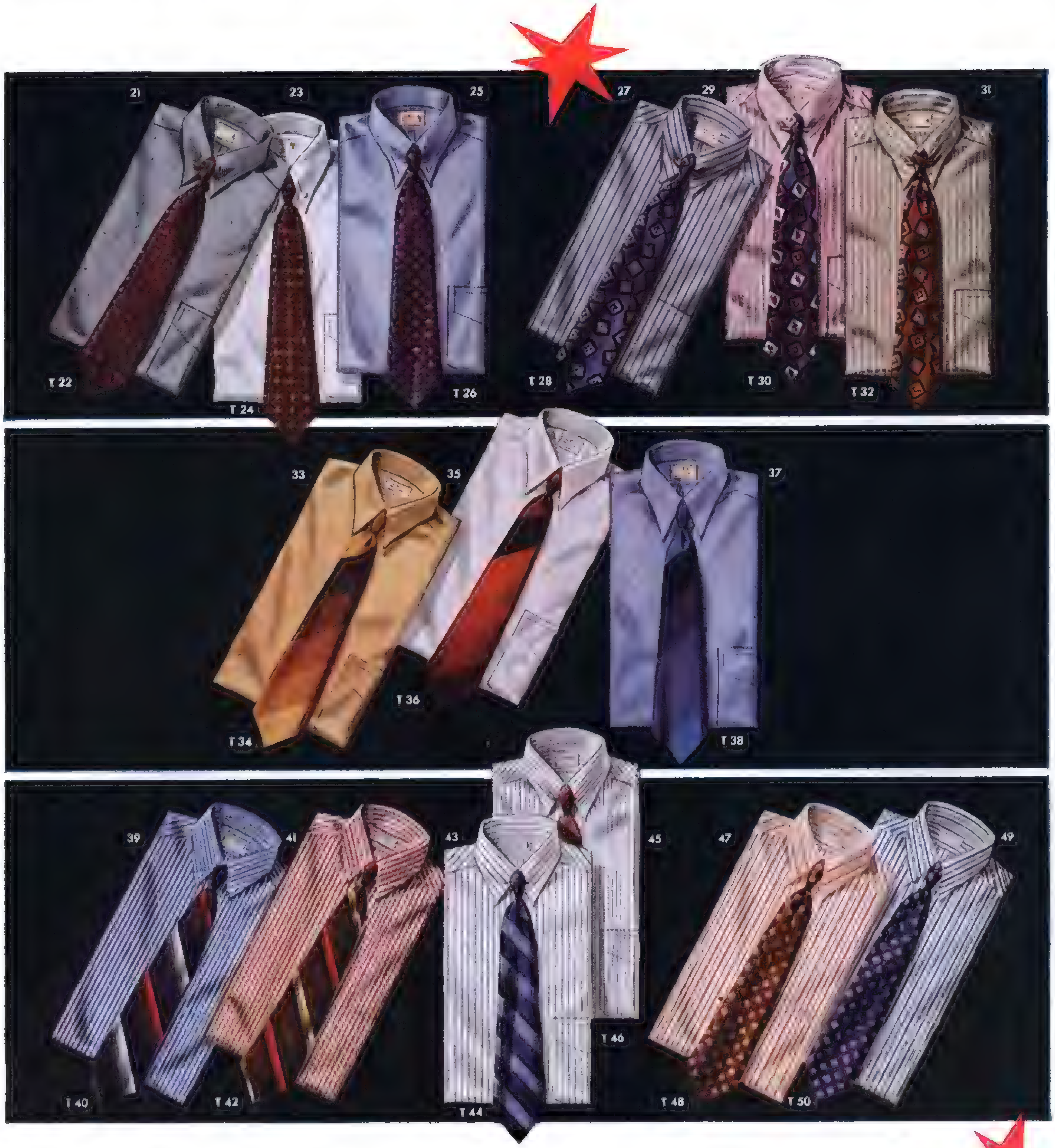
1, 3, 5—SUPER A.M.C. broadcloth shirts in these Dusty-tone colorings: (1) Redwood Tan with separate laundered white pique collar and white pique double French cuffs; (3) slate blue with separate soft white pique collar with round corners and white pique double French cuffs; (5) mulberry with same detail as No. 1. **$2.65**

7, 9, 11, 13, 15—The shirts in the center row are Dusty-tones with attached collars. The colors are: (7) gunmetal; (9) mulberry; (11) olive; (13) redwood tan; (15) slate blue. **2.65**

T2, T4, T6, T8, T10, T12, T14, T16—Shown on each of the above shirts are striped reps by TROJAN, expertly chosen to blend with the shirt colorings **1.00**

17, 18, 19, 20—JAYSON Dusty-tone broadcloth pajamas with convertible collars; (17) slate blue; (18) mulberry; (19) olive; (20) redwood tan **3.00**

NOTE: *Order Shirts by number; stating neck size and sleeve length; for Pajamas state whether size A, B, C or D.*

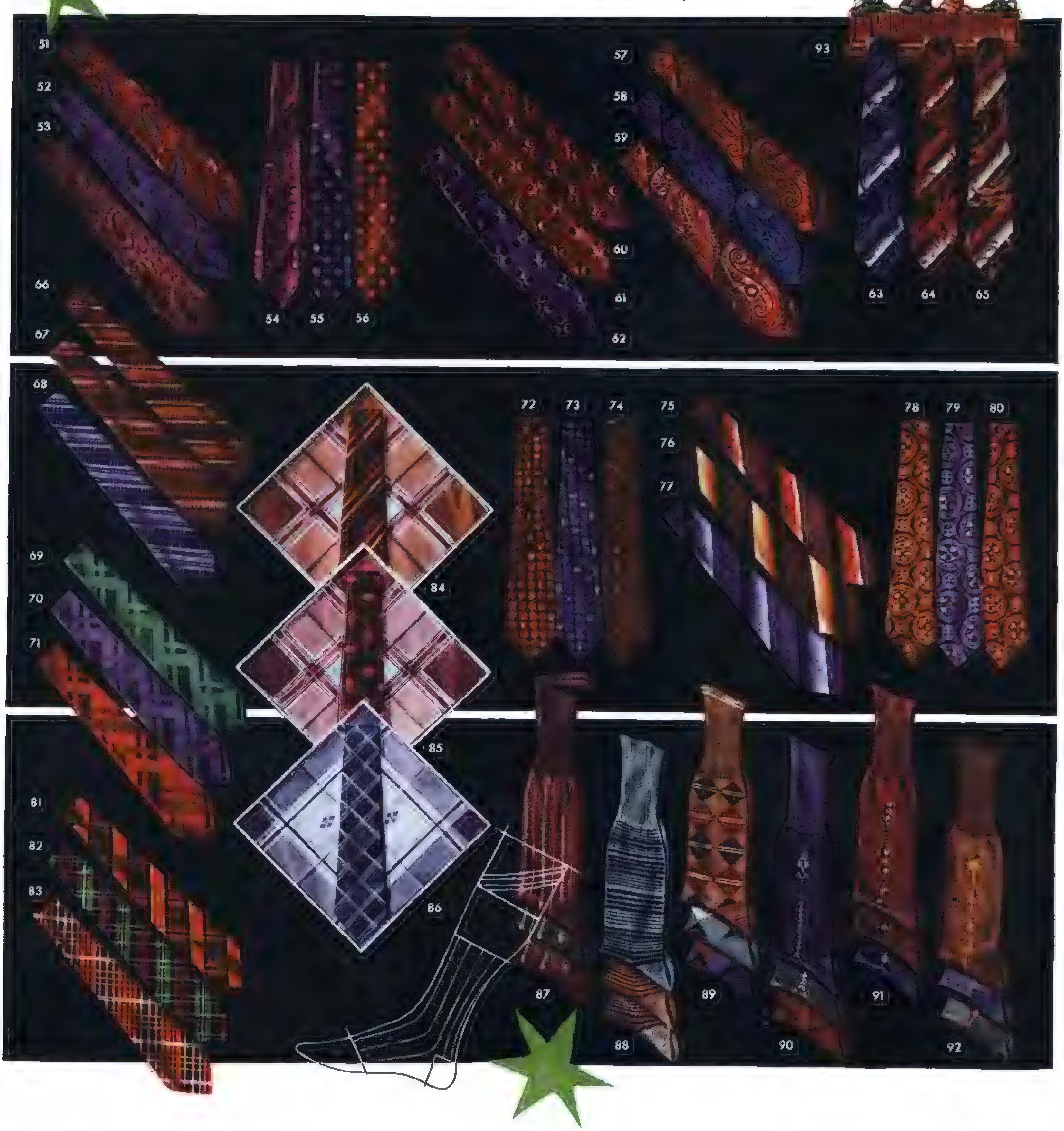


21, 23, 25—A.M.C. oxford shirts with either regular or button down collars attached	$2.00
T22, T24, T26—DRILLARD ties shown with above shirts	1.50
27, 29, 31—A.M.C. dark ground end-to-end candy striped collar attached shirts. (27) grey ground with blue stripes; (29) grey ground with rose stripes; (31) grey ground with yellow stripes	2.00
T28, T30, T32—Printed SWAN SATIN ties shown with above shirts	1.00
33, 35, 37—A.M.C. Broadcloth shirt with PERMASET collar attached, in tan, white and blue	2.00
T34, T36, T38—Five-tone graded stripe mogadore SILKCRAFT cravats . .	1.00
39, 41—SUPER A.M.C. basket weave oxford shirts, two-tone stripe, with button-down spread collar attached. (39) blue stripes; (41) wine stripes . . .	2.65
T40, T42—Striped silk INLAY REP ties	1.50
43, 45—Imported yarn two-by-two broadcloth shirts in woven satin stripe . .	3.50
T44, T46—Charvet ground DE LUXE ties in figured stripes	2.00
47, 49—SUPER A.M.C. British woven stripes with new spread collar attached or obtainable with two laundered collars to match. (47) tan stripe; (49) blue stripe	2.65
T48, T50—Spaced figure twill ground SILKCRAFT cravats to harmonize with shirts	1.50

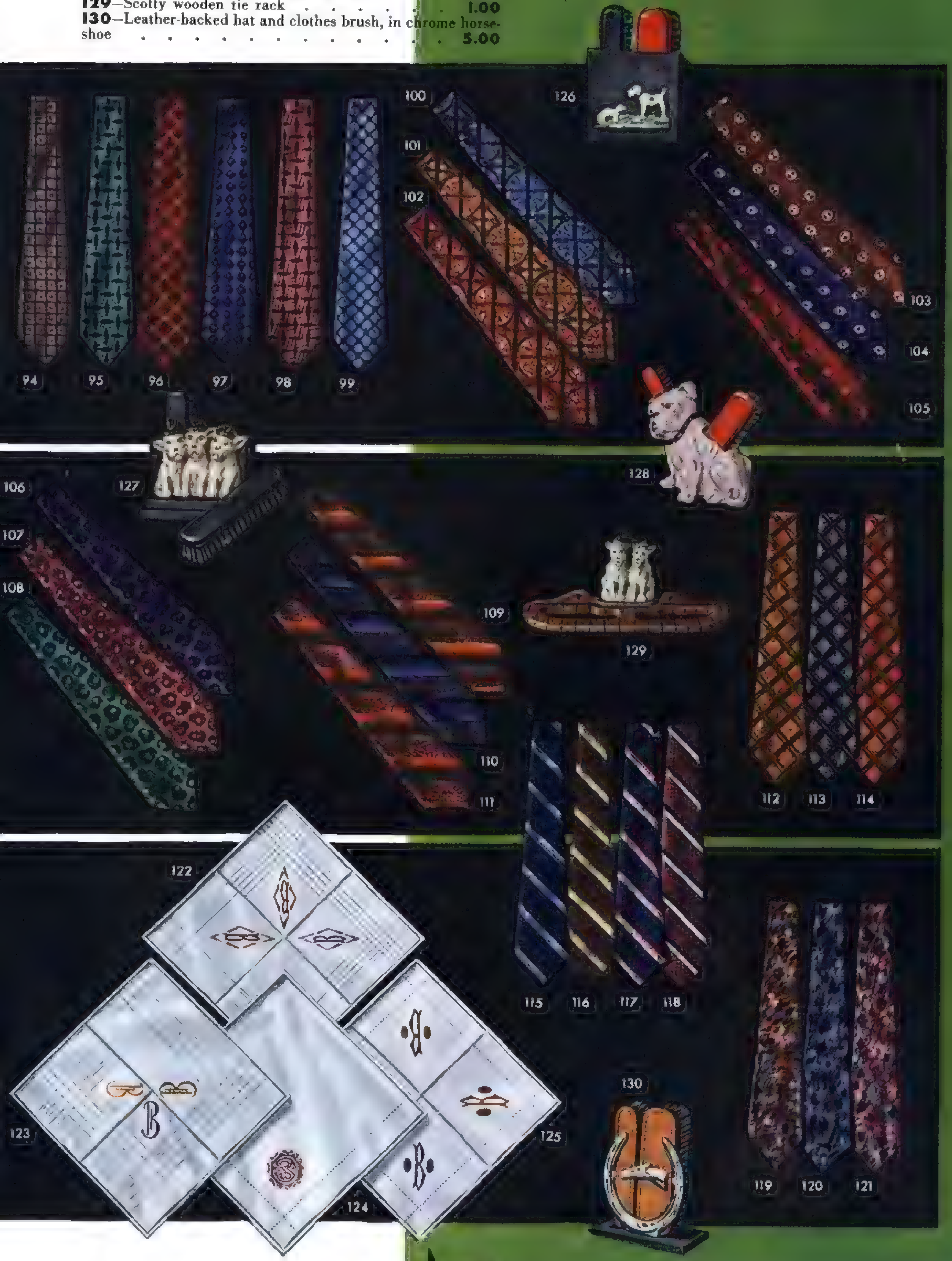
NOTE: *Order by number, stating neck size and sleeve lengths for shirts; also type of collar where choice exists.*

51, 52, 53—DURATOWNE silk and wool poplin	$1.50
54, 55, 56—TROJAN heavy satin spaced figures	1.00
57, 58, 59—SILKCRAFT imported ombre striped satin Persian	2.00
60, 61, 62—SILKCRAFT spaced figures on satin grounds	2.00
63, 64, 65—SILKCRAFT imported ombre satin jacquard	1.50
66, 67, 68—TROJAN imported Swiss corded plaid mogadore	1.50
69, 70, 71—SILKCRAFT self-plaided heavy satin brocade	1.50
72, 73, 74—SILKCRAFT tone and contrast all-over figures on twill	1.00
75, 76, 77—SILKCRAFT Tone and tone ombre satin and moire stripe	1.00
78, 79, 80—SILKCRAFT satin ground Persian medallions	1.00
81, 82, 83—TROJAN heather poplin tartan plaids	1.50
84, 85—Hand rolled hem handkerchief and tie set. The set	1.00
86—Hand rolled hem silk handkerchief and tie set. The set	1.50
87—HOLEPROOF PACER self-garter lisle hose in brown, black, wine or blue	.55
88—HOLEPROOF horizontal striped lisle hose in brown, grey or blue	.50
89—HOLEPROOF ingrain lisle, argyle pattern in brown, black and blue.	.50
90—HOLEPROOF clocked rayon or lisle in brown, black and navy	.50
91—HOLEPROOF full fashioned clocked silk in navy, wine, brown or black	1.00
92—HOLEPROOF full fashioned lisle clocked hose in black, brown or navy	1.00
93—Two pups look over this tie rack	1.00

NOTE: *In ordering Holeproof hosiery, mention color and sizes from 9½ to 12.*



94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99	DE LUXE native Macclesfield silks woven in U.S.A.	**$2.00**
100, 101, 102	DE LUXE imported satin Persian medallions	**2.50**
103, 104, 105	TROJAN imported figured satins	**2.00**
106, 107, 108	DE LUXE imported self-design figured satin	**3.50**
109, 110, 111	DE LUXE imported ombre satin stripes	**2.50**
112, 113, 114	DE LUXE imported self-plaid satin	**2.50**
115, 116, 117, 118	TROJAN imp. Italian grenadine	**2.50**
119, 120, 121	DE LUXE imported jacquard warp prints	**3.50**
122	Corded linen handkerchiefs, hand-rolled hems, colored or white initials	**3** for **1.50**
123	French linen corded handkerchiefs, hand-rolled hems, colored or white initials	**3** for **1.50**
124	Hand hemstitched linen handkerchief, hand-embroidered initial	Each **1.00**
125	Linen handkerchiefs with ⅞" punched hemstitching, colored or white initials	**3** for **1.00**
126	Hat and clothes brush in terrier box	**1.00**
127	Scotty hat and clothes brush set	**2.00**
128	Bulldog hat and clothes brush set	**2.50**
129	Scotty wooden tie rack	**1.00**
130	Leather-backed hat and clothes brush, in chrome horseshoe	**5.00**



he would choose these himself!

HERE'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND THESE FASHION-APPROVED GIFTS FOR MEN . . .

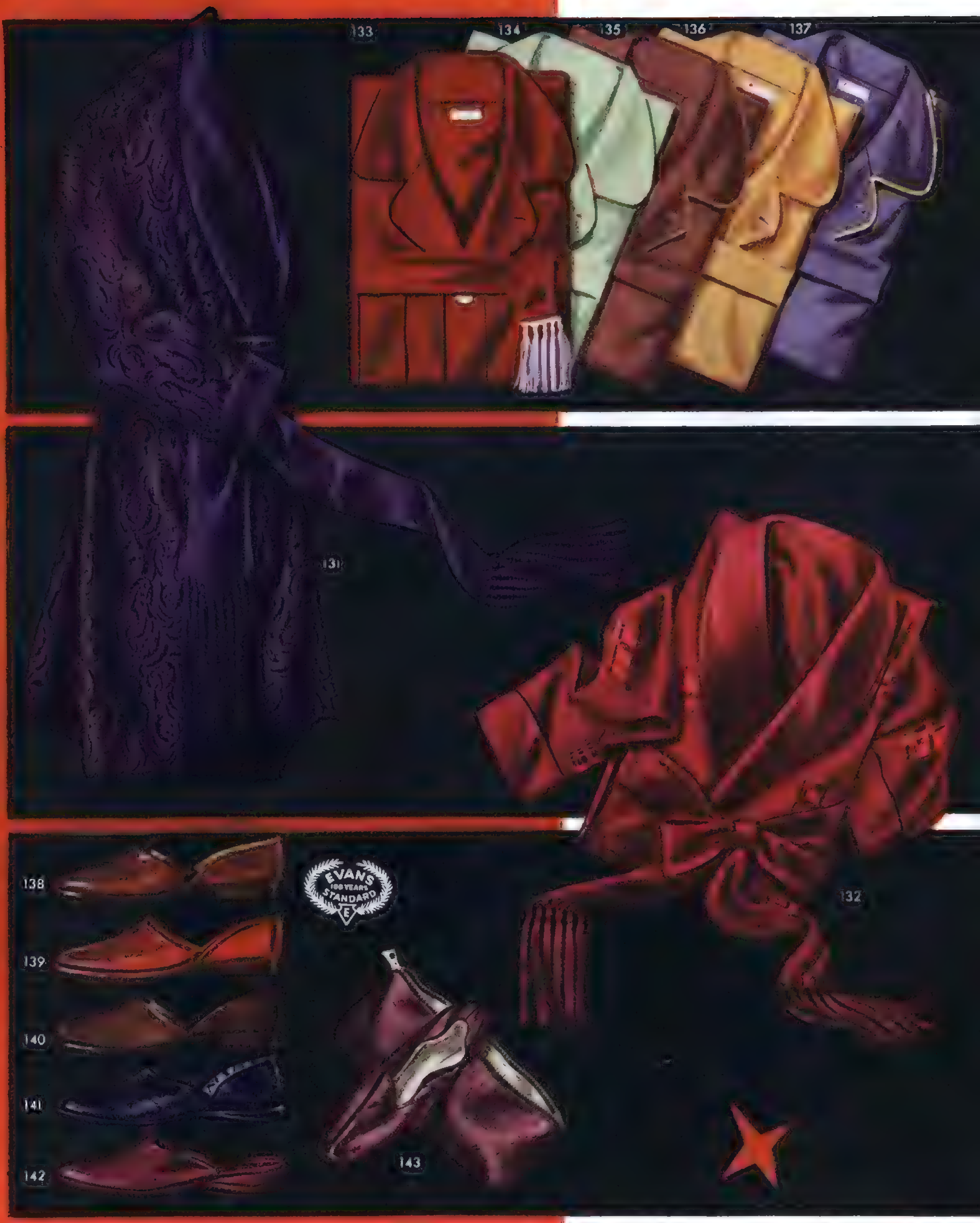
	PHONE
CALIFORNIA, San Francisco **THE EMPORIUM**	Kearny 6800
INDIANA, Indianapolis **L. S. AYRES & CO.**	Riley 9441
MASSACHUSETTS, Boston **WM. FILENE'S SONS CO.**	Hubbard 4250
MASSACHUSETTS, Boston **R. H. WHITE CO.**	Hubbard 7430
MICHIGAN, Detroit **THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY**	Cherry 5100
MINNESOTA, Minneapolis **THE DAYTON COMPANY**	Main 6123
MISSOURI, St. Louis **STIX, BAER & FULLER**	Central 9449
NEW YORK, Brooklyn **ABRAHAM & STRAUS**	Cumberland 6-6000
NEW YORK, New York City **BLOOMINGDALE'S**	VOlunteer 5-5900
OHIO, Cincinnati **THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY**	Parkway 0100
OHIO, Cleveland **TAYLOR'S** *Store for Men*	Main 3800
OHIO, Columbus **LAZARUS**	Main 2121
OHIO, Dayton **THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY**	Adams 2131
PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh **JOSEPH HORNE CO.**	Court 3000
WISCONSIN, Milwaukee **BOSTON STORE**	Marquette 5020

- **visit, phone or write the nearest store** *if he's married... well, anyway!*

FIFTEEN FINE STORES COLLABORATE TO BRING YOU THESE SMART GIFTS

		PHONE
ABRAHAM & STRAUS	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Cumberland 6-6000
L. S. AYRES & CO.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Riley 9441
BLOOMINGDALE'S	New York, N. Y.	VOlunteer 5-5900
BOSTON STORE	Milwaukee, Wis.	Marquette 5020
THE DAYTON COMPANY	Minneapolis, Minn.	Main 6123
THE EMPORIUM	San Francisco, Calif.	Kearny 6800
WM. FILENE'S SONS CO.	Boston, Mass.	Hubbard 4250
	Worcester, Mass.	Worcester 2-7551
JOSEPH HORNE CO.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Court 3000
THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY	Detroit, Mich.	Cherry 5100
LAZARUS	Columbus, Ohio	Main 2121
THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY	Dayton, Ohio	Adams 2131
THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY	Cincinnati, Ohio	Parkway 0100
STIX, BAER & FULLER	St. Louis, Mo.	Central 9449
TAYLOR'S Store for Men	Cleveland, Ohio	Main 3800
R. H. WHITE CO.	Boston, Mass.	Hubbard 7430

- **visit, phone or write the nearest store**



131—COOPER CELANESE silk-lined robe in jacquard designs. In wine, black, brown and navy **$13.50**

132—Pure silk jacquard robe, silk lined and trimmed. In wine, navy or black. **22.50**

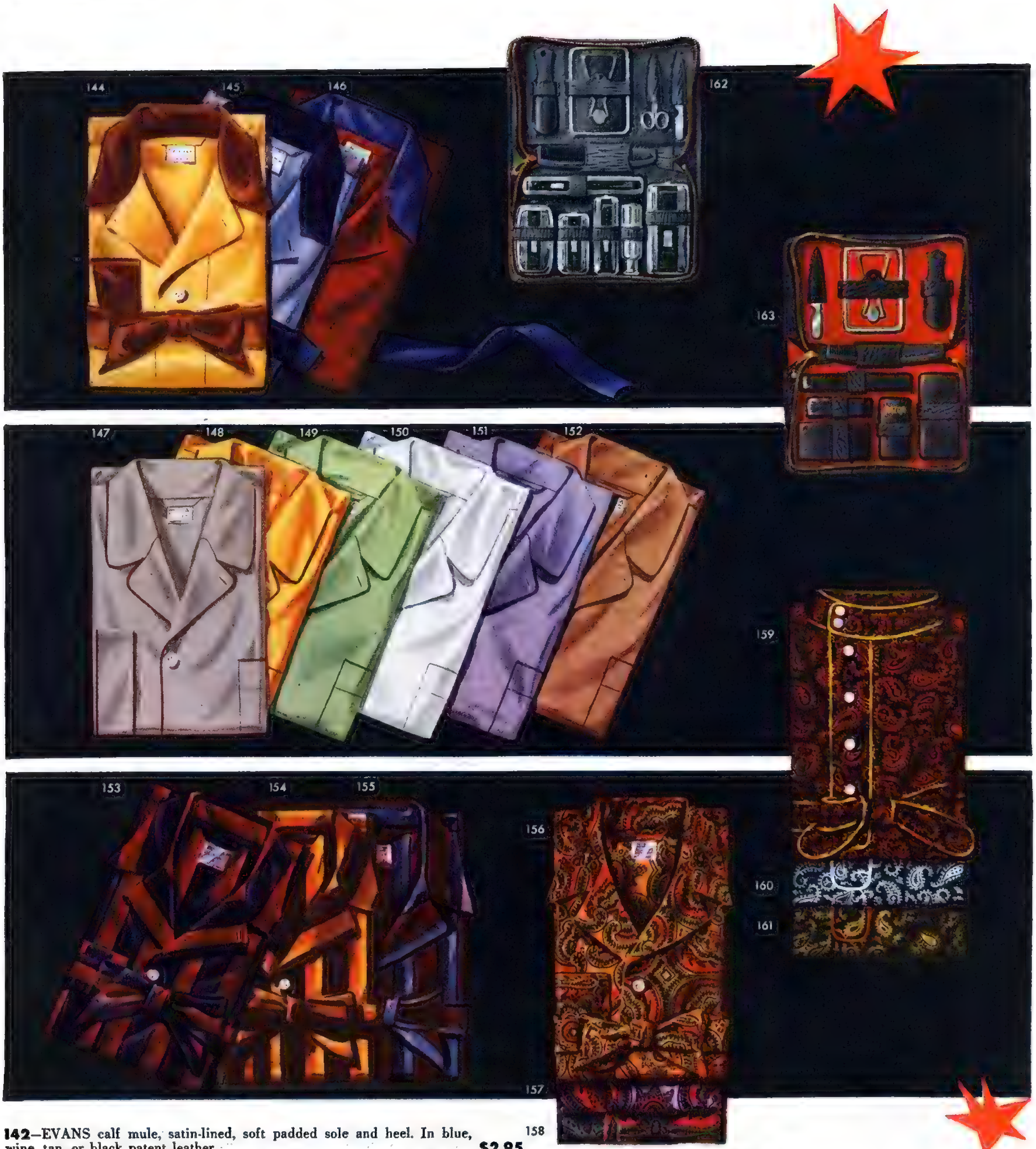
133, 134, 135, 136, 137—Pure dye silk lounge pajama, convertible notch collar. In colors shown or white **5.00**

138—EVANS kid slipper, hand-turned leather sole, rubber heel. Black, blue, red, tan, green and wine **2.95**

139—EVANS kid slipper, leather sole, leather heel, leather-lined. Black, blue, green, wine, tan, red or black patent leather. **4.00**

140—EVANS suede, hand-turned leather sole, leather heel, full leather-lined. In wine and brown **4.00**

141—EVANS leather slipper with soft padded sole and heel, checked felt lining. In black, blue, tan, red, and wine . . **1.95**



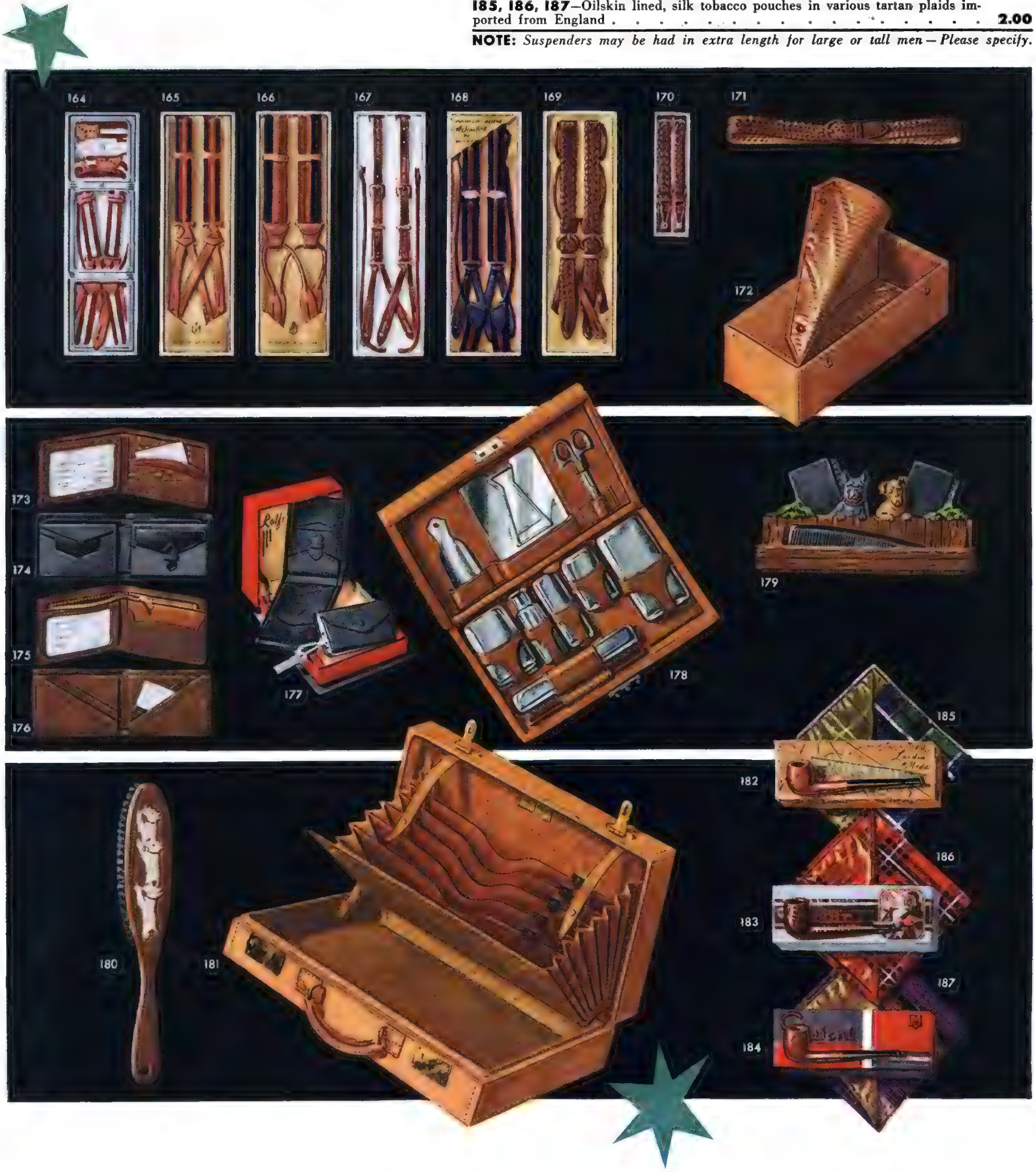
142—EVANS calf mule, satin-lined, soft padded sole and heel. In blue, wine, tan, or black patent leather	**$2.95**
143—EVANS morocco calf pullman slipper with TALON slide fastener case. In brown, wine and dark blue	**4.50**
144, 145, 146—JAYSON luxurious pure dye satin lounge pajama, convertible notch collar, coat and trousers contrast trimmed. Blue is trimmed with navy, gold with brown, wine with royal blue	**11.50**
147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152—A.M.C. broadcloth pajamas in notch collar or middy style. In colors shown	**2.00**
153, 154, 155—JAYSON blazer stripe fine imported sateen pajamas, convertible notch collar, lounge model	**5.00**
156, 157, 158—JAYSON pure silk, colorful Persian pattern lounge pajamas with convertible notch collar	**8.50**
159, 160, 161—JAYSON Russian style long coat pajama with sash, in fine quality sateen	**3.50**
162—Genuine topgrain cowhide dressing case, leather lined, enamel and chrome fittings	**10.00**
163—Genuine topgrain cowhide dressing case with complete fittings. Also available in brown cowhide, lined with green	**5.00**

NOTE: *In ordering PAJAMAS state number and whether size A, B, C or D, and neck style where choice exists.*

In ordering ROBES, state color desired and size—small, medium or large.
In ordering SLIPPERS, mention color and shoe size.

164—HICKOK ACTION BAK pigskin trimmed braces and matching garters	**$1.50**
165—HICKOK ACTION BAK striped elastic braces with new leather ends	**2.00**
166—HICKOK ACTION BAK regimental striped elastic braces with tubular calfskin leather ends	**2.00**
167—HICKOK ACTION BAK baby buffalo leather braces	**1.00**
168—HICKOK ACTION BAK three initial personalized braces	**1.50**
169—HICKOK hand-braided baby buffalo braces	**2.50**
Matching garters (170) . **1.00** Matching belt (171)	**2.00**
172—BOYLE featherweight unfitted utility kit, oil silk lined, russet harness leather.	**5.00**
173—ROLF'S de luxe walrus grain seal billfold with hideaway pocket	**5.00**
174—ROLF'S genuine pin seal billfold with special design pocket	**5.00**
175—ROLF'S English morocco billfold with slide-fastener bill compartment	**3.00**
176—ROLF'S modern design calfskin billfold	**2.50**
177—ROLF'S English morocco billfold and matching key case in gift box	**5.00**
178—BOYLE cowhide utility kit. Articles fitted in loops on removable tray	**20.00**
179—Doggie holder with two military brushes and comb	**3.50**
180—Decorated back, convenient long-handled clothes brush	**1.00**
181—BOYLE travelers efficiency case of russet harness leather with six section letter file	**17.50**
182—OLD ENGLAND briar pipe made in England by SASIENI	**1.50**
183—FRIAR walnut finish briar pipe made in England by SASIENI	**3.50**
184—SASIENI, natural finish Cromer style, the Royal English pipe	**8.50**
185, 186, 187—Oilskin lined, silk tobacco pouches in various tartan plaids imported from England	**2.00**

NOTE: *Suspenders may be had in extra length for large or tall men—Please specify.*



miscellany for a man...

188—COOPER all wool flannel robe, shawl collar model with contrast checked wool trimming. Colors: Blue, maroon and brown. **$7.95**

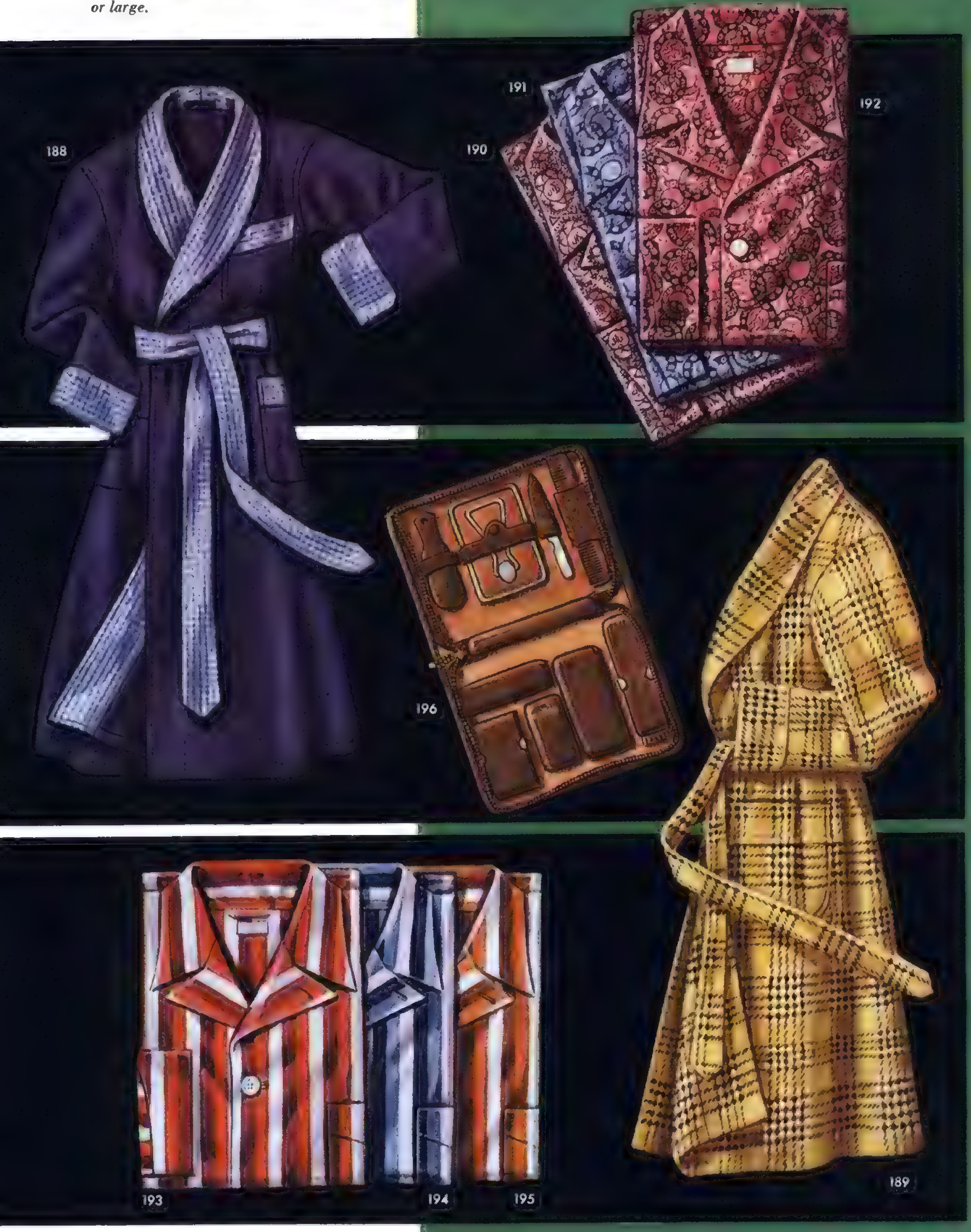
189—COOPER all wool flannel robe in overplaid patterns in contrasting color. Colors: Blue, canary, brown and maroon. **10.00**

190, 191, 192—A.M.C. pajama, Persian motif on sateen ground in convertible notch collar model **2.00**

193, 194, 195—JAYSON two-tone blazer stripe pajama on grey sateen ground, convertible notch collar model . . . **2.50**

196—"The Clipper", black or brown genuine topgrain cowhide dressing case. 10 fittings, leather lining, with genuine ebony military and clothes brush. Fittings set in place without straps **7.50**

NOTE: *In ordering pajamas, state number and whether A, B, C or D size. In ordering robes, state color and size—small, medium or large.*



VISIT, PHONE OR WRITE YOUR NEAREST STORE FOR THESE FASHIONS . . .

	PHONE
Boston, Mass. **WM. FILENE'S SONS CO.** .	Hubbard 4250
Boston, Mass. **R. H. WHITE CO.** . . .	Hubbard 7430
Brooklyn, N. Y. **ABRAHAM & STRAUS** .	Cumberland 6-6000
Cincinnati, Ohio **THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY**	Parkway 0100
Cleveland, Ohio **TAYLOR'S *Store for Men*** .	Main 3800
Columbus, Ohio **LAZARUS**	Main 2121
Dayton, Ohio **THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY** .	Adams 2131
Detroit, Mich. **THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY** .	Cherry 5100
Indianapolis, Ind. **L. S. AYRES & CO.** . . .	Riley 9441
Milwaukee, Wis. **BOSTON STORE** . . .	Marquette 5020
Minneapolis, Minn. **THE DAYTON COMPANY** . .	Main 6123
New York, N. Y. **BLOOMINGDALE'S** . .	VOlunteer 5-5900
Pittsburgh, Pa. **JOSEPH HORNE CO.** . . .	Court 3000
San Francisco, Calif. **THE EMPORIUM** . . .	Kearny 6800
St. Louis, Mo. **STIX, BAER & FULLER** . .	Central 9449

for the monarch of the out-of-doors!

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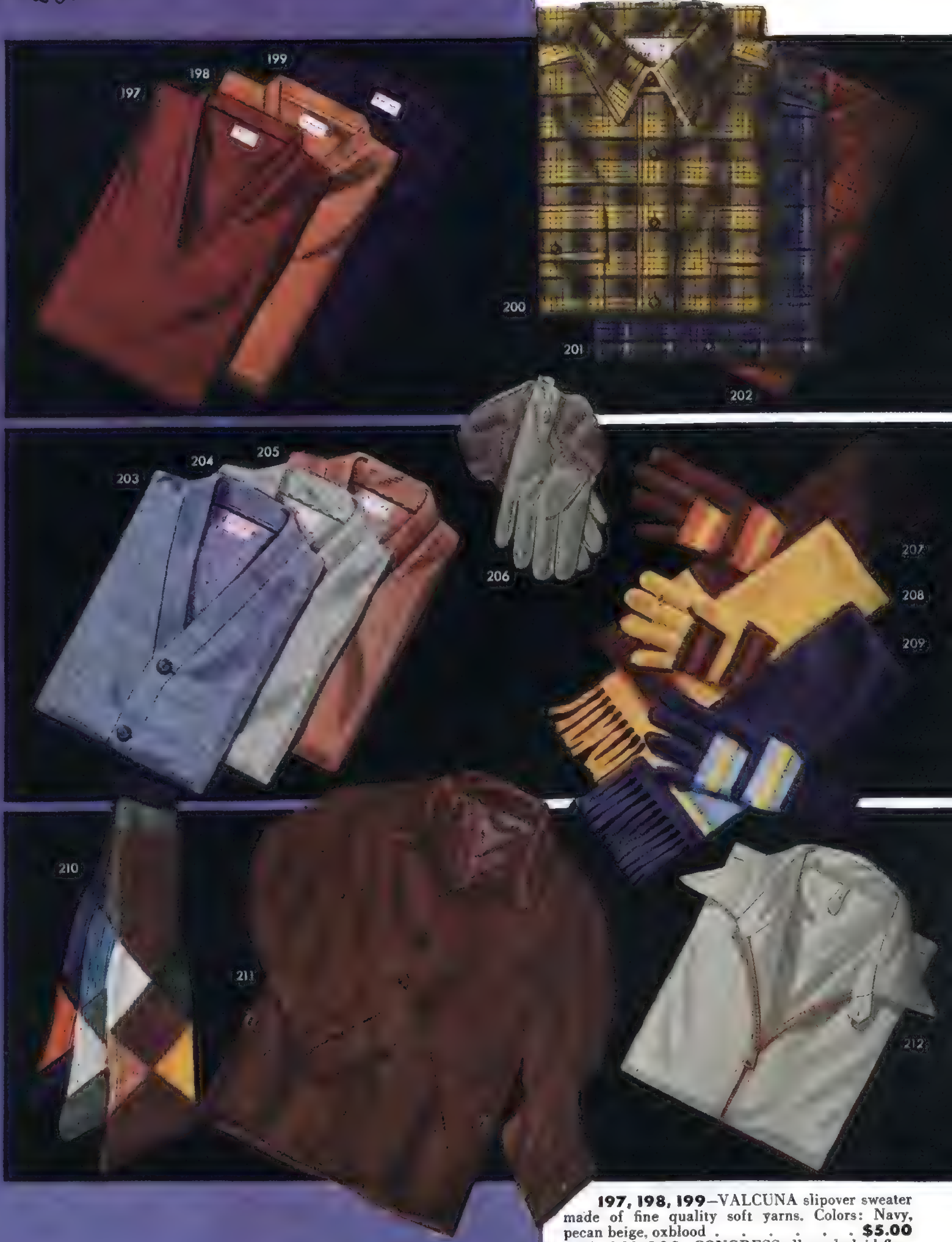
MASSACHUSETTS, Boston **R. H. WHITE CO.**	Hubbard 7430
MICHIGAN, Detroit **THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY**	Cherry 5100
MINNESOTA, Minneapolis **THE DAYTON COMPANY**	Main 6123
MISSOURI, St. Louis **STIX, BAER & FULLER**	Central 9449
NEW YORK, Brooklyn **ABRAHAM & STRAUS**	Cumberland 6-6000
NEW YORK, New York City **BLOOMINGDALE'S**	VOlunteer 5-5900
OHIO, Cincinnati **THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY**	Parkway 0100
OHIO, Cleveland **TAYLOR'S** *Store for Men*	Main 3800
OHIO, Columbus **LAZARUS**	Main 2121
OHIO, Dayton **THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY**	Adams 2131
PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh **JOSEPH HORNE CO.**	Court 3000
WISCONSIN, Milwaukee **BOSTON STORE**	Marquette 5020



197, 198, 199—VALCUNA slipover sweater made of fine quality soft yarns. Colors: Navy, pecan beige, oxblood **$5.00**

200, 201, 202—CONGRESS all wool plaid flannel sport shirts in various plaids and color combinations **5.50**

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206—SUPERB coney-lined grey suede mocha glove **5.00**

207, 208, 209—CISCO Valcuna knitted scarf and glove set, cross stripe design in ground colors of canary, navy and brown, with monotone stripe colorings **5.00**

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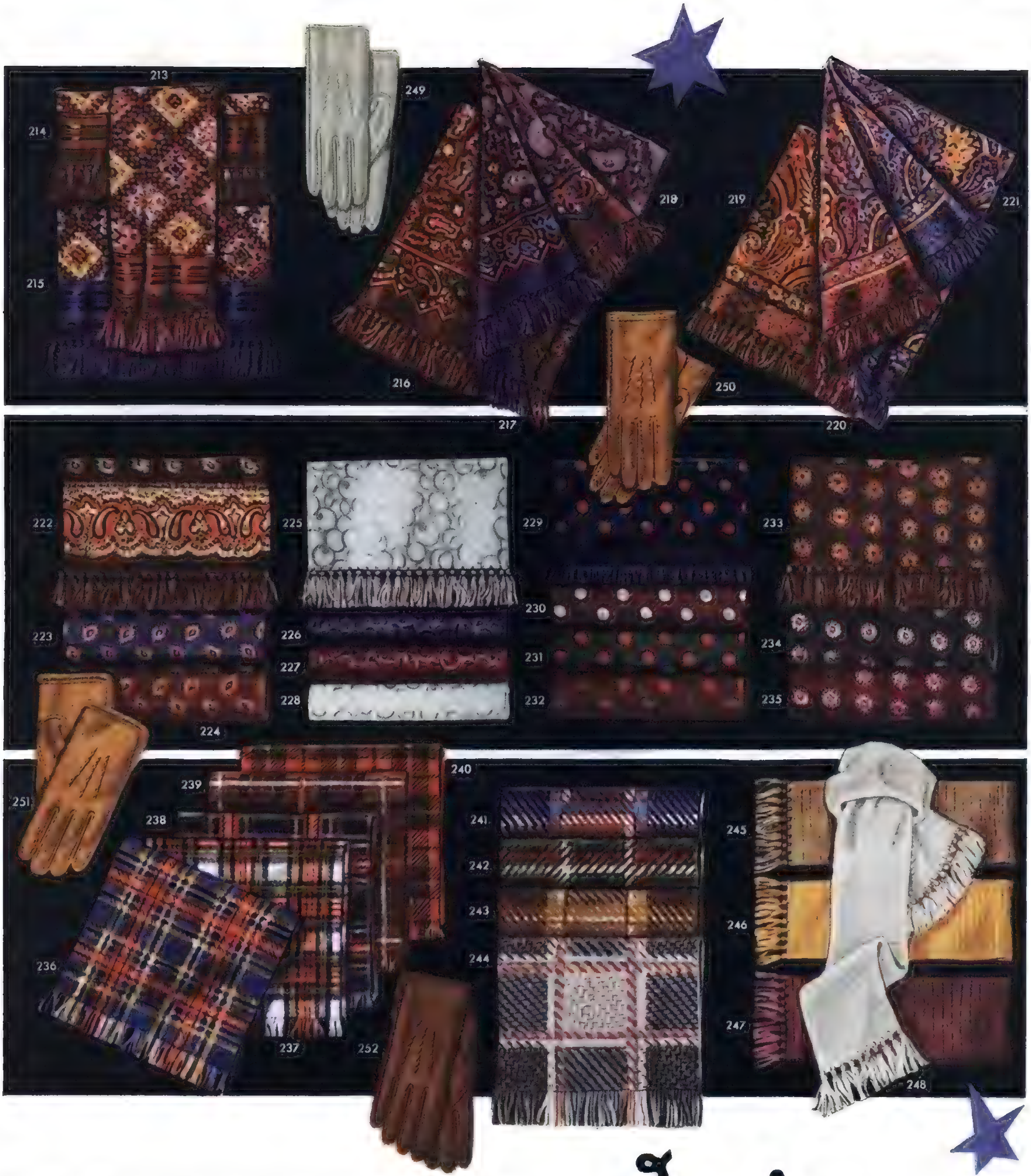
212—McGREGOR Glacier ski coat . . **8.50**

NOTE: *In ordering sweaters, suede jacket or ski coat, give chest measurement. For plaid flannel sport shirts, give neck size. For gloves, mention sizes.*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213, 214, 215—CISCO all silk printed Persian design muffler with hand knotted fringe	$5.00
216, 217, 218—CISCO all silk printed jacquard reefer in deep tone paisley designs.	3.50
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225, 226, 227, 228—CISCO all silk jacquard reefer with hand knotted fringe . .	2.50
229, 230, 231, 232—CISCO imported all wool printed muffler in coin dot design.	3.50
233, 234. 235—CHALET prints, hand knotted fringe. Wine, brown and black.	1.95
236, "Macbeth". **237,** "Dress Stewart". **238,** "Black Stewart". **239,** "Hunting Fraser". **240,** "Wallace"—CISCO imported authentic Scotch tartan plaid wool reefers.	1.95
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249—SUPERB grey black head mocha, hand drawn back, clasp style	3.50
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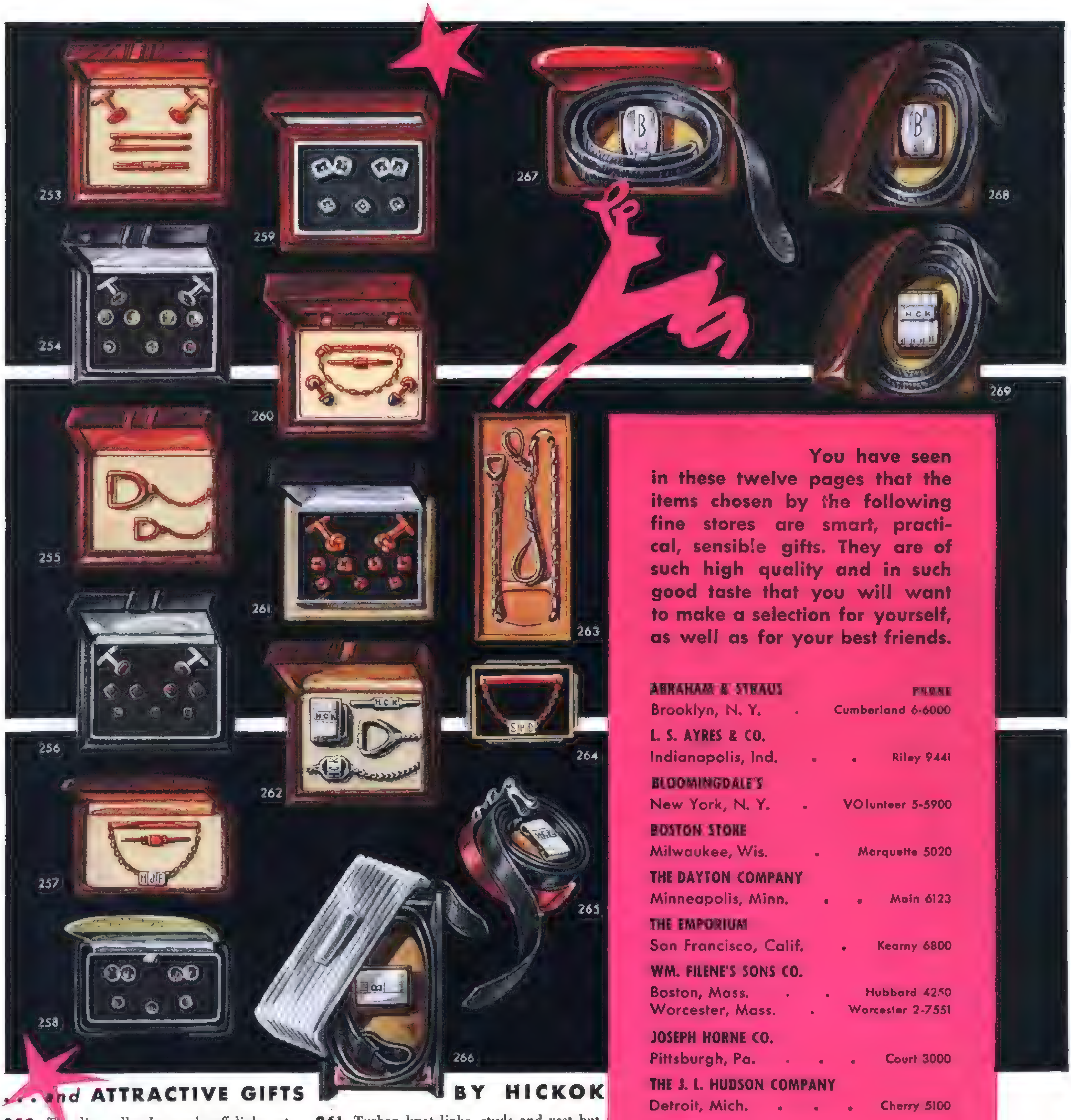
251, 252—SUPERB "RUGBY" goatskin slipon with hand drawn back. Colors: London Brown and Luggage Tan	2.65

NOTE: *Specify glove sizes.*



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253—Tie clip, collar bar and cuff links set, packed in jewel box **$3.50**

254—Dress set, links, studs and vest buttons in onyx, white pearl or smoked pearl, packed in modern jewel box **5.50**
Links and studs only **3.50**

255—Gold-filled stirrup key chain and small stirrup trouser loop attachment, packed in jewel box **5.00**

256—Dress set of imported antique square cut stones, in midnight blue or maroon, new airline links, studs and vest buttons, packed in black jewel box **8.00**
Links and studs only **5.00**

257—Initialed tie chain and collar bar, plated in white or gold, packed in an attractive jewel box **2.00**

258—Links and studs dress set in onyx, white pearl or smoked pearl, packed in black and antique ivory box **2.50**

259—Dress set, square antique imported crystal in chain links and studs, packed in special leather jewel case **12.00**
With vest buttons **18.00**

260—Bit link chain, tie clip and collar bar set, plated in white or gold and packed in jewel case **2.50**

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262—Initialed buckle, tie clip and key chain, packed in modern jewel box **3.50**

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264—Initialed tie chain, plated in white or gold, packed in hammered metal ash tray. **1.00**

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266—Grained leather belt with sterling silver black enamel initial buckle, set in modern glass top cigarette box . . . Set **3.50**

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New York, N. Y. .	VOlunteer 5-5900
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THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY	
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STIX, BAER & FULLER	
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TAYLOR'S Store for Men	
Cleveland, Ohio . . .	Main 3800
R. H. WHITE CO.	
Boston, Mass. . . .	Hubbard 7430

• visit, phone or write the nearest store

Take Along The Little Pal!

Continued from page 57

What does she care? Oh, hell, she left her manicure set back at the last camp site! Big Pal laughingly lets us draw straws to see who has the honor of going back after it. Hell of a swell joke!

Little Pal turns out to be a great he-man, but as her hands get blistered and she gives up paddling just for today (and the discovery is made that her idea of cooking is to open a jar of potato salad), Big Pal swings into lusty action and thrashes to the rescue; "Bill," he calls her, and "Old Man," and "Partner," and "Squaw," in a desperate effort to lift her up by his own boot straps into full membership in the gang. "It's your turn to get water, Bill," he says heartily. "No favorites in the Big Woods, you know."

He slaps a paddle into her hands with great gusto. "Dig into the water there, Squaw woman. We're on the old trail you know, where every man does his day's work or goes hungry." In the morning he asks her, "Well, how's the old partner today?" and slaps her on the back so hard it splits her shoes. This keeps up until Little Pal, trying her best to fall into the spirit of Nature, takes a sun bath and gets so nicely sunburned she can't even sit on a canoe seat, and she's finally given up, even by the Old Man, and tossed into the hold and carried across the portages with the rest of the baggage.

In my long experience with Little Pals I have discovered three distinct groupings of the species. The first group has been reading advice columns in the ladies' magazines and is now holding the Master's love by taking an interest in his work, his hobbies, everything he does. She has set out on a serious career as a True Helpmeet, and in every possible way makes a damned bother of herself.

The next group of Pals are those who have no idea of staying home and wondering if her male really went out fishing this weekend, or whether, as she suspects, he started toward the lake and as soon as he was out of sight veered well around to the left. She's going to be on hand, is this little gem.

Most numerous of them all are those who have been dragged in by the hair. They have run afoul of the big, tweedy outdoor male who has no intention of merging his big brown October life with that of any woman, but who has married to add another convert to his ideas. The things he likes are the Only Things in Life.

This last Little Pal puts on her pants like a good little girl, and she pretends to enjoy baiting her own hook, but usually she has private plans of her own, once the excitement is over.

I remember one member of a group I used to go hunting with who brought out his Squaw Woman with a broader flourish than most. Just a little Danny Boone, he called her—and as for her, she seconded the motion with a cheer. There's nothing, says she, like the great outdoors: she loved it. Why, she even liked to be bitten by mosquitoes; she thought it was fun, really.

But one of the boys made a horrible mistake. We were duck shooting, and the day was cold and raw. Nothing goes better on such a day than a touch of spirits—in this case, gin. In a burst of generosity he gave a drink to Little Pal. She seemed to take her dose with a distinctly professional air. She wanted more.

By the time she felt she'd had enough to ward off the chills, she was looking around with queer little jerks of her head. During one of these she focused on her Big Pal. She wanted to know who the hell he thought he was, and all she wanted was a nice warm room and a thick steak and a flock of cocktails and she wanted to get into her lace panties and go out dancing. And he could take his damned old ducks and his dirty grub and he knew what he could God damn well do with them, and she didn't want any more pioneering in her life, her ancestors had taken care of that for her, and please take her home. And the same went for fishing. She could buy all the fish she ever wanted, with tartar sauce on the side, long before she met him, and besides her boots made her feet hurt and look at her nails, and from now on, in her life, a tent was something a circus came in.

Then off came the boots to whistle past Big Pal's startled ears, and she gave a fine old Bronx cheer and started, bravely but with lack of finesse, up the road toward the railroad station, followed by the cheers of all except Big Pal, who ran after her crying, "Wait a minute, Dear, you're not yourself, dear!" The last we saw of them he was carrying her and she was kicking her legs. He was trying to carry her toward the lodge, but she was kicking toward the railroad station, and we all knew that we had lost another Little Pal, and the world had lost another he-man camper, another Partner, another Bill, another Old Man, another Squaw, another hiker with the best of us, shooter beside any man, caster of flies on any stream, and nuisance in anybody's language. #

I, Voluptuary

Continued from page 82

grapes. Also some cold broiled fish, a bowl of salted pecans and a small bowl of honey. "What'll we drink?" she asked. "Coffee?" I winced. "Your old man's wine."

I plotted the scene more in detail. They had in the parlor a mammoth, billowy old-fashioned backless leather couch—the kind with buttons on it—which would be ideal if only she had a throw for it. Something brilliant for an oriental dash of color. Jenny spoke of a very bright blanket her father had purchased from a Navajo in Arizona on his vacation in '03. I did not ask to see this. Hadn't she anything else? Oh, yes, her mother had bought a bright shawl of some sort from an Arabian a long time ago. Describing this, she made it sound like a riot of color, and I ordered her to steal this from her mother's chest without fail. I thought of her lying on it in her red pyjamas, which she had made bold to show me once.

Thinking of her pyjamas gave me an idea. "Have you any others?" I asked—I was about her height and build. She blushed and laughed and said yes she had another pair the same pattern only green. I whooped at this. I would wear them.

There remained but one thing—appropriate music. For me this meant the *Afternoon of a Faun*, and I asked whether they had a phonograph. Yes they had an old one up in the attic some place. Its day, it seemed, was done, and now it played kind of scratchy and ran down quick. The tableau took another shaking at the thought of myself turning every five minutes to crank an antiquated gramophone, but it would have to do, the whole thing being unthinkable without the *Afternoon of a Faun.*

Wednesday evening came at last and I was in an awful fidget to get over there but I had to wait till at least seven-thirty in order that Jenny might have time to prepare the viands—her folks would leave about six-thirty. Shrewdly, she suggested broiled fish for dinner that day and shopped for it herself and got an extra large quantity. I arrived shortly before seven-thirty, my blood singing and my face shining like the chromium-plating on a sheik's roadster.

Jenny had everything ready. The food was on a table at the head of the couch, on which was a conflagration of red, purple, orange, white and green. Jenny stood in the corner in her red pyjamas and blazed and blazed.

She walked over and stretched out on the couch, stirring her limbs voluptuously. Desire surged. Almost dropping the *Afternoon of a Faun* I seized her and kissed her devouringly. She smiled slowly and pushed me back gently, archly, like a true courtesan. Jenny surprised me.

This first rush over, I regained my *aplomb.* Now *aplomb* was something I was cultivating earnestly. I wanted that. The discovery of the word was an epoch in my life. The dictionary defined *aplomb* as assurance of manner or action, self-possession, but I thought of it as infinitely more than that. Ah, what a wealth of experience was back of *aplomb.* Of knowing. Of having read. Of having been. Been? Been indeed—to Paris; to Vienna; to Port Said; and to Baden-Baden after excesses in Barcelona. This new word had colored the entire tableau. To indulgence was added poise; to lolling, knowing; to all, weariness. And I began to think of myself as an evaporated worldling, like Noel Coward.

"You look lovely tonight, Thyrza," I said with *aplomb.* "Where are my pyjamas?"

"Thyrza?" puzzled.

"For tonight, yes. Thyrza." I pinched her cheek.

I went into her room to don her green pyjamas. I came out a moment later, drifting through the door in a silken, negligent ease.

I stretched out beside her on the couch with a deep sigh. This was the tableau.

"This is all quite marvelously luxurious . . . this ease," I said, my heart battering hard enough to fracture a rib. "This relaxing. . . ." Every nerve was taut.

After a few minutes I calmed down.

I turned to reach languidly for an iced orange slice. "Hey, look out, you're getting butter on my pyjama cuff!" said Jenny. "Sorry, darling," I drawled. I went after the orange slice once more and as I did so the huge couch groaned mightily. The many springs in the thing—to me it seemed there must be thousands—kept up this grinding and twanging and snapping all evening, as though, on behalf of the absent and unsuspecting family, it would set up great and anguished groans of warning.

The victrola was on a chair next to the couch. I put the record on. Debussy did suffer extensively on the contraption, rendering the music with a decided moaning wobble, as though the faun were moving through the forest with a severe case of rheumatism. But anyway it was Debussy, and you got the general idea.

Now the nibbling was in full swing. I nibbled on the delicacies, on Jenny, on Omar, murmuring a stanza or two in her pink ear. Now and then I would reach idly to the table, dip my finger in the blue bowl and rub honey on Jenny's lips, after which I would kiss her lingeringly. That was the touch that got Jenny. Once, during such a kiss, I held her close, waiting blissfully while the music approached a certain strain which to me was the climactic moment

Continued on page 246

The Best Stores in your city Feature

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ENDS BLADE BUYING

I, Voluptuary

Continued from pages 82-245

in the composition. The music wove and wove itself toward this strain and when it finally reached it I whispered in Jenny's ear, "I love you," and at that instant the victrola ran down and the chord perished with a dying groan, as though the fatigued and panting faun had at last, perhaps, collapsed upon an oak stump. I gnashed my teeth and writhed. When the soul-tearing sound was at last done I found that Jenny was whispering in my ear that she loved me too, that she was glad to know now that I loved her and that she was mine for good and I, forever, hers. I perceived something hazardous in all this and before I could involve myself further I changed the subject and we went on with the lolling.

We lolled and lolled and finally, lying in each other's arms, fell asleep. It was thus we lay when they came home, more than an hour sooner than we expected them.

We didn't hear them till they were actually coming into the room. Jenny's father stopped short and emitted a roar. It was this roar which awoke me. I opened startled eyes to behold a tall forbidding man standing tense and with clenched fists at his sides, his mouth working queerly under a shaggy bracket of mustache through which came spasmodic gasps, as though the whole were being worked by a faulty suction. "O, Peter!" Jenny cried. "O, Pa!"

Sitting fearfully on the couch I stared at him. When he came toward me, with a certain rigid blunt determination, his fists still clenched at his sides, I turned my legs and feet slowly over the side of the couch, as though I were swiveling on my last vertebra. He made a sudden lunge at me, swinging, and exclaimed, "You rat! Is this what you do when we ain't home!" This definitely demolished the tableau. Gone, too, was *aplomb*. I ducked and jumped away.

I rattled off as fast as I could and quite incoherently that he had this thing all wrong, that it was purely innocent and not like he suspected. To which he replied by asking me did I think he couldn't see. I glanced at Jenny in her pyjamas and thought of me in mine and guessed it must look pretty bad. To convince this man that I had only been nibbling on Jenny appeared a staggering assignment, because when you come upon two people under such circumstances your natural reaction is that the male is not just nibbling but biting pretty sizable chunks, and giving Pa the explanation I was trying to put across would be like trying to explain to a policeman, were you caught in a jewelry store at two a. m. and asked what was going on here, that you liked to look at clocks.

Mrs. Caswell was trying to calm him as he stood facing me, the dining-room table between us. "Listen, Mr. Caswell," I pleaded, "you got me all wrong," but of course Pa hadn't been born yesterday and he knew all right I had deflowered his daughter. He made it clear, moreover, that such stuff had never gone on under his roof before and what was more couldn't be gotten away with now. And here I perceived with a horrible flash of alarm that, while one tableau had been destroyed, another had taken its place—the old well-known shotgun tableau. I turned sick.

He came toward me. "Don't, Pa!" cried Jenny tucking her pyjamas around her throat. "It's all right! He loves me! We love each other!"

Now wasn't that sweet. If Pa had any doubts before, he didn't now. That to him was a plain admission of guilt, and he resumed his roaring. I had an impulse to wring Jenny's neck. Also I felt instinctively the need, the urgent need, of getting across then and there that it was to Thyrza I had been murmuring, not Jenny, but I saw the hopelessness of that too.

They finally sent me back into the bedroom to change, and when I came out I had a line of attack ready.

The parlor was the same old austere, conventional Caswell parlor. The food and things had been cleared away, the shawl was gone and the couch had its buttons back. Pa and Ma were sitting on this couch now waiting for me, sitting there with a kind of outraged and ferocious respectability.

"It ain't no use doin' that now," he said to Jenny, who was crying. "It's too late. All you can do now is get married quick's you can."

Then I came in with my line of attack. "Listen here, Mr. Caswell," I snarled, "I think you're acting like a beast—at least a pretty poor excuse for a father, thinking of your daughter *that* way." I denounced him terrifically and told him that if he wanted to think the obscene worst to go ahead and do so but I for one was as pure as the new-fallen snow (alas only too true) and that I couldn't vouch for Jenny's record, but I could say that if she was that pure when she met me she was that pure now as she stood before them. "I consider it pretty disgraceful of you to go casting insinuations about your sweet daughter." Jenny turned her fawn eyes on me endearingly and said, "See how much he loves me?"

Well, Pa and Ma were more reasonable from then on. But they insisted strongly that, while Jenny might be virginal, she was so in a purely technical way. I had reached an intimacy with her from which there was now no turning back. Here they were adamant.

"Oh, don't worry, Pa and Ma.

Continued on page 248

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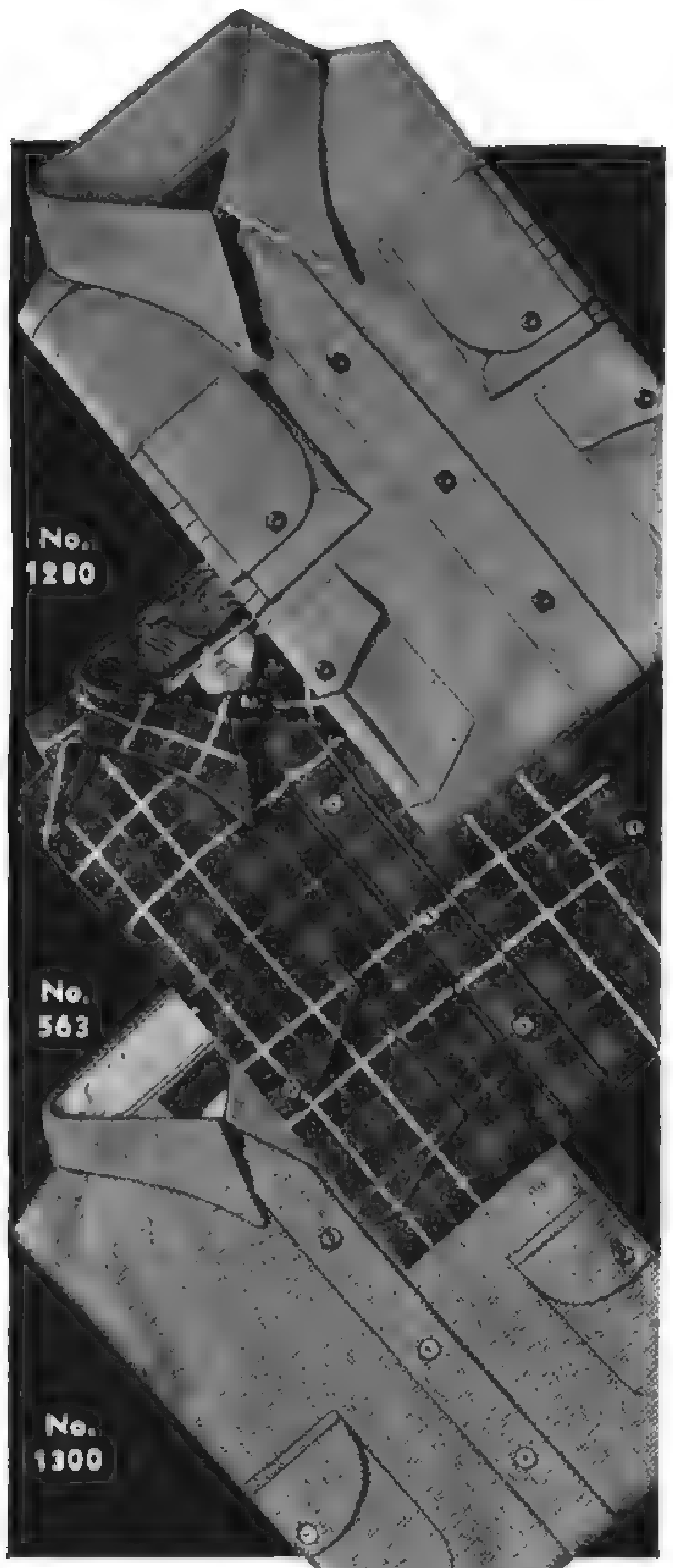

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I, Voluptuary

Continued from pages 82-245-246

He'll marry me all right, won't you, Peter?" said Jenny and stroked my face and there I was.

That was the way things stood when I got home. I was sick, scared stiff, could have kicked myself. This *was* a jam.

Next evening I poured out the whole story to the pater. He snorted disgustedly when he heard it and said, "You see? There you are. You and your confounded grape dangling." He kicked the ottoman.

"But, Dad," I said desperately. (Here ended the pater period.) "What'll I do?"

He relit his pipe and now from the way he settled into his chair I could tell he was due for one of his thinking spells—he went into one whenever he had something to contemplate, or a problem to "sweat through," as he put it, and woe to anyone who dared to interrupt. He just sat there minute after minute, gazing into space like a Chaldean waiting for a comet. I just stood quietly by, awaiting the fruits of this.

He emerged.

"You know what got you into this trouble, don't you?"

I hesitated. "Sex?" I said timidly.

"It's simple enough, if you only had the mental sharpness to analyze it. The thing that got you into this mess is the double standard, the—"

"But I thought the double standard was judging the woman harshly," I said.

"Ach! Think! Think! The *real* double standard that's at the bottom of it. Can't you see the deeper thing here? That what we usually refer to as the double standard is nothing but one of the lesser corollaries of a more basic, fundamental double standard? No, of course not, you don't care to try to think. Well then I'll tell you. It's all to be traced to a certain psychology," he said and went on to explain that according to this psychology the woman, as sexual agent, with sexual assets, was rated twice as high as the man and that was why when she fell she was censured twice as severely. If she was condemned it was only because she was first flattered. The whole idea back of it was that the woman gave and the man took, something which she had with all her talk about surrendering her all, and so on and so on, cleverly sponsored. Now always she kept squawking about the double standard of censorship, whereas the double standard of evaluation, of glorification, was at the bottom of it. So that the real double standard was one from which the man, not the woman, got least.

Well, there I was: Jenny had it to give. I took, I had partaken (that is, they thought I had): now I had to marry her.

I didn't by any means get all of this at the time but I got the general idea.

"How can I get out of it?" I asked.

"By the single standard." I had misgivings about this. Moving Pa in any direction with such a frail thing as a phrase seemed to me something like propelling an excursion tub with a canoe paddle. I told him this.

"I shan't use any phrases. Nor shall I philosophize. I have an irony in mind. I shall tie the double standard in a knot and throw it in his face before he can say boo." He knocked out his pipe. "Come on."

I didn't ask any questions about where we were going—I guessed it was to see Pa Caswell. On the way down my father made me look him straight in the eye and tell him there was nothing amiss. Then he made me promise to change my way, my literary interests and so on, and revealed to me in more sincere words than ever how it had always been his desire that I develop a more sinewy mentality.

We got to Jenny's house. My fear returned. "Shall I stay out?" I asked. "No, sir, you come along in. I don't know whether this will work, but we'll try." He rang.

Jenny answered the door, blushing a bit. We stepped in. Her voice was a bit unsteady when she hollered up the stairs for Pa. Pa would be right down. Would we have seat? No, said my father, we would wait right here. We waited about four or five minutes. I was tense, scared. At length Pa came down.

Before he could get to the bottom of the stairs or even say hello my father steps around to face him, points his finger dramatically at him and says: "Mr. Caswell, your daughter is going to marry my son! She can't get away with that! Isn't anybody can do anything like that to my son. She's not going to ruin him. He's confessed what she did to him here last night and, by golly, she'll marry him!" He banged on the balustrade.

Pa stopped short. He stood there for I don't know how long with his mouth open. Such a thing was of course totally and absolutely unheard of.

He started to say something once or twice but couldn't quite manage it. So he just stood there dumbfounded.

I can quite imagine how he felt. It had taken my breath away too. Inwardly I whistled.

When my father first started shouting I couldn't quite make it all out, but suddenly the whole thing came to me in a flash. My father had beaten him to the draw. Who was right? That was beside the point—he beat him to the draw. I was not only amazed; I was also a bit chagrined. I saw now that my father was the real iconoclast, while I had all the while been a sucker for the traditional point of view.

Pa scratched his head and sank

Continued at top of page 250

Here's Something You Couldn't Give Him Last Christmas

Give him a MONO-GRAM MILITARY BRUSH SET by Owens

These sets are utterly new. And their appreciation by every smart man is certain. For he has always longed for a distinctly monogrammed brush set. But previous attempts to give it to him have entailed long waiting for costly engraving.

Now all that is done away with. You choose the MONO-GRAM MILITARY SET that you know will please him . . . have his initials put on while you wait . . . then take it home to put it under the tree on December 25th.

The plate that holds these 24 Karat Gold-Oxidized Finish monogram letters is screwed into the solid ebony brush back. Each initial is ¾" high and ½" wide. Space is provided for 3 initials. If he's a 2-initial man, a decorative divider is provided.

The brushes are made by Owens of pure selected bristles. Each tuft is securely tied with a special *round* monel-metal staple. This cannot cut the bristles, neither will it rust and discolor them.

MONO-GRAM MILITARY Brush Sets are available in the better department stores and luggage shops from coast to coast.

3 Piece Sets, in satin-lined gift box, containing 2 brushes and a special hard rubber comb. Price, complete with 3 initials, $2.95 and up.

4 Piece Sets containing a comb, 2 hair brushes and a clothes brush—all 3 brushes complete with initials, $3.95 and up.

THE OWENS STAPLE-TIED BRUSH CO.
"Makers of America's Finest Brushes"
385 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ESQUIRE READER

You can order a twelve-course dinner without a single error.

You recognize the correct vintage years and the latest books.

You know what well-dressed men are wearing because you wear it yourself.

You probably realize, as it does to everyone, Christmas comes to Esquire readers, too.

Perhaps you're toying with the thought of a handsome diamond bracelet, a mink coat, lovely lingerie or some such something for Your Lady's Holiday.

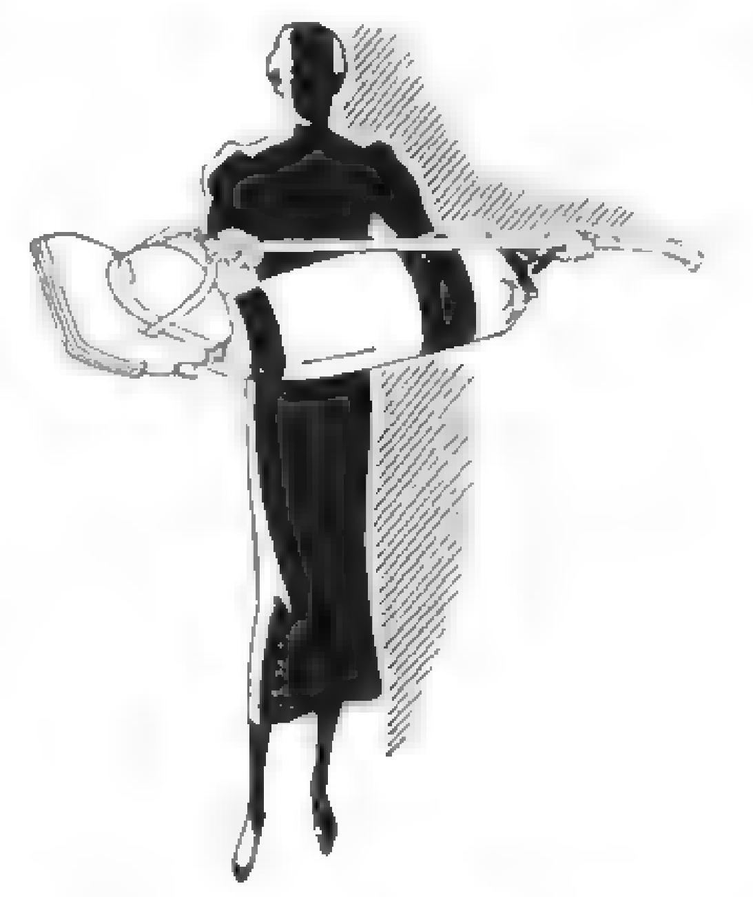
You may believe in sentimental presents (bless you, we hope you do) but if the woman in your house hasn't a good electric cleaner—why she hasn't any too much time to wear sentimental gifts; to appreciate sentimental things.

Now will you listen for a minute?

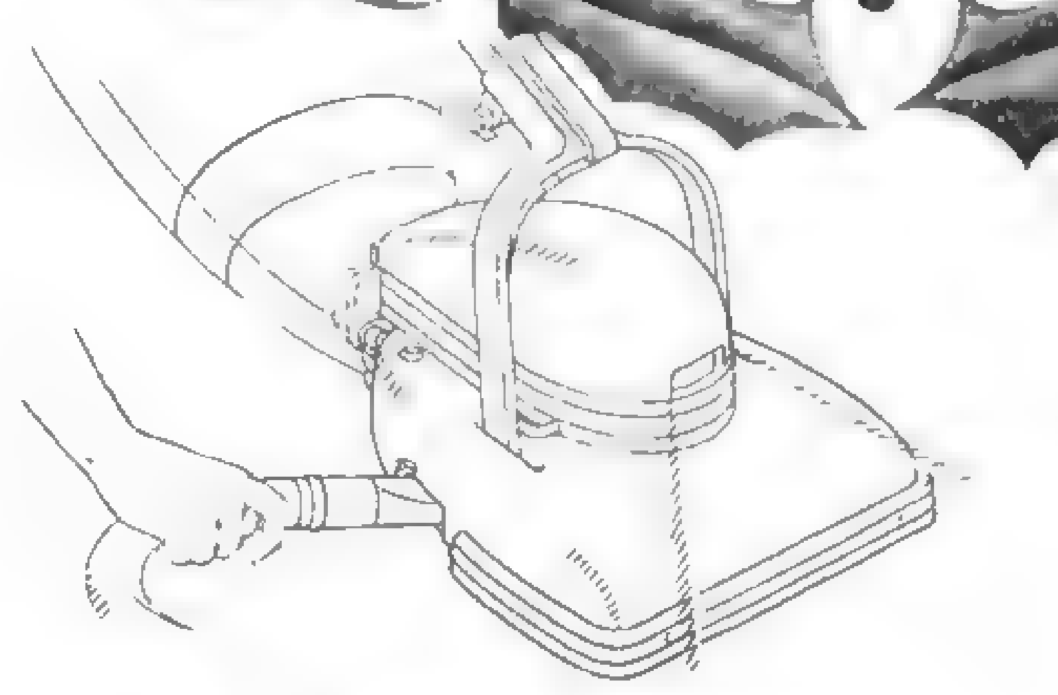
In this day and age, every woman who has anything to do about a home or a house or an apartment, ought to have a good electric cleaner. We think she ought to have the best. In fact, we recommend the new Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble. (Read on below and you'll see why.)

A lot of Esquire readers, *Saturday Evening Post* subscribers, *Time* fans and *New Yorker* devotees are going to give a lot of wives, mothers, sisters and aunts fine new Hoovers on Ye Olde 1936 Yule.

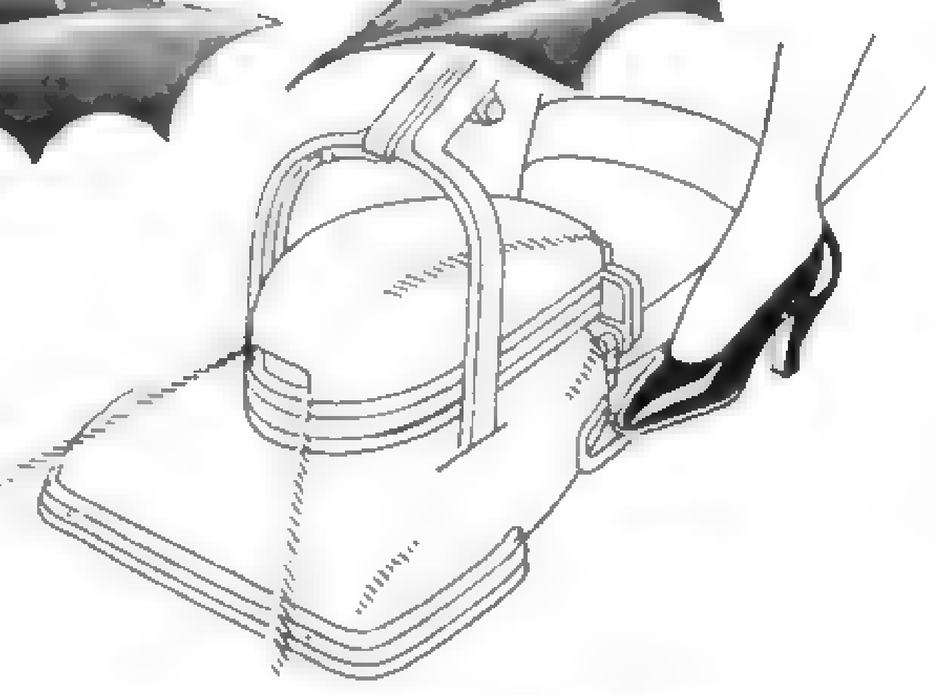
How's about your doing likewise?



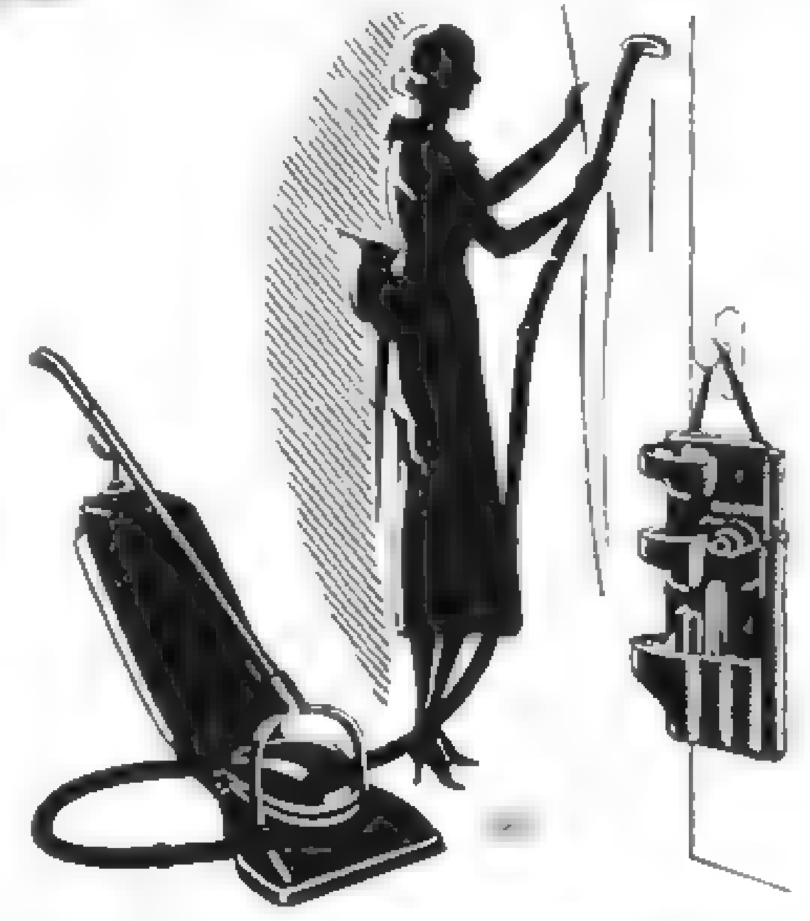
Dear Esquire Reader—
She likes her cleaner light. So we made the new Hoover One Fifty with the lightest structural metal known—magnesium, one-third lighter than aluminum.



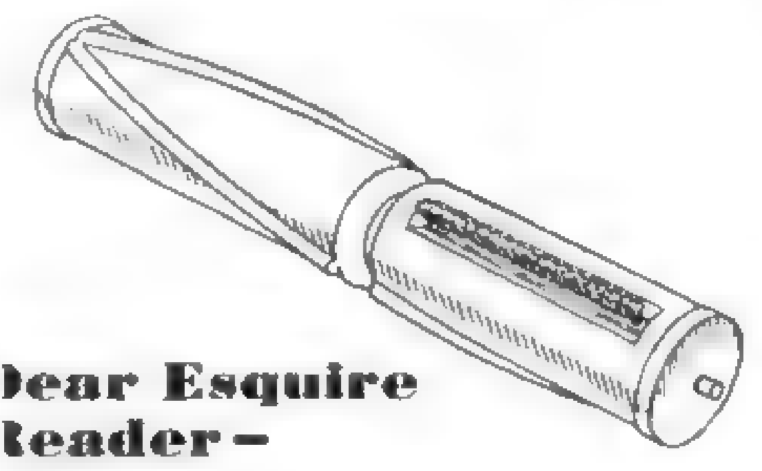
Dear Esquire Reader—
She doesn't like intricate mechanism. So this Hoover changes from rug to furniture cleaner in a jiffy. Simply slip Connector in slot—that's all.



Dear Esquire Reader—
Some rugs are thick, others thin. So she can adjust the Hoover for each, we gave it an Automatic Rug Adjuster. She just presses the pedal.



Dear Esquire Reader—
Fun-to-use tools for cleaning everything are in this Handy Cleaning Kit. It stands beside her as she cleans, hangs on closet hook between cleanings.



Dear Esquire Reader—
This is the Agitator that gets the grit that ruins rugs. Only the Hoover has it—only the Hoover dislodges the sharp embedded grit with Positive Agitation.

Dear Esquire Reader—
Just one of the many conveniences on the One Fifty—The Clip-on Plug that saves tangles.

THE
HOOVER
One Fifty
CLEANING ENSEMBLE

★

The first basically new cleaner in 10 years. New in idea (rug and furniture cleaner in one ensemble). Different in looks. More efficient. 15 major improvements. It's yours for $1.50 A WEEK PAYABLE MONTHLY

★ ★ ***Think it over, Dear Esquire Reader.***

There's a lot to be said for a Hoover for Christmas ★ ★ ***and when you "Give her a Hoover you give her the best"*** ★

You'll find the Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble in one of the leading stores in your city. It's already wrapped for Christmas giving in smart cellophane.

YOU HAVE WON

SECOND PRIZE

IN A

Beauty contest

COLLECT $11

THE WHOLE WORLD IS PLAYING

MONOPOLY

The Greatest Game Craze ever known

Have you seen the new fine sets which all leading dealers offer? There is MONOPOLY for from $2 to $25 a set. The new White Box edition is a favorite with its removable compartment tray which serves as the Bank; double supply of special slip-Monopoly Money and gold stamped Grand Hotels and excellent equipment. For from 3 to 10 players.

Rules for TWO forms of SHORT MONOPOLY now come with every set. Same fun—less time.

At all DEALERS, or sent by mail from Salem, Mass.

MONOPOLY is by the makers of PING-PONG (still going strong), CAMELOT (famous board game for Men and Boys), MAKE A MILLION (card game, delights all Monopoly players) PURVIS' "G"-MEN (board game for youngsters), LEXICON (better than Anagrams), PEGITY (Five in a row), Hendrik Van Loon's Wide World Game, etc., etc.

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

Smart new sports under garment

Enjoy your outdoors in comfort and safety

NOTHING LIKE these Duofold "Alpine" Sports undergarments for warmth, protection, freedom of action, *full* enjoyment of winter sports.

Unique knitted fabric in *two thin* layers. Wool, in *outer* layer only, can't touch the skin. (No itch.) Soft cotton inner layer for constant comfort. Conserves bodily warmth better than a heavy single layer fabric.

For men: A smart two-piece ensemble in Sports Yellow, with athletic crotch. $3 per garment, $6 for the two.

For misses and women: Pullover shirt and elastic-waistband tight, in Sports Yellow. Price $2.50 per garment, $5 for the two.

Sold by many leading stores. If unavailable to you send check or money order with chest and waist measures and we will ship prepaid on approval, money back if you don't want to keep them. *Address* Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N. Y.

Duofold Alpine
SPORTS UNDERGARMENT

I, Voluptuary

Continued from pages 82-245-246-248

at length, flabbergasted, upon the steps.

My father continued to carry on about the disgrace of such conduct and about how our young men weren't safe with girls like that, and talked about how delinquent Pa had been in not keeping a better eye on his daughter. "To think," he said, "that this went on under your roof!" I heard Jenny sniffle from the kitchen.

Pa got his wits back and started in on how I was guilty too, don't forget that, and how my father's son wasn't all he was cracked up to be. "It takes two to commit a sin!" he shouted at last, waving his finger at me. And there we had him.

It took two, Pa had said, and now we could go home triumphant. Not, however, before my father reiterated his demand that Jenny marry me, to which Pa agreed of course—and which I did not fear, since I knew that was not what my father was getting at at all.

I continued to see Jenny occasionally after that, but I could do so without danger now, considering that the wind had been forever taken out of Pa's sails. Finally we broke up. The infatuation didn't last, for Jenny either.

Pa never spoke again of "making" me marry Jenny, but merely continued to look upon me with a scowl of disapproval.

He has been, I presume, lying awake nights ever since, trying to figure out what in thunderation happened, what it was really all about, and not being able to comprehend what occurred, what fell out of the sky—or what.

Who was right? That is beside the point—my father beat him to the draw. #

The Mike-Swallowers

Continued from page 100

and touch it to see if it really was fresh?" and the reply was, "I'd no more touch fresh paint than I'd touch—" and out came the name of one of the half dozen most prominent people in the public life of America. The insult was quick and irrevocable.

Nine out of ten of the citizens picked up in theatre lobbies speak well and say something of interest. On the similar program put on by a local station, the questions were more controversial and it was surprising to hear half a dozen men and women, one after another, talk with vehemence and conviction upon the state of the world. Once the question was, "What would you do if you had a million dollars given to you this minute?" Before all the answers were in, they had discussed War, Capitalism, Social Credit, and, to be sure, Communism; and had done it as well as the professional commentators and speakers of the air.

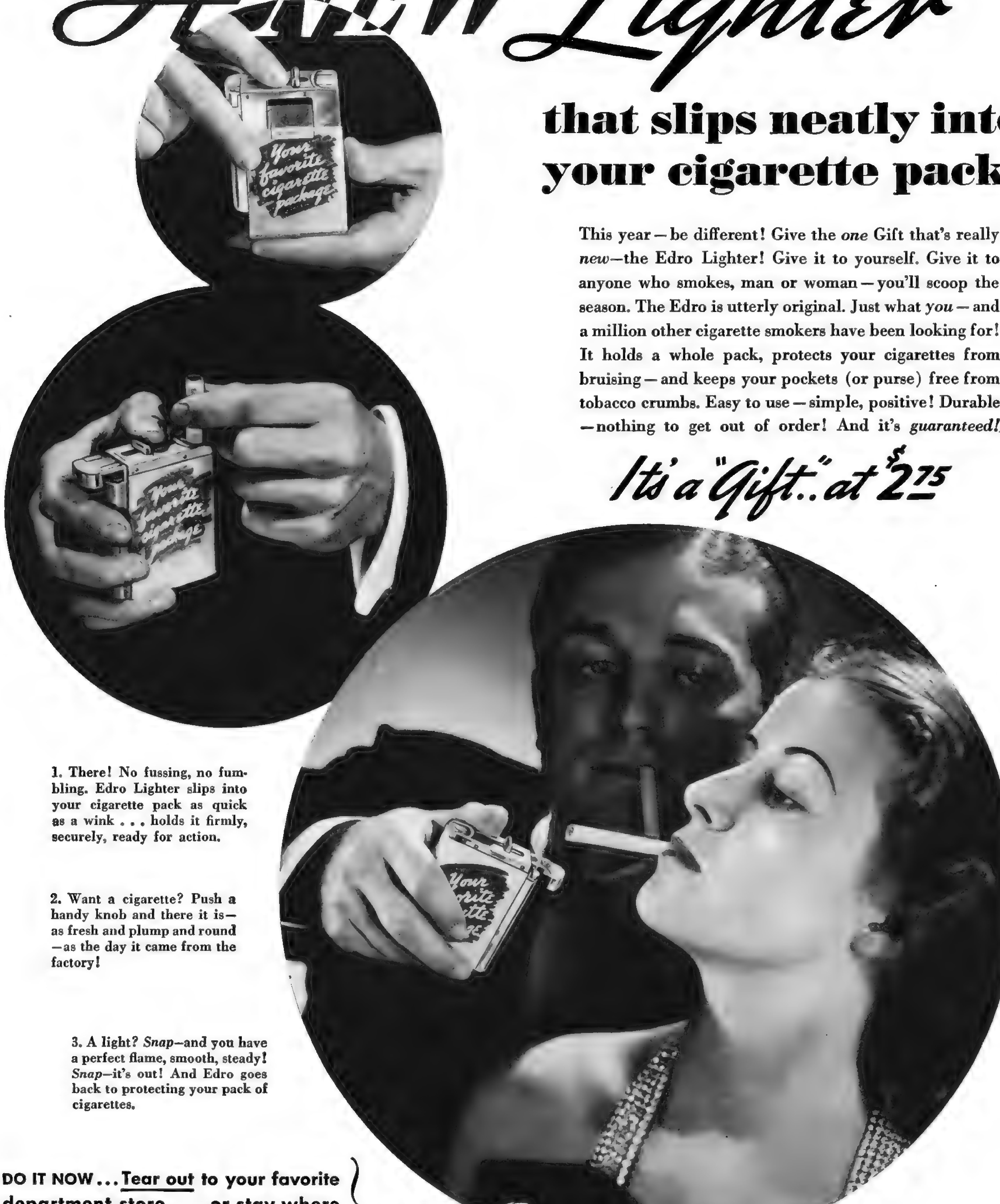
Now compared with these, the amateurs are nothing, because the amateurs are, for the most part, men and women looking for radio jobs. The special sense of excitement which Major Bowes imports into his hour is due to the ever-present chance that a night club in Sewickley will telegraph or telephone an offer for the lad who has just imitated two cows and a motor horn simultaneously—with the whir of the midnight plane upon which all these happy contestants always leave, already faint in the background. It has turned out a miraculous advertising stunt, the human interest rising far above the aesthetic pleasure which the amateurs give; it is dramatic, not entertaining; it is real life—but I'm damned if it's good fun. When Fred Allen handled his half hour of amateurs his characteristic comment was by far the best part of the act; after all, in the end the baritones sing *The Last Roundup* and the sopranos something by Tosti and the man who does imitations does an imitation of Ed Wynn. During the summer the Allen hour was taken over by Stoopnagle and Budd, and after thirty minutes of supremely fine radio entertainment, they fumbled about with the amateurs, once in a while managing to give a little life to the event. All the other amateur events I have heard have been poisonous.

They have contributed nothing to radio in itself; they have killed off some fair to middling comedians; and they are undoubtedly preparing the way for some new thing. You feel it already in the air. And for myself I should like to see the new thing develop out of the work of the innocent bystander. The trouble with radio as an instrument of persuasion has always been that it is a one-way machine; the President speaks to us, but how often can we speak to the President? No way has been found for the sneers of the listeners to get back to the politicians; no one has perfected the little machine which counts the actual number of times a speaker is cut off. But the forums and the street inquiries do, within limitations, give the common man a chance to speak his mind effectively—and the great question is only whether the right people listen. The thing needs to be developed on a large scale, with some publicity which would make listeners of political managers and all those who so confidently assert their understanding of the American people.

Because I am afraid that in a world full of uncertainties, one thing is pretty certain: that the leaders know precious little of what their followers think and feel—and would like to say. #

A NEW Lighter

that slips neatly into your cigarette pack!



This year—be different! Give the *one* Gift that's really *new*—the Edro Lighter! Give it to yourself. Give it to anyone who smokes, man or woman—you'll scoop the season. The Edro is utterly original. Just what *you*—and a million other cigarette smokers have been looking for! It holds a whole pack, protects your cigarettes from bruising—and keeps your pockets (or purse) free from tobacco crumbs. Easy to use—simple, positive! Durable—nothing to get out of order! And it's *guaranteed!*

It's a "Gift" at $2.75

1. There! No fussing, no fumbling. Edro Lighter slips into your cigarette pack as quick as a wink . . . holds it firmly, securely, ready for action.

2. Want a cigarette? Push a handy knob and there it is—as fresh and plump and round—as the day it came from the factory!

3. A light? *Snap*—and you have a perfect flame, smooth, steady! *Snap*—it's out! And Edro goes back to protecting your pack of cigarettes.

DO IT NOW... Tear out to your favorite department store . . . or stay where you are and tear out this coupon.

Edro

Lighter and Pack Holder

540 Twelfth Ave., New York City

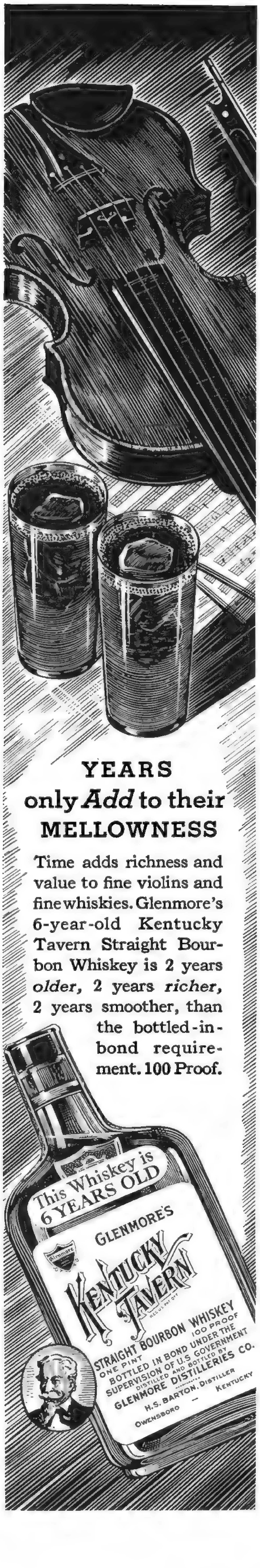
DEALERS are invited to write for details of Edro Merchandising Plan. No obligation.

EDRO Manufacturing, Inc., Dept. E-12, 540 Twelfth Ave., New York City

I enclose check or money order for $........ to cover total cost of .... Chromium Plated Edro Lighters at $2.75 each. (Engine Turned 14K Gold Plate, $10.00) Note: Prices include postage.

Name ....

Full Address ....



YEARS only *Add* to their MELLOWNESS

Time adds richness and value to fine violins and fine whiskies. Glenmore's 6-year-old Kentucky Tavern Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 2 years *older,* 2 years *richer,* 2 years smoother, than the bottled-in-bond requirement. 100 Proof.

The Mind of a Mob

Continued from page 111

—hiding like a sneak. He's been snooping on us."

At that, I braced my shoulders and walked stiffly toward the backyard entrance. A babel of voices followed me. I felt silly, I know. At just this time a man was entering the backyard and I bumped smack into him. I heard a woman's voice yell out: "Stop that man, Joe."

The guy grabbed me by the arm and asked what I was up to. I muttered something—I don't remember what—and he started yanking me toward the stairway. I was scared stiff, I guess, but I put up a little resistance. The man was a six-footer and I was a skinny kid of nineteen. When I found myself on the porch again I tried to assume a little dignity. There were about eight women there, all talking at once.

The man asked what I'd done. One of the women—I guess it was his wife—said: "He tried to break into this lady's house, Joe." Another woman said to watch out, I might have a gun.

I had read about people being frisked. I was a kid with ideals. The very act of this fellow frisking me seemed to shoot holes through something inside me. I can't exactly explain it, but I felt sort of defiled. I jerked myself away and told him to leave me alone, I hadn't done anything.

One of the women said not to believe me, she'd been afraid I was going to break into her house too. Then the big blonde in the red pajamas said: "I was afraid he was going to attack me." . . .

Sure, those were her very words. Isn't that pathetic? Well, when the man heard that, he grabbed me around the throat and began shaking me. He said he had a good mind to break my neck.

It was funny. Things were blurred. Yet I didn't miss a thing. It was as if the person to whom things were blurred was not me at all. I caught every movement, heard every voice. About fifteen people had surrounded me on the porch. Mostly women. I could hear doors opening and voices asking what was the matter. People were running down the porchway. I heard a gray-haired woman say: "He tried to attack that woman."

The man, who was shaking me, began to slap me with the heel of his palm. It didn't hurt at all. It was as if he was hitting someone else. I just saw the swift movements of his hand, and I guess I didn't quite get it. Then I saw something red trickling down my face. I realized it was blood and I gave a cry and put my hand to my nose. The blood ran down my hand and onto my coat and shirt front. The sight of blood terrified me. I heard someone say: "He attacked some woman."

By this time the porch was packed with women and a few men. They were even coming down from the upper floors. Children too—small children getting excited and yelping at me because their mothers were. I remembered seeing in a newsreel the picture of a fox cornered by a pack of howling dogs. I stared at one woman. She looked like my mother. My mother was a good woman. I wondered what was the matter with these people. They were good people—gone mad. What had I done? I hadn't done anything. I must make them understand I hadn't done anything!

But it was like talking to a rock. I heard a man with funny eyes say: "He ought to be strung up."

I know it's incredible. It's so incredible I can hardly believe it myself. But there was the hate of the mob. Hate everywhere. Hate—the most terrible form of hate—crying for my blood. And me just a kid of nineteen. And the extent of my crime—all I'd done was try to make a woman understand I was just a kid of nineteen trying to get along.

And these women and men with hate in their eyes—they were good people, sure they were, and I don't hold it against them. I can't hold it against them, because I understand. I understand that they couldn't help it. It was some force beyond their real selves that was making them hate. I guess that's it. They just didn't think the thing out, that's all. It was some form of unreason—a temporary insanity, I guess—that had hold of them. All they could see was avenging the honor of a woman.

Well, I began to wake up to just how tough a spot I was in. I couldn't even see daylight through that howling mob. Then I thought of the police. They seemed to be the one out. I told them to call the cops. I kept crying out for them to call the cops.

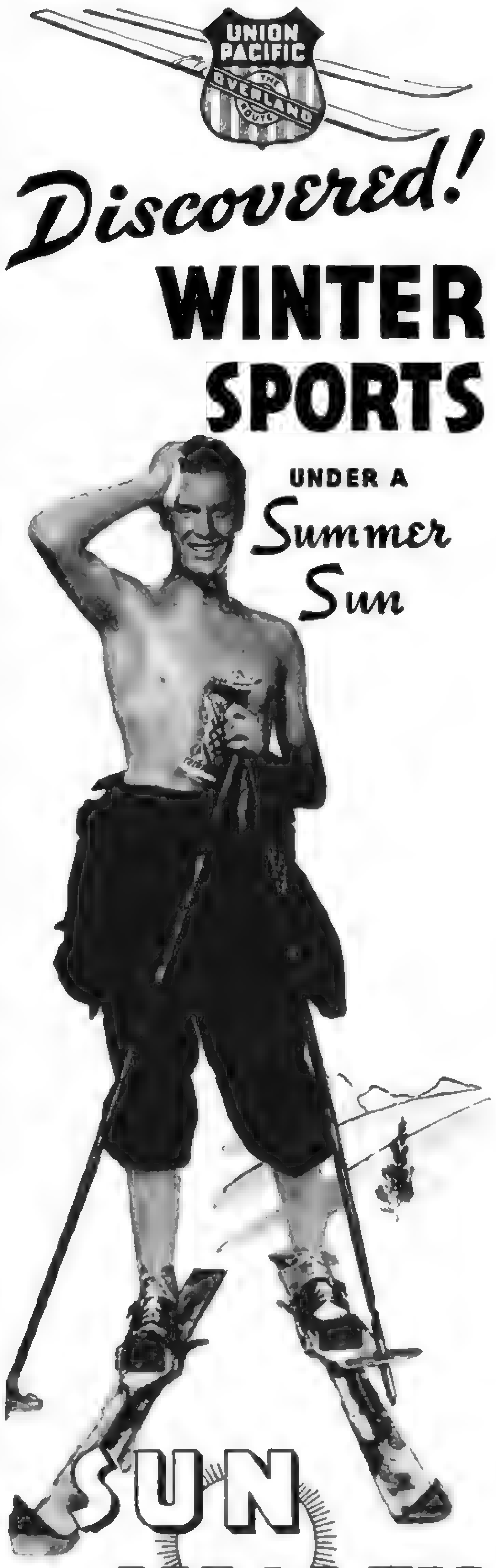
You've read about mobs. They don't call the police. They want no part of them. They believe in taking the law into their own hands. The man—the one who had hit me—told one of the other men to hold me, he'd be right back. He said something else I didn't quite get.

God, I was scared! I knew how a nigger must feel while surrounded by a mob wanting to lynch him. I heard a woman laughing hysterically and some man cursing. I felt someone pulling my hair. It was a middle-aged woman. Yes, pulling my hair. Hah, that's funny. I know it.

But this is funnier. A woman—I remember thinking she was the ugliest woman I'd ever seen—she spit on me. You know the comical face women make when they spit. . . . Yes, I mean it! I'm ashamed to say it. If I wasn't drinking I'd never say it. It wouldn't be fair to you. But it's true—she spit on me. . . .

How did I feel? I felt sick. Sick at the stomach. I wanted to

Continued on page 255



IN SUN VALLEY
AT KETCHUM, IDAHO

What a glorious region it is! Timber-free slopes are covered with "powder" snow. Protection from wintry gales by the Sawtooth Mountains makes possible skiing stripped to the waist. There's a Ski School, headed by Austrian experts—skating, dog sledging, tobogganing and sleighing in brilliant sunshine—outdoor bathing in a warm-water pool—"ice tanning" in sun-room igloos. A Ski Shop, by Saks-Fifth Ave. In this Alpine setting nestles SUN VALLEY LODGE, luxuriously modern with accommodations for 250 guests. Moderate rates prevail. The season at Sun Valley Lodge opens Christmas week. Reservations necessary.

For information ask Union Pacific representatives in principal cities or write or wire to

Raymond F. Stevens
Mgr. Sun Valley Lodge
Ketchum, Idaho

W. S. Basinger, P. T. M.
Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Nebraska

THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD COMPANY

"MY DEAR, *there's nothing I'd rather have for Christmas!"*

IF YOU happen to be looking (and who isn't?) for a masculine gift that is both correct and useful, permit us to mention the American Gentleman's Set, by McKesson.

Here are four articles cunningly designed to add comfort to a man's morning moments. McKesson's Shaving Cream, noted for its rich, abundant lather and velvet razor-glide. . . . McKesson's Shaving Lotion, cool and soothing to the skin, with a fragrance definitely male (but, oh, so enticing to the weaker sex). . . . McKesson's Talc-for-Men . . . and that delightful, oxygen-bubbling tooth powder, Calox . . . all in an intriguingly handsome box.

The price — don't fall out of your easy chair — is actually less than one dollar. And you need go no farther than the nearest good drug store. McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., New York, Bridgeport, Montreal.

McKESSON'S AMERICAN GENTLEMAN SET

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ESQUIRE
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QUALITY SINCE
CAN GENT
BY McKE
SHAVING LOTION
CALOX
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The Efficient Dentifrice Cooling-Refreshing
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TALC FOR MEN
SHAVING CREAM

Pro-phy-lac-tic Military Sets

A HAIR RAISING GIFT...

or let it go to your own head!

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Set in Chromium and Ebony Enamel with Etched Clipper Ship Mounts.
Also in Chromium and Brown Enamel
$10.00

Other Brush and Comb Sets, in a variety of designs and colors, as low as $3.50.

From here on in, we say good-bye to puns and give you straight facts about the finest military brush sets which Pro-phy-lac-tic has ever offered.

And when we say they are our *"finest,"* it means something; because Pro-phy-lac-tic has been making brushes, and nothing but brushes, for more than 60 years. We modestly nod when we are frequently called "World's Greatest Bristle Authorities."

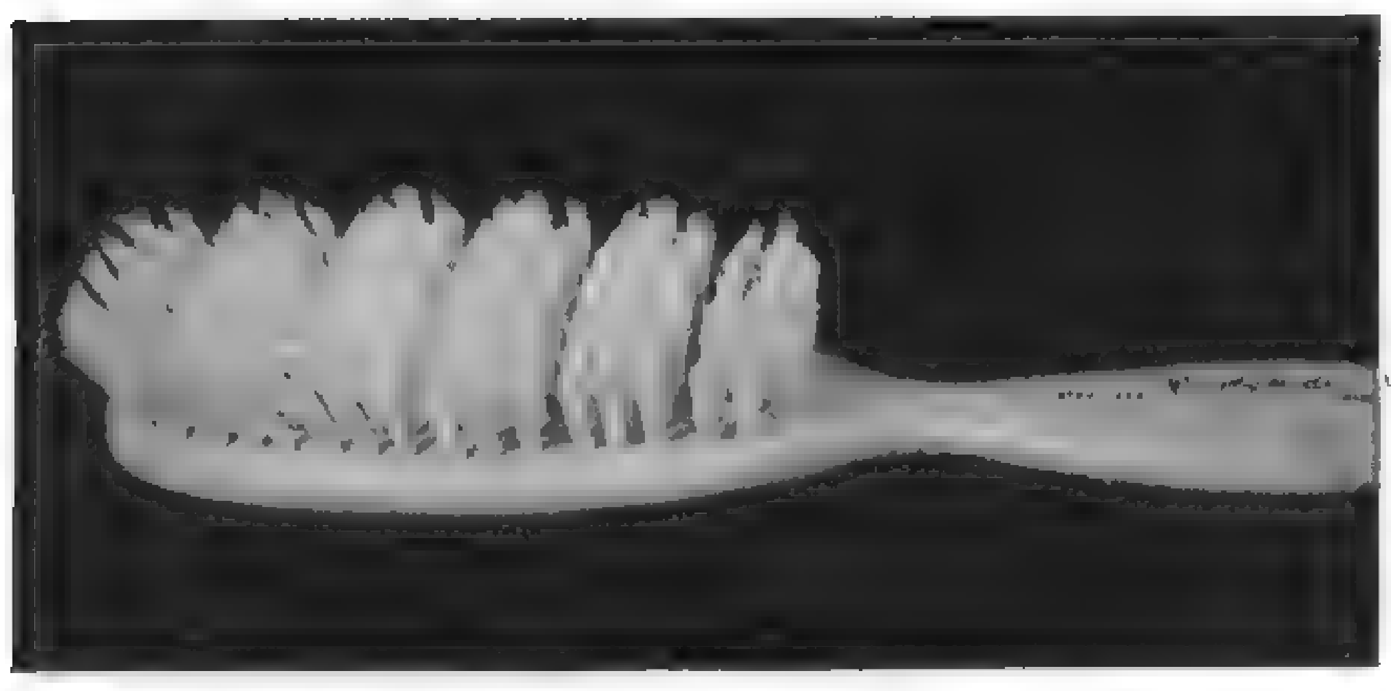
Now about these militaries: The idea is English ... the design and colors are French ... the bristle is Siberian ... but the craftsmanship comes from good old New England. So goodness knows how long these brushes will last! Probably a lifetime or pretty close to it.

The genuine boar bristle (imported, of course) is extra long and extra stiff, which makes it super-penetrating. Two militaries, clothes brush, and comb, come in a fabric-lined gift box which is banded with modern fluted copper. Real copper. It is a set anyone will be glad to have and proud to keep out in the open.

Put it down at the top of your gift list, for yourself or your very best friends.

Sold at first-rank Department Stores, Drug Stores, and Gift Shops. Or use the coupon below:

P.S. America's Best Selling Brush (*FEMALE*)



The ladies have made Stranzit their national favorite. That takes the guess work out of gift-giving when your thoughts turn to her tresses. Illustrated is the Stranzit Patrician, in satinwood with *natural* bristle, which means the bristle is unbleached and full of life. It is the new kind of hair brush all women want, because its *U. S. Patent* design actually helps waves, instead of spoiling them. Most movie studios and stars use it. A great gift for the gals, $3.50.

Pro-phy-lac-tic STRANZIT

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co.
Florence, Mass.

Enclosed please find check_____money order_____for $10.00, for which please send me the Military Brush Set in ebony enamel_____; brown enamel_____, as advertised in Esquire.

Check here_____and enclose $3.50 additional if you desire the Stranzit Patrician.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City________________State___________

The Mind of a Mob

Continued from pages 111-252

throw up. The smell of the blood and the sweat and those people crowding in on me—I could hardly breathe—I thought I was going to faint. I thought I was going to die. And I didn't care. I really began to wish I was dead.

And then this man came back. I saw him pushing through the crowd. You know what he had in his hand? A gun.

I don't know. Maybe he was a pretty good guy at heart. I've thought about it many times since. Maybe he was a father and a good husband. Maybe he went to the ball games on Sunday and lost on the ponies and had a drink with the boys and maybe gave handouts to the panhandlers on the streets. Maybe he went to church and prayed to God and liked good music and beautiful things.

I can't say. I might have done the same thing in his place. We do strange things when we're stirred up. When we don't reason. When we're whipped into hate. The propagandists feed it to us. They understand mob-psychology. They feed us hate and it comes out in the form of murder. . . .

What did I do when I saw this gun? I'll tell you just what I did. At first I stared at it fascinated, like—like a fellow gazing spellbound at a snake about to strike. Then I was seized by a terror—a terror I hope to God I never experience again.

They say your whole life crops up before you at a time like that. I thought of my mother and our home in Springfield. Home, Sweet Home. Boy, did it look sweet at that moment! Remember—I was just nineteen years old. And I thought I was going to die. I didn't want to die. Let me tell you, I didn't want to die!

It's possible this fellow didn't intend to kill me. I'm not sure. Maybe he was just trying to scare me. Maybe. . . .

What did I do? I don't know just how I did it—but I tore through that mob. Somehow I got through that mob. They couldn't stop me. They weren't big enough to stop me. And I didn't hesitate. I jumped from that porch. It was about twenty feet to the ground, but I jumped.

It seemed like the ground was leaping up to meet me. Just like they say in books. I landed on my hands and knees and rolled over several times from the impetus. Rolled over in the dirt. My head was reeling as I got to my feet, and I heard the words: "Stop, or I'll shoot," and the words seemed to come from far away. But they cleared my head. They suddenly cleared my head, and I ran for the entrance, expecting to be shot at every step.

The entrance was about thirty or forty feet away, but it seemed like so many miles. I kept feeling that gun burning into my back. I had almost reached the entrance when I heard a shot.

It was funny about that shot. I didn't know whether it hit me or not. I wondered if I was about to feel a great pain. I wondered if at the next moment I would clutch at myself like they do in the movies—I thought of the movies—and then topple over. Funny, but I felt disappointed when nothing happened.

As I was going through that entrance, something made me stop and look back. That man was standing near the railing with the gun held limply in his hand. The mob was crowded around him sort of gaping at me. It was funny about that picture. It's the most vivid thing of all. It was like one of those trick shots in the movies—you know, when a moving picture is suddenly changed to a still. Everyone was motionless and silent, and everyone looked rather foolish.

I walked away from there, thinking about how foolish those people looked. And then I started walking faster and faster, my anger growing with every step. I got so mad I wanted to go back there and fight and kill. I began to realize how I looked. My coat and shirt were streaked with blood and dirt. I was half blinded with sweat.

I went into a filling station and cleaned myself up. My leg was beginning to hurt. It wasn't a bad sprain, but it hurt. I took an El to the office, and I told my branch manager what had happened. He said I was crazy if I thought he'd believe that fairy-tale. He looked at the bloodstains on my clothes and said I'd probably been in swimming all afternoon or taken in a movie. That made me so mad I took a sock at him. It took three of them to kick me out of the office.

I went to my room after that—I was staying in a small rooming house—and I called my mother up long-distance. I started to tell her what had happened, but then I thought of the motherly-looking woman yelling at me and kicking me and all the other things, and I just couldn't tell her about that. I guess what I really wanted more than anything else on God's earth was to go home. But when she asked me what was wrong I said nothing was wrong. I told her I was doing swell.

I was a pretty sick kid the next few days. I was burning up with fever and I felt nauseous and dizzy. I stayed in bed most of the time, but I didn't call a doctor or get any medicine. And then one morning I felt better and I was able to eat breakfast and then before I knew what was happening I was on the highway hitch-hiking to California.

That was about eight years ago and I've been to a few places since and done a few things. I've done okay and I guess things could be worse. But I never did go back to college and become a lawyer. ⌗

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GREAT WHITE FLEET

The Land of the Forbidden

Continued from page 118

required an answer—and inquiry as to the character of John Doe who had tended the soda fountain for Dave the year before. The letter was from a friend who had a store in Dayton.

Now Dave Seniah was like many business men without a stenographer—just hated the thought of writing. The use of a full sized letterhead suggested a lengthy letter; and so Dave turned
U S to a postal and a five thousand dollar fine, which is the penalty for writing of a man's possible dishonesty. And while in the midst of writing he decided to drop Richard Row a postal asking for payment on
U S an overdue account. Another five thousand dollar fine; for Uncle Sam says you shall not dun a man for an overdue bill on a postal card.

Finished with his writing, Dave spied a rug which had been on the prescription counter floor and now resided in the corner awaiting a thorough sweeping. Calling his clerk he suggested the cleaning take place immediately in the alleyway outside the back door;
72-45 and thus he became liable to the extent of twenty dollars for cleaning any personal, household or other equipment in a public highway.

Meanwhile he broke a State law by selling cigarettes to a
State 12965 minor, although the boy looked twenty-one years old instead of seventeen. This might have cost him some hundred dollars, thirty days, or both. And while at the tobacco counter decided to straighten it up a bit; and so did something which every druggist does thousands of times—consolidated two partly filled boxes of El Ropo cigars; for which the fine is five hundred dollars or three years.
State 12667 And a moment later he sold a woman a twenty-five cent bottle of iodine . . . without taking her name and address (Fifty dollars).

And now the telephone solicited Dave's attention. The call proved to be from a friend who lived hard by; and was ordered to bed by his physician with a slight attack of influenza. Would Dave drop over and take a target pistol to a gunsmith on his way downtown to lunch? A simple request; but one leading to crime. In the first place by carrying a pistol in his pocket—even to a gunsmith—Dave carried concealed
55-10 weapons for which the fine is some five hundred dollars; provided he's a respected citizen and not a crook. If the latter he gets a permit, or is excused through the efforts of a legal corsair. And in the second place, he was *exposed* to influenza and went immediately to a public
70-90 place like a restaurant; for which he could be fined up to one hundred dollars.

No one would have thought to look at Dave as he left his favorite Fourth Street lunching place and walked back towards his store that he should be hunted by some sixteen men armed with sixteen various warrants. He looked as law-abiding as the two men with whom he stopped to talk at the corner of Sixth and Vine Streets. The talk turned into an argument about the Reds; and if truth were told Dave conceded immortality to them with words
626 prohibited by the law, which might have cost him some fifty dollars, thirty days or both. He was also guilty of
607 loitering on a corner which carries a like fine.

Now it so happened that one of these friends had the bad, bad habit of playing the ponies upon certain occasions. This was one of the occasions. He was also afflicted with "spring fever;" and knowing that a certain bookmaker always came into Dave's store in the early afternoon, asked him to place a bet, rather than to go several blocks out of his way to place his own bet. He handed
578-1 Dave a five dollar bill and a newspaper racing form marked with his selection. Thus Dave became guilty of having a marked newspaper which carries a fine of five hundred dollars.

Poor Dave's afternoon held as many pitfalls as the morning. During his absence a woman customer had left a sign urging attendance to a charity bazaar, asking that it be placed in a conspicuous place. He decided on a place on the outside wall of the building close by the front door, where he'd placed signs before . . . and by affixing this "without
643 the consent of the owner" became liable to a fine of fifty dollars.

And inside again to sell a policeman's whistle to a customer—
639 which is a grievous thing to do, and worth fifty to the city exchequer. And a moment later to wrap a magazine selected by a young lady while she assisted nature with powder and puff. Now the magazine was one of several, displayed on many Cincinnati newsstands, which are shipped in here by express because their content prohibits the use of the mails; and have no mail subscribers due to that fact. Thus they may be classified as
593 of 'indecent type,' and the fine for the sale of same is some fifty dollars.

Business's being "slow" was the direct cause of Dave Seniah's next outrage.

He decided to shoot some minutes on the wing by burning some accumulated boxes, paper, etc. This he did in the alley adjoining the back door; thereby violating an ordinance which forbids the burning of anything in any street unless it is placed in a receptacle for that purpose. ($25.)

If Dave had thought, and had *known*, he might have figured this

Continued at top of page 258

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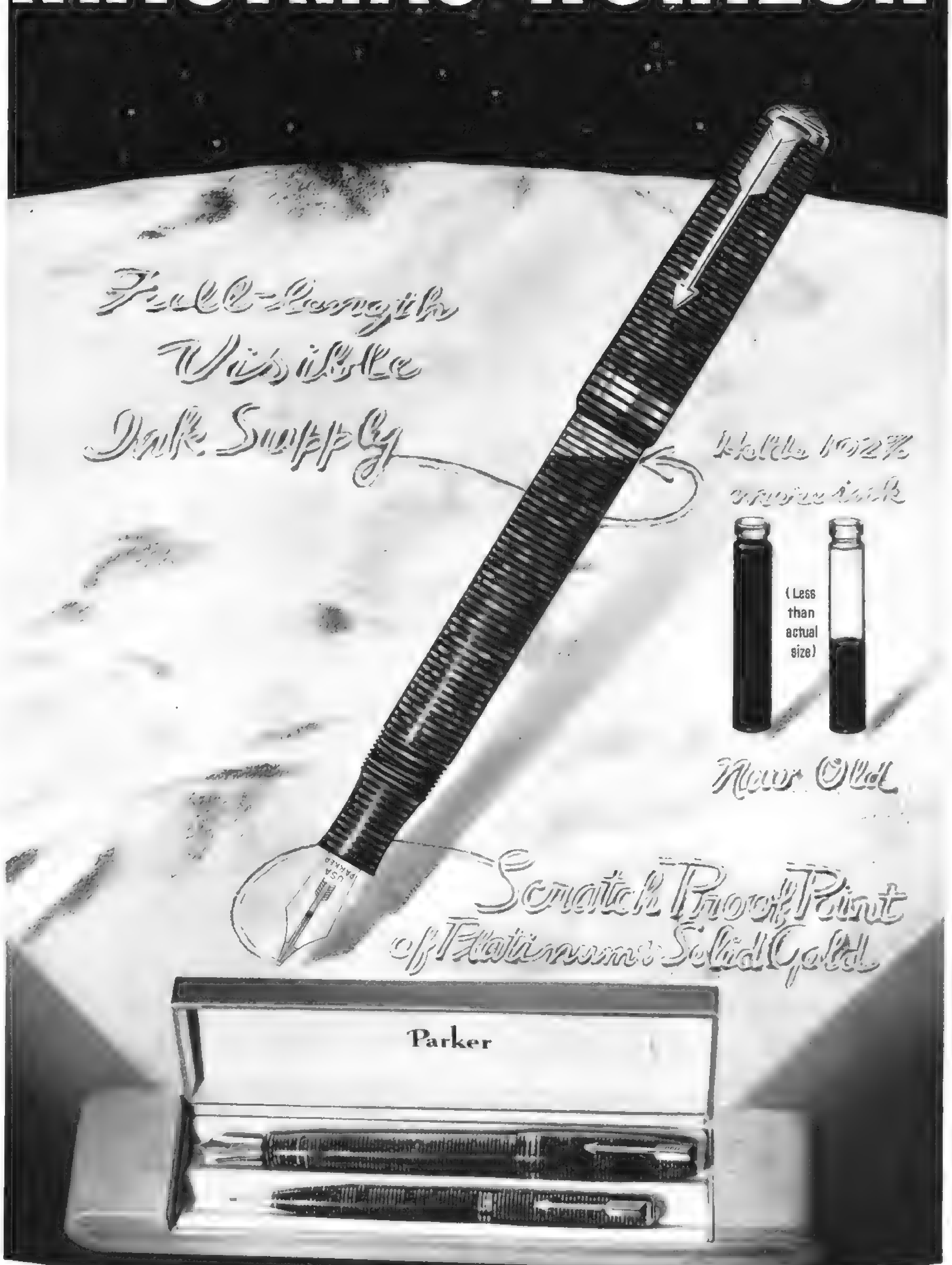
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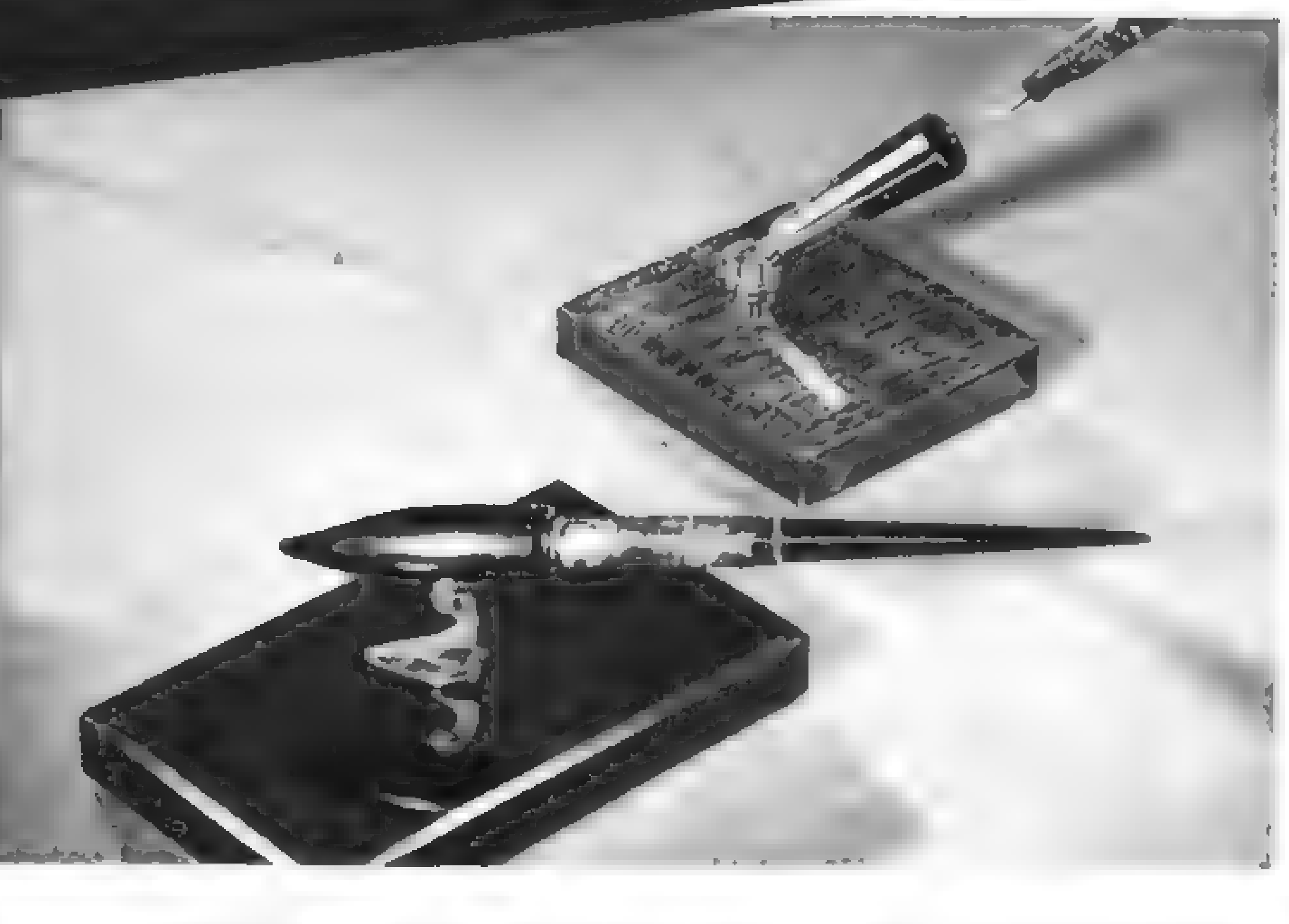

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The Land of the Forbidden

Continued from pages 118-256

way—'I guess I'll get my machine and go home, and get away from the temptations which surround me.' Woe was Dave . . . there's a sixty-page traffic book you can have for the asking at City Hall, to prove it!

Getting his machine he drove past a house where the *Star Spangled Banner* was being played; and it is indeed a sacrilege to the 616 extent of $25 to drive an auto within the sound of the National Anthem. A *few* of his traffic trespasses might read like this: 21 m.p.h. on the Parkway 74-57 is worth five dollars. Failure to hold out hand when leaving a curb, failure to 74-62 keep to the right when driving slowly, coasting 74-83 down a grade with the 74-63 clutch pedal kicked out, failure to bring car to a 74-70 full stop before crossing his own sidewalk and entering the street, and backing his car without waving his hand up and down—all subject to a fine and costs of five dollars.

Back to the store for a short evening Mr. Seniah's first umbrage was ordering his soda clerk to sweep the sidewalk without 72-55 first sprinkling it, which was the smallest crime committed, and worth only a dollar. But later in the evening he did sprinkle the street in hopes of making it a bit cooler. And 72-56 that's worth one hundred if done in the area bounded by Twelfth, Broadway, 3rd and Central.

Scalawag Seniah was not even then free of felony, for coming home for the night he found his wife in tears over the passing of her Persian pussy. Dave wrapped the animal in some cloths and papers and placed it in the rubbage can, State knowing that the collectors were due 12780 in the morning. Thus, he became subject to a fine of twenty dollars. The statutes say that an animal dying of a contagious disease shall be *buried.*

And now Sandy got Dave in his last bit of trouble—in this day of twenty-four hours of crime. For Sandy elected to 81-2E sprinkle a bush in a landscaped spot which was under the care of the city; and which subjected his owner to a fine of ten dollars.

Thus this average man's lawlessness, if settled in fines, would total $12,661 for a day; or nearly 35 years in jail at the rate of a dollar a day. By no means was Dave guilty of more misbehavior than any average man because he's in the drug business. The manufacturer, the broker, the butcher, the baker, are all just as guilty. Ask *your* lawyer."

The Siege of Salzburg

Continued from page 122

far, Mr. Toscanini's finest achievement in Salzburg. He has worked with his *Falstaff*, Mario Stabile, for more than a decade. Though the facial make-up is too heavy, not one detail in his impersonation is overlooked. In fact, every gesture of every actor is timed precisely with the music. No movement is without its exact counterpart in the orchestra.

There was a separate rehearsal before each presentation, and a rehearsal of the final fugue between the second and third acts of the performance itself. In the beginning, Mr. Toscanini not only read each singer's lines aloud, but he sang and acted them. He showed *Ford* what jealousy can be. He made love for *Nanetta* and *Fenton:* he had them embrace as they should and kiss with the beat of the music. He, himself, kissed the tenor, Borgioli, at least 25 times before the soprano caught on and it went as it should. The stage business was as clearly in focus as the perfectly woven orchestral tapestry, in which there is never a break nor an awkward transition from beginning to end.

With the finale one became suddenly conscious that there was ending a prodigious feat of imaginative restoration such as he was not likely to witness again in his lifetime. Certainly, nowhere else in the world today is there a comparable operatic re-creation.

Fidelio suffered by comparison because it was neither so well sung nor so well played. The characters were miscast, and Beethoven's real dramatist, the orchestra, had its innings only now and then.

In this opera Toscanini made a concession that raised a stink half-way round the world. He allowed Lotte Lehmann to sing *Leonore's* great aria beginning, "*Komm, Hoffnung,*" a half-tone lower than it is written. Last year Frau Lehmann cracked on every high note, so in order to preserve the impression of her creation, he decided to make it easier and thus relieve her nervous tension.

When she sang *Fidelio* with Bruno Walter in Paris, he changed the melody by taking out the high tones. Toscanini preferred to transpose the whole aria. This is nothing new and some conductors are always doing it. Since composers themselves often rewrite their music to suit the range of particular singers—and certain arias haven't been sung in the original key at the Metropolitan for years—I see no reason for the uproar. It is naturally better to have it sung in the original key, but Austrian critics acted as though they'd been stabbed. They called it murder. "Beethoven knew what he wanted," they argued. He introduced the prison scene in the faint *F minor*, the

Continued on page 260

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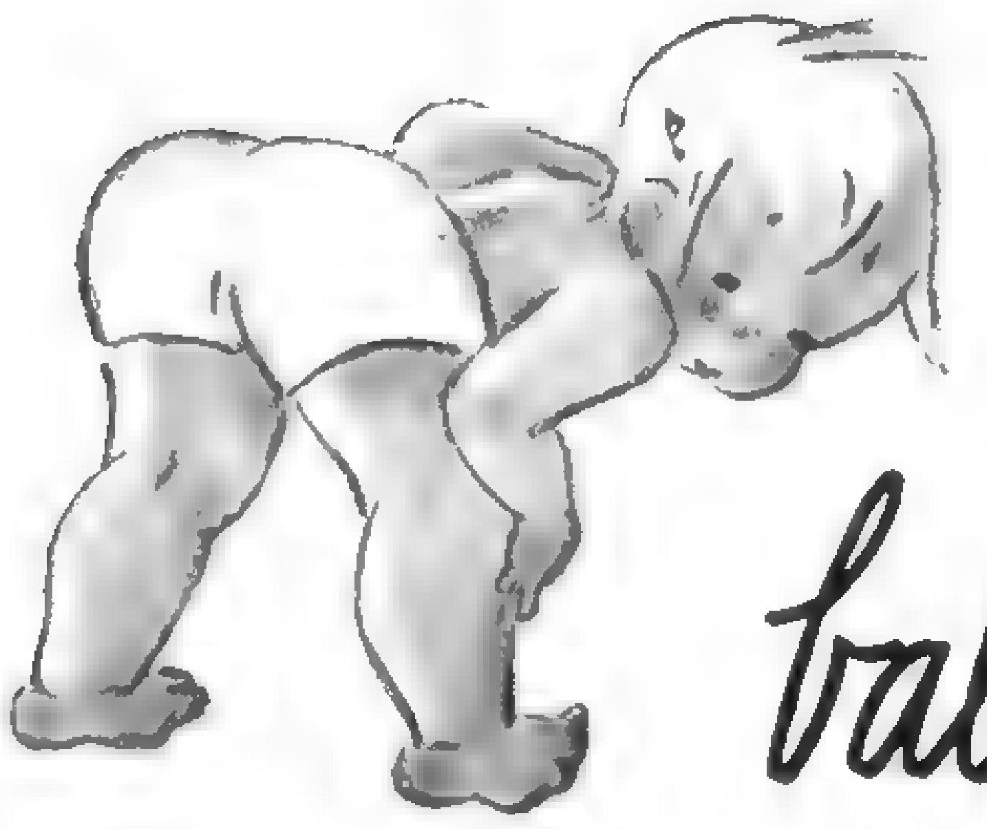

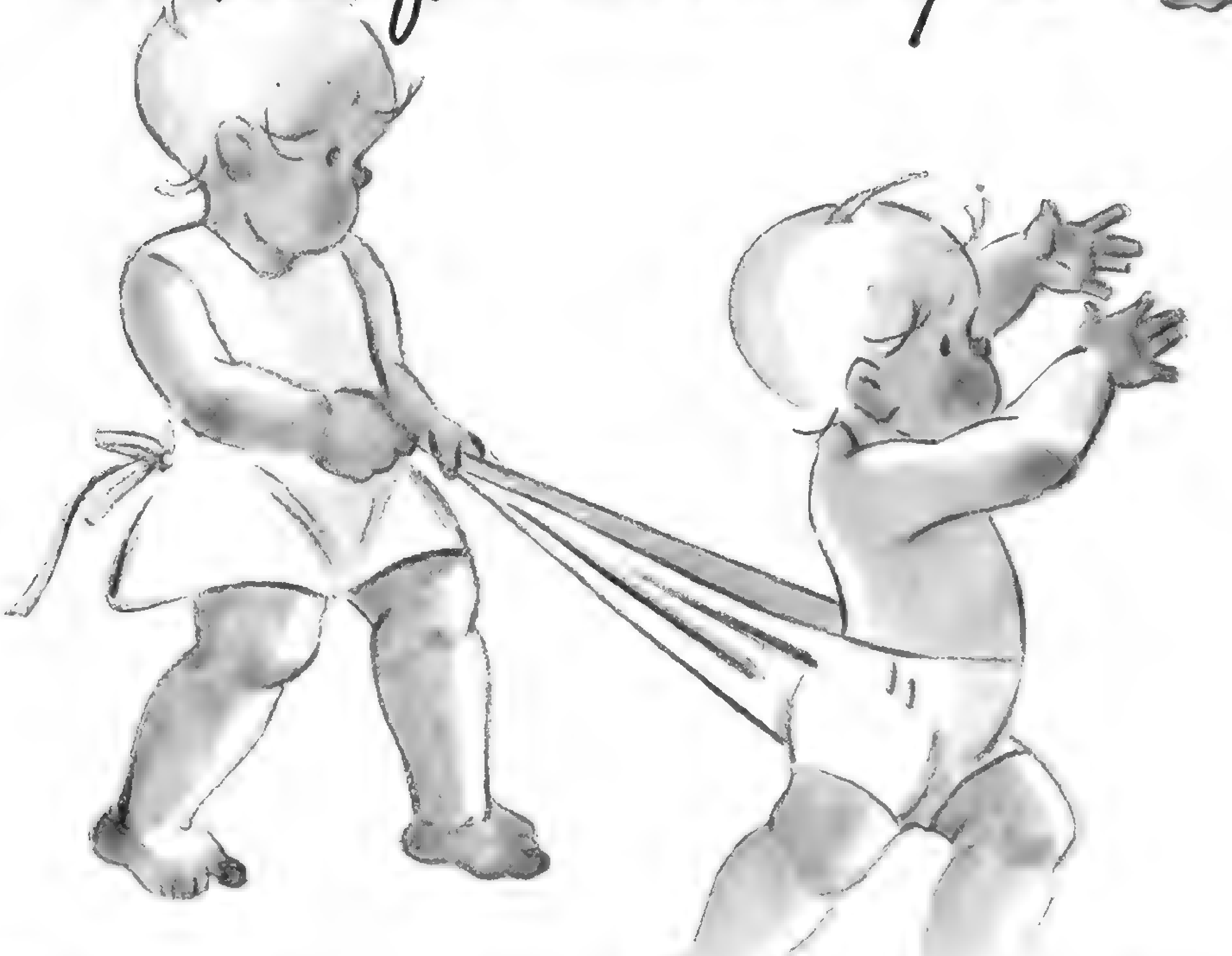

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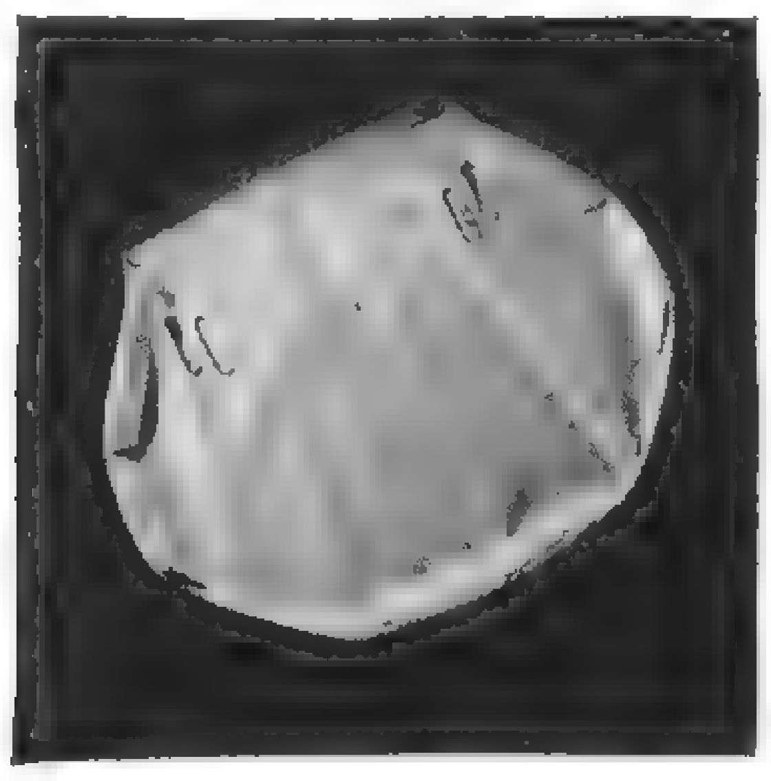

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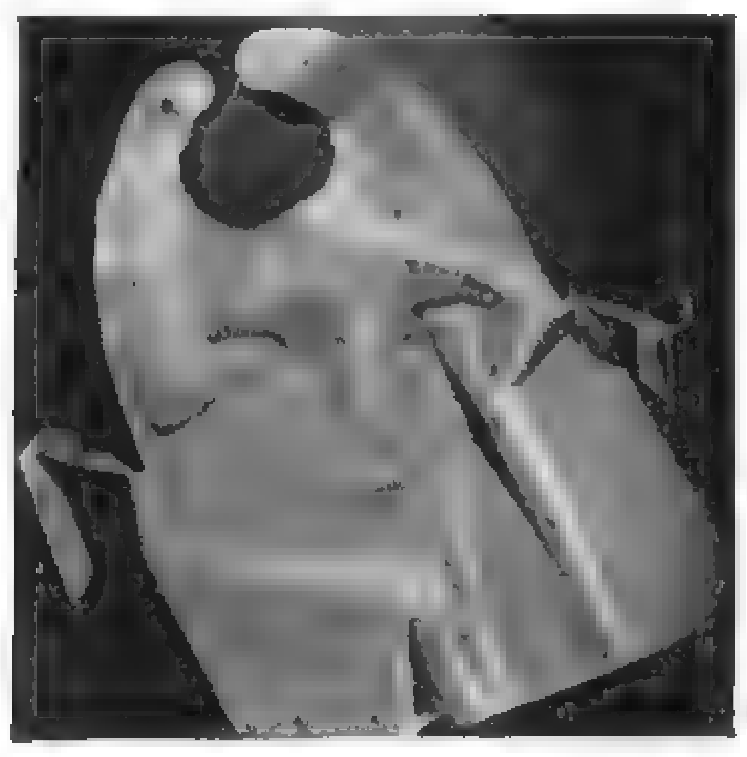

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The Siege of Salzburg

Continued from pages 122-258

grave-digging in *A minor*, the choral finale in the jubilant *C major*, and he wanted his expression of hope and consolation in *E major*, not the weak and dark key of *E-flat*. They barked about big names and said that Beethoven's was bigger than Toscanini's. In their insistence on correctness, they were more Toscanini-like than Toscanini himself.

Lehmann's partisans spread the rumor that Beethoven had written the aria in several keys, that there was good authority for Toscanini's change. This seems unlikely: else Toscanini would not return to the higher key when Anni Konetzny substituted in the rôle, nor would he have had Lehmann sing it in *E-natural* during the first performance last year. Obviously, the transposition was merely a practical concession to Lehmann's fast-waning vocal powers.

This was not the only Salzburg modification. Several measures of the coloratura passage in *Donna Anna's* great second-act aria were altered by Dusolina Giannini. Toscanini also made a change in the production of *Die Meistersinger* by shifting the tribune in the final scene. In the original Munich production and at Bayreuth, as at the Met, it has always been on the right of the stage. The printed instructions in the score, however, state that the Meistersingers should sit on the left, and here Toscanini put them, commenting, "Papa knows better than mama." Toscanini had his way . . . and, as yet, no one has come forth to prove that his way was not also Wagner's. Such details make news. But alongside the towering monuments of the spirit, they are as nothing. Toscanini's performances are invariably superlative, and, since we live in a day of mediocrities, a performance approaching perfection is sufficient cause for hysterics.

The No. 2 conductor was Bruno Walter, whose weaknesses become more accentuated with the passing years. Today, this estimable gentleman has only one item in common with Toscanini: the Cadillac V-8, which each received when he conducted an American radio broadcast. Every attempt is made in Salzburg to preserve an outward appearance of equality. A profusely illustrated book is published about Toscanini; Mr. Walter must have a similar book. Toscanini conducts three operas; Mr. Walter must conduct as many, or more. Toscanini's fee for the Salzburg season is reputed to be only 30,000 schillings ($6,000)—it surely is more! Mr. Walter's wife sees to it that he gets the same.

But he is not the same, nor is his public. Bruno Walter has suffered a terrific come-down. During his days in Munich and Berlin, he was the darling of the German people. After his sudden dismissal he became an idolized martyr, but even that did not sustain his career in America when his performances began to deteriorate. He remained, however, tops in Salzburg. But not for long. Now, in the same place where three years ago he was carried out on the shoulders of the crowd, he sees empty seats. He begins to act for the eye's benefit, and casts sideward glances, à la Damrosch, to see if he is impressing the public.

The competition of Toscanini has had a telling effect on his work. It is well and good to say we shouldn't compare: Bruno Walter has his place and Toscanini has his. But since Toscanini has started to drill the Vienna Philharmonic, the quality of that venerable institution's responses to its former idol, Bruno Walter, has diminished. It was the same in New York. It cannot be otherwise.

A man who smiles and says, "Gentlemen, let's have it a little more fluffy—so!" cannot compete in results with a maniac who raises hell and shouts, "*Rompi coglione!*" if there's one false note.

Furthermore, Mr. Walter is subjective, sentimental. He never succeeds in drawing sufficient feeling out of the music itself. He gets himself all wound up, is likely to distort the structure, and becomes over-sweet. He loses the classic simplicity of Gluck's *Orpheus* completely. In *Tristan* he succeeds in finding expression marks that Wagner knew nothing about. His tempi are uncertain. Beginning the prelude painfully slow, he speeds up as the feeling rises. He is not content to let the music speak for itself.

Though his *Don Giovanni* was more dramatic than last year, he still varied the tempi to suit his mood. At the third Salzburg performance, the second act was slow; at the last performance it was the first act that dragged. When he comes out, he sits down and sometimes makes himself so comfortable that he seems to be asleep. Or else he likes the work so much that he wants to make it last as long as possible.

His vagaries are not always suited to the music and the drama.

Mozart suffers, perhaps, more than any other composer. He demands perfection and will not tolerate rough handling like Wagner. He yields his innermost secrets only to the pure in heart. A satisfactory performance of his greater operas is well-nigh impossible. No one, so far, is available to sing in them. And when you hear Mozart music mangled and degraded and impoverished by voiceless sopranos and hack instrumentalists, as it usually is, today, you understand why his operas are dropped from the Salzburg repertoire.

And that brings us to the mat-

Continued on page 262

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The Siege of Salzburg

Continued from pages 122-258-260

ter of singers in Salzburg. That they put up so many hoarse hoaxes is due partly to the fact that the pay is small; that, as in every opera house, there are politics and favoritism; and that, finally, the Vienna Staatsopera happens at the moment to have lost its greatest voices. The young Kerstin Thorborg, who will be very useful at the Metropolitan, has no great voice—certainly not sufficient to sing *Orpheus*. She is, however, always in the psychology of her part—a competent *Magdalena* and *Brangaene*, if one is content with her voice.

Vienna's best singers, like Kipnis, are elsewhere in the summer. And Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza, who have been heard at Salzburg, were on tour in Australia this summer. Unless improvement is made shortly, it will be necessary to produce several of the operas as stage-plays and have the parts spoken. Even Lotte Lehmann, the most highly touted Salzburg artist, is first concerned with the text and only afterwards with the music. But that is no fault if the vocal line is not sacrificed. Frau Lehmann's breath is short; she is not in full possession of her voice. And because she must force it, she shrieks all upper tones. She can be damned annoying to sensitive ears, if they don't happen to respond to her peculiar brand of vocal sex appeal. On the other hand, if her tonal and musical shortcomings don't bother you, she can and does evoke an almost embarrassing sensual thrill.

She succeeded in doing just this at her Mozarteum recital for a large audience that lapped up what she had to give and asked no questions.

The unfortunate thing about Lotte Lehmann, as with many other singers, is that when she was in her prime ten years ago, she was unnoticed by the larger populace. We seem to like our prima donnas well aged.

It should be recorded that on this occasion Bruno Walter delivered himself of as wooden and unsympathetic an accompaniment as an artist of his standing has ever given. To be a satisfactory piano colleague at a *liederabend*, it is not enough to know the style of the music. One must also know how to touch a piano keyboard.

The other solo stunt of the Festival was furnished by Beniamino Gigli, who trundled up from Italy to demonstrate that the art of *bel canto* has not died out. For the occasion, the Salzburg Cathedral was transformed into a concert hall and jammed with the largest audience of the Festival, numbering upwards of 5,000.

Reinhardt's *Jedermann*, after one hundred presentations, still packs the *domplatz* and every window and loft around the church steeple. The professor himself sat in the front row one Sunday, looking as though he were seeing it for the first time, alternately chuckling and wiping tears from his eyes, and finally yawning and giving dirty looks to the fashionables who had nerve enough to get up and walk out before the end. The whole affair is calculated to send you home a more openhanded guy—and will, if the cathedral pigeons don't single you out for their special attention.

The first part of *Faust* keeps you on a wooden seat for nearly five hours, but fortunately it can be understood by those who don't know a word of German. It is filled with mammoth and colorful picture-book scenes, and is really only an echo of the traditional Faust-spirit, amplified through a Reinhardt loudspeaker. Emphasis is on what is seen rather than what is heard, and much of the fine poetry is lost. The background of the Archbishop's riding-school is probably the finest natural stage set in the world . . . and, withal, the poet is stronger than his *regisseur*.

All this will be repeated next year, and Reinhardt will have worked out a few new wrinkles to add to his already top-heavy productions. Of the musical personalities, Weingartner is certain to be missing. Artur Rodzinski, who made a hit conducting modern music, has been invited to return. He would conduct Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth*, if the Archbishop allowed. He won't. Toscanini has rented a villa for next year and promised he would add the *Zauberflöte* to his Salzburg repertoire—which means exactly nothing until it happens.

Even if he shouldn't return, the Salzburg Festival will make money. The Germans who are now let out of Germany for the first time under Hitler will hustle back to their old stamping ground . . . and thousands from beyond the seas are already planning their first pilgrimage.

No doubt about it, Salzburg is a real festival-town. It has been the natural meeting place of culture for centuries . . . and its unique charm is missing only momentarily, while it is undergoing the pangs of being "discovered" by the touring gentry.

The best way to know it is to live in a small *gasthaus* outside the town. Be prepared to do without apartment conveniences. Resign yourself never to use the telephone. Avoid such places as The White Horse Inn. Enjoy the slow but willing hospitality. Eat the local dishes and grow fat. And, above all, have your tickets in hand for the good performances before you arrive. Incidentally, if you get them in time, they cost no more than the lousiest ones.

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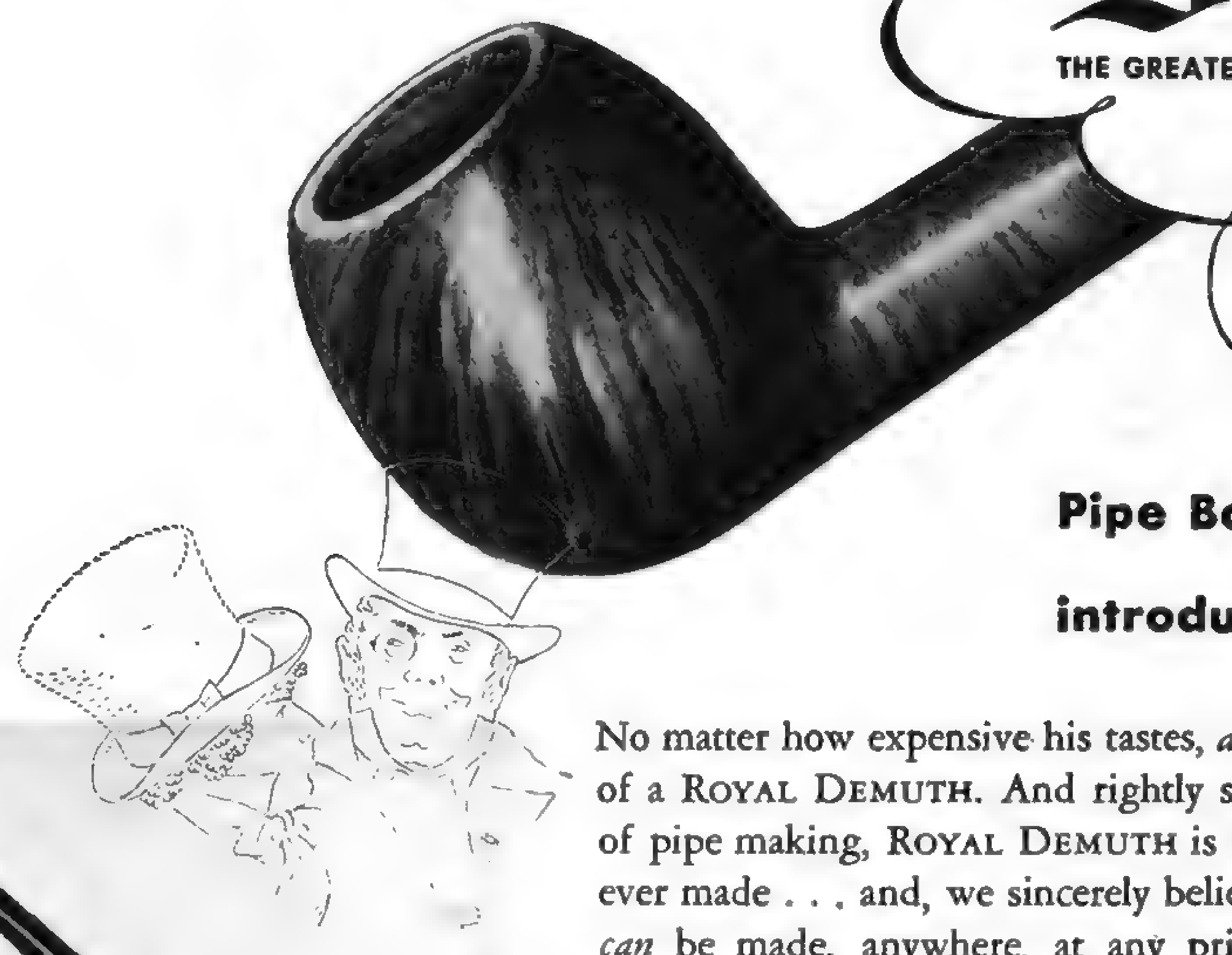

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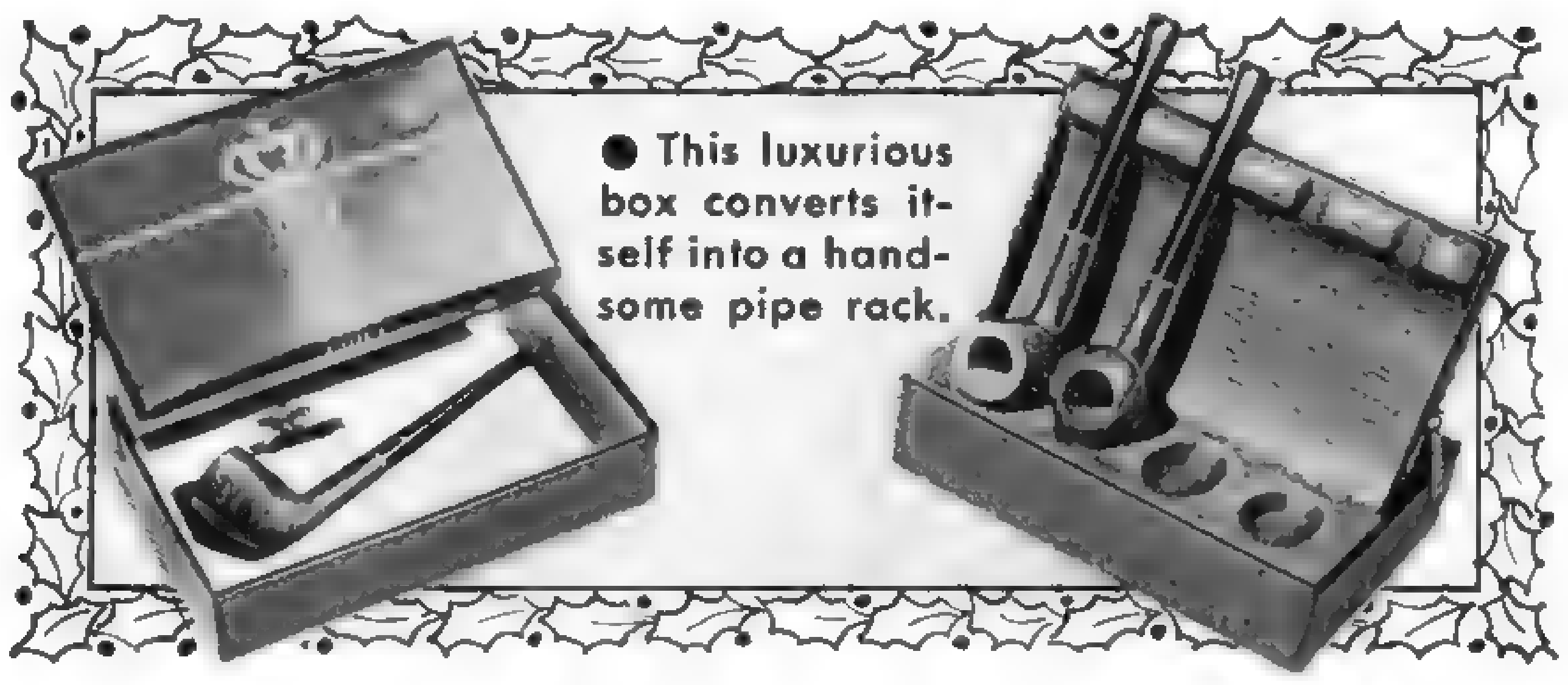

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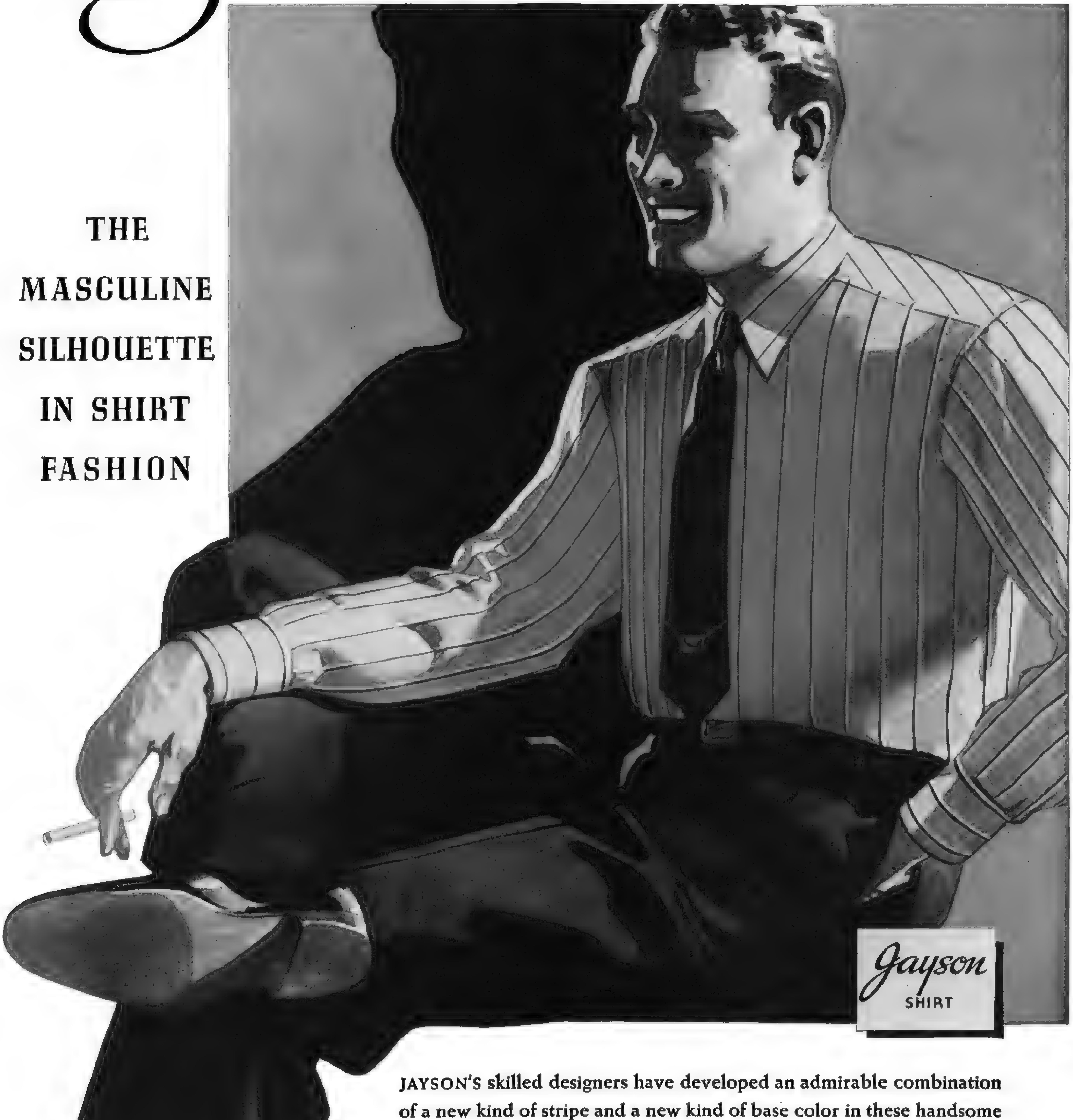

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 124

tampered with.

It is in the cards that the critical estimate of James Boswell will in time be almost completely reversed since Thomas Babington Macaulay set critics off on the wrong foot for nearly a century by his myopic and prejudiced judgment of Boswell as man and writer.

It was Macaulay who, in his essay on Boswell, established the illogical style of regarding Boswell as an imbecile who somehow produced a work of genius. Even Lytton Strachey could not quite escape the Macaulay influence: he chose to denigrate Boswell as a silly, vain, futile fellow who by attaching himself to Dr. Samuel Johnson like a leech contrived to acquire an immortality by his deplorable persistence in being a literary lickspittle.

It is now becoming increasingly apparent that James Boswell was far in advance of his time; that he made the first beginnings of those examinations of the subconscious which Freud and his followers have taken as the basis of an entirely new body of psychological investigation; that Boswell chose Johnson as a subject whereas his whole method and his whole intention would have been just as good if he had chosen David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds or any other person or personage of his time; that Boswell studied himself as minutely and as honestly as he studied Johnson and with rather better results in that he could observe phases of his own character, conscience and personality with a degree of accuracy he could only approach by noting the outward manifestations of the behavior of Johnson; that Boswell's stature increases as Johnson's wanes with the times, Boswell being perennially alive, refreshing and entertaining while Johnson's ponderous judgments lose attractiveness with the years.

Nowhere is all this more obvious than in James Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* (Viking, $5). The publishers are right in announcing that this "is the most important book we have ever published," in spite of the fine record the Viking Press has for issuing books of high merit and enduring value. This is the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* as Boswell originally wrote it, not the abridged, revised, prettied-up, emasculate version which has hitherto been available. It had long been believed that this original manuscript was irretrievably lost. It was unexpectedly found in a croquet box in an unused cupboard in the Irish castle owned by the descendants of Boswell, along with letters, notes and papers which will ultimately form a complete, collated, edited and printed collection of Boswell's writings, all now the property of Yale University.

The discovery of the original manuscript of the journal is a literary event of the first importance. In it for the first time we learn how carefully, logically and systematically Boswell planned his great work. A sentence from Plutarch had given him his cue. It was a statement that not in great actions do we learn about the characters of men but in little homely things, for in great events men are but the instruments of destiny, the puppets of forces larger than themselves, whereas in small details of unguarded speech and gesture they reveal themselves. Boswell aspired to write a biography in which nothing known or observable about his subject would be omitted. By doing this, he thought, he would write not merely a biography of a man but the biography of Man.

He was aware almost from the first that he would be handicapped in two ways: there were things about his subject which he could not record without wounding the vanity of his subject and, inevitably, he would have to depend upon his eyes and ears which are often deceiving. He sought then to learn about himself, and no one, not even Samuel Pepys, was more relentlessly honest in setting down the truth about himself, how he would make firm resoutions only to break them; how he fought against drunkenness and attempted to cure himself of various weaknesses; how he discovered great discrepancies between what he felt and believed and what he said; how he discovered himself to be a bag of inconsistencies; how he probed the inner depths of his consciousness to find out what sort of person he was.

This first version of the journal Boswell set down rapidly and without any attempt to give his impressions a literary polish. The result is that the whole journal is palpitating with life, modern, ageless and contemporary in feeling.

When he showed the manuscript to others, including Johnson, they ridiculed him because it lacked the elegancies of Eighteenth Century prose and they were horrified at its frankness. He was told he could not publish the work in that form, and so Boswell patiently set about rewriting the whole thing, cutting out the franker, more libelous passages, touching up the portraits here and there, and putting in phrases to give the journal a literary tone. To compare the two versions now is to see that the original was the very essence of good literature because it was spontaneously set down with feeling and emotion whereas the revised version was, in comparison, a piece of brilliant carpentry.

One does not need to have literary interests to find Carl Van Doren's autobiography, *Three Worlds* (Harper, $3) one of the

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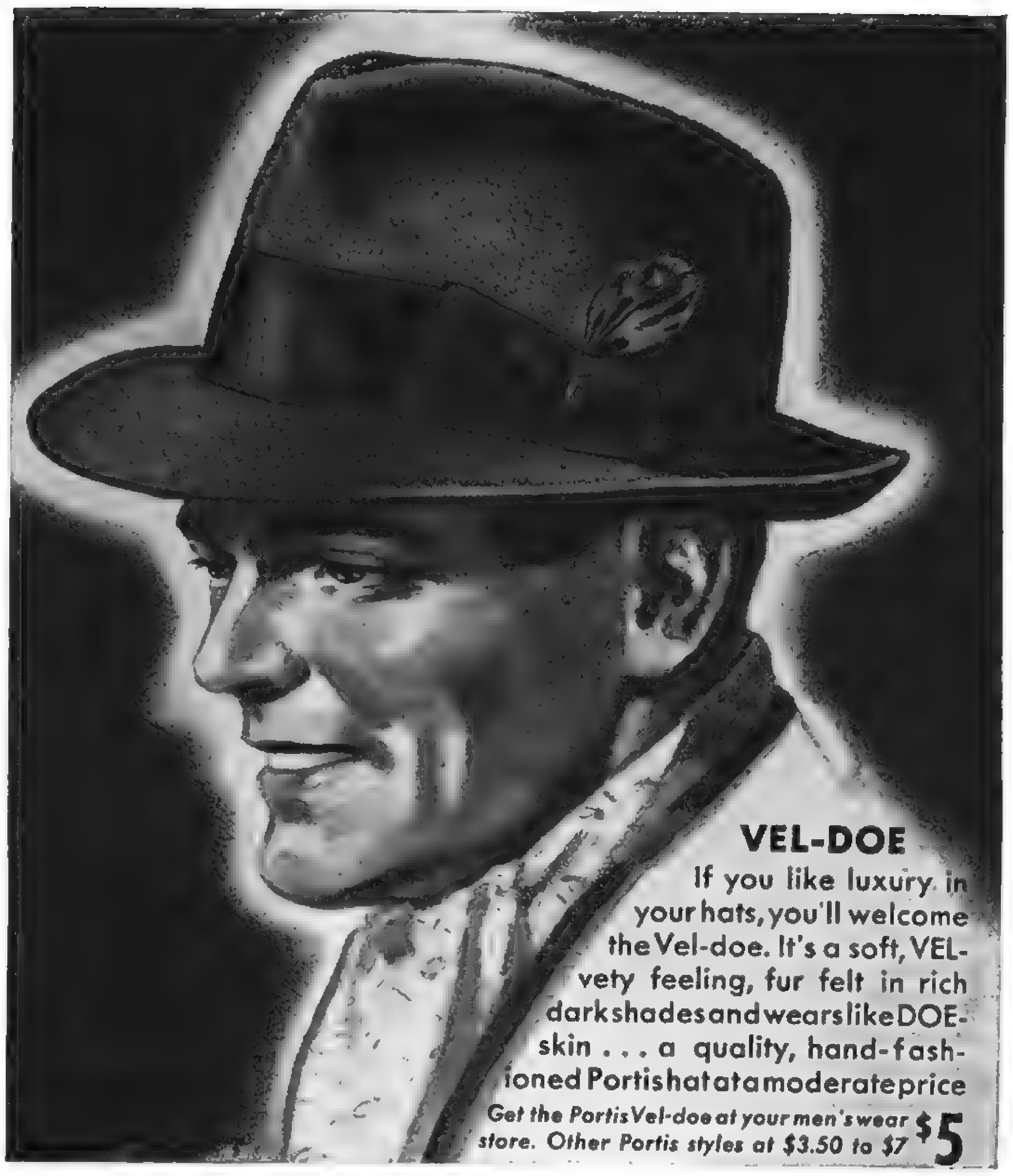

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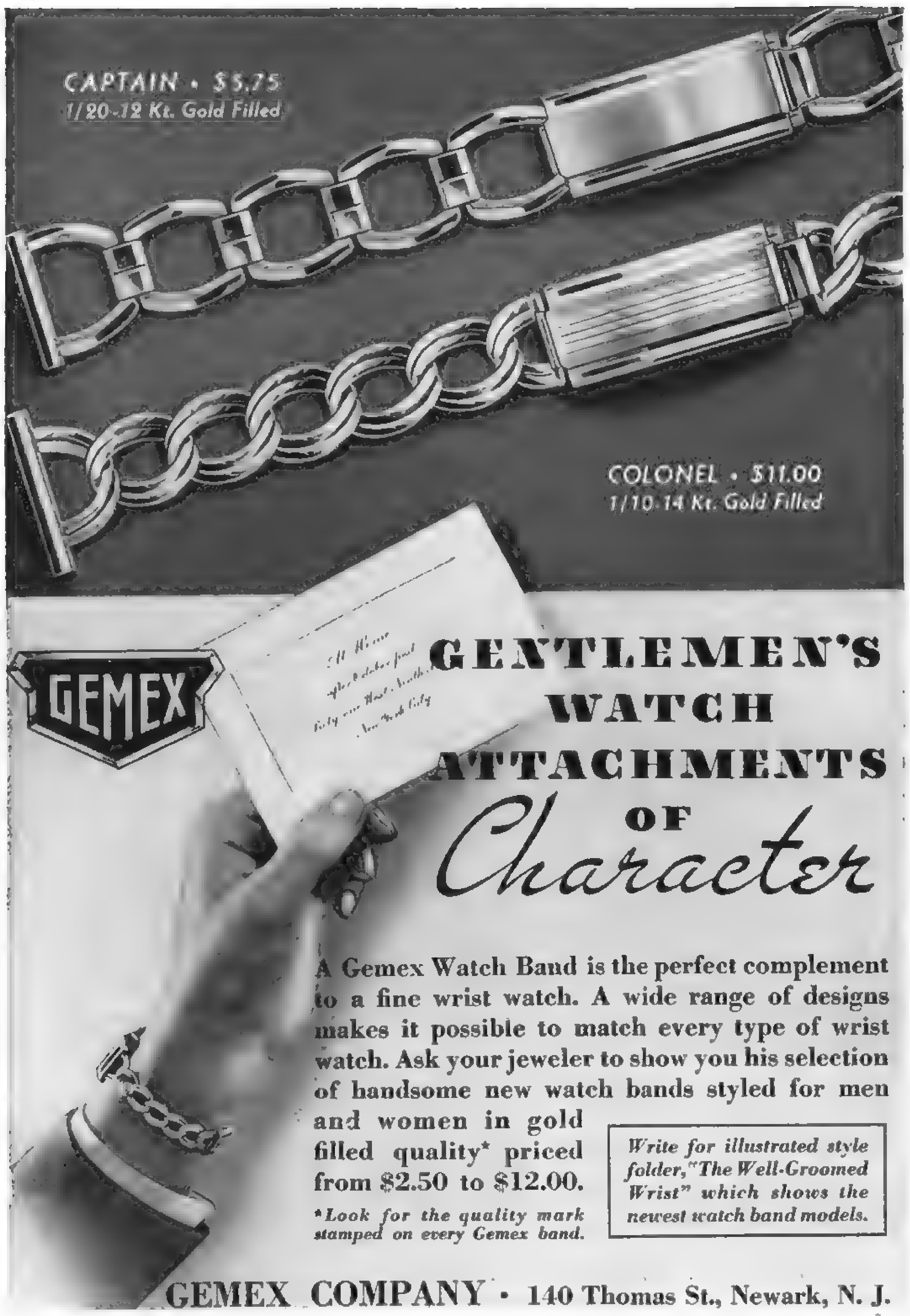

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 124-265

most appealing books of memoirs that have appeared in many years.

It is a serene account, written with such an honest, deceptively simple style, in tone and manner reminding one of an erudite, wise and experienced companion telling without false emphasis the story of his boyhood in an Illinois village, his years in two universities both as student and as teacher, of his literary editorship of the *Nation* and later of *Century* and of his contacts with various literary figures, notably Sinclair Lewis, Elinor Wylie and James Branch Cabell, in the interesting period when American literature was breaking away from the shackles of subservience to a moribund second-hand British tradition and was beginning to deal with the very stuff of life in America.

The most notable sections of the book are the tenderest, those having to do with his father, with his own awakening to life, with the tragic career of that exquisite poet, Elinor Wylie, and with the agony of a father who sees his child a victim of an accident and for hours and days lives in fear that the child might not live or might be marred for life. Happily that beautiful child survived being struck in the eye by an arrow with no impairment of her beauty; but it was a gruelling experience for a father to go through and as Van Doren sets it down the reader feels with and for him when he had to go through hours of not knowing what would be the final verdict.

I once wrote of Carl Van Doren that he was the first critic to make the American literature of his time respectable in academic eyes. Before him and contemporaneously with him there were plenty of critics—John Macy, H. L. Mencken, Wilson Follett, H. E. Parker, and young men on various newspapers—who were trying to get a decent hearing for writers such as Dreiser, Cabell, Masters, Sandburg, Lewis, Cather, Glasgow, Hecht, Frank Moore Colby, Clarence Day, Jr., etc., etc., but the academic critics would have none of them, dismissing them all severally and *in toto* either by ignoring them as did Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More and the heads of the English departments in various universities or, like Stuart P. Sherman, by attacking them violently as barbaric and corrupting. Carl Van Doren as editor of the *Nation* had acted as a midwife to a considerable body of contemporary verse and prose and, having left the stifling atmosphere of academic life, brought a sympathetic and intelligent appreciation to the literature then in being. He had also behind him academic honors and accomplishments which ranked with those of the best of the academicians.

He had edited the *Cambridge History of American Literature* and had written a large part of that sound and impressive work; he had done work of research; he had written collegiate textbooks; he had written a brilliant biography of Swift; he was irreproachable from the point of view of professorial respectability. When he began to write of Cabell, Dreiser, Anderson, Cather, Lewis, Mencken, etc., the war was won. Professor Percy Holmes Boynton and half a dozen others soon fell into line and published books of essays dealing with current literature, not in a nagging, fault-finding fashion but with sympathy and appreciation. Even Stuart P. Sherman hastily reversed his position and, just before his death, was extravagantly praising Dreiser, Anderson and Hecht whom he had hitherto viciously denounced. Carl Van Doren's influence for good upon the reading taste of the American public and his service to authorship in the encouragement of good work, have been about the most important in our time, so important that few of his contemporaries realize how great it has been, because so much of his influence has been unobtrusive. And here we have a record of the life and work of a man who has lived, as he puts it, in three worlds, as a middle western American, as a university teacher, and as practicing critic and producer of literature in New York City.

Gilbert Seldes' *Mainland* (Scribner, $3) marks, I believe, the beginning of a whole literature of assertion and re-assertion of faith in the unique cultural development of America, of belief in the kind of people we are and of celebration of the peculiar virtues that are ours. It is a testament to Seldes' own conversion to principles of democracy as he sees them being slowly and painfully worked out in this country, and of the interesting manifestations of it in our literature and our daily living. He is perhaps a little too angry, too incoherent at times in his denunciation of the belittlers; but this is perhaps anger at himself, for in his youth as a journalist, essayist and editor of an esoteric and arty magazine, *The Dial*, he himself was a persistent proponent of the aesthetic values of the newest modes in Europe as opposed to the homely and provincial values that were manifesting themselves in America. He forgets, too, that before the World War our recognized, standard "Culture" (a culture in quotation marks and with a capital letter) was a second-hand Victorian culture, a false culture based upon social conditions and standards which were already obsolete in England. Our greatest indigenous genius, the truly American author who had written in American and had reached the hearts of the great

Continued on page 268

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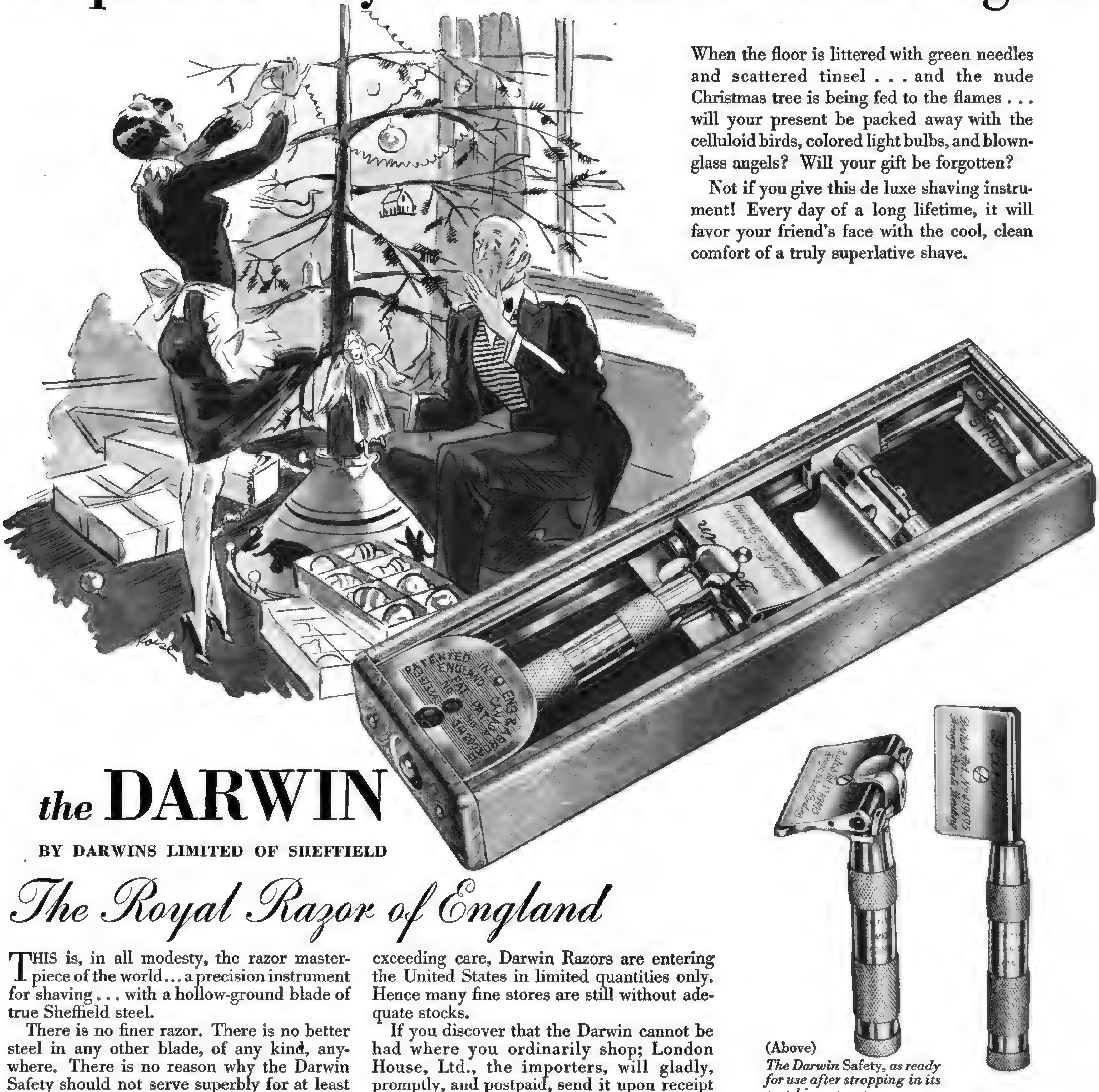

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Style Development
in Bows
INVIZO
Bow Ties

INVIZO is the first adjustable bow tie which eliminates the unsightly extra buckle...the telltale of ready-made bows. Its patented invisible feature adjusts to 10 standard collar sizes and presents a trim, smooth appearance. INVIZO Bows are made in the finest materials—a style-quality product throughout. Ready tied or regular model in all the popular bow shapes for evening wear.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 124-265-266

public, Mark Twain, was still regarded in the best circles as vulgar and uncouth. It was necessary to break away from the decorous and prissy standards of taste maintained by the official custodians of culture of the time, even if we had to embrace all the strange flesh, fish and fowl of Continental Europe (Ibsen, Strindberg, Nietzsche, Stirner, Wedekind, Schnitzler, Huysmans, Dostoievski, Rolland, D'Annunzio) and hold them up in contrast to our Hamilton Wright Mabie, Gene Stratton Porter, Harold Bell Wright, William Dean Howells and the Rev. Henry Van Dyke in order to do so. We had to criticize the narrow, moralistic, hypocritical civilization we had in order to make way for what was, and is yet, to come. Dreiser, Mencken, Lewis had to exist as a challenge to the complacency of the times. And we guard against a return to that complacency.

It is right and proper for Seldes to denounce the belittlers, which he does with sharpness and documentation; it is right and proper that he should point to the many qualities in our national ideals and achievements and to assert the manifestations of a lively and important and democratic art; but we must also be on our guard against self-righteousness and smugness. We must criticize what we have and not pamper it, lest the best suffer and the weak and false prevail.

A rediscovery of the unique values of the ideals of this nation so eloquently described in the Gettysburg Address is to be found in Van Wyck Brooks' *The Flowering of New England* (Dutton, $4), which I am happy to report is meeting with a popular success, having gone into the eighth edition in a short time as I write this, during October. Van Wyck Brooks here re-creates for us the atmosphere, the social life, the intellectual interests of the first considerable intellectual group we ever had in America—the group of Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes, Prescott, Lowell, Hawthorne, Longfellow and the lesser figures in the flowering of a definite, important, indigenous American culture.

Here were men who preserved the things of the life and spirit in a raw, acquisitive and expansive period and this group, for all its limitations, did catch and maintain the democratic ideals that were in the air when this country was still young and had not been brought by world calamities into giving consideration to the conservation of its material as well as its spiritual resources.

Among recommendations for Christmas-giving you might also give thought to two robust and riotous books of comicality and satire, *Caleb Catlum's America* (Stackpole Sons, $2.50) by Vincent McHugh, a bravura work in which the hero shoots through American history like a dazzling comet, an adventurer and lover as American as Paul Bunyan; and, of course (second or third reminder) *A Horse in Arizona* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Louis Paul; *Heads and Tales* (Scribner, $5), the life story of the sculptress Malvina Hoffman, friend of painters, sculptors and writers in London, Paris and New York and who has also devoted many years to the study of perfect racial types in Africa and elsewhere for her "Hall of Man" series for the Field Museum in Chicago; Louis Adamic's *Cradle of Life* (Harper, $2.50), an uneven and not altogether successful but impressive novel by the author of *The Native's Return*, the novel being about the illegitimate son of a Hapsburg and of a peasant mother; *Wake and Remember* (Macmillan, $2.50) by James Gray, the story of a defeated man in a Minnesota village whose will to live is revived by the spirit of his dead wife in a tragic involvement of emotions. (This Gray is a man to watch: his novel, *Shoulder the Sky*, was saluted in these columns as the work of a new and very gifted writer); Ishel Ross' *Ladies of the Press* (Harper, $3.75), a fascinating story of the work of the women as newspaper reporters, with names, facts and adventures from the first stunt women on down to an exhaustive account of the work done by women in present-day newspapers all over the country; *Catalogue* (Harcourt, $2) by George Milburn—the annual arrival of the Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues in a small Oklahoma town are the two events of the greatest importance not only to the postmaster but to the girls and boys of the village, and Milburn has exploited these events with cleverness, humor and an air of great veracity; Willa Cather's *Not Under Forty* (Knopf, $2), a collection of essays on literary personalities and on other matters by one of the most distinguished prose writers of our time; *'T Ain't Right* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Westbrook Pegler, the hard-hitting, devastating ironical comments on current events and absurdities, local, national and international, by a stimulating and vigorous battler for sanity, honesty and commonsense; *The Enchanted Voyage* (Knopf, $2) by Robert Nathan, nearly as good as *One More Spring; Drums Along the Mohawk* (Little Brown, $2.50) by Walter D. Edmonds, good regional American history and good fiction; and *The Revels Are Ended* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Robert Carson, the novel about a man who tried to stifle all his finer sentiments, by an ESQUIRE discovery who writes with power and distinction. ⌗

ZIP

One station after another, as fast as you can zip a telephone dial. 15 stations you can put your finger on by name. No more "fishing" for programs . . no guessing what station you've tuned . . . no "overlapping" . . . no noise between stations!

THAT STATION IS 1000 MILES AWAY AND YOU GET IT WITH A ZIP OF THE TELEDIAL!
THE STATION NAME IS RIGHT ON THE DIAL!
THAT'S GREAT! ON THE OTHER SETS YOU SIT AND WAIT UNTIL THE ANNOUNCER NAMES THE STATION!
AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL TONE, I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING BETTER!

THOUSANDS THRILLED!

TELEDIAL, "SELF-TUNING" RADIO, Spreads "Local Listening Area" THOUSANDS OF MILES

● A radio that *tunes itself* . . . flip the dial once and get hair-line tuning accuracy, *even on stations half a continent away!* Add to this miracle a value unequalled in radio annals . . . a 12 metal tube radio for $40 to $50 less than other radios of comparable size and specifications, *without* TELEDIAL.

Grunow *specializes* on 11 and 12 tube manufacture . . . *concentrates* on five models in all, instead of producing 30 to 50 sets, with inevitable increase in production cost, as other manufacturers do. That is why, at this amazing price, Grunow is able to bring you America's most modern radio . . . with tone and performance the equal of any *at any price* . . . in a beautiful *full-sized* 42-inch matched walnut console . . . Famous 12-inch Grunow speaker . . . push-pull output . . . and the patented new "Violin-Shaped" cabinet. See it! At leading dealers, everywhere!

GENERAL HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—MARION, INDIANA
Manufacturers of Grunow Super-Safe Carrene Refrigerator
Grunow Household Radios • Grunow Automobile Radios

NEW
ALL-WORLD
Grunow
"ELEVEN"
ONLY $69.95

Prices slightly higher Denver and West

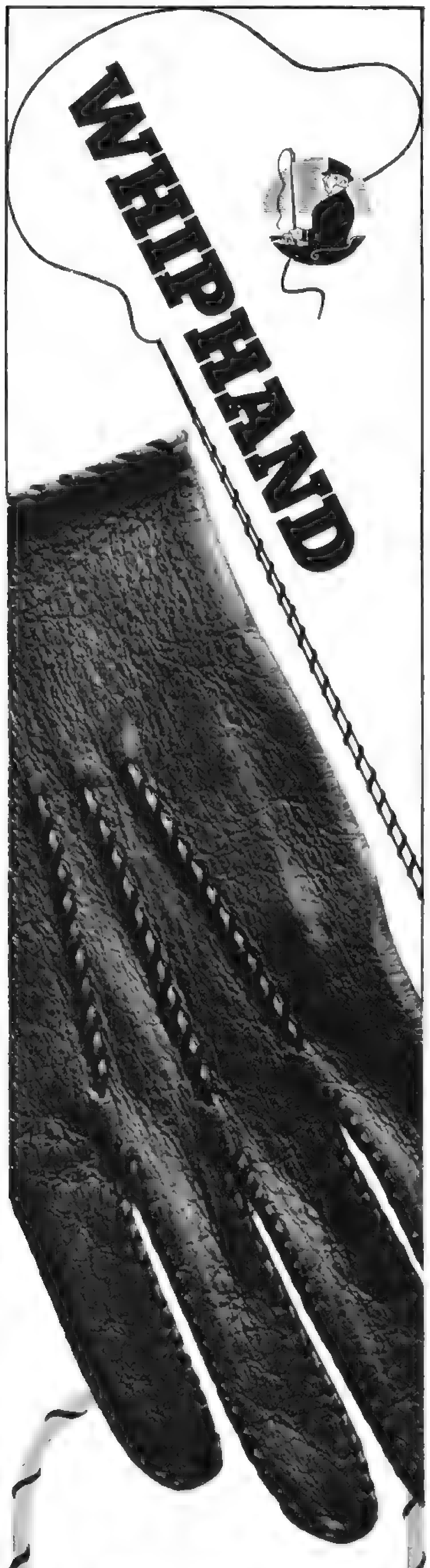
Eleven-tube radio at the price of a "six"! All-Wave, ALL-WORLD! Beautiful matched walnut, 41-inch, "Violin-Shaped" cabinet . . . metal tubes . . . Electric Eye . . . push-pull audio output.

ALL-WORLD
Grunow
"TELEDIAL TWELVE"
ONLY $99.95

Prices Slightly Higher Denver and West

The thrill of the decade! Automatic tuning . . . accurate to a hair-line . . . 15 stations in 15 seconds! . . . 12 Metal Tubes . . . 12-inch Speaker . . . All-Wave, All-World Reception . . . Patented "Violin-Shaped" Cabinet.

NO BETTER TONE AND PERFORMANCE AT ANY PRICE!



WITH THE VIRILE APPEAL OF FINE ENGLISH SADDLERY

The WHIPHAND glove is whip-sewn by hand with base-ball thread (around the edges instead of through the sides). Adopted from a glove designed by a British custom maker—it is a stroke of genius for Christmas.

$5 at all fine shops in Peccary pigskin, oil-tanned buckskin, mocha, pebbled goatskin and capeskin.

Every Daniel Hays glove bears the signature of the master cutter who prepared the leather and cut that particular glove.

DANIEL HAYS GLOVES

Popular Young Matron

Continued from page 66

stay home where I can have fun like I want to. The man and woman that runs this trip or runs us kids who are taking the trip are funny people. I do not like them at all. I guess I don't understand them. I saw some pretty hankies in a store yesterday and bought six for you and six for Mary. I hope we get back soon. The French language is very funny. Love, Alice."

V

"You're all through experimenting on the poor child," Mother said. "You've tried everything you could think of, and nothing has done any good. This is all you've accomplished: your desperate efforts have made everyone in town laugh at you. You've given no one a chance to forget that we have a daughter who isn't considered quite bright. When she gets home, she's going to stay here. It's my turn to try to solve this problem."

VI

"Oh, God," Albert Simpson prayed, "don't let this go on forever. What have I done that I should be constantly humiliated? Please, God, make something happen to lift the burden of sorrow and shame that has weighed me down for five years."

VII

"Alice, honey," Mother said, "I have a wonderful surprise for you. You're going to spend the summer with Aunt Edna and Uncle Bill over in Iowa at their grand summer home up at Lake Okoboji. There'll be boating and swimming and golfing and dancing and all kinds of fun. Isn't that fine?"

"I guess so."

"And there'll be simply scads of splendid young men. Really, darling, you're so gorgeous that I wouldn't be surprised if one of them were to decide to take you away from your Dad and me."

Alice evinced interest and distaste for the subject. "You know, Mother, that I don't like boys. You want me to go, so I'll go, but don't expect me to be chasing around after boys because I won't do it."

VIII

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. KIB now brings you the music of Ace Carlton and his Kings of Swing, direct from the Terrace Park Casino at Lake Okoboji. Here are the rhythms that have won the praises of discriminating Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota dance music lovers. Ace Carlton, idol of the air, is the highest priced entertainer ever to have been engaged for the summer season at the Casino and will return to New York at the close of his local engagement to open his own Chez Carlton."

"Hey, Stooky, I can introduce you to Alice Simpson after this next number. I have the dance after that with her. God, boy, I'm telling you, she's a riot. Absolutely the most wicked sense of humor of anybody you ever saw in all your life. That's she over there now with that gang around her. You can see her if Snort Davis moves a little to the right. There. I'm telling you, she's a whole riot squad rolled up in one body—and not a bad body, huh? Quick on the draw, that's her. The first night she was here, a bunch of us trouped over to Old Bill Simpson's place to meet her and she gave us all the dead pan.

"Things were dull enough, but Goof Ellis started telling the bunch about the trials of running his old man's business. Nobody gave a damn about what he was saying, but everybody was all ears just because he's Goof Ellis. Right while he was telling about how he handled the walk-out from the Des Moines factory, this gal yawned. He looked at her surprised and kind of frowned. She looked right back solemn as an owl and said, 'I think I'd like a hamburger sandwich.' Everybody sort of gasped. 'With onions,' she added.

"Well, even if Goof does have the fastest boat on the lake, everybody howled. And Alice, without cracking a smile, followed through and got everybody out in the kitchen and put them to work making hamburger sandwiches.

"That should have given us an idea, but we weren't sure. While we were eating the sandwiches, Lib Swayne began putting on the dog by doing a review of a new book by some guy named Froyd. She got in 'way over everybody's heads and then stopped and asked Alice if she'd read this book.

"'I tried to read *The Sheik* when it was so popular,' Alice said, serious as anything, 'but it was too deep for me.' They've been razzing Lib about it ever since and for once she's quit trying to play the young intellectual.

"Alice knows how to put the boys in their places, too. Kooch Doran tried to work up a heavy mugging party with her. He thought he was getting by big when she eyed him up and down and drawled, 'I remember a fellow in a movie I saw one time that acted just like you're trying to.' It was so good he had to tell it, even if the joke was on him. Most of us, she's just treated so indifferent when we've tried to get serious that we've about gone nuts. She's really clever.

"Hey, come on. This is my dance with her."

IX

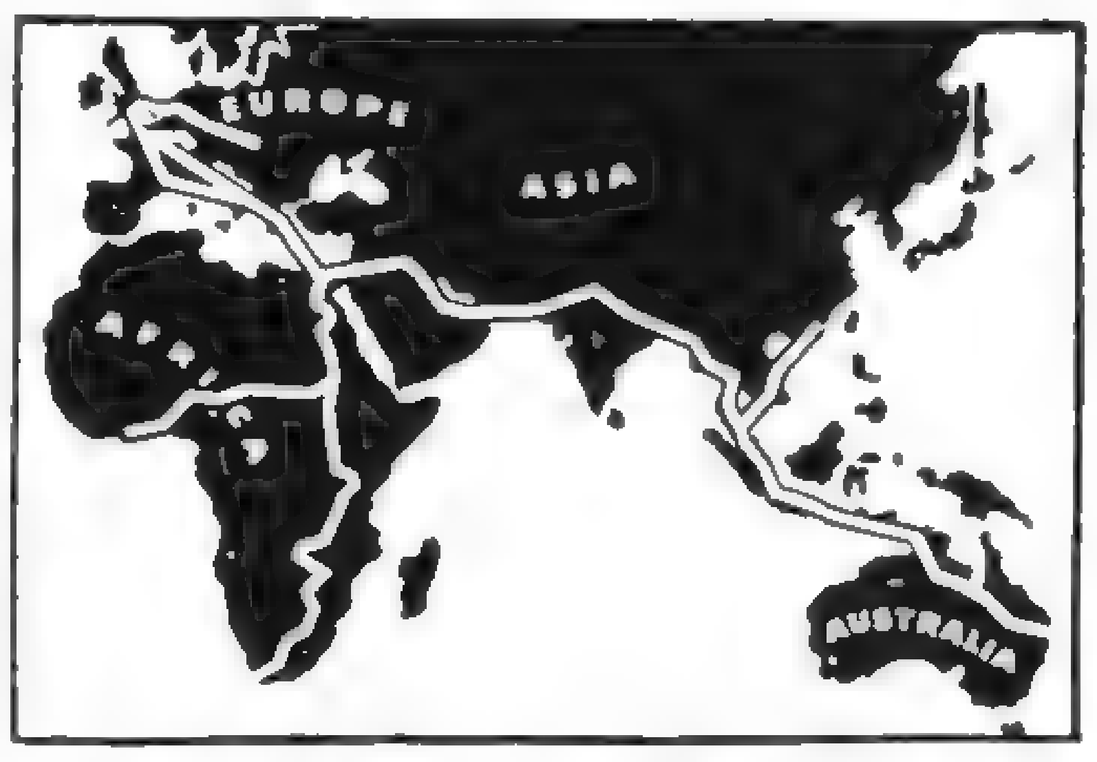
"Have you heard Alice Simpson's latest?"

X

"Listen, babe, I know you've got all these young punks doing nip-ups for you, but with me it's different. There isn't a bim in that

Continued at top of page 272

Half-way
'ROUND THE WORLD
by Air!



IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Your Atlantic crossing by Cunard White Star now becomes the first lap on the fastest and most luxurious travelway into Europe — or to Africa, the Far East, Australia and China. Large four-engined airliners take you half-way around the world . . . 12,742 miles, London to Brisbane, in 11½ days! Or you can fly nearly 8,000 miles from London to Capetown in 9 days! All major European points as well as Egypt, India, Siam, the Straits, Australia and China . . . can now be reached on through ship-and-'plane tickets . . . Special rebate available. Apply to local travel agents or the General Agents for Imperial Airways in the United States:

CUNARD WHITE STAR
25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"SURE-cut it COLLEGE STYLE"

Every man wants to stay young... but when a fellow's head looks like the great American desert...well, it's a tough assignment for the barber to cut it "College Style".

Don't neglect your hair if you want to retain the old "College Spirit"... and keep your youthful good looks. Right now, before you lose your hair, do the common-sense things that will help you keep it.

Try This Treatment

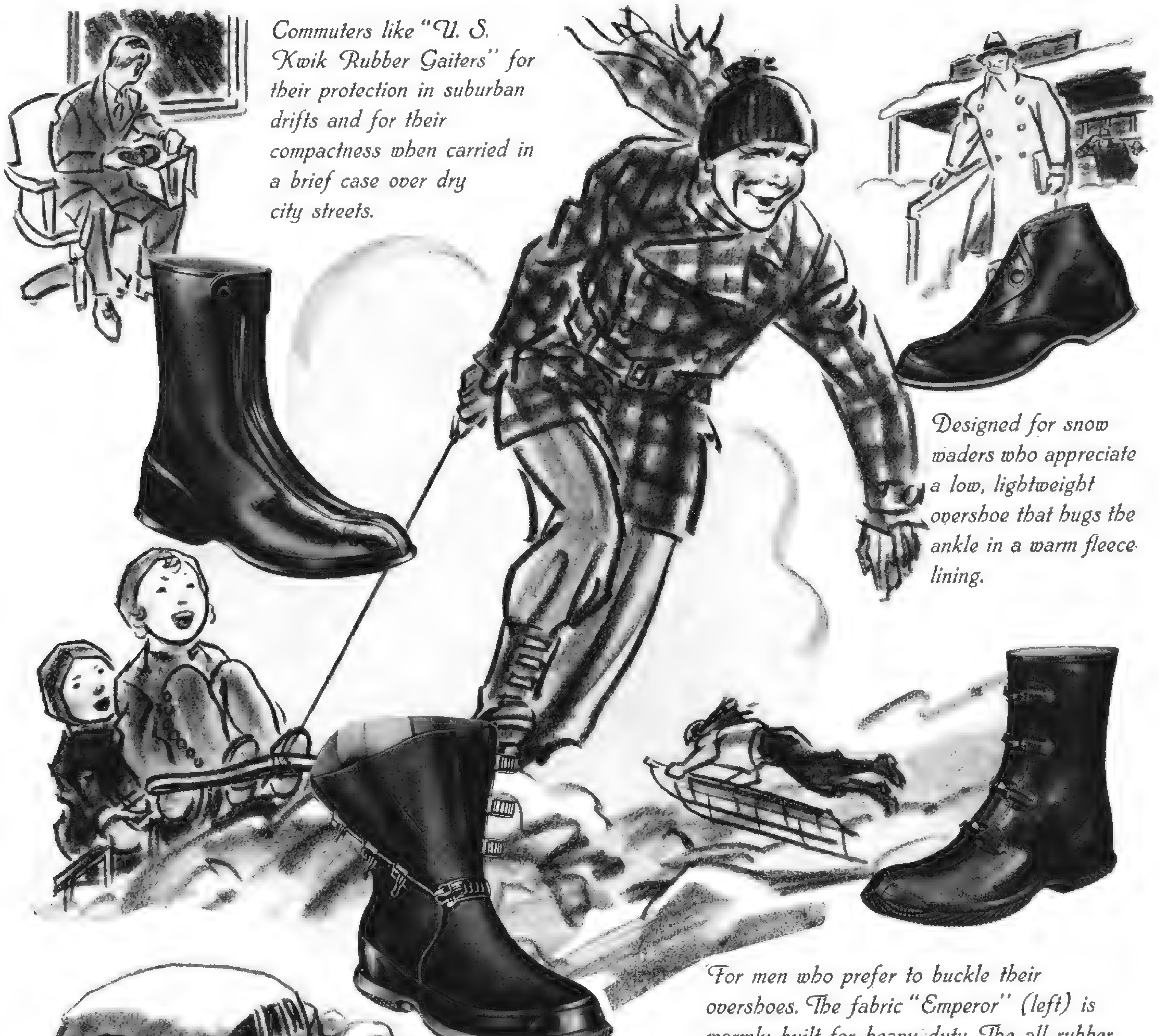
Apply Lucky Tiger several times weekly—at the same time giving yourself a vigorous "muscle-loosening" massage. This treatment eliminates clinging dandruff that smothers hair growth—stops itching and halts scalp irritations — stimulates the scalp by waking up the lazy scalp muscles—and beautifies the hair.

Ask for professional treatments at your barber or get a bottle at any drug store.

Also Makers of
Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing
Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo
Lucky Tiger Olive Shampoo
Lucky Tiger Ointment

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF

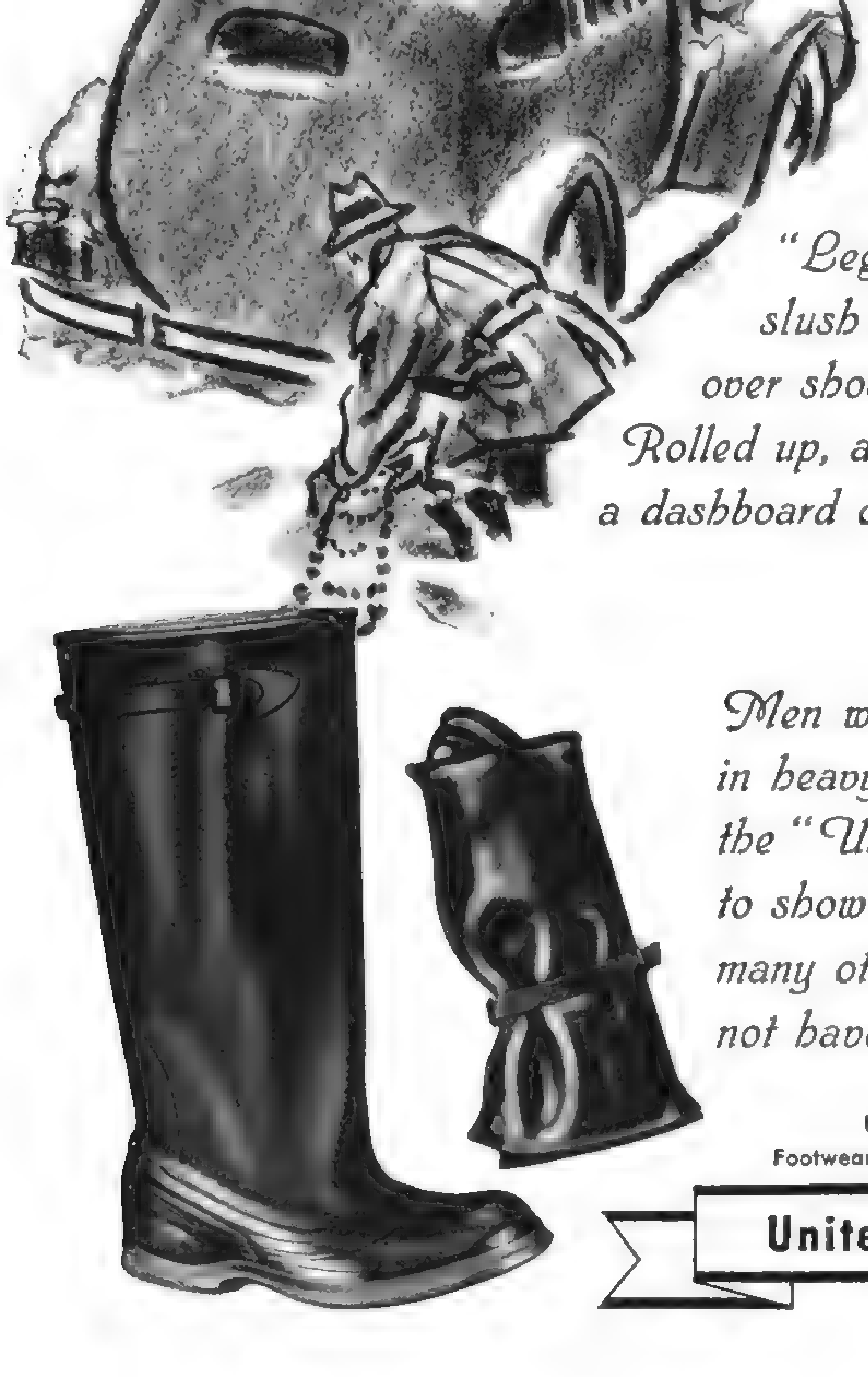
Lucky Tiger
FOR HAIR AND SCALP



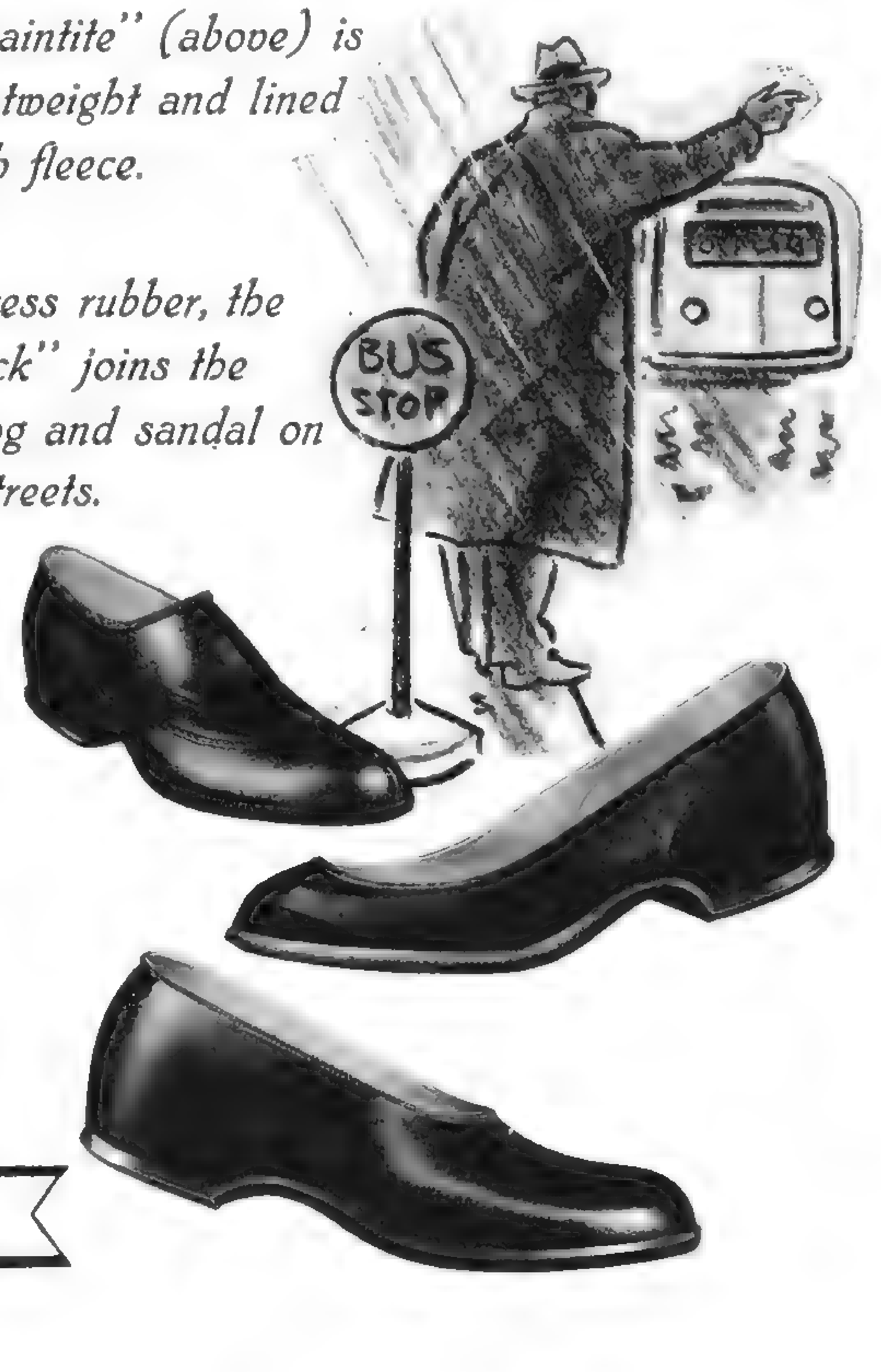
Commuters like "U. S. Kwik Rubber Gaiters" for their protection in suburban drifts and for their compactness when carried in a brief case over dry city streets.

Designed for snow waders who appreciate a low, lightweight overshoe that hugs the ankle in a warm fleece lining.

For men who prefer to buckle their overshoes. The fabric "Emperor" (left) is warmly built for heavy duty. The all-rubber "Raintite" (above) is lightweight and lined with fleece.



"Leggin Boot," the slush fighter that fits over shoes and trousers. Rolled up, a pair tucks into a dashboard compartment.



A new dress rubber, the "Brunswick" joins the pinseal clog and sandal on wet city streets.

Men who insist upon lightweight comfort in heavy weather have learned to rely on the "U. S." trademark. Ask your dealer to show you the items illustrated and the many others he has in stock. If he does not have those shown here, let us know.

United States Rubber Products, Inc
Footwear Division, 1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

United States Rubber Company

MONARCH
BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

FRED Mac MURRAY . . . popular Paramount star, taking life easy in a comfortable *suede leather sport coat* styled by *Monarch.* See Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert in the new Paramount hit production, "Maid of Salem."

Casual and informal, this Monarch coat is skillfully fashioned in both single and double-breasted models . . . lined or unlined. At leading stores — MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., *Milwaukee*

MONARCH
. . . The name for STYLE OUTDOORS in Leather and Wool Coats, Jackets, Ski Togs

THE GIFT that NOBODY has —

"The difficulty of securing a cherry resting in the bottom of a cocktail glass results in boorish antics so obnoxious to people accustomed to polite social usages, it has become a matter of public comment and jest." —Mr. Spir-it

The SPIR-IT solves that problem; and, giving the set of six sterling silver SPIR-ITS, as illustrated, solves your gift problem, too! . . . because, it's THE GIFT that NOBODY has!

At better stores, or send $5 for each set of six SPIR-ITS, engraved as you desire; script 𝒮 – block S – or Old English 𝔖

Sent postpaid by return mail.

SPIR-IT
in
Sterling Silver

SPIR-IT, Inc., Malden, Mass.

Popular Young Matron

Continued from pages 66-270

crowd you run around with that hasn't tried her doggonedest to make connections with Ace Carlton and I've given none of 'em a tumble.

"Honest, sugar, I'm not bragging, but you're the first girl that's ever been around me that hasn't made a play for the old swing boy. Reefer and all the guys in the band have been giving me the Bronx cheer, telling me I must be losing my grip. That's the reason you interested me at the start.

"You could have any of these boys, and most of 'em have families with plenty of heavy bucks. I know that. But you're too good to spend your life out here in the sticks. You could get by like a million in the big town.

"Why, say, with you circulating around to greet folks and give 'em a laugh in the Chez Carlton, we could clean up a hundred grand like playing a game of tiddledywinks.

"I need you, babe. To show you how straight I'm shooting, I'll tell you something nobody else knows. I'm dumber than hell, sugar. I got kicked out of school when I was in the fourth grade. They used to call me 'Sap.' But I showed 'em. I got by—bigger than the gang that made fun of me.

"You see, babe, I need you. What you've got, a dead pan sense of humor like that, is worth big money where I come from.

"And don't forget, I'm that way and then some about you. What do you say?"

XI

"Mrs. Franklin 'Ace' Carlton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Simpson of this city and wife of the famous New York radio celebrity, is visiting her parents for a few days.

"Despite her position in the world of stage, screen, radio and gay night club life, Mrs. Carlton remains the same sweet, unassuming girl who was so popular with her many friends while a student in the Wisner City public schools and in the fashionable Ste. Therese boarding school at Falls City."

XII

". . . and now your favorite New York correspondent dishes up the choicest scoop in recent weeks! Henry Wells Parker, suave dramaticritic, Mazda Lane's night mayor, white-headed boy of the too, too literary set and a super-sophisticate blessed with millions, no less, has popped the question to Alice Simpson Carlton. The Simpson Carlton, whose devastating dead pan wit has been the scourge of the bright light sector for many a moon, will say 'I do' exactly one week after her Renovation from her baton-swinging ex-heart." ⧺

Portrait of a Bomb-Thrower

Continued from page 63

the cartoons or even the photographs I'd ever seen of Sasha. They invariably had him looking nearer the conventional bomb-thrower—wild whiskers, teeth like a tiger and eyes as wild as a south-paw's pitching. But Sasha came nearer to describing what he looked like than the cartoonists, as by this time he was as bald as a new-born Viking; clean shaven, small, rosy-cheeked, and very alive for all his sixty-odd years.

He learned that Madame Scully, though raised in Norway and France, had really been born in Pittsburgh. At this he glowed and smiled.

"Pittsburgh," he cried, "my home town!"

As all he had seen of Pittsburgh was what could be seen from the prison cell where he spent fourteen years, this struck us both as humor of a high order.

From that day on our relations with him convinced us that we newspapermen can carry libel far beyond the demands of those who hire us to slant the news their way.

In all my days I never met a more civilized human being, one so above the petty and the mean, or so happy in his exile. And I wasn't alone in this. Everybody who met Sasha felt the same way about him.

We worked together on the Shaw book and he was the best co-worker one could ask for. We were packed in three little rooms in Nice, and Sasha would come every afternoon for four hours. He wasn't as young as he looked and Emma Goldman would come to us now and then and take us aside and ask us not to work her Sasha too hard. He had just finished burying himself and his personality under hers in their writing of her *Living My Life*, and he was equally free from any desire to play the prima donna with me.

After we had finished the Shaw book, he and I ghosted a job of Talbot Taylor, the man who put U. S. Steel and Anaconda Copper on the market, and was James R. Keene's broker. I was curious to see how the eminent anarchist and the eminent capitalist would hit it off when both were over sixty, both *en retrait*, both agreeing that the present economic setup smelled to high heaven.

Taylor had got out of Wall Street years before and had retired to France, laying out the most beautiful gardens in that land of beautiful gardens. Four times he had won first prize for his garden on the Riviera and yet that alone didn't give him enough peace, so he decided he wanted to write the story of panic-makers. He had manufactured more than one in his time and had the whole technique at his fingertips, but he was a little short on his social aspects of the racket.

Continued on page 274

MAKE THIS TEST!
DRINK
Budweiser
FOR FIVE DAYS
★
On the sixth day
try to drink a
sweet beer
You will want
the **Budweiser**
flavor thereafter

America Has Made the Test

In 1933 we said: "Something More than Beer is back." In 1934 we said: "Fine beer can't be made overnight. Behind it must be age, tradition and experience." In 1935 we said: "Make this test, drink BUDWEISER for five days and on the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer" —America has made the test—America responds to quality regardless of price.

The widespread swing to BUDWEISER has exceeded the capacity of the largest brewery in the world. Constant brewery expansion has been necessary to care for the ever increasing calls for BUDWEISER, King of Bottled Beer.

History repeats itself. Good taste never changes.

Now, in 1936, the constantly growing universal demand is evidence that millions of beer drinkers have been awakened to an understanding of real beer quality. They have put their stamp of approval on BUDWEISER by giving it their patronage... the supreme acknowledgment of quality.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

Budweiser
1876 1936

AS YOU LIKE IT.... IN BOTTLES • IN CANS

Portrait of a Bomb-Thrower

Continued from pages 63-272

Berkman could have pushed him into a spot he never really wanted to go, but Berkman had too much integrity and was too much a gentleman to take such a babe in the woods and lead him to slaughter.. He tried very hard to get down on paper just what Taylor thought was wrong and present it that way.

In off hours we used to talk of this and that and Sasha could deal as lightly with his misfortunes as anybody in this world. A home-loving guy, it seems he had spent all his life as a wanderer, always one step ahead of the cops. In fact I urged him to write a book in that vein under the title, *I Had To Leave.*

It's true he was kicked out of America, but it is equally true that he *walked* out of Russia, and he walked out because the Bolsheviks treated children too brutally for him.

His story of how he got from the Scandinavian peninsula to Germany is a classic of its kind. He stowed away, he told us, on a ship bound from Stockholm to Hamburg. For days he froze, and finally some seamen spotted him. They were all for taking him to the captain, but when they learned his story, they decided to hide him from their officers' eyes.

When that ship reached port and there was a counting of heads, the sailors hid Sasha behind a door and then got him ashore at night.

Unfortunately he had no papers, passport or other official identification of any sort, and at that time you couldn't get a room in Germany without them.

He finally hit up with a prostitute and telling her his plight she said to him, "Well, if you don't mind walking the streets with me till morning I'll take care of you. I'm licensed and the cops won't bother either of us if they see you talking to me, but they will pick you up in a minute if they see you walking the streets alone."

By such underworld methods he finally got to France. All misfits got there eventually, from grand-dukes to grand-anarchists, and most of them finished their days as friendly neighbors on the Riviera.

But the French *Sûreté General* has everybody's inside record and Sasha's was always on top. So every time there was a change of cabinets in Paris, and they were changing them as often as they changed their underwear in those days, the new Minister of the Interior would see Berkman's name on the docket and issue an expulsion order.

Out Sasha would go, usually with a one-way ticket to the Belgian frontier. His friends on learning it would go to the minister and explain that Sasha was all right, and some of the ministers would permit him to return, while others would ignore the fact that he had returned uninvited.

He told me the details of one return-trip back which indicate that you never know where your friends are in this world. He was hanging around a labor exchange in Antwerp when a fellow came up to him and asked if he were looking for a job. He said he wasn't, he was looking for a way to go back to France.

"Be at this corner at ten tomorrow morning, and a car will pick you up and take you there," said the man. "When a car stops, don't ask a word. Just jump in."

The next morning a Rolls-Royce rolled up to the curb and a man, looking for all the world like J. P. Morgan's double, signaled for Sasha to climb in the back seat.

Sasha hopped in only to find two young and beautiful women in there. He rode along in silence for a while, a bit embarrassed by this swanky setup, and then thinking that this was going to get them in a lot of trouble, he explained to the well-heeled capitalist who he was and that he guessed he'd better get out as he didn't want to get such good people in a jam. They smiled and said they understood and that it was quite all right.

"When we get to the frontier," said the man who obviously owned the car, "you just crawl behind the ladies and lie horizontally and keep quiet till I tell you to get up."

At the frontier the customs official asked the car-owner if he had anything to declare.

"*Rien à declarer*—not a thing," said the capitalist with the routine wave of his executive hand.

"*Allez!*" said the customs official.

When they were a few miles beyond the frontier, Sasha, full of gratitude, said he guessed he would get out, as he was sure he could now make the rest of the way to Paris alone.

"No, we'll take you to Lille," said the capitalist. "They watch the local trains at least that far."

At Lille they dropped Sasha off at the station and waved goodby.

"And that is the last I ever saw of them!" said Sasha. "Who they were, why they took such a terrible risk, or who asked them to do it, I haven't the remotest idea."

You've read how Sasha, Emma Goldman and all the rest were bundled into the *S. S. Buford* and shipped from New York to Russia with half a million dollars among them. It was presumably Russian gold which had been sent to them to foment trouble in America and they were presumably, with conscientious consideration, taking it back to its owners. The fact was they had about $200, given to them by friends in New York and sewed in Sasha's clothes. When he left Russia, he had infinitely less than that. One of the best known foreign correspondents in Moscow came to him

Continued on page 276

WINTER
dude
RANCHING
and other matters..

Not long since, dude ranching in our big southwestern territory completely outgrew any available printed description of it. So we dug in, down to the grass roots, and finally evolved a Ranch book that tells the story of our winter and summer ranch country in New Mexico, Arizona and California, and of nearly 70 fine places there, as it has never been told before. It is yours at a word.

PHOENIX—PALM SPRINGS
Again this winter there'll be a through Phoenix Pullman on The Chief; and, for Palm Springs, the fastest and most convenient service in Santa Fe History.

OLD SANTA FÉ
GRAND CANYON
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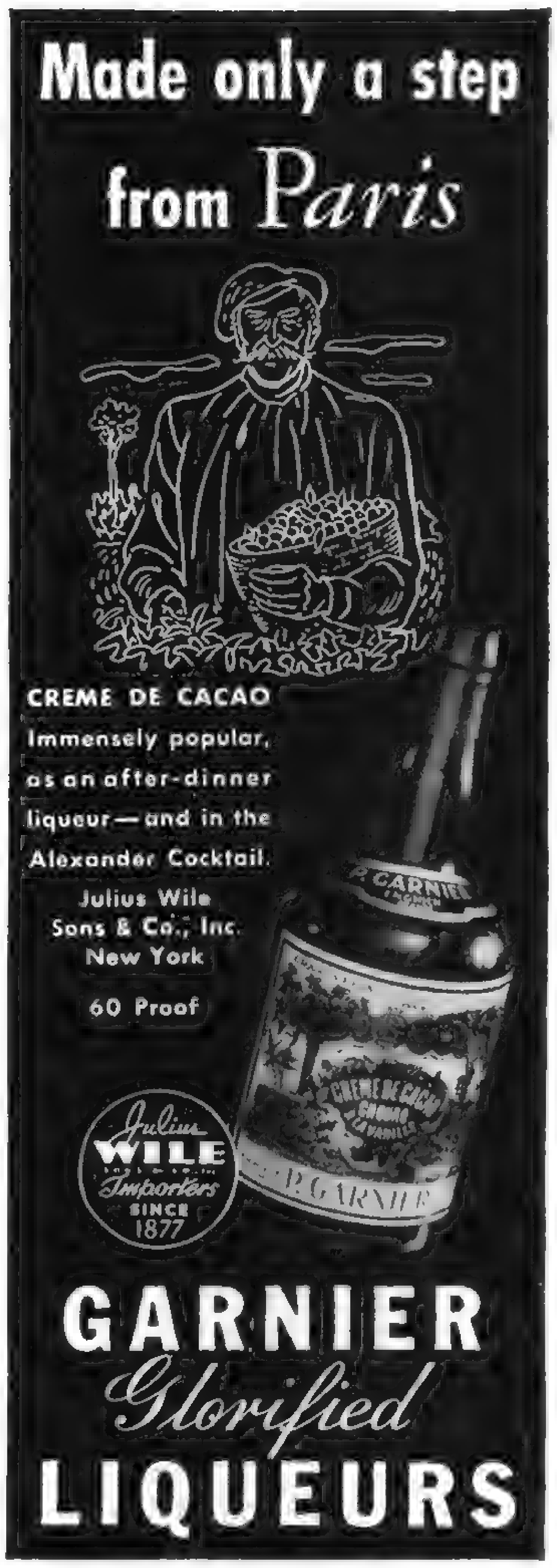

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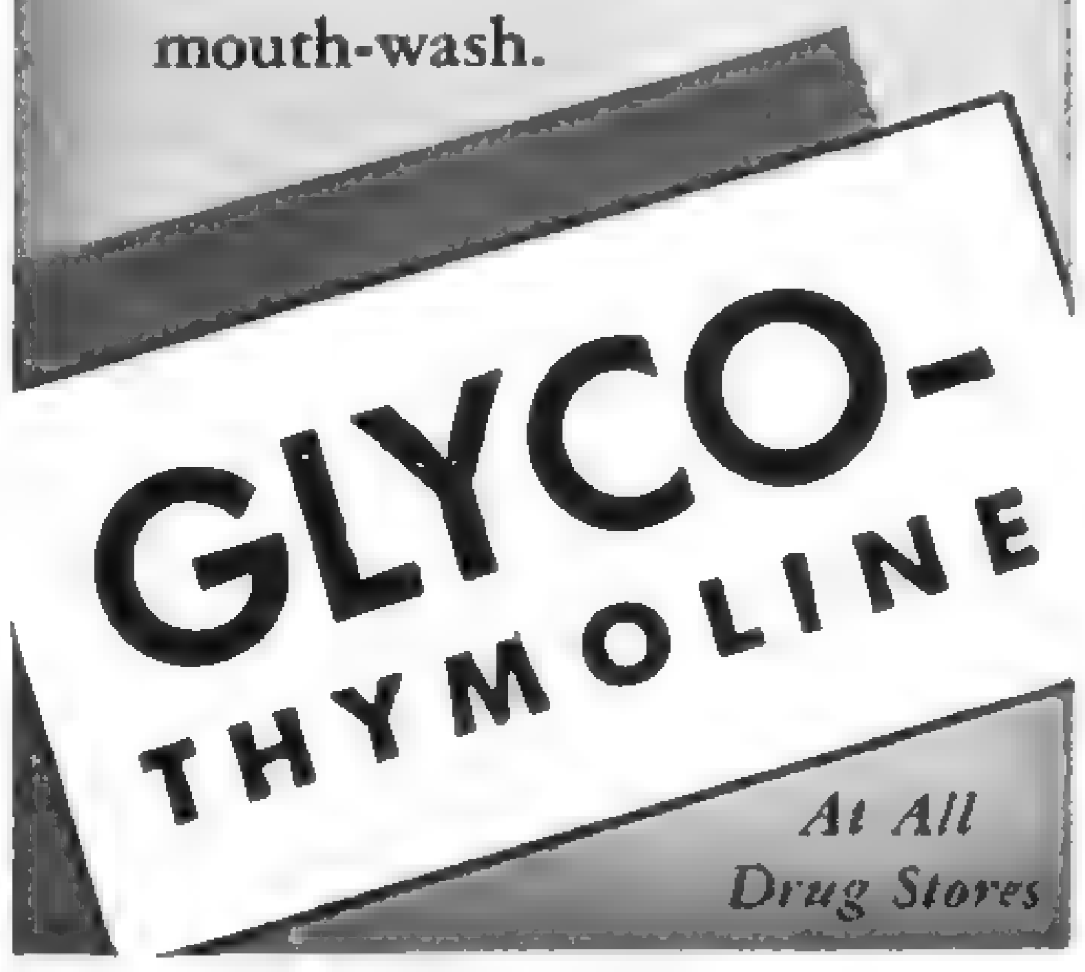

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Promptness in mailing your gift order to Esquire at 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will enable us to check it against our subscription list to avoid duplication.

Portrait of a Bomb-Thrower

Continued from pages 63-272-274

with a fur coat worth $10,000.

"I've taken out two and sold them," said the correspondent.

Sasha looked the coat over and it seemed like the devil's own temptation.

"No," he said, "this old overcoat I've got on has been good enough for me in Russia and the places I plan to plague with my presence in the future will all be hotter than Moscow. I won't need it."

Everybody knows of his love-life with Emma Goldman. That lasted more than forty years. Up to his death, in fact. Neither of them believed in marriage, but Emma did marry in her later years. It was a *mariage de convenance* if there ever was one. She was about to be kicked out of France, in much the same manner that Sasha had habitually been given the gate, when a young miner in Wales read about it. He put on his Sunday clothes, went to Paris, sought her out, introduced himself to her and said, "There's no reason for them treating you like this all the time. I will marry you, and that will make you a British subject. As a British subject you can get a passport and as such can travel over most of the world, and even stay here if you want to."

This struck her as a practical piece of pragmatism and, legally at least, she became Mrs. E. G. Colton. After the civil ceremony the kid returned to his British mine. As far as I know they have never seen each other since. It was just a supreme and gallant kindness on his part. The officials have let her alone since.

Sasha's problem wasn't that simple. In Germany a beautiful little German girl, Emy Eckstein fell in love with him and took the most care of him in the last six or eight years. They didn't marry, chiefly because he didn't believe in marriage, but an equally important reason in this instance was that if he had married her she would become a woman without a country as he was a man without one, and as such likely to be kicked around as much as he was.

Emma Goldman always treated little Emy like a daughter who was taking better care of her father than she could herself. Little Emy and Sasha lived in Nice, Emma Goldman in Saint Tropez, fifty miles away. They visited each other for weeks at the time, and Sasha often would go down to Emma Goldman's for a week or so alone. They were the only people I have ever met who had conquered jealousy in all their relationships.

One time a correspondent broke a story that Sasha had been in Toulon. Toulon is a naval port of the French fleet and immediately the authorities suspected he was spreading pacifist propaganda among *marins* of the French navy.

The authorities were all set to bounce him out of the country again, but we got up a petition, and the best lawyer in France went to the Cabinet and squared the matter for all time.

That the first town in France to go Communistic should have been Nice, where Sasha lived the last several years of his life, is only an ironic coincidence, and I suspect at the end he was even too sick to enjoy the irony.

In fact, in his last years Berkman had as little fear or faith in revolution in France as any contented *rentier*. As proof of this, I cite the last letter I received from him. It might have been written equally by a *petit bourgeois* at peace with all the world.

"Dear Frank," he wrote on February 5, 1936, "Thanks for the *Epic News* you're sending me. Helps to keep in touch with you, in a way. About last November, or before that I sent you a letter to Los A. Wonder whether it was ever received.

"I admire your courage—bed courage is the rarest of things, you know, and I hope your physical condition is somewhat better now. I assume it is, from your story of the Soviet *Gulliver*.

"Here things are about as of yore, only the city is more deserted, most of our mutual friends being either dead or otherwise gone. In the country at large the now usual talk is of war and revolution, but these things are at present like the premature report of Mark Twain's death, 'somewhat exaggerated.'

"Emy wants to be remembered to you all and sends love to Alice, Skippy and Sylvia.

Greetings,
A. B."

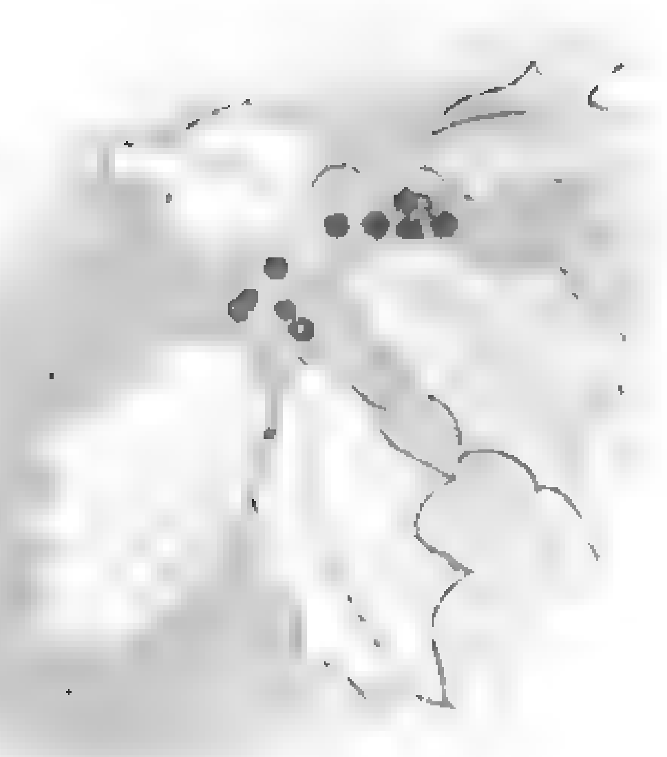
In Nice his work was translating modern Russian authors and carrying on a kind of typing bureau with little Emy Eckstein. Visitors from America and from Russia were always glad to see them and would hunt Sasha up to tell him the latest news from both places. His mind was as alert as ever, but he had developed a mellowness like an old and successful poet. He loved to sit at a sidewalk cafe late in the afternoon when his day's work was done and talk of this and that.

I realize that this contradicts the popular belief. The legend that obscure, embittered, deserted and broke, as out-of-date as the gun he had used on Frick, his past had caught up with him and urged him to do a more competent job on himself than he had on Frick, simply wasn't true.

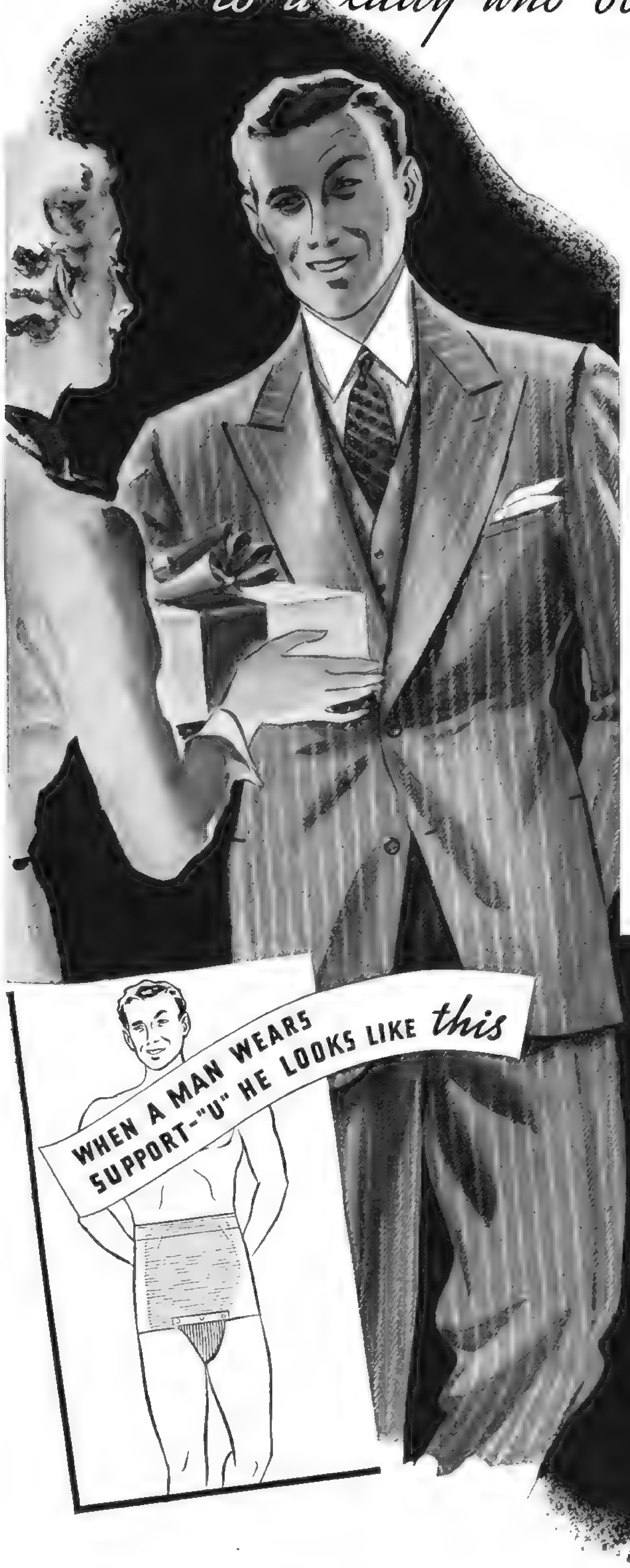
There are all too few horrible examples to be cited to the young as proof that crime doesn't pay and I hate to take even this one out of the moralist's showcase, but the fact remains that Berkman wasn't concerned with either success or failure. Certainly not up to a few months ago.

Continued on top of page 278

A CHRISTMAS HINT



to a lady who obviously doesn't know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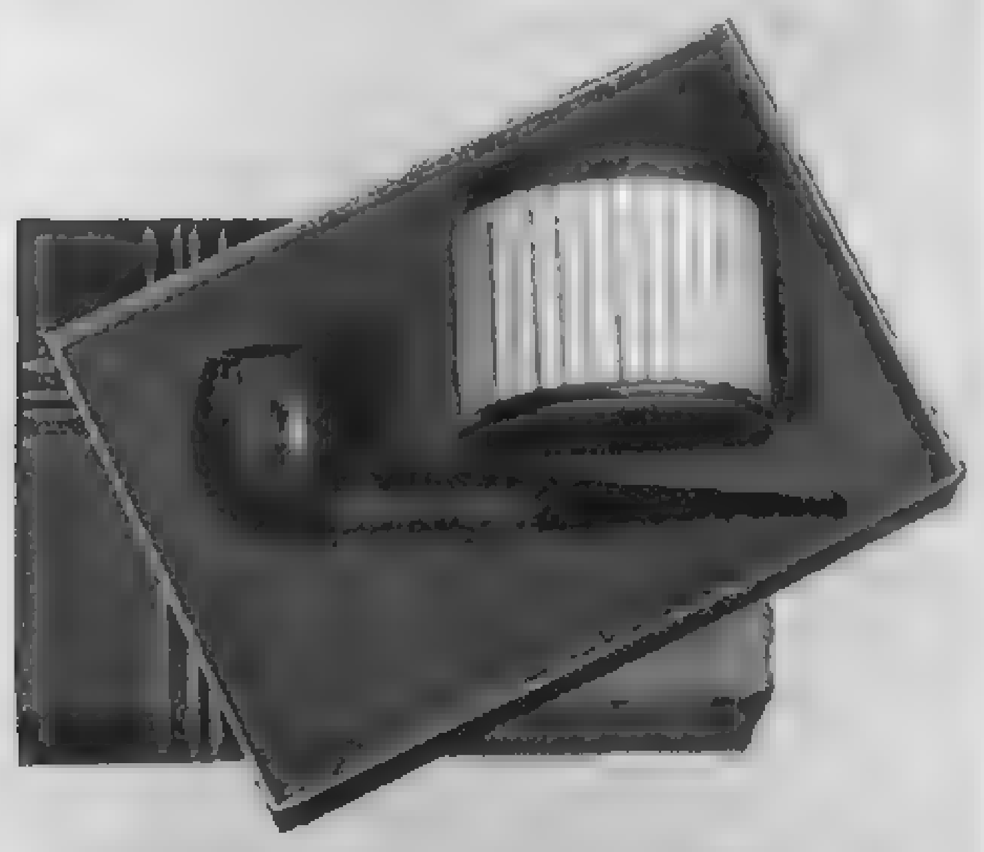

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Portrait of a Bomb-Thrower

Continued from pages 63-272-274-276

What really finished him was what turned Woodrow Wilson from an ardent idealist into a bitter, broken man—prostatitis. Wilson hung on till carried out by a microbe stronger than himself. Berkman couldn't see the sense in waiting.

Last spring he had suffered an unsuccessful prostatic operation and was being wracked by uremic poisoning. These operations often produce a morbidity and are known to induce suicide even among persons who hold suicide as the unforgivable mortal sin. So it's not surprising that the pain fetched an unbeliever like Berkman when he found that the operation had failed.

But to the end he was loved by many people, not necessarily those having similar political biases. I, who took practically the opposite view from him in everything from the good old religion to marriage, had an affection for him such as I have felt for few others in a world too badly mixed up to be worth straightening out. And if I pray now for his immortal soul, it's because I believed he has one, and the fact that he would deny it if he were alive is something I wouldn't deny him, because I believe in that kind of freedom.

He deserves a biography big enough to bury all those malodorous obituaries. Somebody who believes in what Sasha believed should do the job. Tom Bell, for instance. He has more material than Maurois, the ardent André, had when dealing with that other eminent anarchist, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and look where Maurois got with *Ariel.* ⫵

The Classy Allusion

Continued from page 95

usurer, a *Shylock.* (The poorly hidden bitterness in stories of *Shylocks* may be because so many newspapermen are victims of same.) The sly side of *Mercury,* by the way, has been forgotten, and he is known only for his fleetness of foot and his unstable temperament.

There are other villainous, opera-cloaked figures stalking through the pages, one for almost every crime on the Newgate program. Even the subscribers who read with their lips moving know them. *Bluebeard* is a name the rewrite man may apply without hesitation to the man who murders two or more wives, for their insurance or out of sheer animal spirits. Our reader at once pictures an ogre with bared fangs, a French-blue spade beard and bloody talons. *Svengali* also comes in for some well deserved calumny in the form of comparison with a modern counterpart who has exercised a malignant spell over some frail beauty. The modern *Svengali* need not be an impresario, or impressario, as the rewrite staff prefers to spell it. All he needs is piercing eyes. But enough of dastardy.

There are many standard pairs, and the public is partial to pairs. *Damon and Pythias—Samson and Delilah—Miles Standish and John Alden—Sodom and Gomorrah—Mason and Dixon—Holmes and Watson—East is East and West is West—the Tortoise and the Hare—the boy and his thumb* (in the dyke)—*the Fox and the Grapes*—all very useful.

It is no doubt the eternal law of male and female, or maybe just human loneliness, that leads to all this pairing off, and to the choice of some amazing names for the combinations. Love leads some couples to alarming indiscretions in christening themselves for the duration of the romance. An excellent example is that of the pair who called themselves, as recorded by the wronged husband's wire-tapping, as *Mooey-Mooey* and *Gooch-Gooch.* Interpreters may have been wrong, of course, and the words may have been mating calls, not the names of the interested parties. A well-known Shakespearean and film actor, whose recent romantic interlude with a young woman admirer was a godsend during some dull weeks, made the fatal error of letting it become known that he and the girl called themselves *Caliban and Ariel.* The reaction was whoops! and it is safe to bet that by God he's sorry now.

The Greeks and Romans seem to be no strangers to the man on the Bronx express, as the following list by a sort of Inquiring Reporter shows:

Odyssey—a bus ride.
Gordian knot—something tangled up.
Damocles' sword—heavy, heavy, what hangs over?
Terpsichore—Roseland dance hall.
Bacchus—stinko.
Neptune—Fulton Street fish market.
Nymph—oh, boy!
Satyr—nasty old man.
Delphic utterance—blank.
Olympian calm—dead pan.
Pyrrhic victory—winning while in last place.
Parthian shot—thumb your nose and run.
Nero—fiddle.
Caesar—Mussolini.
Achilles—heel.
Mars—war.
Diogenes—honest man.
Narcissus—Easter flower.

The reader is complacent when you refer to Voronoff or Steinach as *Ponce de Leon;* it's all right with him if you brand a murderer with the *mark of Cain;* a *good Samaritan* is anyone who helps you, not necessarily after you have fallen among thieves. *Jules Verne* still is very acceptable on

Continued on page 280

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CHRISTMAS
1936

Esquire

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The Classy Allusion

Continued from pages 95-278

occasions when the story deals with fantastica, but *H. G. Wells* gradually is replacing him as a control point. Another modernistic note is *Einstein*, who is called on in cases when the rewrite man, like the Grand Inquisitor, is not quite equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.

Cinderella is a little outworn, although she may be permitted to enter once in a while as a character long-privileged, like *Abie's Irish Rose*. Readers like a fresh thought now and then, such as a reference to *Pandora and her box*, in spite of the fact that the latter may be viewed as a kind of Santa Claus pack, full of goodies, instead of the repository of all the world's ills. Other ladies admitted to readers' homes are *Betsy Ross*, *Barbara Fritchie* and *Molly Pitcher*, the last being only an acquaintance and not on an intimate footing. *Victoria* and *Sheba* also get into the parlor.

In spite of the success of *Fagin*, most newspaper readers are not Dickensians, so *Pickwick*, *Micawber*, *Pecksniff*, and *Oliver Twist* must be used sparingly. Caution must be taken with Shakespeare, too. *Shylock*, of course, is fine, and *Portia*, for any woman who so much as clears her throat in a courtroom. But aside from those, and possibly *Puck*, the immortal bard is dangerous ground, where the staff is compelled to pick its steps carefully. *Lady Macbeth* may understudy a homicidal female, and *Hamlet* might personify gloom. Even *Banquo's ghost* and *Polonius* have been seen recently, but inauspiciously.

There are several large, amorphous objects which frequently loom up in the mists of the rewrite man's brain. These things are accepted as names but are not quite clear as pictures, except perhaps as something gigantic and dreadful, too terrible to think upon, and, therefore, to be skipped over with a mumble. *Juggernaut* is one, *Armada* and *Colossus* others, *Limbo* a fourth. *Bedlam* and *Pandemonium* might be included. *Frankenstein's monster* is a nice set piece, but the unfortunate scientist has become the monster in most cases, the synthetic bogeyman having disappeared. Among these massive horrors the Hearst press also lists *Karl Marx*. He is the one with the beard, at the left. Mention of *Marx* requires a notation on *Schopenhauer* and *Nietzsche*, who, although they are not in the same class, have almost the same standing, as their works are always discovered among the effects of suicides and persons who have committed some especially revolting crime.

A miscellany of other terms cannot be classified, but lack no force because of that. *Casabianca* is well known, although he is usually anonymous. The *Wreck of the Hesperus*, too, is familiar, and *Horatius at the Bridge*. The *Decadence of Babylon* and the *Hell-roaring Barbary Coast* (Pacific) are known to all. There are other loose ends that may come in handy any time, such as *Custer and His Last Stand; Methuselah* and *Aladdin* and the *Spartan Boy* with the edible chitterlings; *St. Patrick* and *Brian Boru; Robert Bruce* and *Herod; Don Quixote, Omar Khayyam, Jean Valjean, Moses, Capt. Kidd, Columbus, the Puritan Fathers* and *Alexander the Great* (wouldn't he like that?).

The *Magna Charta*, the *One-horse Chaise, Gabriel and His Trumpet* and *Mephistopheles* also are useful, as is *The Goose That Laid The Golden Eggs. Pooh-Bah* and the *Lord High Executioner* (the latter applied to the Supreme Court) have been seen in scattered returns.

There would be a marvelous cache of allusions in Gilbert & Sullivan if only the movies would go in for them.

As a last hurried example, look at *Tutankhamen*, an old friend of all newspaper readers. This little known prince is immortal now to the lay Egyptologist, who knows that *Tut's* dead hand will continue to clutch at its victims until the last of hundreds who visited the violated tomb has withered under his ancient curse, whether of old age or of "some mysterious disease that baffles medical science."

The newspaper reader has some odd and incorrigible habits. For instance, nothing can be done to stop him from grinning merrily among the crowd around the mangled victims of the crossing crash, because he knows he is going to get his pixcha in his favorite newspaper and he wants to look his best. You have to take things like that for granted, because the human factor is constant.

But we know that his thinking is far above the estimate of his critics. Very possibly a few characters have been overlooked, but it is known for a fact that he is familiar with the things named.

The rewrite staff has only to remember the order of a famous publisher: "Write nothing that a grammar school graduate cannot understand, and nothing you would not discuss at tea with the bishop."

This presupposes a rather odd circle of friends for the rewrite man and is tough on the bishop, too, but millions of people have stored up the information above and it speaks highly for our grammar schools.

In the light of the collected data, let the previously mentioned critics gaze down their patrician noses at the people on the subway car and note the people reading the tabloids and others of the more lurid papers. Let them if they like; the readers don't care. The readers are too busy sorting out their mental lumber for a neat little picture to fit the newest *Borgia* headline. They're lowbrows, hey? O.K. #

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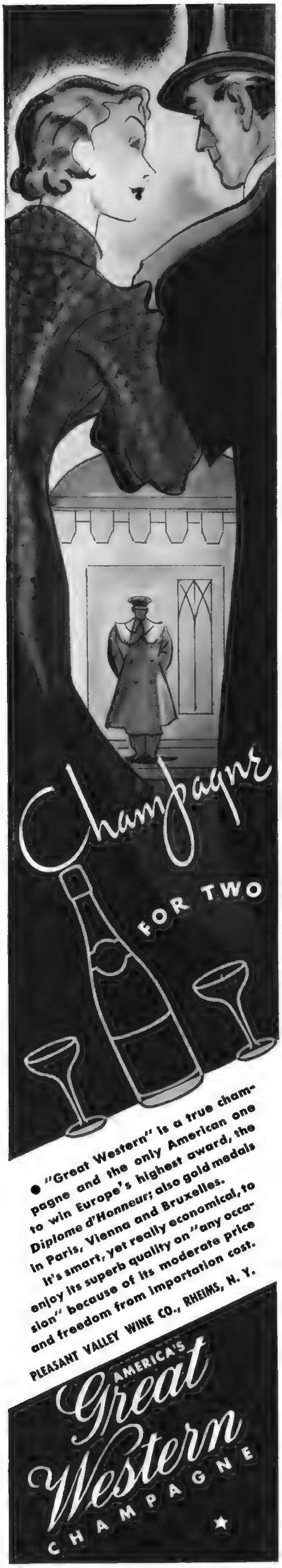

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

VISITING NORDICS

High class Latins will mingle with tourists occasionally, when met on equal basis financially and perhaps on a little higher level socially and morally. You will admit American tourists do forget their morals the minute the foot is set on board the ship . . . and why not? That's the purpose of the cruise. Who supports the houses with the "Hall of Mirrors." The American Dollar from milady's pocketbook . . . and I have seen American honeymooners visiting those places.

Brooklyn, N. Y. C. A. C.

CUBA LIBRE

It is the habit with Americans of both sexes, my dear Madam Esquire, to rush to the red-light district as soon as they leave the boat in Havana. There you can admire the typical tourist absorbed in watching as many lewd acts as their short time will allow. From Granma to sonny-boy, from Miss Jones, typewriter of the Bronx, to Miss Gussie, schoolteacher from Peoria, all flock to get their share of booze and sex. While at Havana inhibitions, morals, and other social restrictions are doffed off to be resumed when the boat leaves. Thus a false, exotic, sinful impression is gathered of our country.

It seems that Miss X who wrote the article *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* followed the usual procedure while on shore. In such places she found the Cubans with oily hair and frayed teeth (Anyway why didn't she stay home and patronize the ice-wagon drivers and ditch-diggers, who in her opinion are so handsome?)

It is not my intention to argue the relative masculinity and beauty of our men. This suffice—our girls stay here and love, marry and obey them. They do not, like Miss X, have to resort to foreign males for satisfaction (Sorry, you were not pleased, Miss).

As to the Latin in Bed, I'm afraid we'll have to skip that. I haven't tried any Americans, but I'm not complaining. I can't say that much for you.

Sincerely,
Havana, Cuba Señorita Cuba

ANTIDOTE

Always havein found your splendid magazine Esquire Full of wit and humor, I now take this ipportunity to express my disappointment in reading the anonymous article called *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* appearing in the october issue, the authoress being a country woman of mine I resent it even more.

After having lived in latin countries for years I feel that some redress need be given these people whom have been so vulgarly misrepresented. I cannot discover the point in writing this article, however it falls under the title Education—no doubt the lady in question has a very base idea of becoming worldly in her quest of knowledge as to the customs of other countries, as well as meeting the proper class of people. Had she been a normal minded traveler looking for the interesting and educational side of Cuban life, also meeting the people one would know, she could have filled pages with many accounts of generous hospatility, customs that are graceious and reference to the land scape would have been well worth her while.

The class of people referred to in this article can be found in any country when the preverted mind seeks to hunt them out and discover their kind.

Due to my keen interest in the harm that this article has brought about unnecessarily, I trust that this drivel will be some what offset by the printing of my objections.

Yours truly,
One Traveler to Another
Havana, Cuba

WE'LL PRINT ITS SEQUEL

Your partiality to stories built around our Kentucky hillfolk almost prompts me to send you a yarn about them. Well-written, it would be a classic. But I don't think I can write well enough—yet. Haven't got the guts, eh?

Well, here's what it is all about. A girl, Odette, came to the big city of "Looeeville" with her mountaineer husband. She "seen all the purty sights at the State Fair." The noise and the whoopee went to her head.

So Odette decided to see a "mite more" of the United States. As she was going to the place where the family wagon was parked on the fairgrounds, a telegraph boy (we'll have to figure out how he found her) handed her a telegram from her "citified" sister, Esther. But Odette just laughed and laughed, because she knew she couldn't read.

The wire was thrown away by the mountain girl. It would have informed her that her mother was near death in a hospital. Esther's pursuit of Odette through a dozen "big towns" makes a tale something like the one about the mountaineer who laughed and laughed through these Kentucky Hills.

Maybe I'll submit the story sometime.

Yours very truly,
Louisville, Ky. Carl Braden

GOODBYE

In your magazine issue corresponding to October, I have read one story under the title *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* and without trying to discuss said story, I hereby request that you stop sending me the remaining issues corresponding to November and December, which I have paid for in advance, and scratch out my name from your subscribers list.

Yours very truly,
Julio Blanco Herrera
Havana, Cuba

PARTING IN SWEET SADNESS

This paper should be edged in black for I'm in mourning. A long, (since the very first edition) and happy friendship is dead. You see, I live in Cuba and the Cubans are not having any more Esquire.

First of all Anonymous is not *all* wrong: Otherwise we'd all be inclined to laugh it off for some of her statements would lead one to believe she's never even seen our fair Island. I refer to the Cuban lady who sat at home and watched her husband enjoy himself at a sidewalk café. Now there is only one block of sidewalk cafes here and the only building facing them is the Capitol and *no* one lives there.

However, that part about the Cuban man taking his home and wife seriously is true (though somewhat exaggerated) but for the life of me I can't be ashamed of my husband for feeling that way about me.

You may think that the fact that the magazine has been banned here bears out her statement that the Cubans have no sense of humor. That is not true either. It is simply that so little is known of Cuba in the States, (I've been asked if we have automobiles here) that they feel it unfair of Esquire to print an article of untruths that will naturally be taken as coming from an authority.

I, for one, do not question anonymous' authority on the subject of sex and men in general but take it from one who is married to a Latin lover, (and pardon me if I seem to brag) somebody fooled her about the Cubans in particular.

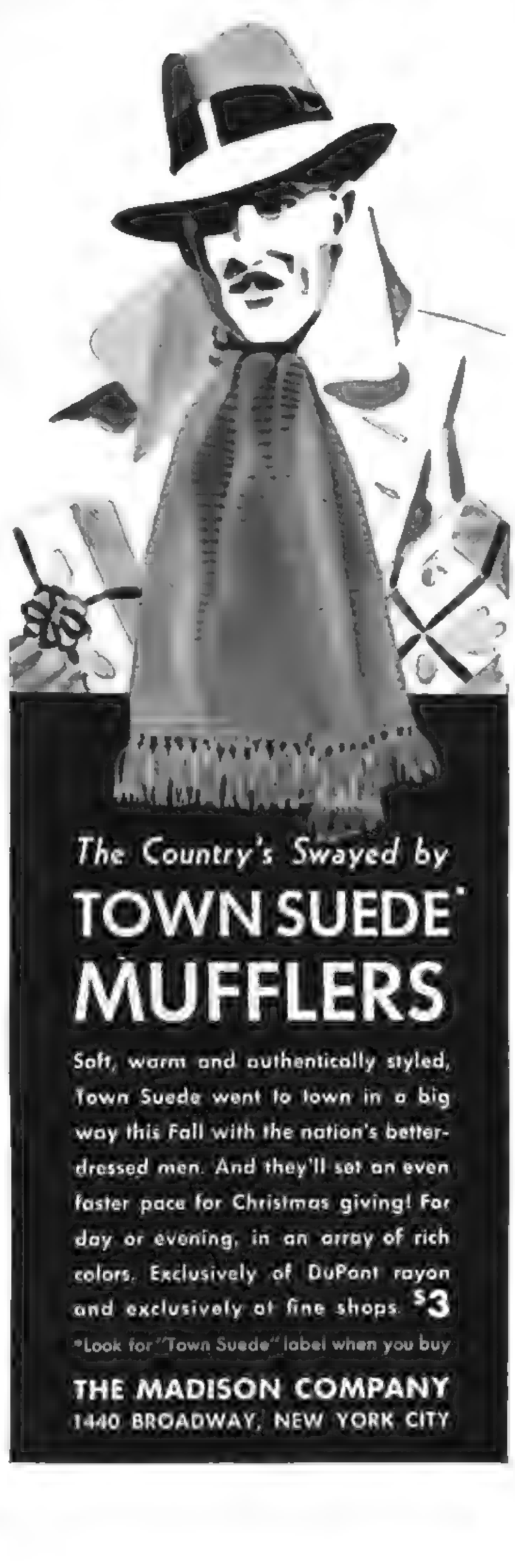
Havana, Cuba Mrs. J. Fernandez

Continued on page 284

The
FINEST
FURNISHING
WARDROBE
a
man could
own

SHIRTS · SHORTS
PAJAMAS
of
SUDANETTE
A Man's Fabric

Obtainable only at the better men's wear departments and shops in your city. Shirts $5.00, Pajamas $7.50, Shorts $2.50.
AMERITEX • 253 CHURCH STREET • NEW YORK


The Country's Swayed by
TOWN SUEDE®
MUFFLERS

Soft, warm and authentically styled, Town Suede went to town in a big way this Fall with the nation's better-dressed men. And they'll set an even faster pace for Christmas giving! For day or evening, in an array of rich colors. Exclusively of DuPont rayon and exclusively at fine shops $3
"Look for "Town Suede" label when you buy
THE MADISON COMPANY
1440 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Howard Baer

O. K., dear, *you* give *me* the silver fox—and *I'll* give *you* that Filmo movie camera!

CHEER UP, brother . . . though you may have to dig deep to pay for the silver fox, that palm size Filmo Double 8 will cost very little indeed this Christmas! For we hasten to bring you the news of a *new* Double 8—the world's smallest fine movie camera—which takes full-color movies at snapshot cost . . . and its price is just $49.50!

If this is the baby's first Christmas tree . . . if there's a white-haired loved one who may be sharing Christmas with you . . . if there's a house full of fun and a tree to be stripped and youngsters in a joyous, rollicking, happy celebration—just the touch of a button—simplicity itself, and the whole scene is yours to keep forever in color movies. "*What you see, you get.*" Indoors or out, this companionable, jewel-fine camera makes brilliant, clear color movies at *snapshot cost.*

Complete with color-corrected anastigmat F 3.5 lens, it costs only $49.50 ready to use. Available also for this camera are interchangeable F 2.5 and extra fast Taylor-Hobson F 1.5 as well as telephoto lenses.

• •

The Filmo 121 is a magazine-loading 16 mm. camera which takes movies in full color or in black-and-white. Change from one to another at will. With F 1.5 Taylor-Hobson lens, only $117.50. With F 2.7 lens, $72.50.

Camera dealers and department stores everywhere will be glad to show these and other Filmo cameras to you. To be sure of Christmas delivery, see them soon!

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY

1827 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago

For 29 years the world's largest manufacturer of precision equipment for motion picture studios of Hollywood and the world

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-282

AND DOS GETS OURS

For once I disagree with you. That October editorial. Your public championing of Dos Passos I readily acclaim, but that you should deny him criticism . . . ! Would you honestly have us kowtow to him without the slightest thought on our part? Would you have us accept him implicitly, simply because his technique is revolutionary? It is because of the latter that we have to apply criticism to him, find out what are his artistic intentions, study the method he uses to achieve them, and judge for ourselves just how far he succeeds. Actually, I do not think Dos Passos is as important as you consider—and certainly nowhere near so important as James Joyce. But really, to drag in Keats! I thought Upton Sinclair had presented the last word on that problem with *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* thirty years ago. Let me ask you please to read Mr. Burton Rascoe's article again. He is very fair; it is the best piece ever penned on Dos Passos, a very true estimation. His suggestion that one should read the straight narrative from beginning to end, omitting the Newsreel and other sections, is really the best that can be made to the intending reader. It is the method that I myself finally devolved upon. Sure, I began by missing nothing, but on re-reading his books I found that by treating them in separate parts, they actually gained a greater sense of unity! Paradox. It seems that Dos Passos has said to himself: "I'll write about the times and show their effect on individual lives." So he pens individual narrative accounts and sandwiches between them snapshots of the contemporary scene. But the only effect the reader feels is one of broken sequences—not even an effect of jazz rhythm. What Dos Passos should do is to embody his newsreels, etc. in his narratives, and so make his book one continuous whole. True, his is a novel method, but it fails. He marshals his very excellent material and presents it to us as a novel, whereas the job is only half-completed. Instead of showing his newsreel and camera eye as separate portions of the same book, let me repeat, he needs to fuse both into his narratives so that the book forms a united, coalesced whole. And this, I imagine, is what Mr. Burton Rascoe means when he says that the critics are right and Dos Passos wrong.

However, Mr. Dos Passos need fear nothing—he has a powerful ally in ESQUIRE. When a revolutionary (artistically) writer manages to get his things published, he counts himself lucky. And when he receives payment . . . !

For yourselves, whether I agree with you or not, you get my money every time!

Cordially yours,
Cheshire, England W. J. BEAMAND

SORRY YOUR SCRIPT DIDN'T GET OVER

I started reading Andre Maurois' *The Odd Dollar* aloud to a friend and, before turning the page, stopped and bet my friend that the story was the hoary one of the counterfeit money. Together we outlined a version of the story and agreed that, of all stories which go by word of mouth, that one seemed to retain, from each teller, more identical details than any other. Then we finished the reading and found that even Maurois, who is supposed to have a creative imagination, could not change a single detail.

In other words, gentlemen, you've been taken in by a story that is done by every genius of the High School News for the Friday edition of the local paper. I had that story rejected by a pulp editor ten years ago with the remark: "My God! That thing here again!"

And that isn't all. The stories in the current (October) issue fall into two classes, both bad. There are, first, the poor imitations of the "incident" story which the little magazines (not STORY—look at MANUSCRIPT sometime) do so well. That type depends entirely on the writing; it must be vivid, convincing, give the reader such a distinct feeling that he is part of the lives of the characters that he forgets that nothing happened. In yours the reader feels only that—nothing happened. *The Golden Land, Summer's Lease* (which was a little above the average), *The Girl Who Made The Lions Frown, The First Client*, are in that class. Then the "plot" jobs, with the strong-arm stuff injected with a hypodermic to get ESQUIRE'S "tone" (your word). *I Didn't Get Over*, for instance. Was that supposed to curdle our spinal fluid? Because some men, through the stupidity of an officer, drowned? Were we supposed to be thrilled by an archaic O. Henry ending, and the thoroughly obsolete inverted method of telling the story?

In conclusion a reader comes from ESQUIRE with the feeling that everything he's read was artificial, blown up. That it was really "fiction" and had nothing real about it. Faked.

Yours truly,
Thomasville, Ga. ROBB WHITE

OLD FRIENDS, OLD BOOKS, OLD WINE

The story entitled *The Odd Dollar* appearing in your October issue is really good. It always was good. I'm not sure whether O. Henry was the first to tell it, but it was good when he wrote it, and it is highly probable it first attained nation-wide circulation in his books. Although not so wordy as M. Andre Maurois' rewrite. You ought to carry an O. Henry story every month, to add tone to your magazine—with an occasional credit to the author, by way of variety.

Yours for the perpetuation of the classics,
Dearborn, Mich. CHARLES A. BIERMA

IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA

May I protest against certain grave inaccuracies in an article of your October issue, *New Clues to the Oldest Mystery* by William Moulton Marston.

As the designer of the electrical equipment used by Dr. Hallowell Davis at the Harvard Medical School, the first installation in this country, as well as of the majority of similar outfits, I am qualified to state that while our electroencephalograph indicates the electrical activity of the brain, it is quite impossible to determine with it the nature of thoughts. The name "Electric Mind Reader" gives a wholly false impression of the nature and scope of our investigations. Our instrument is similar in principle to an electrocardiograph, although more sensitive. It amplifies and records the electrical potentials of the brain, which is not different from any other living cell in that varying electrical charges are to be found associated with its activity.

We hope to develop the instrument so that it will be valuable, like the electrocardiograph, in diagnosing disease conditions and pointing the way to possible curative measures. We regret any publicity which may give a false impression of our purpose.

Very truly yours,
LOVETT GARCEAU
Consulting Engineer,
Electro-Medical Laboratory,
Incorporated.
Diamond Hill, R. I.

WOULD THAT HELP THE MAJOR?

In your October issue you might try placing the American Flag on the right of the regimental flag in the color guard on page 44.

Yours truly,
Brooklyn, N. Y. R. O. T. C.

ARGENTINES ARE SMOOTH

As a resident of Havana, Cuba, for more than twelve years and an American citizen, I believe that I am entirely within my rights in saying that the recent article entitled, *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, which appeared in your magazine is a deliberate misrepresentation of the Cuban people and an insult to them as well. I may add that it certainly did not have that essence of good will which our president has so many times pleaded for.

Looking at the article for a political viewpoint it seems that ESQUIRE could have done a little better for itself than that. Of course, the fact that it was intended to raise interest does not excuse the Editor for using it. There are many men and women going hungry today who could write an article entitled, *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, and still remain in the class above those whom we call "Morons."

But I will not waste your time yelling about something that cannot be repaired. I would, however like to add this:

I agree with the author that the Cubans are not the best lovers in the world but I will add that the best ones still are Latin Americans. They are the Argentines.

If the young lady or man who wrote the article would take the time to learn the Spanish language I am sure she would have a different outlook on the whole affair.

I hate to say this but from the impressions she has had of the Cubans I must say that he or she has not been running around with a very high class bunch. From the description it sounded just like a bunch of those cheap mulattos and "indecentes" that hang around "barrios." We call them in Cuba: "Gente del Barrio." These people who wait patiently for each boatload of American "Suckers" are well versed in what it takes to take an American. They can either pose as Cubans of Spanish descent who have lost their money in sugar and are living on their family background or they can be "pepillitos" who make their living off of the thrill-loving American women who believe them to be the soul of romance.

It is these people who are giving Cuba the name of which she should be well ashamed, Spics.

The author of that article is not the first to come back with that same opinion. I would advise a more careful study of Cuban life and Cuban customs.

It is a well-known fact that the Cubans are more outspoken on sexual matters than the average person but that does not necessarily mean that they are evil minded. The Rumba, a really suggestive dance in which the male partner is supposed to be trying to rape the female in tune to the music, has been taken from the Cubans and turned into a more disgusting dance by the Americans. The Rumba to a Cuban is like a fox-trot to us. It does not bring out any thought of sex or otherwise.

As my father is a Spaniard I can tell you from experience that there are no men as thoughtful and loving as fathers than they.

If you would take the trouble to study the faces and approximate height of the Spaniards whose pictures appear daily in connection with the Civil War now going on in Spain you would see whether or not they could be classified as handsome or not. The author seems to think that the bunch of half-breeds that make Havana a city of some five hundred thousand are Latin-Americans. I would ask the author if he or she has ever been down the country in Cuba? Has he or she ever met a real Cuban "guajiro?" The real Cuban who cannot tell you who is president, whose only interest is in work, and his family, and his home?

Finally, I would ask this Expert on Love to attend a showing of some Argentine motion-picture with me (after she or he knows Spanish). If they do not agree that it is one of the smoothest pieces of acting, I give up.

The one picture I am thinking of is *Boliche* with a cast of all-Argentine actors. And if this author still is doubtful, I would ask her to see one of Carlos Gardel's pictures. Unfortunately, Gardel was killed last year in an airplane crash in Colombia. He was one of the best Spanish singers and actors I have ever known. You can get one of his records, *Vuelta Abajo*, and *El Dia que Me Quieres*, from Victor and Co. His smooth Spanish, as only the Argentines speak it, is really a treat to those who understand. The Argentines speak Spanish as it should be spoken for romance, why they even accent it to fit. Come on, let's have a little apology from your magazine, I got so mad when I read that I felt like stopping my subscription.

Sincerely,
Miami, Fla. ARTHUR PRADO

WE'D RATHER WRITE GRAY'S ELEGY

Are you aware of the fact that some years ago your beloved country bought, by cheque, some ice, mountains, gold and Christmas trees from Russia; and if that cheque were cashed today, it might buy a small bridge and a package of cigarettes, but no more?

Do you know what the Taku is? Have you ever heard of Martin Isjen and his street car?

Do you know how many people left Minnesota to take up Alaskan homes on a government venture not so long ago, and do you know how they are making out?

Do you know the story of Soapy Smith, and are you aware of the inaccuracies in the story printed about his skull that appeared in a couple of American Two-Bit Digests lately?

And if you can't answer all of these questions with an immediate "yes," don't you think you had better print something to clear up this All-American ignorance about this important part of the U. S. A.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR MCARTHUR
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

DO YOU CARE FOR FLORIDA ORANGES?

Heaven forbid that I should ever become a fan magazine writer—but frankly, only appreciation and loyalty moves me to succumb.

Running a large cattle ranch is no easy job for a woman but with the aid of ESQUIRE and a good old Mexican cook I manage to keep the cowboys satisfied from month to month.

I have been reading ESQUIRE for nearly two years—particularly interested in *The Sound and Fury*—enjoying the reaction of other readers "for and against" the magazine in general—sometimes myself trying to struggle through Ernest Hemingway and his articles.

I have even gone so far as to leave the article flat—on the bunk house steps—for the cow-boys to figure out.

Along comes your October issue with John Steinbeck and his *Lonesome Vigilante* backing Mr. Hemingway right off the front page—was that a shock and a relief.

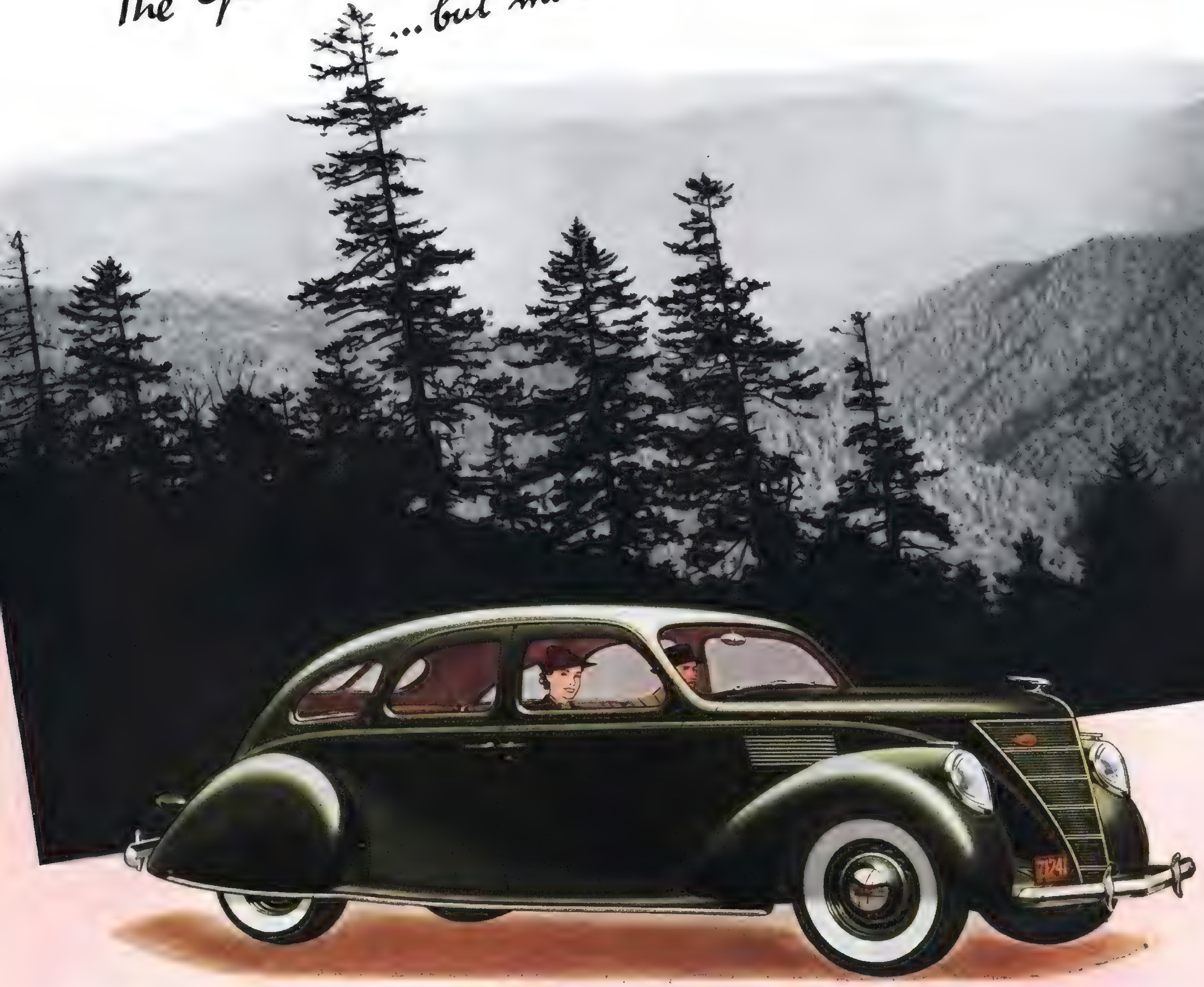
Now Mr. Steinbeck is a native also of Monterey Co.— hails from a town called Salinas—which only a few short years ago was known as the greatest cowtown in California—but now they call it the city of Green Gold—(lettuce lands messed it all up).

Naturally my loyalty is great, and hoping that Mr. Steinbeck continues to be a constant contributor.

Gratefully yours,
MERCEDES MATTHEWS
San Carlos Rancho
Monterey County, Calif.

Continued on page 286

"The Great Smokies are mountains to us ... but molehills to the Lincoln-Zephyr"



A NEW kind of car is on the roads today. In appearance, construction, performance, it is years ahead. Eventually, other cars may approach its balanced excellence.... But why wait? Why not drive a LINCOLN-ZEPHYR today?

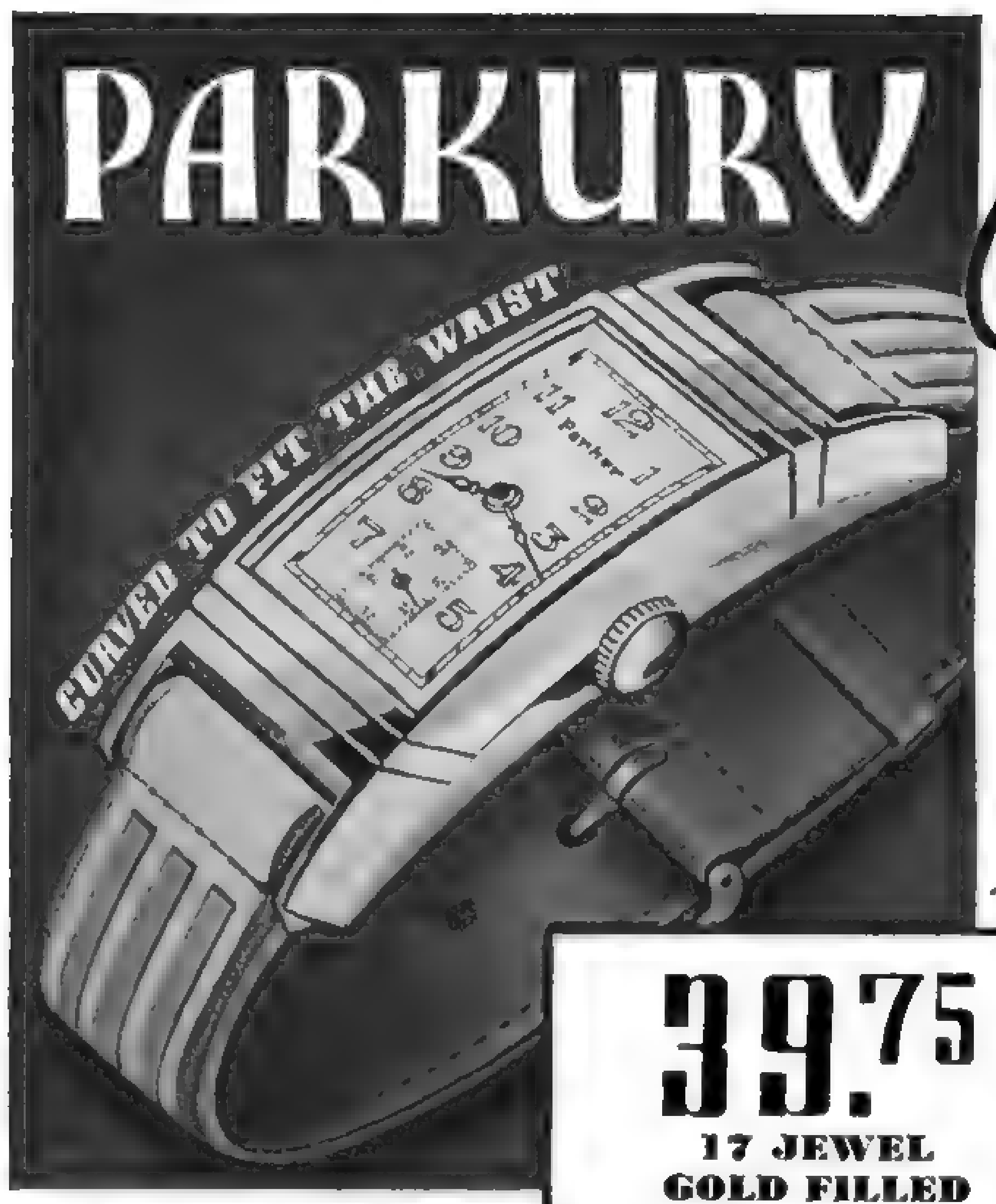
It is a new idea to put a Lincoln-designed-and-built twelve-cylinder engine in a car of medium price. Because of low ratio of car's weight to the engine's 110 horsepower, wheels have wings, even in climbing the great Smokies. It is an unheard-of thing for a twelve-cylinder engine to run from 14 to 18 miles on a gallon of gas. Yet this one does!

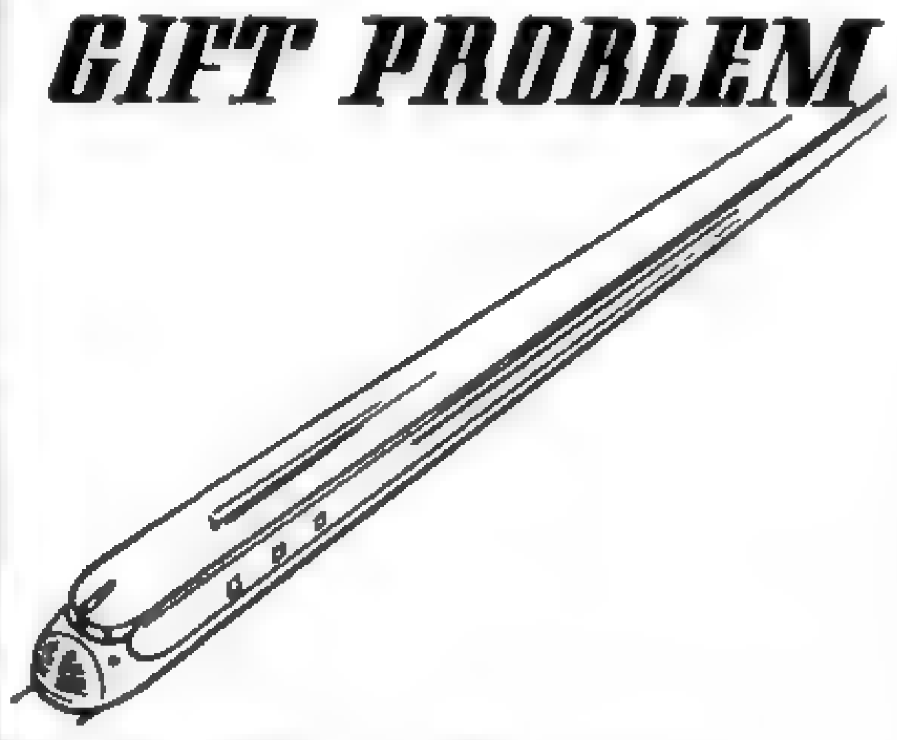
Streamlining, beautiful to the eye, has a deeper meaning in the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR. Body and frame are one, a rigid structure, and a safe one. The LINCOLN-ZEPHYR is a big car. The wheelbase is 122 inches, springbase 133 inches. All passengers ride "amidships." . . . Inherent in the design of the car is the new and refreshing rhythm of motoring. If you are at all like other owners, you will find yourself going places more in this new kind of car — and that those places seem much nearer!

Prices for 1937 are reduced. Designed by Lincoln, built with Lincoln precision, the LINCOLN-ZEPHYR is priced well below its specifications. Lincoln Motor Company, builders of Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr motor cars.

PRICED FROM $1090 F. O. B. DETROIT

Lincoln Zephyr V-12





..SOLVES THE Christmas GIFT PROBLEM

39.75 17 JEWEL GOLD FILLED This Christmas you can give the smartest, most ingenious watch ever designed. PARKURV is *curved* to fit the wrist, and is as modern and breezy as a streamlined Zephyr train. See this watch at your jeweler's. Other PARKER models priced from $10.50 to $100.00. Write today for new illustrated folder.

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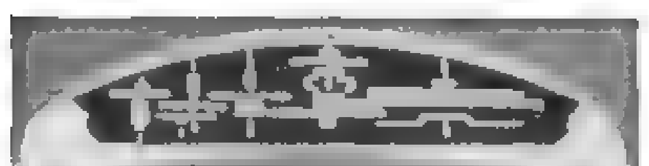
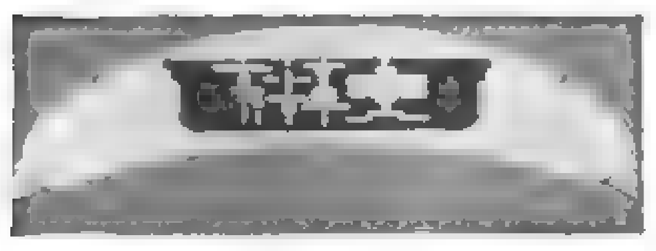
Parker



PARKURV WAY



OLD TYPE

An entirely new principle of watch construction . . . observe how the PARKURV movement is semi-curved to fit the case. A watch of fine precision . . . absolutely dependable. In the charm and color of natural gold.

THE WATCH WITH THE *Micro-Synchronized* BALANCE

HOW TO CHECK WINTER'S WINDS

(1) Finest 100% all-wool yarns.
(2) Styled by "Red" Newsom.
(3) Flexible, springy, shape retaining.
(4) Ravel, wrinkle and threadbare resistant.
(5) Extra warm, scientifically weather-proofed.
(6) Soft, light in weight, free-and-easy.
(7) Absolute three-year service pledge.

• The coat illustrated ($37.50) is of "Bradlifleece," a blend of the most rugged wools grown. Offers maximum resistance to hard use. Nap won't wear down. The year-after-year coat.

At stores interested in giving you the maximum in wear and comfort at a reasonable price.

The Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.

TOPCOATS AND OVERCOATS

"Slip into a Bradley"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-282-284

CUBAN COURTESY

I'd be willing to pay $10 for every Cuban under 5 ft. 4 in. if I were paid $5 for every Cuban over 5 ft. 6 in. The size does not mean anything; the courage means all; and very often we see little fellows beat big guys, and sometimes we see little nations like Belgium (it is a coincidence that Belgium is almost Latin) stop a powerful nation like Germany, to give time to other little fellows, the Frenchmen, to show to the world that courage means more than size and power.

Due to the warm weather all year around the Cubans cannot eat great amounts of food, and their hips and bellies never get abnormally developed. Very few cross-eyed you will find, unless you run around with the "gigolos" who make a living of the unwept, unhonored and unsung North American girls who go to Cuba looking for romance, as if romance could be bought or produced at will. Those people are worse, very much worse, than you can ever imagine. They have their teeth dazzling with gold and have oily hair (this custom came from the United States with the famous Valentino) and they are very liberal with the money of their generous girl friends. Of course they will not invite you home for dinner because they live in tenement houses or they eat at some prostitute friend's house, when they eat.

The writer is almost right when she says that the Cuban spends plenty of time on the subject of sex. There is some time spent in words and a short time spent in action, unless it is possible to start action without any other preliminary acquaintance.

The Cubans eye every good looking woman passing by, as other people in other countries look at every good looking automobile or anything else.

I think it foolish to treat about the matter further by mail, and I ask the writer for the honor of a meeting at Chicago any week end, at the ESQUIRE offices or any other place she mentions. I would like to fix a date to meet at Havana, where I could take her to the right places, and through the Cuban courtesy let her know whatever she wants and let her realize any kind of experiment with any one. But she can be sure I won't take her to the same places she has been before, as you wouldn't take me to the places in Chicago where the gangsters get together and prepare their activities.

In a very short time in the United States I don't pretend to know how to write in English, but just hope to be understood. Do I succeed?

Very truly,
Hamilton, Ohio R. S. RUIBAL

EXCELSIOR

Just read your article entitled *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* and unlike my ill-mannered and more impulsive fellow Cubans who prohibited the sale of your October issue in Havana, I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for such a highly amusing masterpiece. The reason why it was censored may well be attributed to the fact that we Cubans can get damned indignant at the least indication of ingratitude.

Since I have spent nearly half my life in this country, I consider myself properly qualified to make this public apology in the name of my countrymen and thus avoid all possibility of misunderstanding and ill feeling between two such friendly nations. I publicly apologize to Miss ESQUIRE and all those ladies who at sometime or another did not receive adequate attention in Cuba. I do so for the sake of peace, our tourist trade, the Reciprocity Treaty, and the presidential election. If not, just think what would become of the thousands of American beauties who travel to Cuba every year in search of perfume, Bacardi and romance all for sixty-five dollars including shore trips . . . we would choke in sugar and really have something to holler about!

The trouble with Miss ESQUIRE was that she overlooked one thing, otherwise she would have been a little fairer and not quite as vindictive. The game of love, be it played in Cuba or atop Manhattan—in the company of some robust Irish American as Miss ESQUIRE likes to imagine it—is a game of two and among the more refined, it involves quality and quantity . . . not Irish American quantity alone!

To put it differently, Cubans are accustomed to high spirited Cuban thoroughbreds, so that to do well with imported mares of a nordic breed generally used to heavy loads, becomes indeed a very difficult task . . . they just will not respond to neck reigning! Again Cubans possess an indomitable democratic spirit and prefer to choose their own horses, women and governments, tolerating at no time high pressured outside influences. In the case of a lady researcher of Miss ESQUIRE's undisputed ability, there is still something else to take in consideration. In Cuba the division between Amateurism and Professionalism is so sharp that the United States Olympic Committee may even take it as something to shoot at.

Again may I say how deeply I regret Miss ESQUIRE's unfortunate scientific escapade and as in the past so in the future may Cubans continue to strive to please, (for we have courage!) and live up to our world-wide recognized hospitality and obliging disposition.

Onward ESQUIRE with your highly commendable work . . . may you always seek truth, but while you are still looking for it, a word of advice to your many readers—don't Go South young man, don't Go South; you would never make the grade!

New York, N. Y. GOAR MESTRE

WHERE IT HURTS

I have just finished reading the article published in the October issue of the ESQUIRE Magazine entitled *Latins Are Lousy Lovers.* I am surprised you have authorized the publication of such an article in your magazine. I used to buy your magazine every month; but now, as well as many of my friends, about twenty-five in total have stopped buying it. The article places our race in a very low grade, our people is not like that, and you should have found out before the publishing of that insulting article, it hurts our integrity a great deal. You should know that in all countries you find all kind of people, and the writer of that article has chosen the worst kind of our population; furthermore he has not had the courage to make his name appear on the top of the page, we Cubans do not do that, we publish our names; but fortunately we do not write such articles on the people of another nation. An anonymous, you ought to know, is the nastiest job for a man when writing and publishing such an insulting and outrageous stuff; it is a mock to our people as a whole, to our ancestors, to our patriots.

I have attended two of the best schools in North America and when I returned to Cuba, my best words of kindness for Americans were heard from my lips, I qualified you Americans with the best adjectives, and now I find an American (anonymous) who is afraid, a coward, to publish his name, writing an article that really hurt all our hearts. We are sorry for your magazine, and later when many Cubans read the article, there is no doubt they will write you about it, and no doubt you will lose 50% of the sale.

I give you my address at the bottom of this page, in case that you wish to take the trouble of writing me.

Thank you for you attention.

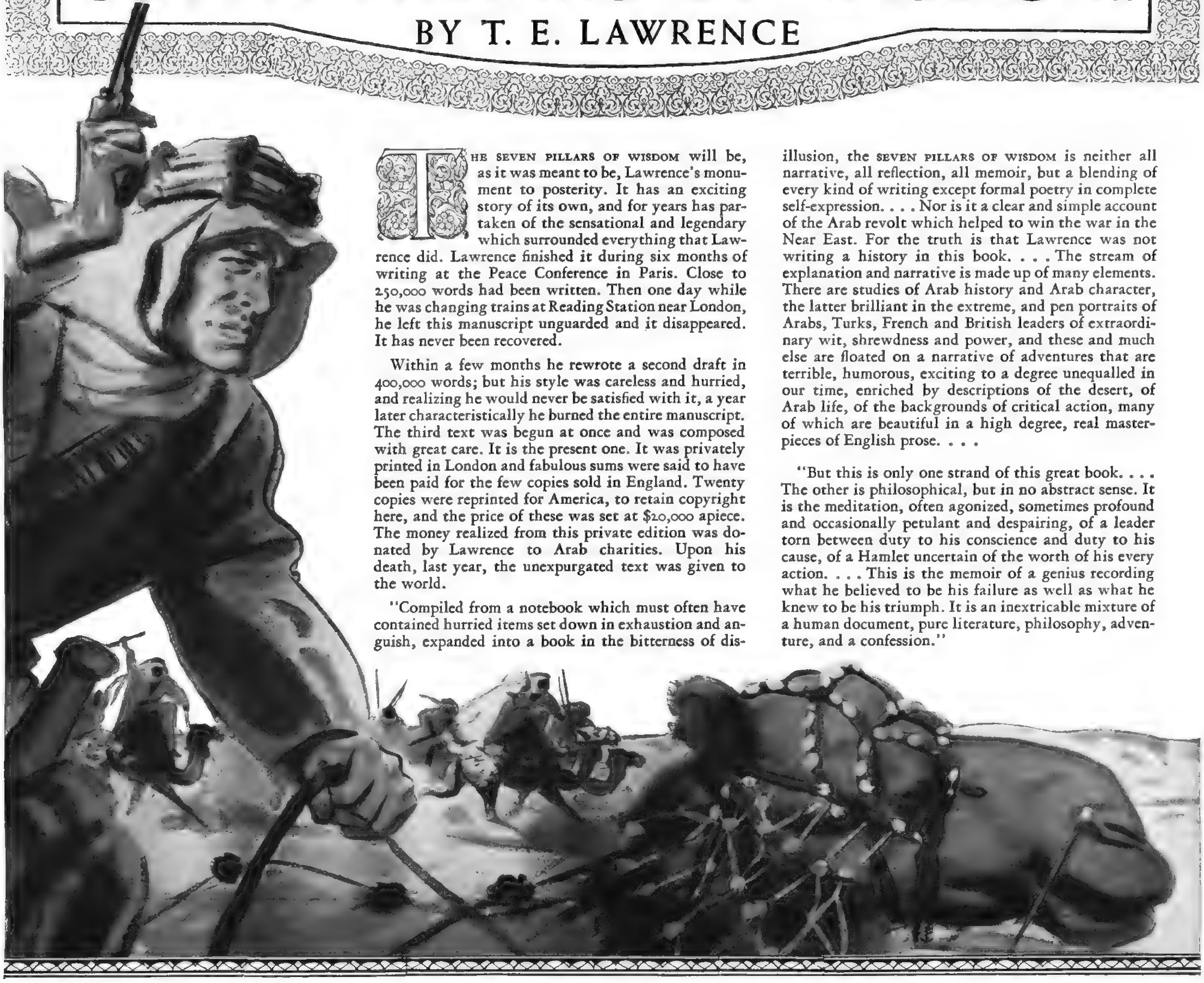
Yours very truly,
RAFAEL E. FERNÁNDEZ
Camagüey, Cuba

FREE... FOR YOUR LIBRARY

—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies that were priced at $20,000 each. Unexpurgated and identical with the original text is this special edition of the famous

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

BY T. E. LAWRENCE



THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were reprinted for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. The money realized from this private edition was donated by Lawrence to Arab charities. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Compiled from a notebook which must often have contained hurried items set down in exhaustion and anguish, expanded into a book in the bitterness of disillusion, the SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM is neither all narrative, all reflection, all memoir, but a blending of every kind of writing except formal poetry in complete self-expression. . . . Nor is it a clear and simple account of the Arab revolt which helped to win the war in the Near East. For the truth is that Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, and a confession."

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She's No Longer Faithful If—

Infinite are the ways of the wayward and definite are the mis-plays that betray her

by MARCEL DESAGE

• ARTICLE •

176 You decide, once upon a time, to drop in unexpectedly upon your mistress, but your worst hopes are not realized, and no one but she herself could possibly be present in her apartment. But there is something curious:

Gone is every evidence of your presence: your dressing gown from its accustomed hook in the bathroom, your picture from the wall, and your pipe from the fireplace. (These things disturb the ardor of her other lover.)

177 Her lover seems to be Monsieur "C." This gentleman lives, as you suspect, at 147 rue Grenelle. You tell your mistress that you are both going to visit friends living at 151 rue Grenelle, but in stepping into the taxi, you inadvertently say "147 rue Grenelle." ("He" is invariably home at this time.) Thereupon she says "Oh NO Henri, you distinctly said that our friends, the Duvals, live at *151* rue Grenelle, *not 147*!" You insist, however, that it is 147, and that you remember exactly. Thereupon she becomes so excited, involves herself in such a quarrel with you about so trivial a matter, that she insists upon stepping out of the cab—and taking another cab home.

178 A variation of the above is slightly more complicated and needs a slight prearrangement with the taxi-driver, who in this case will now be standing in front of your Parisian house. As you go out of the door you say, "Darling, I think I have forgotten the Duval's number . . . will you please run back and look in my address-book, to make certain?" She does go back and finds that the Duval's number is 151 rue Grenelle (you have written down this address out of the purest fiction . . . there are no Duvals at this number) but she does unsuspectingly give this number to the taxi-driver. He, however drives you right in front of 147 rue Grenelle. You get out and wish to ring the bell, when she suddenly freezes to her tracks and says "HENRI . . . *that is not the right house!*" This is *your* signal to *quarrel very loudly* with her . . . you have, you assert, been to the Duvals often enough to know where they live. You *will* ring the doorbell.

Now only one of three things can happen:—(1) she will depart hastily; (2) people will accumulate during the squabble, and a gendarme will come along and ring M. "C's" bell for you to determine the matter, or (3) she will allow you to ring the doorbell and so allow herself to be recognized or not recognized by the astonished and off-guard M. "C."

179 "He," the suspect, lives across the hall. Every time you go to work in the morning, his door is slightly ajar. Every time you come home at night, his door is firmly closed. He is at home all day long. He is handsome. Your wife is pretty. Some day open one of those little crumpled notes in his mailbox.

180 It seems as if your friend "S" has been misconducting himself with the pretty young wife of a poor young artist. Unintentionally you overhear your mistress giving him a browbeating and, surprized and intrigued, you edge over nearer.

"Lay off her, Ed; she's too young to know just what she's doing. Be a squareshooter for just once!"

How should she know (as you know) that "Ed" (!) is not a "squareshooter"—particularly with his women? Moreover, "S" and your mistress have, she has led you to believe, met for the first time last week.

181 Your fourteen-year-old daughter has either developed a most tremendous crush upon "Z" (the young and handsome family friend) or something else, perhaps even more fantastic. She has never loved your wife, her stepmother, but recently she has become inseparable from her, particularly when "Z" is present. You are mystified until one day when "Z" is almost killed by a falling flowerpot coming from the top of the roof, missing him only by a hairbreadth.

182 She personally destroys the blotting paper upon her desk after every long session she spends there.

183 She has always hated the subway, but recently she practically never rides in her own luxurious private car, nor even in a convenient taxi, but she invariably disappears into one of these milling, crowded labyrinths, the heartbreak and Nemesis of many a private detective.

184 All three of you are drawing pictures upon the paper tablecloth of the sidewalk cafe. You write something and tear it off. Passing it to her, you say, "I've read these words somewhere before but I cannot remember just where." If she reads the scrap of paper, innocently mystified, and passes it on to your friend, she is faithful. If, however, she is somewhat startled, and passes the slip on to him only after you have suggested to her that she do so, then she is guilty. For upon this piece of paper is written a phrase which is neatly tattooed just below his navel. He was once a sailor.

185 The picture of a little boy of four (evidently taken away back in the gay nineties) which she always carries about in her locket, is not the picture of her father, but a picture of "him." Look at it closely.

186 Your mistress has always been content with the name "Alice Smith." But her recent stationery from Miami this winter is engraved "Alyse Smythe" although she still signs herself "Alice" *to you.*

187 The house is full of cigarettes, aspirins, toothpaste, and soap; still she must go out at least once a day to buy at least one of these things at the corner drugstore. (She makes phone calls she cannot make at home.)

188 Sometimes women are incredibly naïve, and they would not get away with half the things they do get away with if it were not for the fact that men are even more naïve. One of woman's naïvities is believing that by insulting her lover in front of you, she will mislead you. That she succeeds is only by a miracle for indeed one glance at the gentleman is usually enough to show that he has retained that perfect equanimity of a man who is quite sure of such a woman enough excited by him to insult him. Woman's weapon is disdain, not insult.

189 Everytime she stays unexpectedly overnight with her girl friend, she buys a new and expensive nightgown, although she already has many of them, and her girl friend would have been glad to lend her one should she have wished it.

190 Last year the handsome young neighbor next door was a very annoying peeping-Tom who used binoculars whenever your beautiful wife was even partially visible. This year she never closes the curtains, and disrobes in stark open view, but now he does not even deign to give her a glance as he sits reading his newspaper upon the side-veranda.

191 "X" is visiting your house. Your wife has always objected to *every single one of your men friends,* but here, thank Heaven, is one that she seems to like. She says nothing more about him than this: he is strong and healthy, and he has marvelous teeth. She never cheats at cards with you, but she does not mind if he catches her cheating for money stakes.

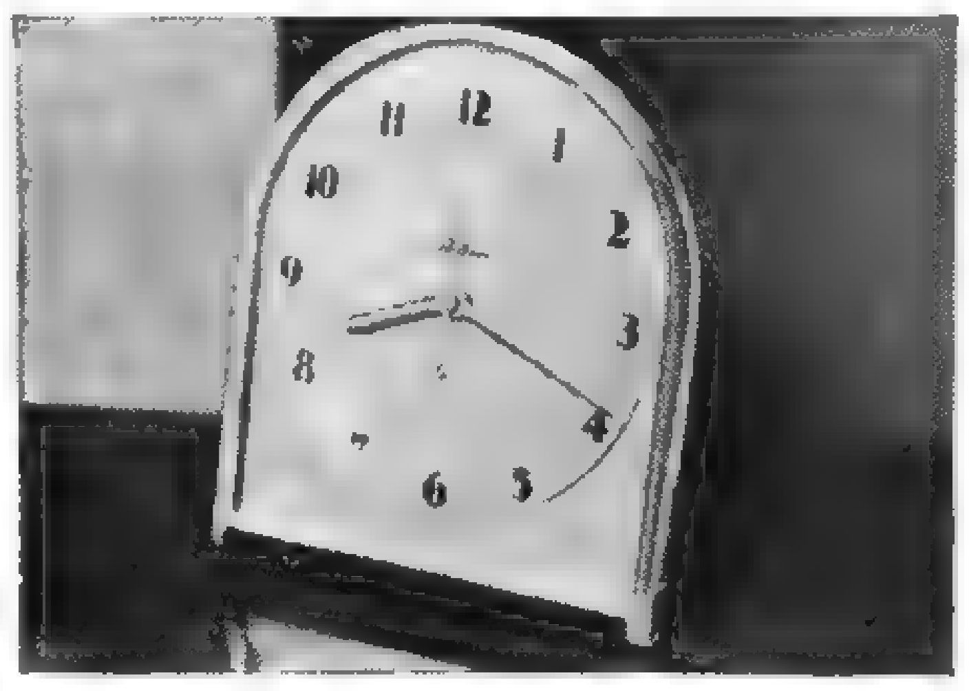
192 She has been absent many months, and has arrived home this moment. The first thing she asks for is a hot bath, the second thing, some hot tea, and the third thing, a bed, in which she goes promptly to sleep.

193 With apparent nonchalance she rises lazily and puts on her coat. "I *almost forgot,* Marian is expecting me this evening." Still she has surreptitiously looked at her watch at least a dozen times during the past fifteen moments so as not to be a moment late . . . for Marian who is invariably an hour late herself.

Continued on page 290

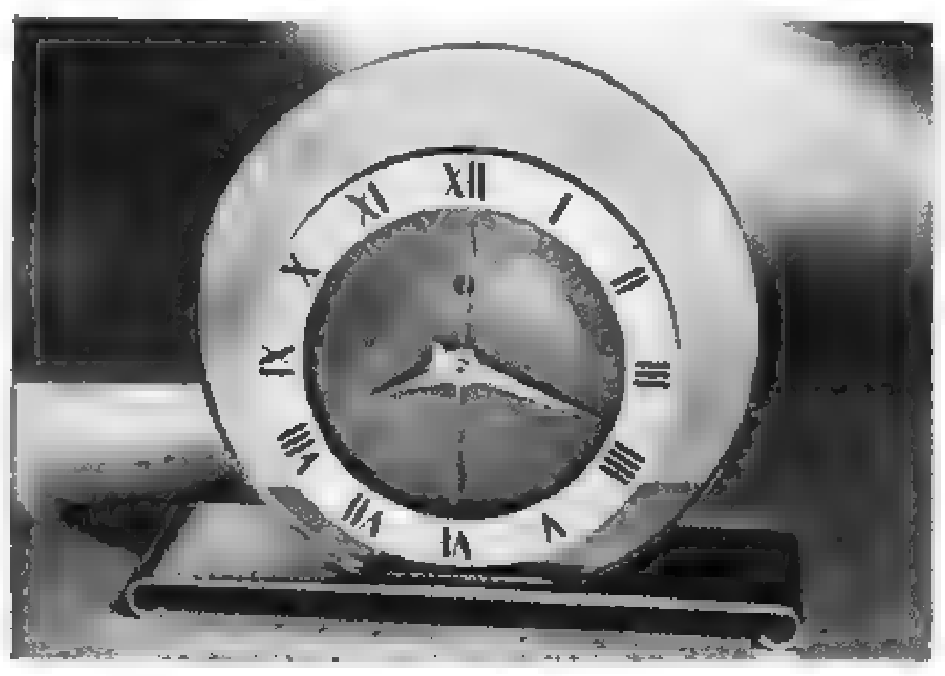
A HANDY HELPMEET FOR CHRISTMAS GIVERS

(JUST WRITE THE NAME BENEATH THE *Telechron* CLOCK)



EMBASSY, a French easel-type clock. Suitable for any room in the house. Priced at $6.75

FOR ______________



LUXOR, an exquisite clock for milady's boudoir. The case comes in blue, amber or clear glass, with a mirror finish. Priced at $9.95

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BARON, a smart "numeral" clock at a modest price. The case is of molded plastic in either black or mottled brown $8.95

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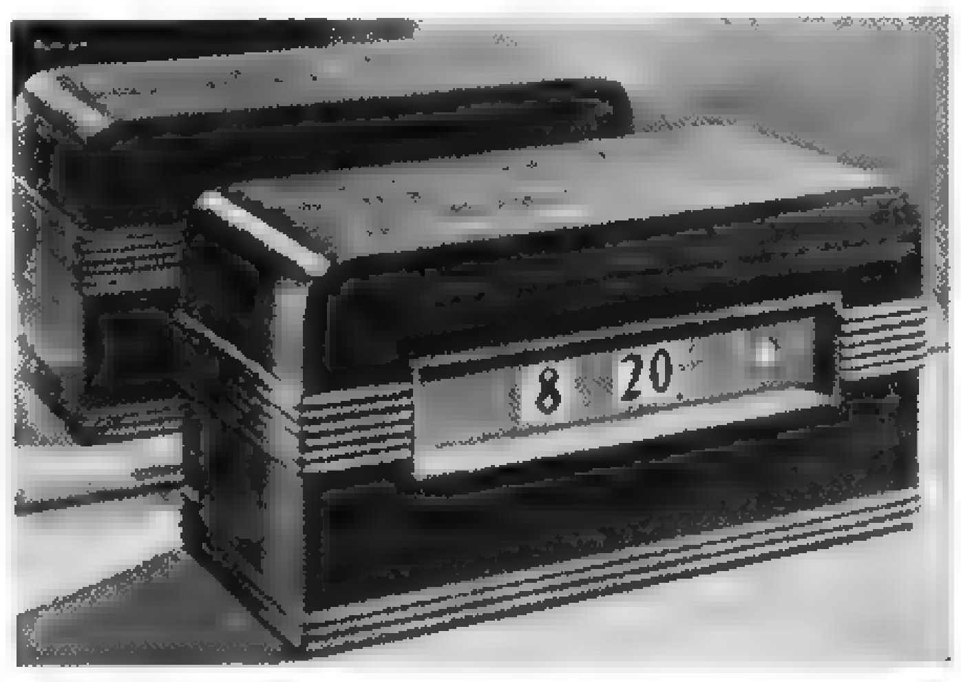

TRIBUTE, a modern clock for a modern setting. The cleverly designed case is of fine walnut with overlays of light maple . . . $12.50

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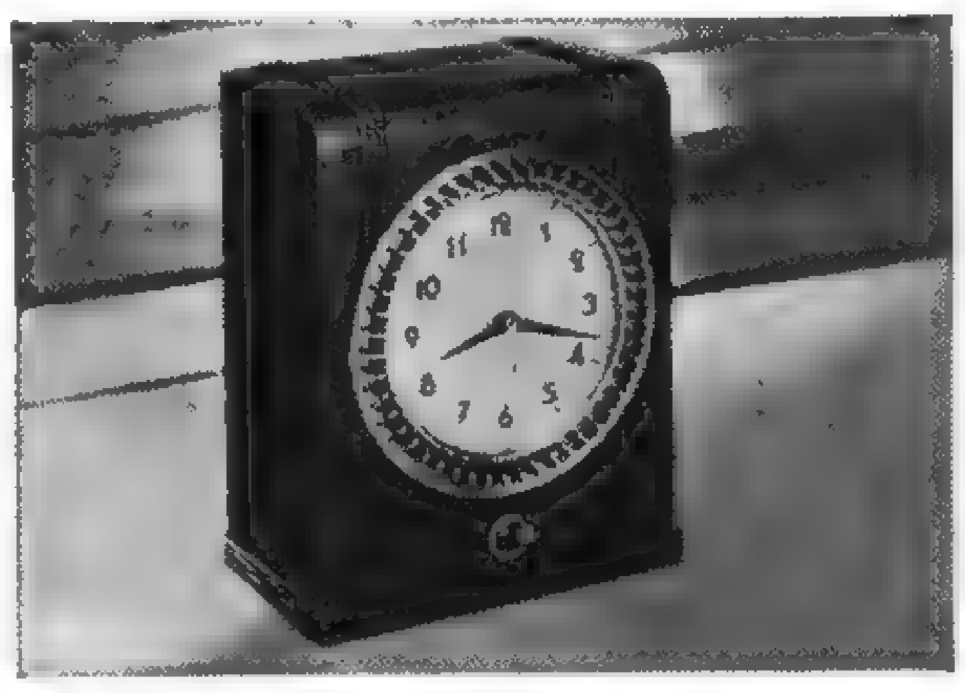

ORGANIZER, a "household timer" that is versatile! Once set, it will turn radio programs on and off, all by itself! Just $9.95

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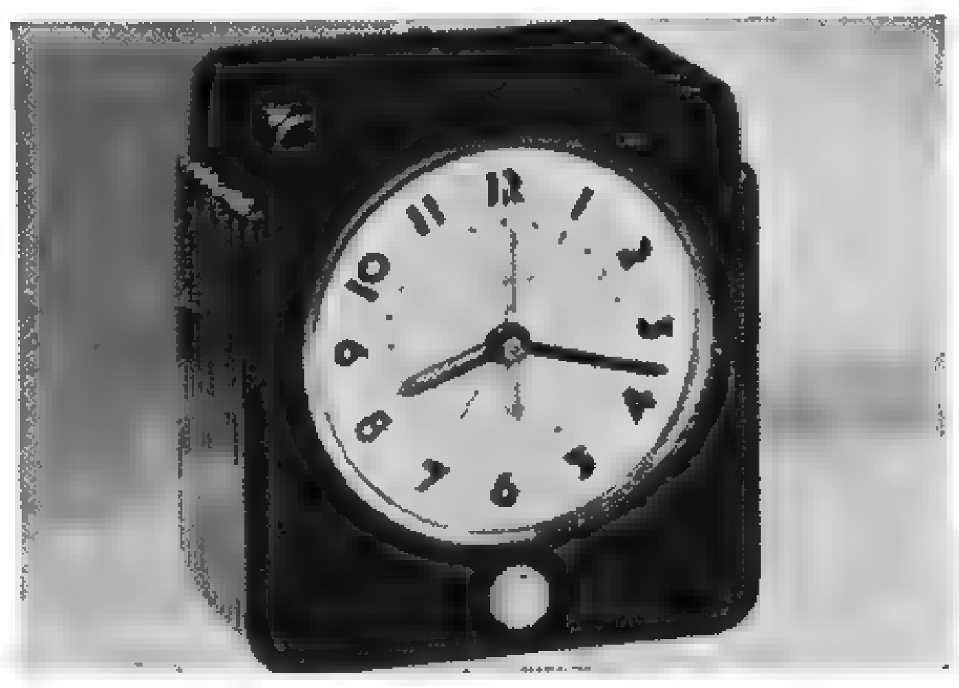

CLARION, a new automatic 24-hour alarm. Molded black plastic case. Priced at $6.50

THRUSH, luminous dial, $7.50. RISEWELL, electrically illuminated dial, $8.50.

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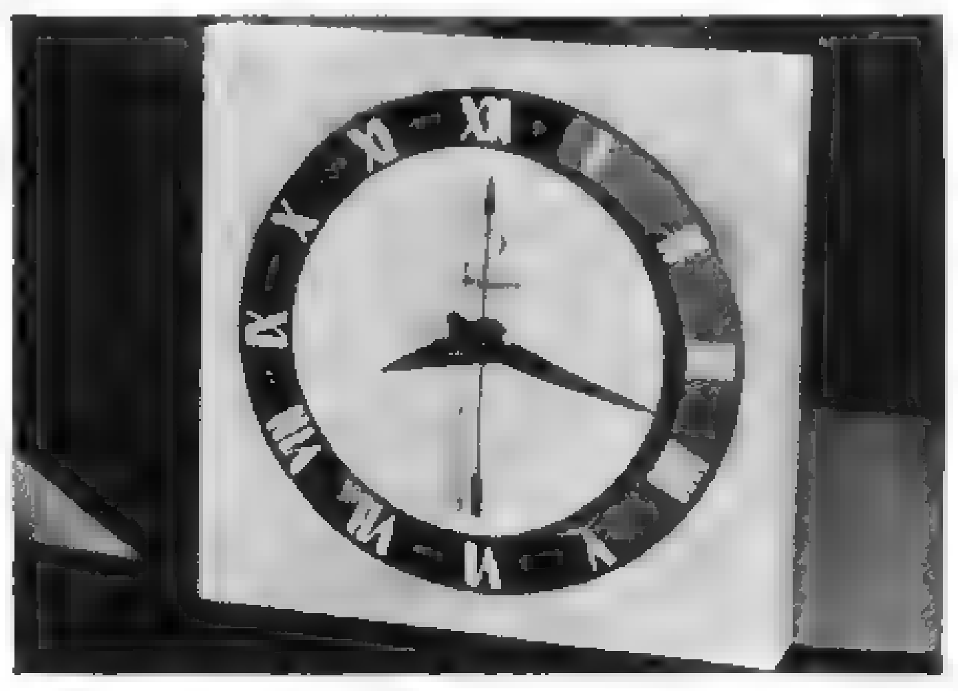

AIRLUX is a *grand* gift clock. Rich white or mottled onyx case. And it costs only . . $12.50

AIRMAN, maple or walnut case, $6.75
AIRLARM, same model with alarm, $9.95

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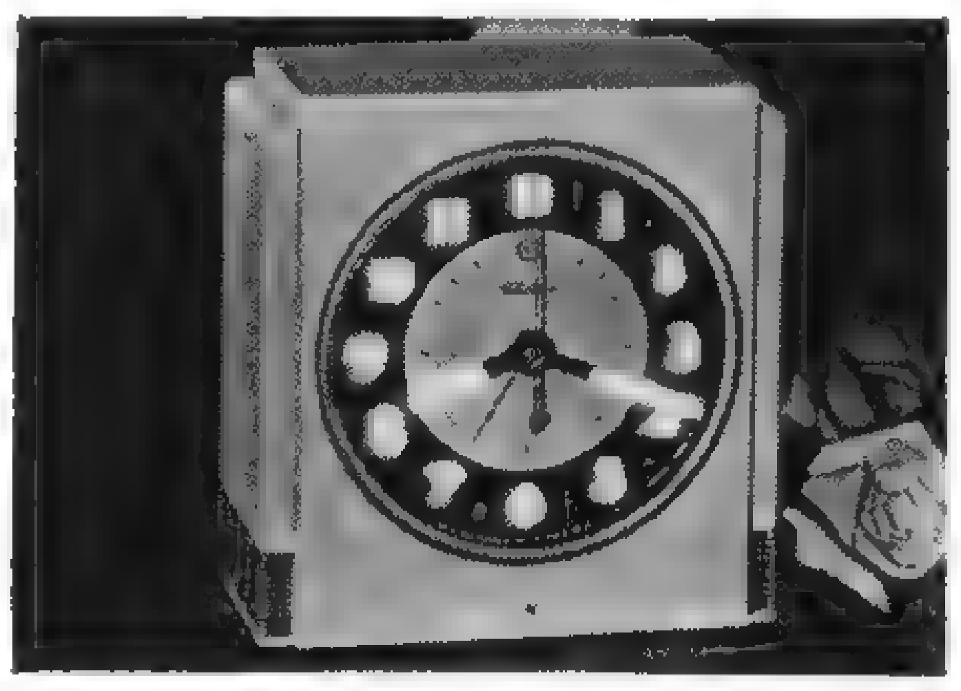

SPARKLER, an efficient luminous-dial alarm. Plastic case, in black or ivory colors. Black case $5.95

Ivory molded case, $6.50

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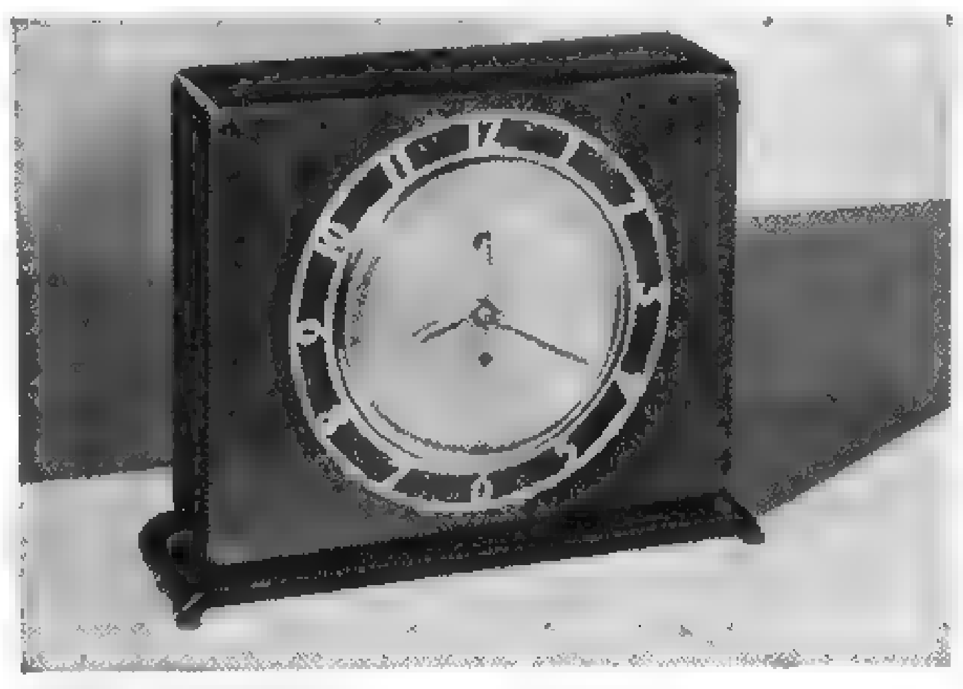

TRAYMORE, a smartly conservative model. Brown mahogany case with black molded base. An appropriate gift for only $8.50

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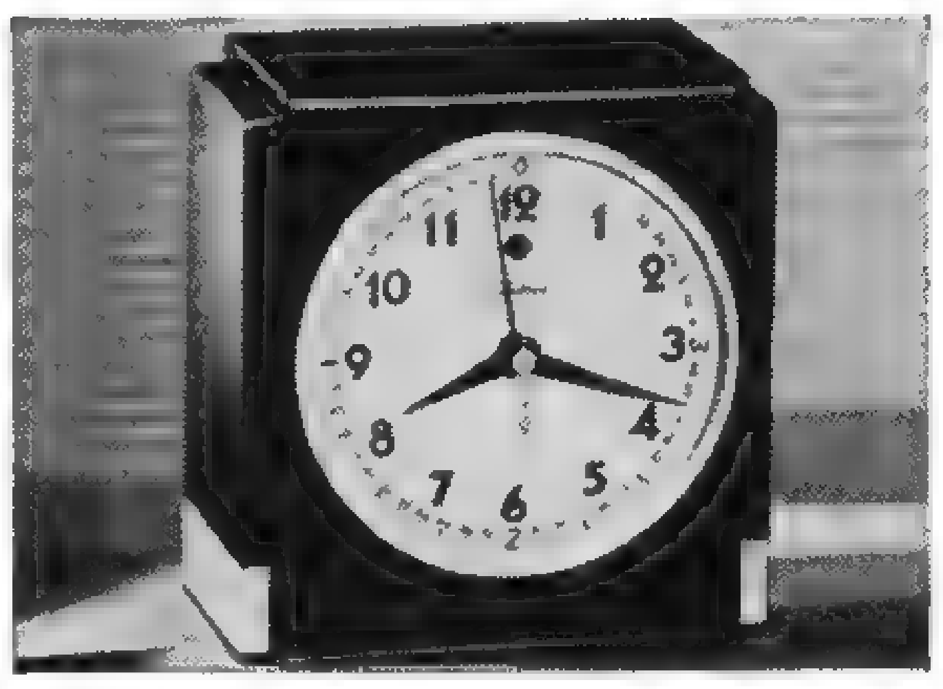
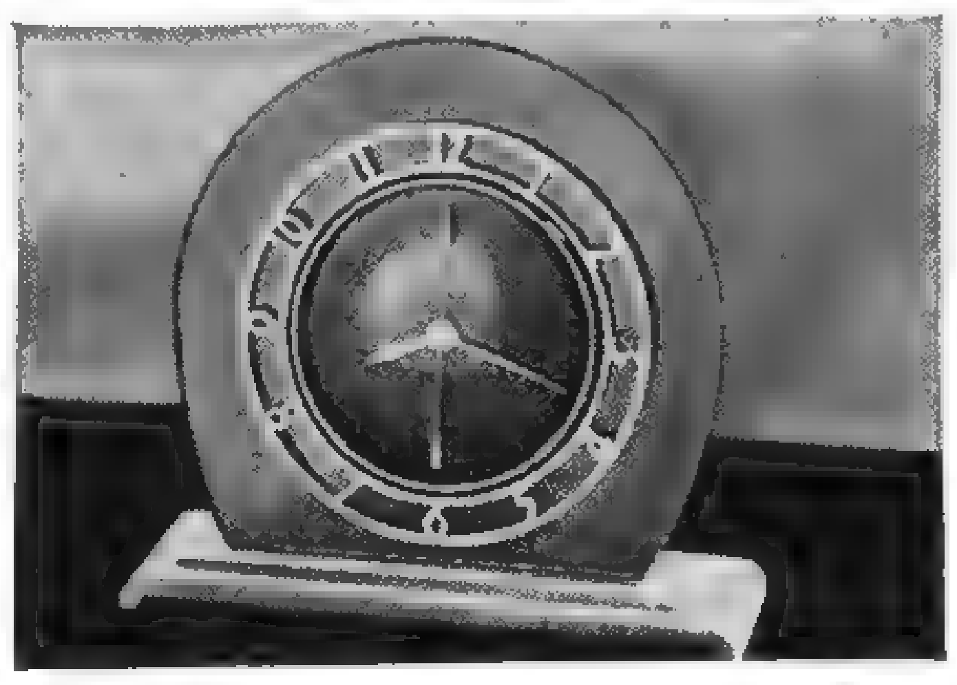


ADVISOR, a new kitchen "reminder" clock. A special hand sets the alarm at five-minute intervals. Ideal for timing steaks, etc. . . . $4.95

FOR ______________

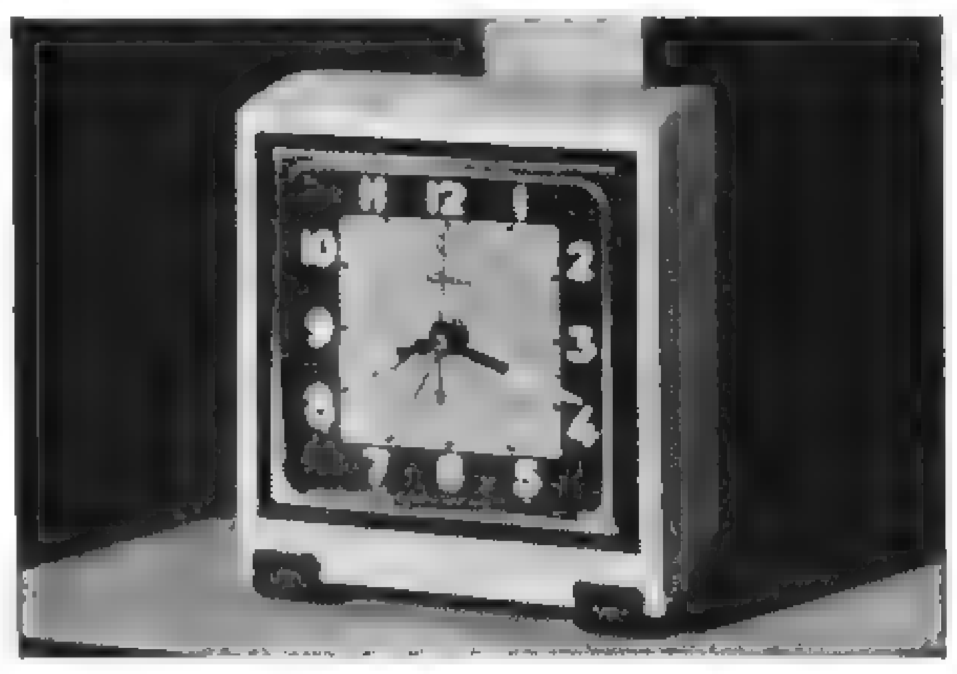


CASINO, a charming clock that looks well in many settings. Case is in either blue or amber glass with a mirror finish. Only $7.95

FOR ______________

GRACEWOOD. This graceful modern tambour model has a brown mahogany case and a cherry base. For mantel or desk $8.95

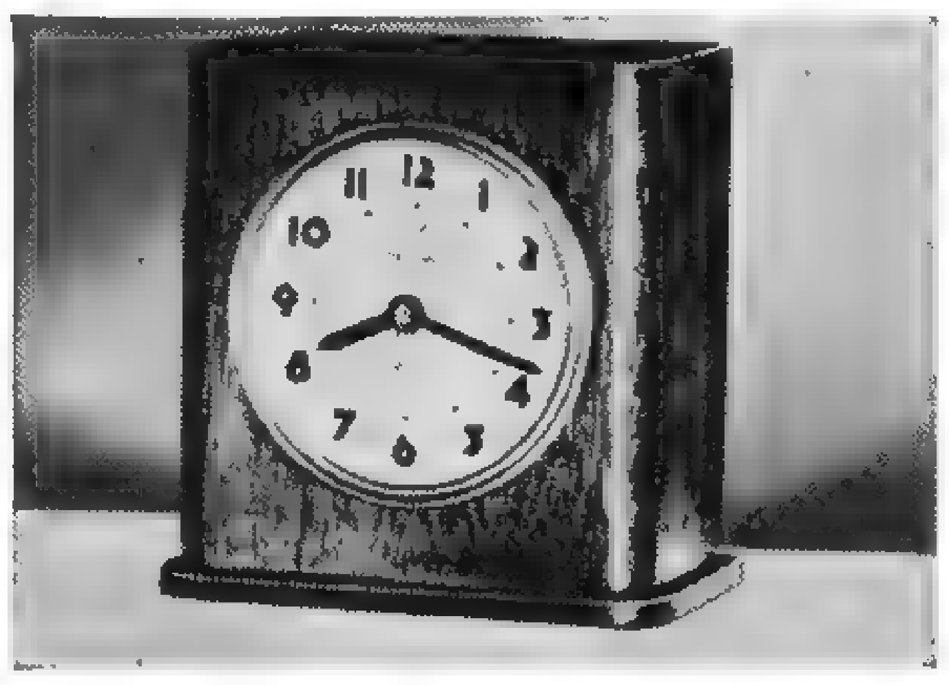
FOR ______________



ALADDIN, a new alarm with a luminous dial. Black plastic case with ivory trim $5.95

Ivory molded case, $6.50. DEPUTY, plain dial, black case, $4.95; ivory case, $5.50.

FOR ______________



MEADOWLARK is a new alarm clock with simple, distinctive lines. The case may be had in either mahogany or cherry. Only . . $6.95

FOR ______________

AS A preventative for pencil-chewing, space-gazing and hair-tearing, we've thoughtfully provided this handy, time-saving (no pun intended) method of selecting your Christmas gifts. And we defy you to find any one among your friends who wouldn't like a useful Telechron clock for a present. No one can have too many of these handsome, accurate clocks. Plugged into regular electric outlets, four or five Telechrons supply a complete time-keeping system throughout the house.

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SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from page 288

194 Your mistress has always been a "thoroughly sound" woman, but now, at the age of forty, she is beginning to take an extraordinary interest in the extramarital love affairs of her best friends. She pretends, of course, not to watch at all, but she does. Of particular interest is the young actor with whom she has developed an "acquaintanceship." Of him she says, "Oh yes, he is very, very attractive but *I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth!*"

This is perfectly true. She is much too "sound" to *marry* him.

195 You and she are both taking a walk. A good-looking young man is coming down the street and seems about to speak to her. She clamps your arm in a vise-like grip and steers you firmly over to the *nearest* shop window to see (a) a window of silk chorus-girl-panties, or (b) a pretty girl demonstrating a ten-cent fountain pen, or (c) a "to let" sign. (She was afraid that he might address her with the name she once gave him, instead of Mrs. James Stooler, your wife.)

196 You have just returned unexpectedly to your home in New York and only after a long absence. It is midwinter, still her toenails are bright red . . . for whom?

197 She often drives on an overnight trip between X City and Q City. Her excuse for this, whatever it might be, is not completely satisfactory, and, your interest aroused, you determine to drive over this little known route yourself. Midway between both cities, at about nightfall, you will probably find a little ivy-covered inn, with roses planted at the entrance. It will be well sheltered from the road, and command with its overhanging balconies a magnificent view of the river which runs directly alongside of it. Here you will repose for the night, and in flipping back the pages of the registry book to these dates upon which your mistress found these trips so very necessary, you may well find registered for each and every absence a "Mr. and Mrs. Duval."

"Why, Mrs. Duval," you exclaim happily, "she is that pretty blonde I met at Cannes three years ago. She looks like this . . .?" and you describe your mistress to the innkeeper.

"Yes," he smiles at the exactness of your long remembrance of a pretty woman . . . "that is she."

"But Mr. Duval, I have never met him . . . what does he look like? . . . I hope the rascal is good enough for her!" You pursue the subject still further, meanwhile ordering another bottle of expensive wine.

He will then give you most probably the exact description of your best friend.

198 Your dear male friend has found a maniac spendthrift "who collects firearms" and will give you more than double the worth of the garden-variety pistol you keep locked in your bureau-drawer.

199 Your mistress is distinguished for her ultra-kind heart, and for her fine shoulder-to-shoulder, "no-nonsense-about-me" understanding of the tender "mother's-big-boy-at-heart" penny-postcard sentimentalities of grown-up men. She is, in a word, a fine comrade.

Your big brawny gorilla of a male friend has just learned how to cry.

200 She has educated you to an almost Christ-like forgiveness of others, but she herself has scarcely ever forgiven anybody in her life. She is, on the contrary, remarkable for her lasting enmities. However three or four times in the past you have wished to take a most brilliant revenge upon those who have secretly maligned you, but each time she has talked you out of it. She has said . . . "You . . . *YOU* . . . who have *so much genius, so much talent,* so much everything . . . You would stoop to the level *of others* . . . no! you must ignore them; you are too important!"

She is building up your ego and devitalizing your trigger-finger against the day when you might shoot her in her tracks.

201 You know full well that your best male friend sleeps without pajamas, in the full nude. Still at Christmastide when you and your mistress are buying presents, you innocently propose to give him a most expensive pair of pajamas. She is about to say something, but refrains. However, you give her the task of buying the pajamas.

After Christmas you will visit your friend and will find that either (a) she has bought him something else nevertheless, or (b) the pajamas will be too small to fit him but just large enough to fit her. In this case she counts upon your habitual carelessness concerning Christmas presents.

202 She has bought a new pair of shoes, one half size too small. Although she has been shopping all day, today her feet do not hurt her at all this evening. Tomorrow, however, when she will really shop, she will return home, screaming with pain.

203 "He" is a married man with a suspicious wife, and unfortunately you were recently so placed that you had to introduce him to your mistress. That was last month. This month she has switched from her old perfume to a tremendous and very expensive scent appropriately called "Night Sin."

You are astonished when after a few days she throws the bottle away. The reason is—she no longer needs it—moreover his wife noticed the odor.

204 You and your mistress lay a considerable wager about Jarnowsky's religion. You say that he is a Catholic, but it turns out that she is right, he *is* of Hebraic faith.

205 Your telephone bill has tripled this month, although so far as you know, your wife has not taken unto herself any new girl friends.

206 She was supposed to be at this special dinner you have given in her honor. Hours later she turns up blithely, and is asked in chorus with whom she has spent her time.

"Oh, I have just been making love with Harold 'X'," she admits cheerfully. No one believes her, of course, for if it were true, she certainly would not say so.

Curiously enough *it is* true. She has told the truth, knowing that it would not be believed. Moreover, if ever again this rumor arises it will be put down to idle gossip, and traced to her careless but "innocent" utterance of this evening.

207 She came home at 5 o'clock this morning. Apparently "the car broke down."

If the car really did break down, then it threw her out on the grass as well, probably skidding her right down an embankment, to judge from the grass stains.

208 One morning over the breakfast table she has a bright and very happy idea. She has been reading in the papers, she says, that a wife ought never to neglect her appearance. A happy marriage is only happy when the wife remains the same painstaking neat and pretty girl whom her husband originally married.

Thereupon she abandons her slovenliness, appears subsequently with a new permanent, and buys a whole series of new frocks, changing them with each new part of the day . . . even when you are absent.

209 She's heard that damned tango only about 1000 times. Still every time it is played, she says "Ssshh!" and listens quietly and intently with the suspicion of a tear in her eye, until the very last note is finished.

Six months ago when first it appeared, you were absent upon a prolonged trip in Europe.

210 She has two very dear and trusted girl friends. This summer your dear male friend and pal has invited you and your mistress to spend the summer at his sumptuous estate, replete with riding tracks, magnificent stables, swimming pools, guest houses, cocktail-bars, and what not. Your mistress will not go unless her two girl friends are invited also. Your friend presses her to bring them.

The rest of the summer she rides, swims, hikes, drives, and is frequently absent upon some summer expedition or so. Upon some pretext or another the two girl friends, however, either both, or singly, never leave you out of their sight. That was the price of their summer vacation.

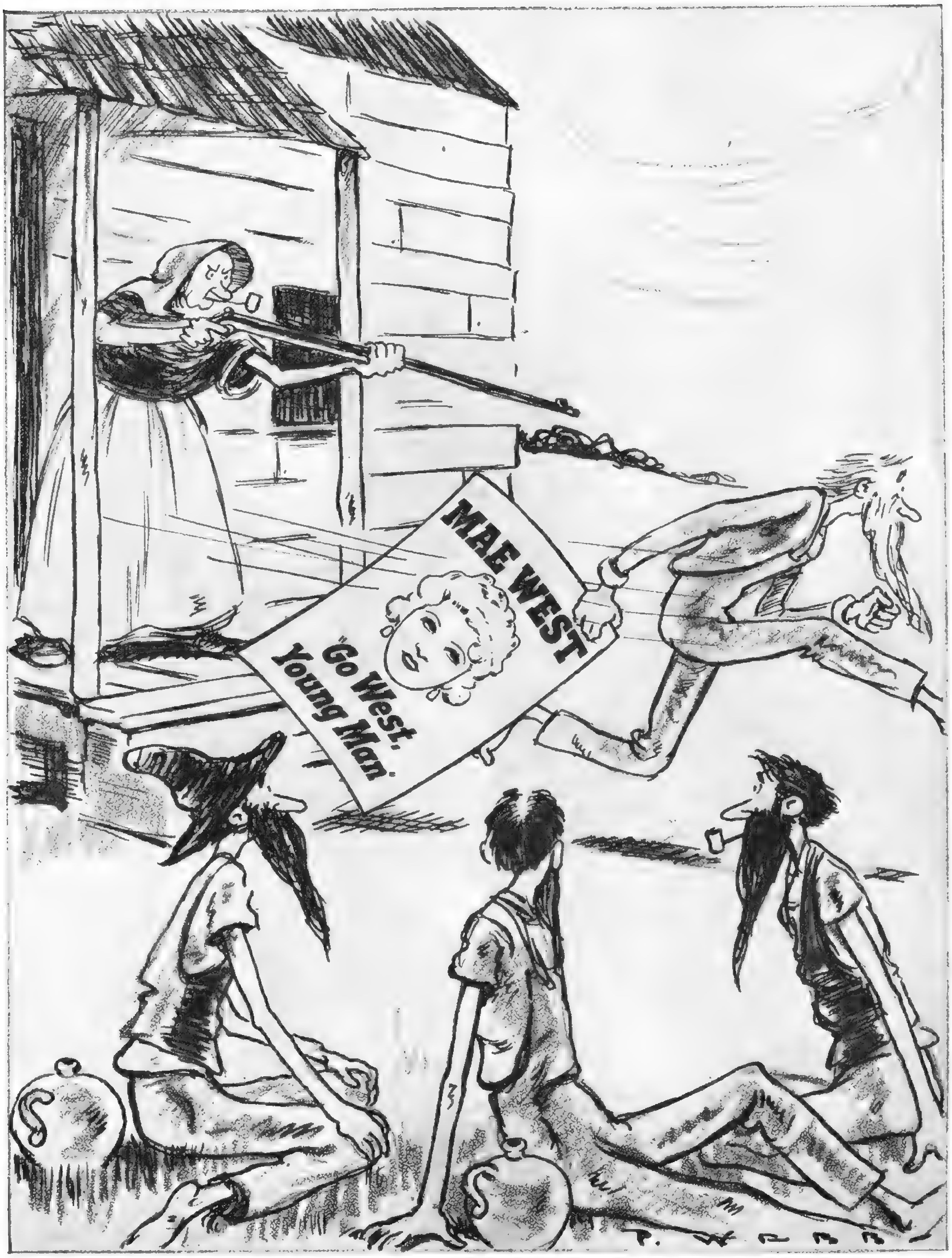
211 Whenever you come into the room and she is typewriting a letter, that moment is the signal for her to take out the last sheet, and insert a fresh (blank and harmless) one.

212 Formerly the wastepaper basket in her room was full of her mis-started letters. Now it is either always empty, or full of paper torn to the fineness of confetti.

213 Your wife makes you intentionally suspicious of a young man with whom she spends a great deal of her time. If possible she promotes a jealous scene. She is, at this moment, fully and completely prepared to prove her innocence beyond any question of a doubt. As a matter of fact she *is* innocent . . . of that particular affair, but not of an identical but intensely dangerous affair she is carrying on that very moment with the Best Man who trembled at your wedding. She is vaccinating you against another outbreak of the same disease, and insuring herself against detection.

214 You become very annoyed when you acquire dandruff from your favorite hairbrush; the faint aroma of hairoil still clinging to it, moreover, is one which you would particularly disdain to use.

215 She is often ill, especially when you suddenly come home in the afternoon, or, again, when bedtime hour arrives, still she will not permit a doctor to investigate her "heart attacks." "I have no faith in doctors," she says. #



"Shucks . . . Gran-maw musta found out Gran'pappy's been keepin' Mae West's picher onder his pillow."

MAE WEST in "Go West Young Man" with WARREN WILLIAM, RANDOLPH SCOTT, ALICE BRADY, Elizabeth Patterson, Lyle Talbot, Isabel Jewell, Margaret Perry • Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Dialogue by Mae West • An EMANUEL COHEN Production • A Paramount Picture

(*Advertisement*)

Spinning Into a Mountain

Continued from page 152

so we could get under way. We inspected the wreckage before leaving the scene. Only the fuselage with the tail surfaces remained together. Wings and landing gear had been stripped off by the trees in the crash. The motor and front end of the fuselage we found fifty feet from the rest. The mail bag recovered, we started off down the mountain. The side was so steep we had to cling to bushes to keep from falling. Soon we hit a tiny stream which descended swiftly to a gorge. Now and then we had to climb around rock cliffs and the going was plenty difficult down the thickly forested peak. We slipped and fell often in the stream, swollen by the torrents. The cloud hung on the tree tops. It was again raining heavily.

We went on this way, struggling, falling, and stumbling on until dark. There were no overhanging rocks to lie under, and we looked for a flat spot on which to lie down. We finally found a flat place against a tree trunk. We lay in this close to each other. The rain fell dismally. Soon we were lying in a pool with nothing over us. Shivering with cold, we huddled there. It seemed that dawn would never arrive. My head throbbed so that sleep, even in my exhausted condition, was impossible for me. We rose with the dawn, so weak we sank right down on the ground.

At nine o'clock we were very weak, and could barely struggle on carrying the load of the mail bag.

Our trail crossed the river—it was larger now—and wading the deep current sapped almost all of our remaining strength. We had to rest before each fording or we would have passed out in midstream. Late in the afternoon, when we could hardly drag one mired foot after the other, we came to an engineer's shack on the new road being built down through the pass. Night was at hand. We were put to bed.

The next day I cannot remember. On the second morning, sitting dizzily on a horse, I set out on a 15-mile ride with Goldsmith. Finally a truck met us and we continued to Santiago "in state." After passing a week in the hospital, I awoke one morning with the left side of my face feeling strangely stiff. I thought to myself, "I must have slept long and hard on that side last night." But the surgeon pronounced it facial paralysis induced by a fracture of the skull in the temporal bone, exposed by X-ray. My face was partially paralyzed for several months. I had to sleep with one eye open, and would have to protect it on the field by closing it by hand, but the trouble gradually disappeared.

Once, two months later, I sighted the wreck of that plane on the mountainside, far below. It was a peculiar feeling to see it again—an old friend who had tried but failed. Her bones whitening down there under the pitiless glare of the tropic sun, rusting and rotting from the torrential rains. Soon the jungle would grow over it for good. I turned my eyes and the nose of the new ship upward and flew through the pass to Santo Domingo City. #

Old Battle Scars

Continued from page 154

waist. He sighted and slowly shifted the gun as Battle Scars arched his back, drew his huge flukes from the water, and prepared to dive again. The harpoon lashed out ahead of flame and smoke. The light foregore of four-and-a-half-inch line following in an undulating, snake-like streak. A mighty wave of white water broke when Battle Scars lashed out as the stinging steel entered his body, just abaft the fin and near the old scar. A muffled report sounded as the harpoon went through his back and the bomb exploded on the other side, splattering splinters of iron over the water.

The beast dove, but rose immediately. His huge flukes crashed against the surface. The foregore remained slack under the boat's headway although both engines had been stopped. Battle Scars sank inert, trailing the line astern. The cow and the calf disappeared to rise again far in the offing and blow, abandoning the huge bull to his fate.

Suddenly Battle Scars took the foregore as the boat was given a touch astern to clear the lines away from the propellers. Out ran the line, the smoke of burning gear swirling from the winch into our nostrils, chaff showering like confetti as the foregore ran high to the mast block and down and out through forward blocks. The line slacked eighty fathoms away as the whale blew again. The shot was not fatal but the harpoon bite was firm. The only danger of losing our prize was in the chafing of the foregore as it rode the port deck block and bow block with sixty tons of animated fury slacking and straining at the end of it.

Another harpoon, with a lighter charge of powder for firing and no powder at all for the bomb, was prepared on the starboard foregore. It was ready as we slowly wound the port foregore into the hold on the port winch. Battle Scars towed us along at about fifteen knots. He changed his tactics often to use up the strain of the twisting, tortuous iron in his back. He would lash out in a frenzied burst of speed so that thirty fathoms of foregore would rise from the water as taut as a violin string and dripping beads of water would shower from bow to beast. Often the line would trail under the keel and it was only by succeeding in our awkward movements to meet his tactics that the slender line did not foul and part.

Meanwhile the gunner remained on the forward platform for a broadside shot and muttered with nervous tension when the whale presented only his tail and head as the line shortened. The second harpoon, prepared for the death shot, would only glance off the thick blubberous sides unless it struck partially abeam the glistening black body. Three times Battle Scars ran out the foregore. Patiently we hauled him back within range, the powerful winch clattering under the strain.

The second shot rang out. The released starboard winch unwound foregore and whale line as the beast received the charge. He rolled over on his side, one fifteen-foot flipper thrown completely out of the water, pointing skyward. It dropped with a resounding slap that scuttled the gulls and sea vultures that hovered close by.

But Battle Scars' dying gesture was only defiance as strong flippers took up the slack and tensed the two foregores. The water was crimson as he lashed his flukes and flippers in a valiant effort to release himself from the barbs.

His breathing blows became more frequent as he slowly tired from his wound and from pulling the four-hundred-ton-vessel. But he was winning his battle for freedom. Our port foregore was shredding and likely to part with the continuous strain upon it. Rope yarns dangled like seaweed on a drifting branch. Battle Scars was still too much alive and active for us to take a chance on winding in the two lines and using the killing spear from the deck. Neither foregores would stand the strain of his diving and rolling if he were fetched up close.

While the huge beast struggled and blew ahead, another harpoon was carefully prepared. The gunner feared to cut either of the foregores to make the missile fast for another shot so two huge square knots from six-inch whaleline were fashioned to the shackle on the leg of the harpoon. A light charge of powder was placed in the bomb chamber and another light one in the gun barrel. The light charge and the huge knots, to serve as stoppers, would prevent the harpoon from passing through the whale's body and being lost.

Battle Scars was carefully hove to, presenting a huge target as the double lines prevented him from diving when they were hauled taut. The gun roared, showering us with burning oakum and wadding. The whale sank again with the released lines but struggled to the surface and blew close to on our starboard. Sufficiently weakened by the third shot, Battle Scars was now ready for the lance, a sharp-pointed spear whetted to razor edge and attached to a three-fathom pole. This implement is used as sparingly as possible on the whales, another harpoon being more humane and certain.

With only two fathoms of foregore for leeway, Battle Scars still threshed valiantly. He dove quickly the length of the line and the lashing of his flukes and flippers and the rolling of his body shook us from stem to stern. Seagulls, sea pigeons and sea parrots floated close by, the gulls sending up shrill cries as the birds grabbed at shreds of torn blubber and flesh while awaiting the kill.

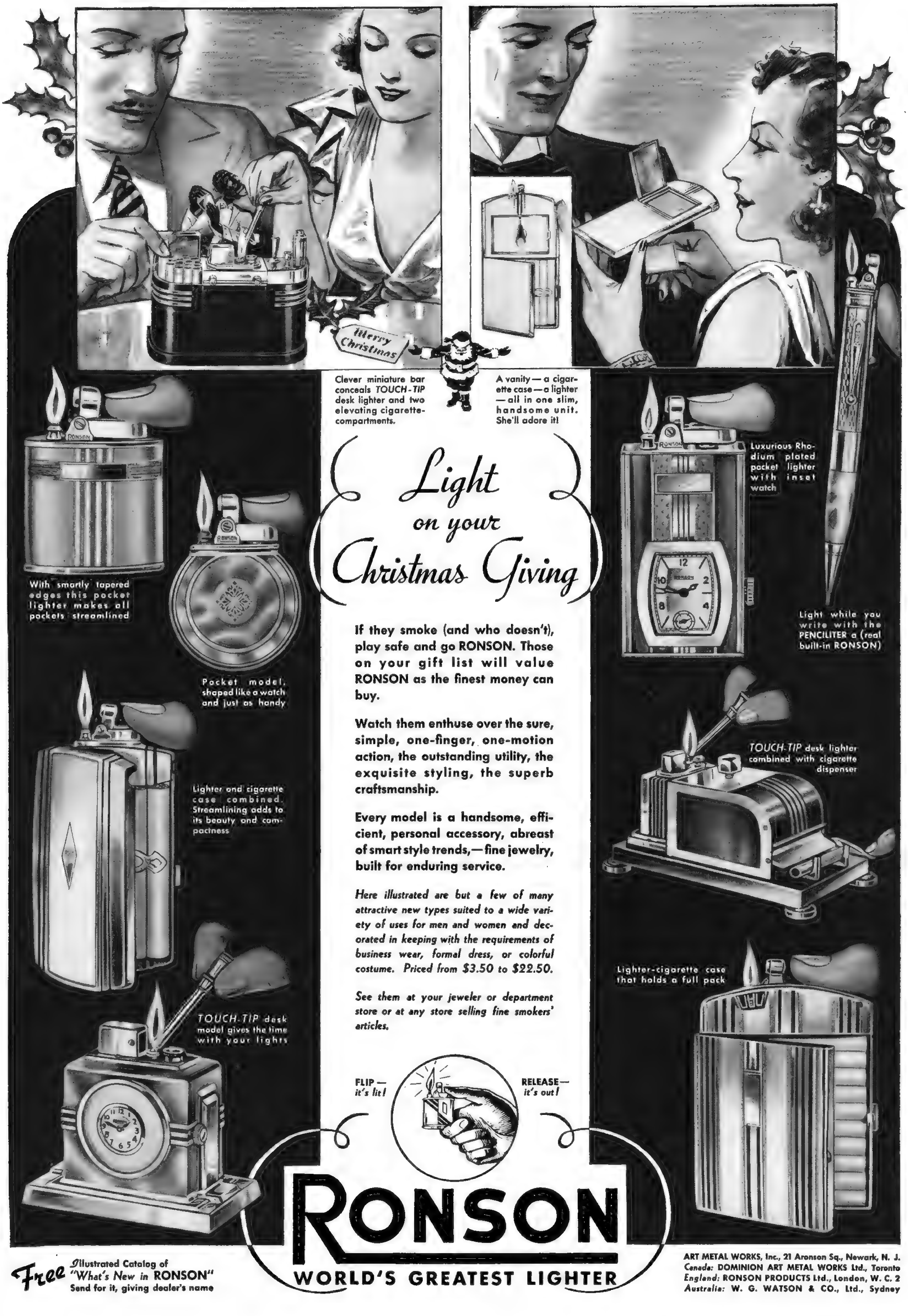
The whale was checked up by the short line and blew again, the vapors drenching our faces.

Down went the lance, half a fathom into his body. With an agonized rolling of his huge, blood-rimmed eyes, Battle Scars twisted away from the piercing steel and dove again, only to rise in the same spot. The long pole of the lance swayed crazily above him as it was wrenched from the gunner's hands. The spear was pulled out by the length of heaving line fast to its base, the steel straightened with a ball on the forward bit, and plunged again into his body.

Blood spurted and mingled with the vapor from the next blow of his huge nostrils. He had been mortally wounded at last, the cold steel of the lance piercing his lungs.

Eddying bubbles rose to the surface as he tried to dive again. The air from his freshly filled lungs escaped through the two jagged spear wounds. With dying efforts, gradually becoming more feeble, he still attempted to shake off the gripping steel. He rolled his eyes again, blew a thin, crimson vapor and succumbed. His flippers turned up white and his battle was over.

But his cow and calf had gone free. #



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It's a Helluva Note

Continued from page 53

the thing they love. It don't make sense to me, but the women seem to think it's pretty hot stuff. A lot of people who never hear of her before she commits the murder pitch in and rent her an expensive lawyer who tells the newspapers he's going to prove that Mrs. Welt is not a murderer but a victim of something he calls psychological maladjustment. I don't quite get it all, but I gather that he's blaming a guy by name of Freud for the whole thing.

Well, when the case comes to court the lawyer puts up the screwiest defense I ever hear of. In the first place, he claims, Mrs. Welt didn't commit the murder and in the second place, she was crazy when she did it. The judge doesn't even laugh when the lawyer pulls that one.

Well, finally the district attorney puts me on the stand and I feel just like I do when I'm a kid and they shove me out in front of a flock of grown-ups at a graduation exercise and I have to recite a thing about there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea. I'm tongue-tied and nervous and I feel like everybody in the courtroom is laughing at me. I get mixed up in my language and I forget some things, but I tell what I see that day and I don't add anything to it.

I figure it's all over when I get through and I'm ready to get down from the stand, but the defense attorney pops up and starts to cross-examine me.

He asks a few questions and I answer 'em and all of a sudden he pops out and says, "Mr. Ornick, isn't it true that you have a criminal record?"

"It sure as hell isn't," I tell him.

"You'll have to be more careful of your language or I shall have to fine you for contempt of court," says the judge.

"Well, then tell this guy not to go around calling me a crook," I says.

"Well, isn't it true that on the fourth day of August nineteen-thirty you were arrested for bootlegging," asks the lawyer.

"I was arrested but they let me go," I say. "I had a gallon of wine for my own use and a neighbor who didn't like me."

"Then it's true you were arrested for bootlegging," says the defense lawyer.

"Yes, but—" I say and he cuts me off at the pockets.

"Just answer the questionsyes or no," he says.

Then he goes along asking me questions and all of a sudden it seems I'm the one on trial, not Mrs. Welt. It turns out that a guy who's been arrested for bootlegging isn't fit to be trusted by a jury, even if he wasn't a bootlegger. It seems that I'm a dirty liar and what I say I see on the day of the murder is just something I thought up so's I'd get to be a witness and have my name in the paper.

I'm getting pretty hot under the collar by the time the noon recess comes along. I go out to have lunch and I pass some women and they all turn and look at me and whisper and one of 'em says, "for shame." This happens a couple of times and all of a sudden I realize that the people in the courtroom don't like me. They seem to have the notion I'm trying to get an innocent female hanged and they give me dirty looks and I hear a couple of hoodlums say I ought to have my can beat in.

All this makes me kind of dizzy and I try to figure it out, but I can't. It don't add up. I figure something's screwy somewhere but maybe it'll clear up when the defense lawyer quits trying to prove what a dirty crook I am and gives me a chance to tell what I know about the murder.

But the defense lawyer isn't interested in what I know about the murder. He spends the rest of the afternoon asking me was I ever arrested for this and that and isn't it true that me'n Mr. Welt have had several fights over Mrs. Welt. I say no those things aren't true, but every time he smiles and looks at the jury as if to say, "Isn't this guy one hell of a liar, though?"

Well, all this gets under my skin and I start talking back and the judge tunes in on the scrap and threatens to throw me in the klink for contempt of court.

"Listen," I say, "I didn't want to see Mrs. Welt murder Mr. Welt and I didn't want to come here and tell about what I saw. But the cops told me they'd arrest me if I didn't. So I'm here because I've got to be and I'm getting sick and tired of having that rat picking on me. For two cents I'll bust his jaw."

Well, the defense lawyer ups and bawls objections all over the place and a couple of bailiffs run up to me and the crowd boos and the judge pounds his gavel on the bench and howls for order. When everything quiets down the judge turns to me and tells me I'm a very disreputable tomato and a disgrace to any court. I'm insolent and obstreperous he says and I lack a proper respect for law and order and the dignity of the bench.

"And let's have no more out of you," he winds up.

"Nuts," I say.

"What?" yells the judge.

"Nuts," I repeat. "Nuts to you and that ratty lawyer there and the bench and everything else in this lousy courtroom."

"Take him away and lock him up!" yells the judge and the bailiffs grab me and start hustling me out.

We pass the defense lawyer and I reach out and pop him a good one on the teeth and he goes down and the judge yells that I'm up for a thirty-day rap.

So I serve my thirty-day rap for contempt of court and Mrs. Welt she goes free. I don't know why the jury is dumb enough to acquit her, but that's the way it happens. The district attorney blames me. He says the hell I raised prejudiced the jury against the state's case. He's very bitter and says I ought to of got ninety days in the can instead of thirty.

So that's the way it winds up. Mrs. Welt commits a murder and I see her do it and it turns out she's not guilty of committing the murder, but I'm a low heel and a criminal for seeing her do it.

I think it's a helluva note. #

The Iron City Express

Continued from page 99

there and back again and left town on the midnight train. A few nights later, he repeated against Mr. Moore in California.

After the Gibbons fight, Greb came back to New York to fight Tunney. He was not much for pre-battle statements, but he allowed that he would lift the American light-heavyweight crown from Tunney and punch him full of holes in the process.

For this fight, in May, 1922, Greb came in at 162½ against 174½ for Tunney. His frame was beginning to creak under the strain of nine years of ring warfare, he was 28 years old, and the sight in his good eye was failing. An even worse handicap was the threat of newspapers and the Boxing Commission that he would be thrown out of the ring if he roughed Tunney as he had Gibbons a few months before.

Tunney, on the other hand, was young and strong and coming along. He had seen Greb fight and he thought he had what it took to bring him down—patience, and a right jolt to the heart. It was good logic, but he never got a chance to use it against the wily Greb, who in the first round rushed him to close quarters and made him hit low repeatedly by pulling himself up at the waist and taking in foul territory punches that otherwise would have landed in fair. It was Greb strategy to make Tunney look bad and it worked. The referee told Tunney to keep his punches up as Greb looked owlishly into the press section.

After that, it was a typical Greb fight. In close, he mauled, slapped, heeled, hit on the breakaways and used his knees. When Tunney began to work out a defense, Greb called on more tricks and brought into play an artistic left thumb, which, on its way to Tunney's eye, resembled a leader duck in flight.

In the end, he gave Tunney over to his handlers, a bleeding, helpless hulk, and loped off with his title. That night, he rented a night club orchestra and danced until the musicians fell asleep.

Greb got his blind eye in a fight with Kid Norfolk in Pittsburgh. Before the bout he had learned that Norfolk was blind in one eye. Greb said that if the going got too tough he could stop him by giving him the thumb in the other eye. He did, after the Kid dropped him in the third round. But the Kid gave it right back to him. Next day Greb complained that he saw a red ball of fire in front of the thumbed eye and that it wouldn't go away. A friend took him to a specialist, who said the retina was detached and advised him to quit fighting. Greb said, "Quit your kidding, Doc!", swore his friend to secrecy on the eye, and kept on fighting.

Unlike Baer and Carnera and other present-day fighters, Greb never allowed himself to be subdivided; he owned himself, his optimistic faith in managers never getting beyond the stage of permitting them to carry his baggage.

He was ready to go into the ring on short notice, though a great deal of his training consisted in leafing through indexed names for "hot" phone numbers.

He was tossed out of the ring on at least one occasion for "not trying." Arm-weary from punching Captain Bob Roper, he sought to kill time by trying to sink his teeth into the lobe of the Captain's ear. The City (*Pittsburgh*) Boxing Commission called this "horseplay" and handed Greb a suspension.

Back in Pittsburgh, Greb's home town, five out of six citizens in the street would tell you Greb was a trifler. But they put their money on his nose every time he crawled through the ropes.

When he fought in New York, they came in "Greb Specials" to back their boy—brawny Pole steel puddlers, steel company and coal mine executives, gamblers, bootleggers, clerks, bankers, Negro bootblacks and society—who on these festive occasions shared common whiskey bottles and ganged up on the New Yorker who dared to sully the Greb name.

Such a crowd followed Greb to New York the night he defended his light-heavyweight title against Tommy Loughran, whose Philadelphia admirers came in "Loughran Specials" and were rash enough to establish him a heavy favorite. The two contingents met at the Pennsylvania station, the Pittsburgh outfit carrying sacks of gold and lead pipes, and when Greb climbed into the ring he was a prohibitive favorite.

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WHEN THE MIRROR SHOWS A BULGE

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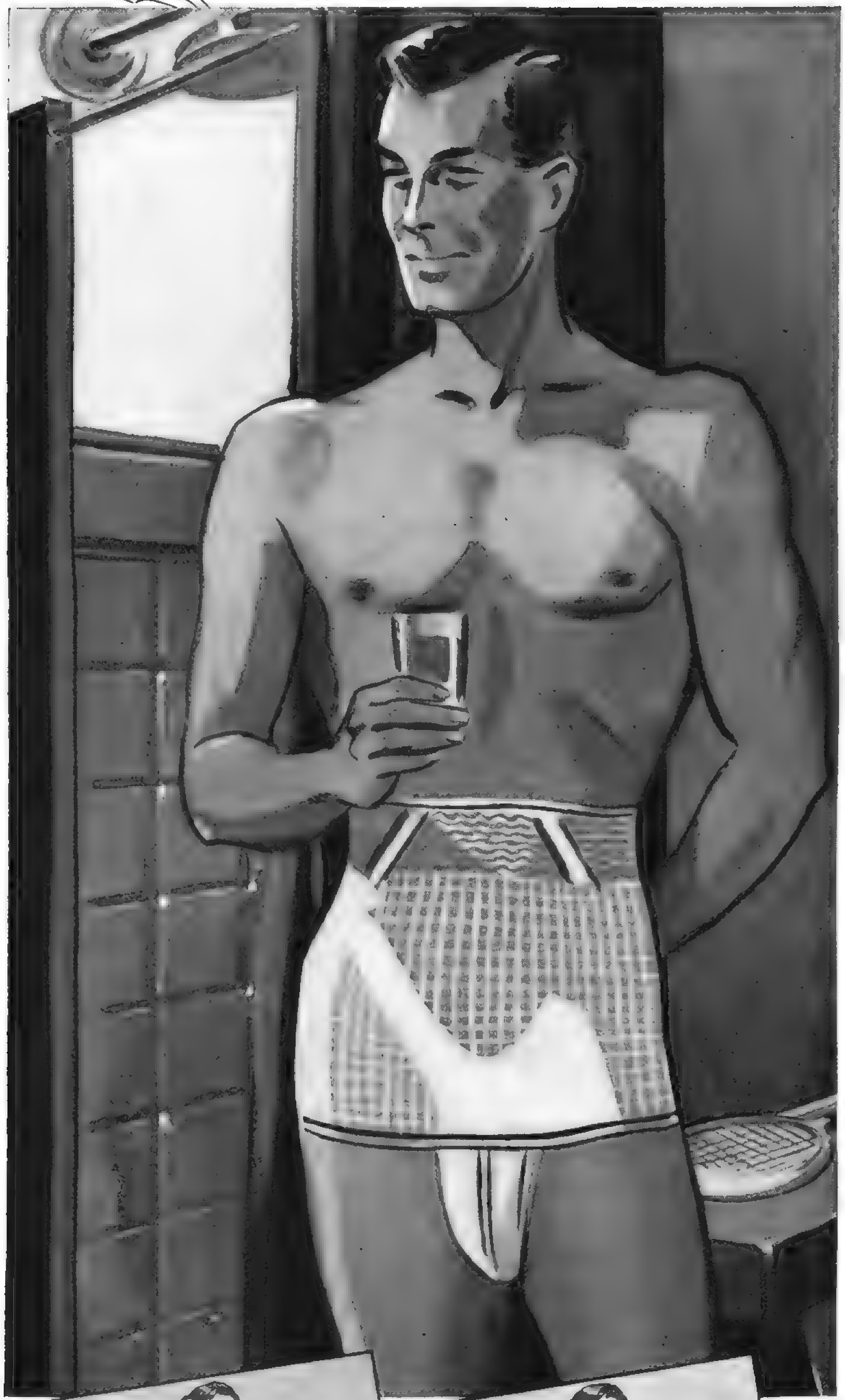

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The Iron City Express

Continued from pages 99-294

His work wasn't up to standard in the first three rounds, which he lost, but he found himself in the fourth, and from there on, it was Greb at his best. In the clinches, he used his head as a battering ram, and held with one hand as he hit with the other; and on the breaks he used his shoulders and elbows. He won 10 of the 15 rounds in a manner that left no doubt even in the minds of the Philadelphians, and sent Loughran home to his people with a broken heart and without Greb's title.

Greb lost his title back to Tunney in a return fight, but the decision was so unpopular that William Muldoon, then chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, denounced it as a "steal," saying Greb had won by a comfortable margin. They fought three times after that and, if memory serves me, Greb came out of the last one with two cracked ribs. He thought Tunney "carried" him through the final rounds, because Tommy Gibbons, who had just gone 15 rounds with Dempsey and whom Tunney wanted to fight, was looking on. It wouldn't have augured well for the match if, after the trouble Gibbons had had with Greb, Tunney had knocked Greb out before his eyes. Later, admitting Tunney's superiority, Greb said:

"That guy is getting too big and tough and he's hitting too hard; it's time for somebody else to fight him for a change. He's a good boy and he'll beat Dempsey if they ever fight."

Greb was middleweight champion of the world in his last two Tunney fights, having won the title from Johnny Wilson, a murderous southpaw puncher, in a roughhouse scuffle in 1923. Twice Wilson tagged him with his Sunday job, only to have Greb shake his head, snort, and charge back like a jealous stallion.

The crowds that followed Greb to the gymnasium to watch him work were usually disappointed. He'd play a game of handball, box a round or so, punch the light bag for rhythm, and call it a day. He could never understand why other fighters spent their time pulling and tugging and posing for pictures in training, and was wont to walk up to a Sharkey or a Baer and say:

"You big bum, why don't you do your fighting in the ring?"

Greb had little traffic with New York sports writers; he wasn't interested in their opinions, and after a fight, scarcely read their stories. But he read everything that Harry Keck, Chester Smith and Harvey Boyle, back home in Pittsburgh, had to say about him, though it was not always pleasant, and at times he barely nodded when he met them on the street. Yet he was their boy in the pinches.

On the afternoon of his second Tunney fight, Keck, perhaps his best friend, and I, had gone to witness the weigh-ins but the officials barred us out. Leaving, we met Greb coming up the stairs, and though he hadn't spoken to Keck for months, he cast aside his "mad," when he sensed our difficulty, and took us along with him. When the officials admitted him, he said:

"These are my pals and if you don't let them in, I won't get on the scales."

Greb seldom planned a fight in advance; he depended on speed, withering and relentless. But he had a very definite plan for his fight with Mickey Walker, and that was to make Walker carry the fight to him, staking his lone chance of victory on his own ability to absorb a dreadful beating in the early rounds, and to come from behind after Walker had spent himself.

Everything favored Walker, who was welterweight champion of the world but could no longer make the weight and retain his best form. He was young and growing and a terrific hitter; he would enter the ring close to the middleweight poundage and as strong as a bull.

Greb, on the other hand, was 32 years old, was rapidly losing the sight in his one good eye and had to get down from 175 pounds. To do it, he lived on synthetic orange juice, which he bought at Broadway holes-in-the-wall, ate just enough food to keep alive, and had to sweat out in steam rooms every day. On the afternoon of the fight, he had to run twice around the Central Park Reservoir to get rid of surplus weight.

On the card with him were Jimmy Slattery *vs.* Dave Shade, the former making his debut in the big-time. Slattery was knocked out in the third round and left the ring to weep on Greb's shoulders in the dressing room while the latter awaited the gong that would send him into the hardest fight of his career.

Greb entered the ring first, looking wan and frail, followed by Walker, looking hard and optimistic. Greb glanced about the arena and drew boos from a predominantly Walker crowd. The weights were:

Greb, 159; Walker, 152.

For four rounds on that July night in 1925, Greb absorbed one of the worst beatings any man has ever been called on to take, and as he wobbled uncertainly to his corner, his body a mass of red welts and bruises, there were shouts of "Stop it!" To the spectator it looked like the end of the trail for Greb; to Greb, it was what the blueprints had called for—a beating in the early rounds.

But now the blueprints called for reverse action. And as if he had been in low-gear to negotiate a rough spot in the road, Greb switched suddenly to high, and he dared anything to pass him on that roped-in highway pitched beneath Klieg lights. Coming out for the fifth round comparatively fresh, he ducked under Walker's lead and held. He looked over Walker's shoulder and smiled—a smile that said, "Now I'm going to work on him"—and he began firing leather. If the reporter had made notes on Greb's confidential pre-battle outline, he could have written his story of the fight from them. Greb outslugged, outroughed, and made Walker break ground, as he had said he would, in a fight which, before it ended, saw the referee twice knocked down when he tried to separate the principals. Greb dazzled Walker with his speed, twirled him around until he was dizzy, then stepped back and hit him while he spun. Walker went down to his finger-tips in a later round and was so completely baffled that he stood crying and talking to Greb in the center of the ring. In the fifteenth, it seemed that Greb could have knocked him out if he had chosen, but Walker, though in a state of collapse, finished on his feet. Greb, helping him to his corner, patted him on the back, and said, "You're all right, Mickey!"

Joe Humphreys held Greb's hand aloft and said:

"Winner, and still Champion!"

Greb shuffled back to his dressing room, took the still sobbing Slattery under his arm, and an hour later was dancing his head off at the Silver Slipper. Between dances, he sought to console the broken-hearted Slattery, but the latter just sat at the table and cried.

Greb was only a shell of his former self when six months later, in February, 1926, he peeled down to the middleweight poundage and lost his title to Tiger Flowers.

A few months later, he was punching the small bag at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gym in preparation for a return match with Flowers when Jack Dempsey sauntered in. Dempsey was coming out of retirement to defend his heavyweight championship against Tunney.

"Hello, Harry" he said, extending his hand.

Greb said, "Hello, Jack," and touched his gloved hand to Dempsey's while he kept up a rat-a-tat-tat on the bag with the other.

Dempsey looked on for a moment, told Greb he looked good, then said:

"How about training me for Tunney?"

"What'll you pay me?" asked Greb.

"Eight thousand," said Dempsey.

"Not enough," said Greb. "Make it ten."

"Can't do it," said Dempsey.

"Nothing doing," said Greb, still punching the bag. "I want to fight you myself, anyhow!"

"Forget it," said Dempsey, leaving. "Nobody'd pay to see a fight like that."

Whereat Greb smiled, obviously remembering how, in a training-camp workout, he moved in on Dempsey, leaned a shower of right-hand leads against his chin, then moved out before the Champ, punching out of a weave, could get his range. For two days he had the great Tiger Jack floundering awkwardly about the ring, trying vainly, like Mickey Walker, to reach with a solid punch the human windmill that swept about him. It was what Dempsey needed to put him in shape, but Manager Jack Kearns immediately dismissed Greb for being too aggressive.

This would be in 1920 when Dempsey was getting ready for his fight with Billy Miske in Benton Harbor. A year or so later, Greb accepted terms from Charley Murray, the Buffalo promoter, for a fight with Dempsey. But again Manager Kearns interferred, saying, "No, thanks. We don't want Greb."

Greb bet his entire purse on himself when he met Flowers in a return match. The fight was rough, and more than once Flowers complained to the referee that Greb was gouging his eyes out with his thumb. But Greb failed to regain his title, though the referee voted for him and the majority of the spectators booed the decision.

It broke Greb's heart and for the first time following a fight he broke down and cried. It was not because he had failed to win back his title, but because he felt he had been robbed of a justly earned decision.

He never fought again, and four months later, he died following a minor operation in Atlantic City.

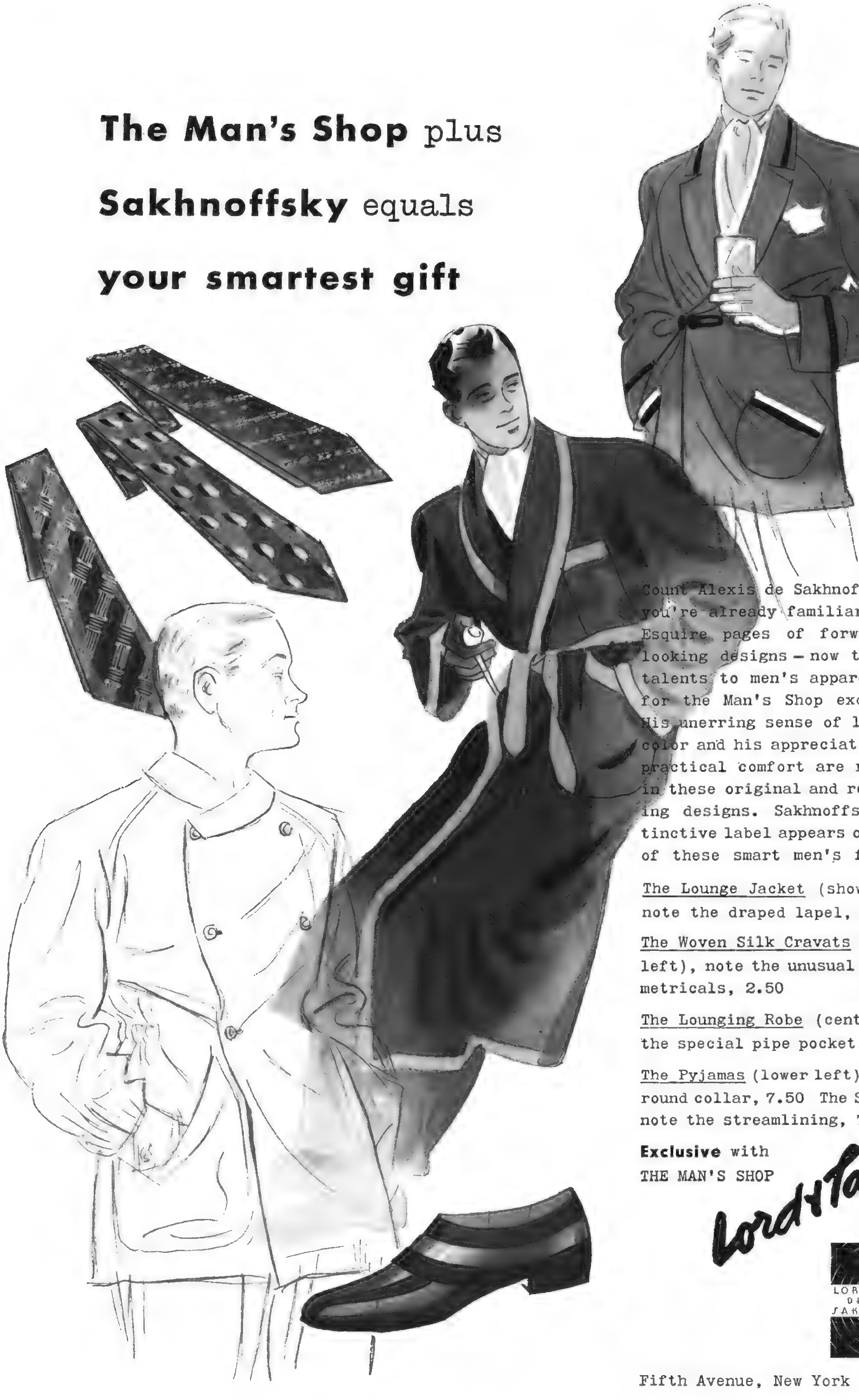
But back home in Pittsburgh, his admirers will remember him as a man with a hurrah and a cheer in his heart—a man who thrilled them when he was in there shooting. His intimates, like Harry Keck, will remember him for what he was both inside and outside those ropes.

They will remember him, for instance, for the afternoon he sat in the Cadillac Restaurant in Broadway before he lost his title to Flowers. Mike McTigue, who had been eating at a table in the rear, stopped at Greb's table on his way out to shake hands. McTigue had been matched to fight Flowers, and Greb had come over to see the fight.

McTigue said, "What do you think of my coming fight with the Tiger?"

Greb replied, "You were a damn fool to make that match. The Tiger gave me a hard tussle in an over-the-weight fight out in Ohio a year ago, and anybody knows I can whip you with one hand tied behind me."

McTigue mumbled a "humph!" and stalked out in the manner of a business partner disappointed in the views of an associate.



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BURBERRYS LTD. of LONDON ENGLAND

BURBERRYS LONDON

Why I Stopped Collecting Stamps

Continued from page 69

seven years. And the magnetism of the stamps had kept me from spending money fool— I mean had kept me from spending money in directions which would not now yield even ten per cent.

I corresponded with my New York agents, and they corresponded with me. The whole affair was so charming that I began to hope no purchasers would be found to ruin everything. In every third or fourth letter I put in something about "international supply and demand." Finally I got an offer. Five hundred dollars cash. I needed the cash. I agreed, got a check the next day, and that was the end of my stamp collection but not of my insomnia.

Came the New Deal and new jobs, and I once more joined the ranks of the gainfully employed. However, my insomnia bothered me. It had been bothering the very hell out of me, in fact, since the fine deal I turned on my stamp collection. I dropped around to a stamp dealer's, just to take a free look at the stamps. Did I say a free look?

The stamp dealers soon discovered the trouble with my first collection. I had, it seemed, covered too much territory. Was I interested merely in building up a collection that looked nice in an album, with a lot of foreign names and what-not, or did I wish to build a collection which was better than stocks or bonds as an investment, which could be compared to Liberty Bonds, which never would figure in any bank crash, and which had a quicker market than diamonds? Yes, I said, the latter represented my ideal. Well, they said, the rest is easy. (They meant I was easy, but I had no way of knowing that.)

First, I was to limit myself to United States postage. Second, I would assemble mint specimens only. That way, it was impossible for me to lose. American stamps, I was told, always had a market and were going up in value. No United States issues, in good condition, could be had for any of that old half catalogue stuff. Most of them were bringing seventy-five and eighty per cent, while many mint "imperfs" and commemoratives could not be obtained for less than catalogue listing.

I managed to amass a collection, strictly along this line—and paying these prices—consisting of one thousand six hundred of the best examples of the stamps of this country and its possessions that I could find. Nine hundred were mint, some of which cost me more than the catalogue price. According to Scott's 1936 catalogue, my collection had a value of more than fifteen hundred dollars. The face value—postage value—of my uncancelled stamps was four hundred dollars alone.

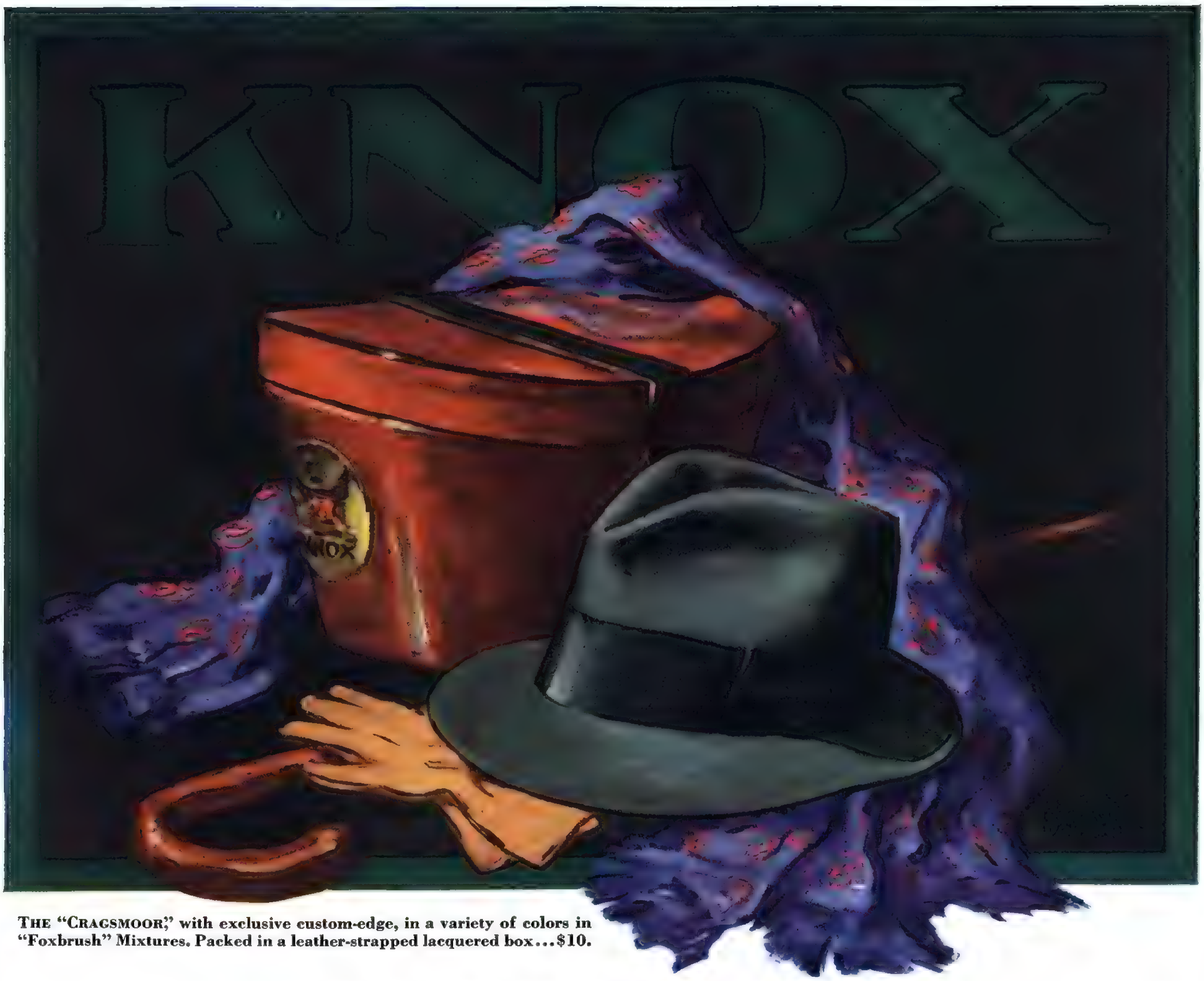
Was I going to wait for another depression this time? Not by a jug full. I was going to take my profit—measured mostly in terms of the pleasure I had had getting the collection together—and run. My investments had mounted alarmingly, and I simply couldn't afford to go on, and under family pressure—based on a history I could not duck—I decided to get out forever.

Scott's were advertising for stamps. I sent mine. Scott's did not want to buy them, but would try to sell them for me. Began some charming correspondence. I missed the "international supply and demand" at first, but in the long run this correspondence was just as delightful as had been that with the New York firm. The letters were so swell that in time I knocked the price down to four hundred dollars, spot cash. It was no go. I sent for my stamps. I then sold them to a Washington dealer for two hundred bucks spot cash, and I threw in my duplicate United States collection of eight hundred varieties, a shoebox full of other duplicates, stamp tongs, perforation gauge, watermark detector, and my entire, whole and complete interest in stamp collection and my past, present and future designation as a philatelist, for ten dollars extra. Take it away.

Looking back on the whole affair (which I do only under pressure, fearing another attack of insomnia) I have come to the mature conclusion, influenced by no smoke screen to cover my personal vice, that the whole thing is a racket. The dealers have the market sewn up so that in selling at, say, fifty per cent of catalogue value, they know that they can buy back at ten per cent or less. I've had enough. I've had enough of synthetic "imperfs" made by dealers, of "unpicked" packets stuffed with current stamps, blank paper and cut-up stock certificates, of auctions which return a loss, of the gyp artists who infest the whole scene.

The dealers as a whole are an unkempt, grubby, conniving lot who prey on the ever-increasing army of beginners and amateurs. Stamp collecting will probably boom again with good times. The school children, old maids, convicts, telephone operators, clerks, all will take their nibbles in an industry which should be regulated by law as other rackets and monopolies are.

As for me, I prefer to lie awake half the night. It's better than lying awake all night, after all. My next insomnia cure will be a mallet. I don't especially like mallets, but I have no choice in the matter this time. My idiot wife has made the choice for me. From now on she even stamps the letters I send out, first making sure that the letters refer to personal, private and domestic matters not in any way concerned with "international supply and demand." ⧺



The "Cragsmoor," with exclusive custom-edge, in a variety of colors in "Foxbrush" Mixtures. Packed in a leather-strapped lacquered box...$10.

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the Gift he would choose himself!

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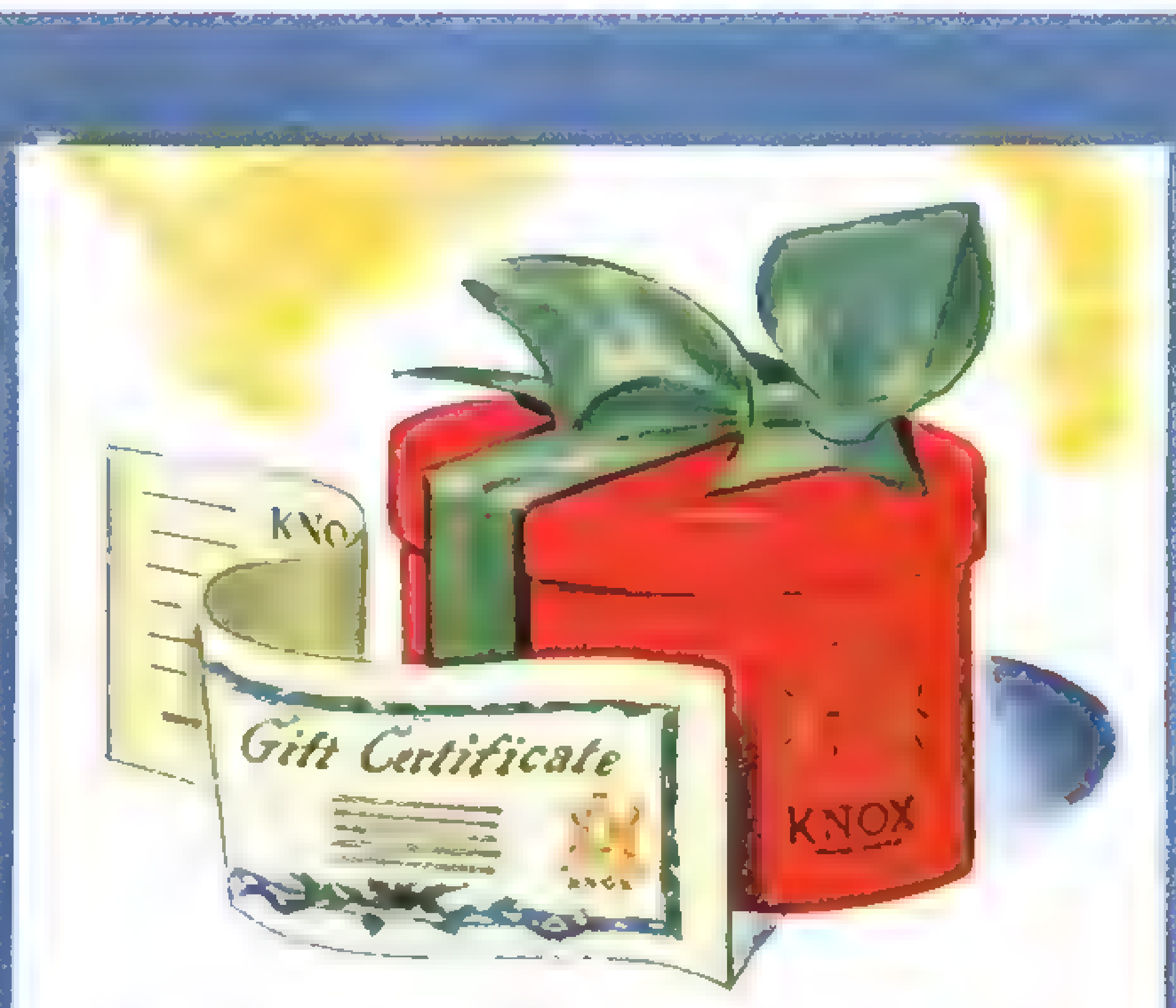
Having helped fill Christmas stockings for 98 years, Knox knows all about Christmas giving. Wisely, Knox suggests: Give a man the gift he would choose himself.

This year, that's easy. With a wink at Santa and bursting with holiday inspiration, Knox has created a hat to please any man. Its colors are the warm, rich tones of "Foxbrush" Mixtures in which selected furs are blended, eight or ten kinds at a time, to textures soft and nappy as moss, yet not actually shaggy. Its painstaking handworkmanship is evident in the exclusive *custom-edge* which is carefully hand-felted to hold the smart style designed and built into the hat. And its style is thoroughly Knox, which is the highest praise that can be given any hat.

Give him this hat, or, if you prefer, give him a Knox Gift Certificate. Then he can make his own choice from a wide range of colors, with a perfect head-fit assured by Knox "Ovalized Sixteenths*" sizes. You'll know then that he has something he really wants and appreciates.

Packed in a leather-strapped lacquered box...$10



The Knox Gift Certificate comes in a sprightly miniature hat-box. Ask any Knox dealer in your city about it today!

KNOX THE HATTER • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

THERE'S A KNOX AGENCY IN YOUR CITY

*TRADE-MARK

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 50

Becker and Co., called *How To Play Table Tennis*, a revised edition of which will be out any day now. Maybe you've seen him in the movies; he did a sports short for MGM not so long ago. He has a wife and two children, whom he occasionally sees in Winnetka, Illinois; his wife claims the distinction of being the first table tennis widow.

●

Harry M. Klongsberg (*Shyster of Fortune*, page 93) has been a teacher, a stenographer, a salesman and a lawyer, but two years ago, decided to concentrate on fiction. He has sold stories to several magazines, including the *Post*, and prefers writing to anything else he's tried. He is married, and lives in Philadelphia.

●

Commenting on the Scully-Harris-Shaw-Burnett controversy that began with Frank Scully's *Now It Can Be Sold*, in the August issue, A. I. Tobin writes:

"After having read W. R. Burnett's letter in the October issue of Esquire relative to Frank Scully's *Now It Can Be Sold*, it is difficult for me to resist these few words.

"I am in thorough agreement with Burnett's critical analysis of Frank Harris and his opinion of Scully. After all, it *is* quite an easy matter to score off the dead. Scully's contention of having ghosted Harris's biography of Shaw merely vindicates the reputation of Harris and retains Scully's on the same level with his *Fun in Bed*. Although I was intimately acquainted with Harris, and knew of the mental breakdown he suffered during his latter years, yet I never believed him capable of such an inglorious task as the Shaw biography. And Scully's statement that I praised it in my biography of Frank Harris as 'Harris's finest work,' is a bit off color, to put it mildly, for the simple reason that my book appeared before the Shaw book was published. This fact alone should brand Scully as an 'unreliable witness.'

"However, I am willing to assume that Scully really did ghost the entire work. Which would only prove Henderson's plaint in the January 15, 1932 issue of *Contempo* that the writer of the Shaw book plagiarized from Henderson's biography of Shaw on one hundred and thirteen different occasions! Proving this time that Scully is not only an 'unreliable witness' but a plagiarist of the highest order as well.

"There is also the fact to bear in mind that a ghost writer's first requisite is the gentleman's code of honor. His article proves that he has lost faith as a gentleman. 'What a heel!' is not an expression to be used against a Shaw. Such an appellation could be applied with much greater ease to a Scully.

Very truly yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. A. I. Tobin"

●

Wolfe Kaufman, whose current contribution, *It Ain't Always the Breaks*, is on page 76, is wondering whether he hadn't better stop writing first person stories. He says:

"You will recall the story you printed, entitled *Talking About Writers*, which I thought was sufficiently obvious in its satire and implications. However, this dear United States contains some more and more astonishingly culpable personages, or have you found that out? This morning, if you please, arrives a biggish package containing a half dozen or more scripts, with a letter from a gent in California telling me that he agrees with me about most writers and I am the kind of agent he wants, and I can get right to work on his stuff."

●

James R. Fair (*The Iron City Express*, page 99), says: "I left home at the age of 12 to take over the Western Union office at Sistersville, W. Va., and earned extra money by covering State dailies on local happenings. At 15 I hired out, via letter with a daily paper. When I reported for work in short trousers, the Managing Editor's first notion was to send me home. Then he changed his mind and said, "Son, I'll give you a beat in the red-light district. You'll learn down there."

●

Michael Fessier, an Esquire discovery, is writing for MGM and getting horribly rich. His *A Helluva Note*, page 53, is required reading for this course.

This Is the Place

Continued from page 55

together and give the old timers a surprise when we all get out 'n the bed.

"And what do we do while we are waiting—while our dust is sleeping the long night," I say to Uncle Mel, "in the narrow confines of our small world—in the village of this silent city of Powderjays and Sheltons with our in-laws plus that have come to sleep beside their wives." "My son," says Uncle Mel, "we shall go on living in the same way we lived here—only we'll be light as the wind. We shall be as we have been—have the same color of hair, shapes of noses, the same voice—we shall run with our old company—I expect to have my farm here and do the things as I have always done. How can that which is the real Mel Shelton die? It can't die. You can't take a hammer and beat it to death even if you beat my head off. The real Mel Shelton will be here. You can't kill it. It was not born to die—only the husk that encloses it was born to die. We are going to bring all these husks right here and crib them."

"Then I shall have the dust of my brothers brought here," I says to Uncle Mel, "though I hate to disturb them after they have slept these years on the low hill beyond the hollow. And I shall have their dust planted on the hill that will enclose our dead—the hill that overlooks the cane patches and the corn fields—beneath our skies at home—among my blood kin—not among the strangers on another hill—away from the rest of us." And then I think: "Wonder if we shall know when spring comes, Uncle Mel? Wonder if we can tell if it going to rain by our rheumatics bothering us a little and our hair standing on its end? Ah—wonder, wonder—and if we can feel the roots of the white oaks as they expand by the new rich dust we give them—that strength that belonged to the big Sheltons and the tall Powderjays—that which was American dust—gathered from the thin earth of Kentucky clay banks beneath her wind and her suns—blest by Kentucky's fruitful crop years and her lean years—Democrat dust and Republican dust—Methodist dust and Baptist dust—ah, the long years, the lean years—all in a

Continued on page 302

BRUISED BADLY WHILE HUNTING

Wife and Absorbine Jr. come to husband's aid

"My husband said the gun kicked," writes J. E.,* of Nashville, "his shoulder was sore and got stiff, and when he came home I took some Absorbine Jr. and rubbed it in good. He went hunting the next day, so I know Absorbine Jr. did him a lot of good."

We recite these little incidents in everyday life to remind you of the friendly part Absorbine Jr. plays in so many homes. Those bruises and bumps, those painful sprains and wrenches that may happen to anyone—ease and comfort them with Absorbine Jr. and they will gladly yield their soreness and swelling to this fine old liniment.

Keep a bottle handy for such emergencies. Apply it for relief from muscular rheumatic soreness and stiffness. Soothing and safe, no other liniment enjoys higher prestige with so many doctors and nurses. Also famous for Athlete's Foot. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle, Absorbine Jr. is thrifty to use because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 430 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

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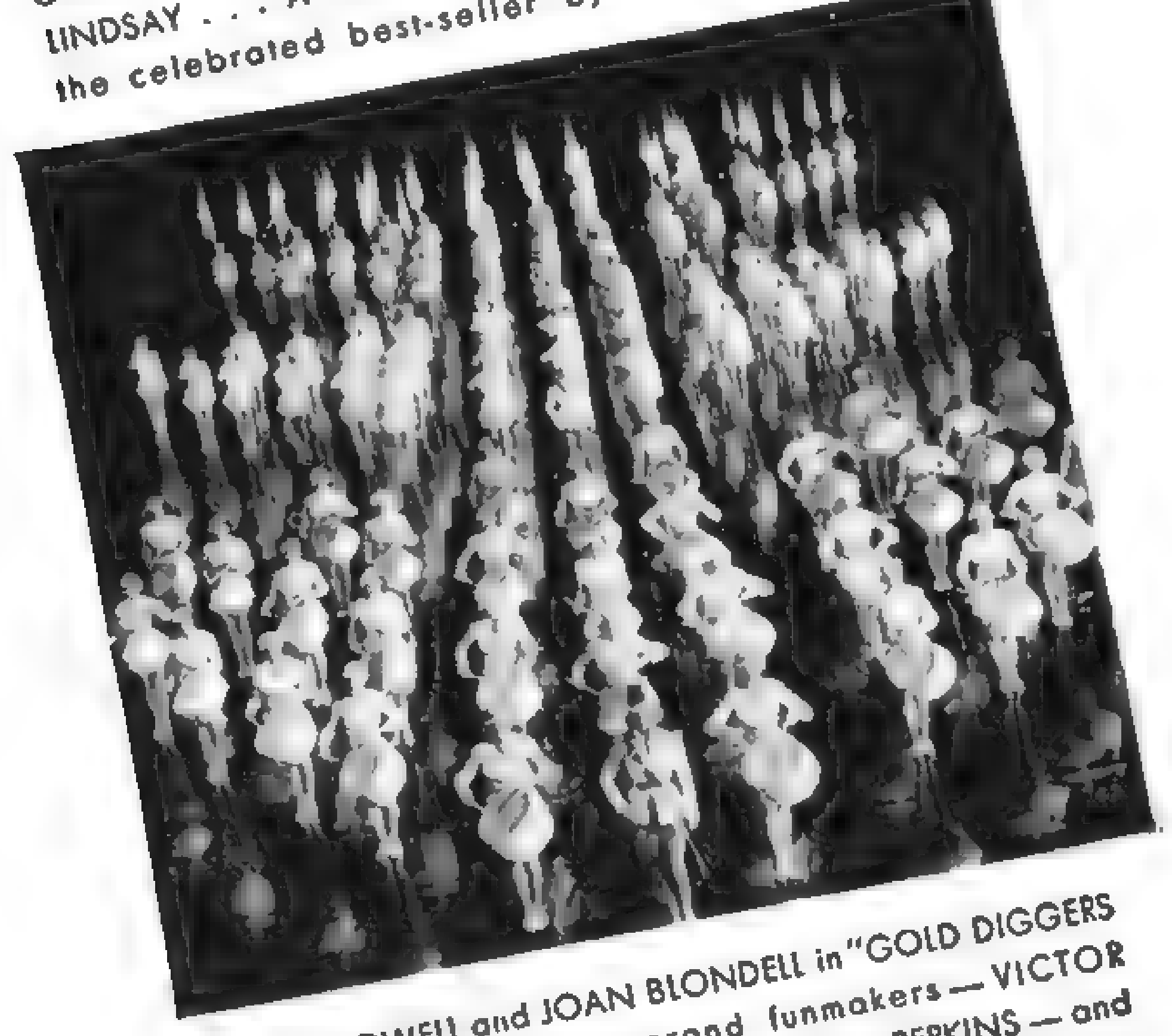
Dashing ERROL FLYNN in his first modern role in "THE GREEN LIGHT" with ANITA LOUISE and MARGARET LINDSAY . . . A FRANK BORZAGE production from the celebrated best-seller by Lloyd C. Douglas



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NEW SHAVING EASE FOR XMAS . . . AND FOR A LIFETIME!
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This Is the Place

Continued from pages 55-300

night of peaceful sleep—maybe, we shall welcome after a hundred years of living and loving life and the earth—the wind, the sun, the moon and the trees on the Kentucky hills—and Uncle Mel says we shall not die. Uncle Mel will not die. He is a Shelton and the Sheltons often have their way—wonder, ah wonder if even about Death and the silent city where no man speaks—but where we sleep—sleep, night and the winds of destiny that speak not to us but pass over us and mourn through the warm nights of spring when the whippoorwills call—ah too, of another generation—speak of love, of life and of living. But we speak not at all—the ghosts of us light as the wind and the wind with the identity of us stamped invisible—laugh to the wind and walk through the corn fields at night when a pretty moon is in the April sky—we laugh and speak to each other on the same old mountain paths. We cannot die. You cannot take a club and kill us. You might beat off our husk but the real of us is here—it will not die—not even when the smell of summer—the ripened corn and the heading cane with its white-dotted stems—all of the smell shall pass over it—the luscious sweet tang of scented wind from the growing summer and the creepy night of sheepbells tingling on the hills will mingle with the ooze of night wind in the green weeds and the foxglow on the bluffs—ah not when the winds of autumn sigh for those gone and forgotten—sigh for us with the mixture of wind in the dead grass and the hanging leaves—we who have been dead so long and sleeping on the hill, cold, cold, cold—sleeping on the hill, where the snake creeps by and the lizard crawls on the tough-butted white oaks and the old blue demijohns that hold the clusters of odorless sweet williams and percoon blossoms shriveled to tiny wisps—and the wild Indian turnip's white blossoms—ah, the lizard crawls and the lizard never speaks. We never know of expanded roots and whispering trees and grass and roses—and the roots of myrtle never whisper to us or hold a fragrant bunch of myrtle blossoms to our noses—we who have loved life, fought, kissed, played, worked, loved and hated—we who have been a stream of life—a constant flowing river toward the sunset—we who have tramped the hills and had no home and died and were buried among the ribs and thighs of hills—and now we have a home—a bed for a long rest in the end while hither thither on the roads of destiny—blown by the strange winds of time."

"We must go my son," says Uncle Mel, "the sun is going down in the west. It will be time for me to get home and do up the feeding. Got four hogs to feed and a couple of cows to milk." And we start toward the house—down the hill among the black oak stumps—the graveyard of a gigantic forest, long dead and forgotten. Peach trees with well pruned tops and healthy coats of bark, row crookedly the rugged hill to the west. "My trees—see them—I believe in fine orchards and clean corn fields." And then Uncle Mel's garden with the rows of palings and the jars that hang on the palings—the goose-neck hoes that lean against the palings—"My garden is clean. I keep it clean. I work it clean as I read a book clean—one that I love—I read my Bible clean."

Ah, I could tell Uncle Mel what I once heard a preacher say: "Ah that old man—that old bald headed Shelton—he's an infidel. Fixes the Bible to suit himself. Twists it around him with a lot of crazy beliefs. He's standing in the way of many with his set idears on the Bible. He says we are wrong. He never comes to church. I have seen him out sauntering through the woods at night—ah, strange man that he is."

"And son," says Uncle Mel, "remember this my son. Live, live your life till you will not fear whatever that is to come. Live so that you can look any man in the face. Be as solid as a hill. Pay your debts when you can—if you can't tell your creditor you cannot. And remember my son, there is not a substitute for sweat. There is not a substitute for honesty—live, live and tend the earth and know the spring, the summer, fall-time and the winter. Know the seasons and when to plant as your people before you. Live by the square. Die by the square. Remember my son, shrouds are pocketless."

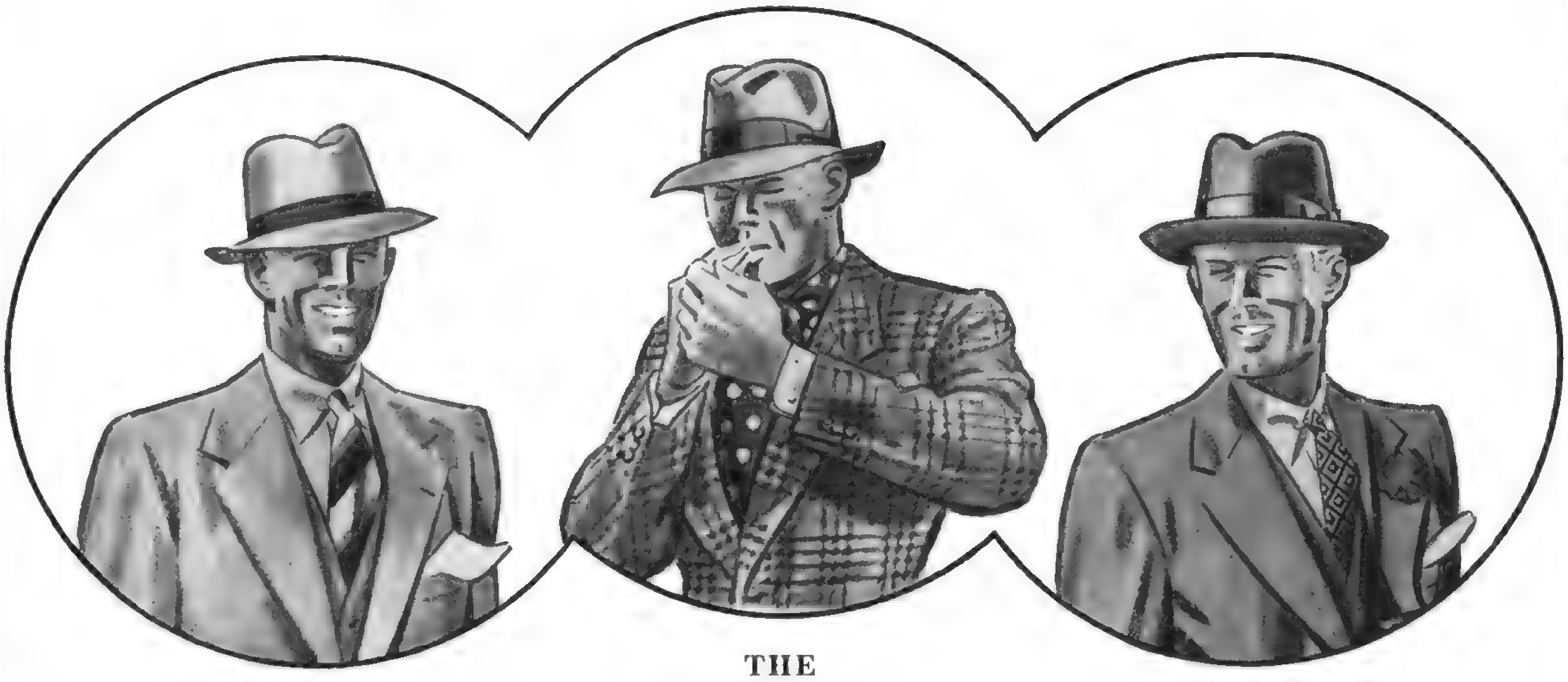
Ten thousand stars are in the sky—a blue sky above the clouds of fluttering leaves that whisper to themselves and to each other—and beneath the clouds of leaves there is darkness. "Do you need a lantern," says Uncle Mel, "going up the holler? We stayed over there too long. Here I am after dark doing my work up." "I can make it all right, Uncle," I says. "Eyes of the owl—can see at night—could feel my way up that hollow." And I know Uncle Mel I think as I stumble up the hollow. "Late doing up his work. W'y he takes spells and reads a book clean before he cleans the corn. He keeps the weeds out 'n the book instead of the corn. Haven't I seen his corn get mighty weedy—then out of a clear sky he would come and work from daylight till dark—work until it was clean as a hound dog's tooth—ah, that is Uncle Mel."

"Shrouds are pocketless," keeps drumming in my head—over and over again as the leaves whisper to each other and to the wind, "Shrouds are pocketless." And the wind moans through the leaves above my head—wind that is blowing across Kentucky and sweeping on to some destiny—or

Continued on page 305

THE LEE WATER-BLOC*

No other hat like it



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...a ou2ce WATER-BLOC with a narrow band; hand-felted edge; and fitted with the patented LEE CUSHION LEATHER which prevents red marks on the forehead—guarantees fit and comfort **$5.00**

THE PANTS POCKET

...it's hard to describe this lightest of lightweights on paper. You just have to get hold of it, feel it, crease it and put it on to get the effect, with hand-felted edge and LEE CUSHION LEATHER **$7.00**

THE GUARDS

...a new hat designed to be worn "up". With a hand-felted edge — that keeps the brim better looking longer—and the famous LEE CUSHION LEATHER—a medium-weight hat **$5.00**

The WATER-BLOC is a patented process which makes felt hats rollable, foldable and super-serviceable. Style and good looks are *water-bloc* in for keeps.

Fine, long-cut hare's fur and cut coney are used in a WATER-BLOC hat. Each hat is stretched by special process; the blocking is done on a special machine, and a careful hand-finish actually makes the materials used in these remarkable hats improve with age. It takes three times longer to make a hat by the WATER-BLOC process than by ordinary methods.

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Hub, The, Andrew Thisted & Sons, Great Falls
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ARTHUR FOLWELL

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Cast of Characters

The Drama Editor	Arthur Folwell
The Drama Critic	Richard Watts, Jr.
The Film Reviewer	Howard Barnes
The Boulevardier	Lucius Beebe
The Stage Graduate	Helen Ormsbee
Another Film Critic	Marguerite Tazelaar
The Theatre Reporter	Herbert Drake

√ √ √

A staff whose members are as much a part of the Broadway scene as the actors they observe, the playwrights, scenarists and producers they review — the Herald Tribune drama department numbers seven characters in its cast, and a group of assisting artists who contribute to this paper's drama section an exceeding — and stimulating — variety of stage-news illustration.

√ √ √

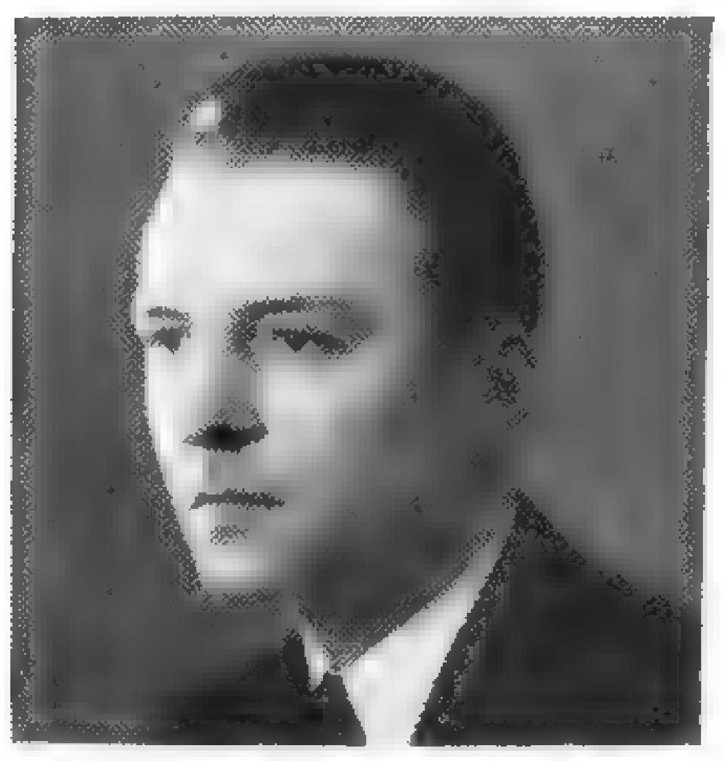
The drama department's editor, *Arthur Folwell,* once edited *Puck* for an eleven-year stretch, later edited the *Tribune Magazine* for five years, then became the paper's Art Director and Drama Editor. On his shoulders sit the thousand and one or so details of planning, editing, laying out, illustrating and making up the Sunday drama section, staff assignments, and the not-altogether-minor task of handling the pressure of artists and writers and publicity folk who haunt his department.

√ √ √

The drama critic, Richard Watts Jr., was a professional first-nighter long before he achieved his present rank, persistently led "Variety's" poll of movie critics who ring the critical bell most accurately, most frequently. Late Spring gives him Wanderlust, at which time he good-byes Broadway and tracks the drama over the six continents — the Orient and Russia almost certainly included, Ireland and England very likely, Hollywood quite naturally. Mr. Watts' moonbeam countenance belies him. He is among the distinguished company of less-billboard-quoted — because less fulsome-praising — critics.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

HOWARD BARNES


LUCIUS BEEBE

MARGUERITE TAZELAAR

HELEN ORMSBEE

HERBERT DRAKE

The department's screen analyst, *Howard Barnes,* came to it from *The World,* came to *The World* from Yale. Originally responsible for the Herald Tribune daily "News of the Theatre" and for the Sunday "The Playbill", he did such an able job of theatre news-gathering and beat-scoring that when the eminent Watts chair of movie-reviewing was vacated, Barnes dropped into it as his own.

√ √ √

Mr. *Lucius Beebe* more or less created the term *boulevardier* to describe — not himself, but those rising young men and women who haunt the town's more eminent entertainment spots. As a chronicler of their doings he fell naturally into the habit of chronicling the entertainers as well as the entertained, and now doubles as an all-over-the-scene theatre scribe as well as a by-line critic.

√ √ √

Marguerite Tazelaar who shares with Mr. Barnes the duties of cinema reviewing got her first eyeful of movies from the interesting recesses of Mr. Will Hays' office where she served as a reviewer, and before which she belonged to the general army of newspaper women.

√ √ √

The department's stage graduate is *Helen Ormsbee,* daughter of a pair of writing parents, member of that famous company which played under the banner of Minnie Maddern Fiske. Her articles are on the people and the current concerns of the stage — appearing Sundays.

√ √ √

Newest name in the department is *Herbert Drake,* a Herald Tribune copy boy for four years, a haunter of the stages (back and front) before, during and since his copy-boy apprenticeship; now official news-gatherer for the Sunday "Playbill" and the daily "News of the Theatre".

This Is the Place

Continued from pages 55-300-302

not to a destiny at all—winds of the broad America—that strike her rugged, hiss and moan with the jagged hills piercing the side of the wind—ah, the great expanse of America under the cold blue American heavens illuminated with millions of stars that shine upon an earth that is both cruel and kind—an earth that is American—an earth that is mine and that has given me the flesh I have on my bones—an earth, the rugged, jutted, cruel earth, kind earth, that will give me a knoll to sleep in—a silent city that will hold the dust of my kin under the same cover—in the same great bed—under the roots of the white oak trees—ah, an earth that is mine forever where the winds will sweep over me and utter strange sounds that I shall not hear while I'm asleep beside of Mom and Pa and Uncle Mel and all of my kin that walks the hills today and generations of kin unborn—ah, that we are American—forever, American. And Uncle Mel would say: "W'y sure we'll pop out 'n the graves Americans and Democrats and Republicans—Baptists and Methodists."

The boys carry Uncle Mel off the hill—Lon and Will, shoulder him and carry him to the foot of the hill and to the house. "I tried to keep him from going to the field this morning," says Aunt Vie, "but you know how your Uncle Mel is. He just tore up the place and said the crabgrass was taking the corn. He was out at daylight this morning with his hoe. He's been staying in and taking care of the garden and doing the work around the house. But he had to get out—so I saw them carrying him off the hill this morning at ten. It scared the life out 'n me. He's been such a strong man—"

The Sheltons have been a strong race of people. But the strong have to die same as the rest of the weak—all have to bow to the inevitable—strong as Uncle Mel must bow. "Yes," says Lon, "I was working right behind him. He had the lead row of corn when he fell. He fell hard as a tree. I heard him lumber on the ground. I turned and I saw him. I hollered to Will—and he come and got an arm under each leg and I got him by each arm. I tell you Pap is heavy. He was a load from that hilltop. We had a time walking down hill with him—down the path to the house. He has never spoken since—fell at work this morning at ten. You can go in and see him—he's in there on the cot."

"What did the Doctor say?" I says, the tears streamed from my eyes—and I thought: "The mountains of fine men must slumber to some destiny—ah whither wind that moans above the seeded grass—ah whither is your destiny? Where is the home of man—the long, long home and the journey thereto?" "The Doctor says," says Lon, "for us to call Den, Mack, Jake and the girls. He says it is a stroke. And he won't say much more."

I do not want to see him now—my Uncle lying there on the couch in quiet sleep—he who was a mountain of a man when we walked to the top of the hill and surveyed the bed—he who wished for a new set of legs and many more lives to live on earth—how could I stand to see those hands—those giant hands that felt the ax, the maul, the cross-cut saw, the plow handles and the wedge and hoe—how could I stand to see them silent—those great hands where streams of blood once rushed in channels—hands that cleared the fields and built the houses and farmed the land, dug the coal from the groins of the hills—those powerful shoulders still now and the eyes that scanned the strawberry fields withered and dull in their sockets—great dynamic wells of energy that ceased to flow—his words—his millions of words that shaped his dreams—ah, I couldn't stand to see him now—his silent lips and quiet hands. "These hills will call for him," I thought, "or they'll rebuild his kind. His fields will want him back—his mules and his hounds. The birds he fed will miss him at the wellgum and the quails that come down off the hill and ate with his chickens. His trees will miss him—his peach orchard to the west of the house and the apple orchard will miss him—and his bees—And we shall think of him tomorrow and our kin might remember him awhile until they pass quietly too—and generations unborn will probably hear of Uncle Mel. Whither, ah whither the winds of destiny? And where is the home of man—that long, long home—that faraway somewhere and the long journey thereto?"

That stream of life has journeyed long under the spacious skies of America—over the mountains and among them. It has flowed—a river through the beauty of the green slopes of spring—the lilting beauty of the poplar leaves and the poplar and beech—it was a surging stream of spring, of clean blue mountain water—and the summer where it flowed, through growing fields of grain and the ripened fields of golden wheat—over the hills and through the vales of smelly flowers—it has come a long way to its home—that great river of life—and it flowed through autumn—the winds of autumn mixed with the sweetened odors of dying leaves and shriveling petals—under the naked trees and over the rifts—multi-colored carpets — whither, ah whither strong river to your destiny? To what dark winter is a portion of the waters left? And the great swirl of water keeps moving—ah, even through the night the great stream of life keeps moving on through a chan-

Continued on page 306

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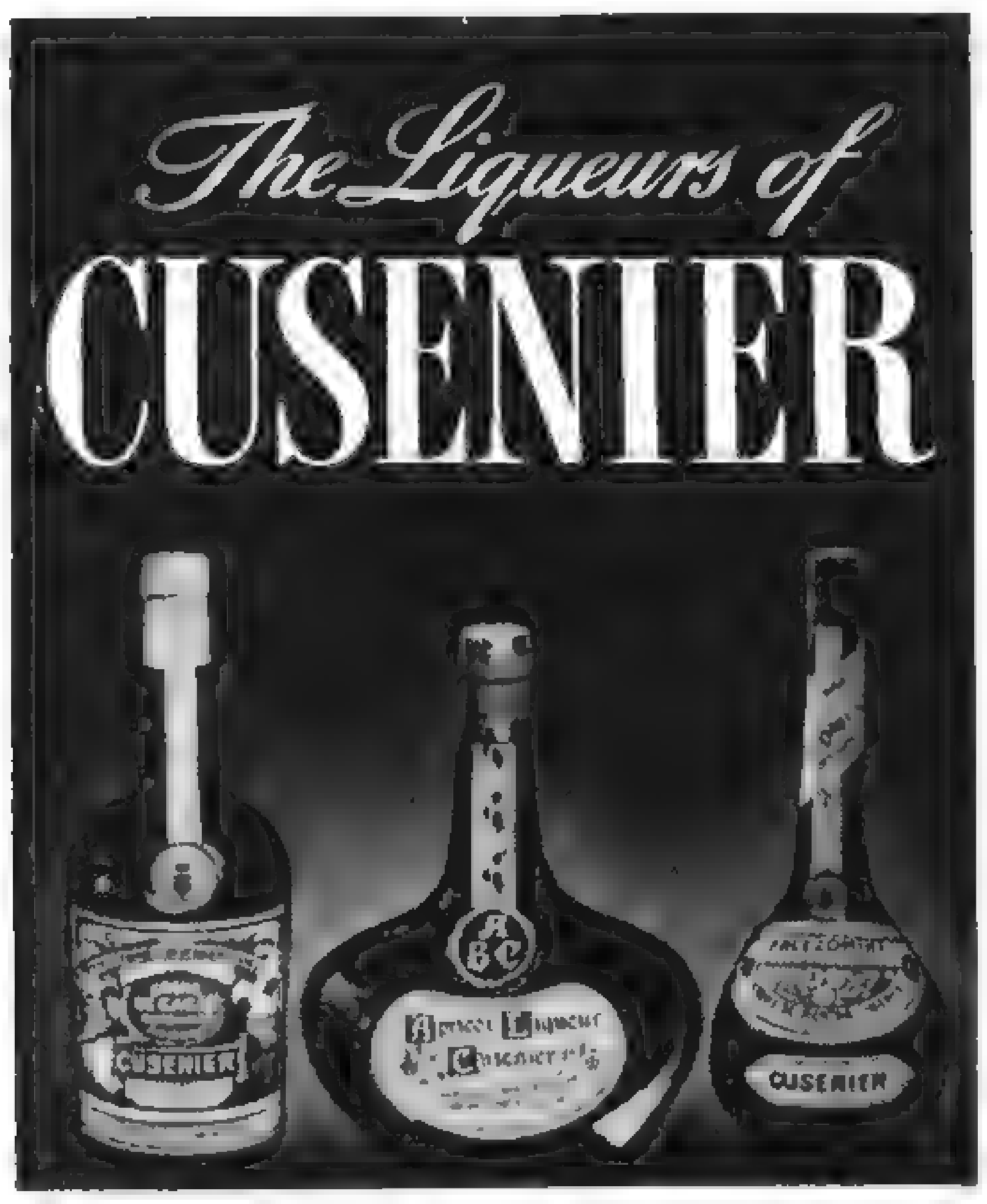

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This Is the Place

Continued from pages 55-300-302-305

nel strong to bear the surge of wild waters, strong surging waters against the wind, time and tomorrow.

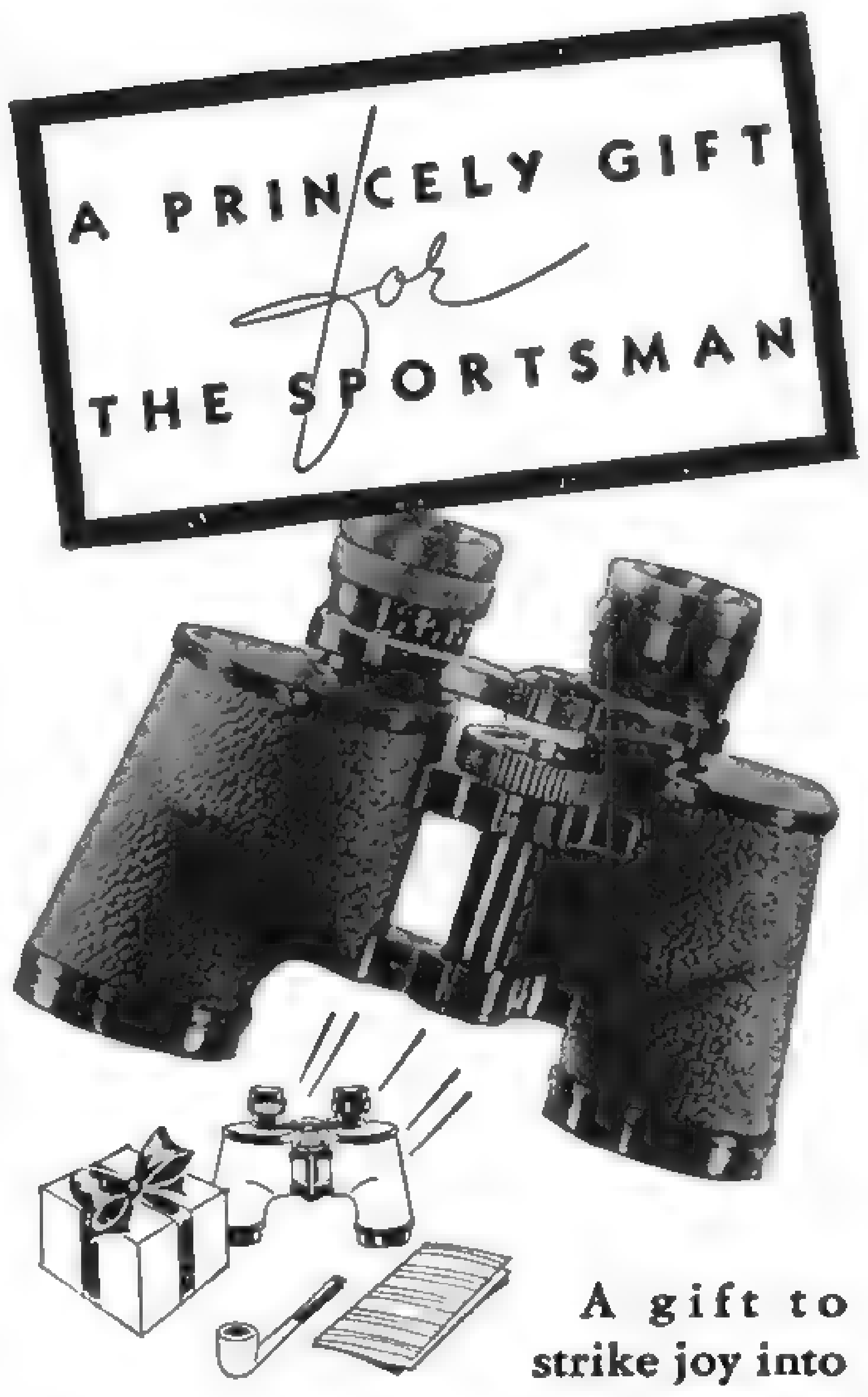
Yes, the green leaves will come in the spring and the grass spring anew. Life will come back to these hills in spring. Winter is for the long sleep and the dream and forgetting the season past. Life will come back to the flowers of spring and they will bloom anew in a spring paradise. Life cannot die. You cannot take a stick and beat it to death. The butterfly will awake from the cocoon—and find himself in a heaven of green clouds—in a flowery paradise—to loiter in the wind and find the smelly flowers. "Ah whither, oh whither, oh man, and to what destiny? Is it the roots of the tree, the blades of grass, the leaves of the grapevine? Is it cold, cold, cold lying on the hill forever beneath the cold millions of stars that are forever American—sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, oh man where the winds of destiny moan over the seeded grass and whisper words you cannot hear nor understand—something about the corn and the sweat of man and maybe the substitute for sweat, the substitute for the clay that made him—ah, man is strange and into what river and to what destiny? To what great sea of destiny does the river of man flow? You can't kill me. I won't die. You could take a club and beat me to death. You could beat off my husk and bury it under the white oaks—yet the real part of me would still be here. It will not die."

Ah spring and hence the many, many years—long, long, long years of bright blue lilting winds of April stirring the early tender thin-green on the trees and the bright pollenated wind of summer and fluxions of yellow sunlight on the blackberry briars—ah spring and hence the many, many years—the long, long, years—the dead specks of autumn leaves blown on the strange silver winds of time—neither here, nor there, nor anywhere—autumn sawbriars whose leaves turn multi-colored in the sun and the naked stems of the briars that cut and scar across the ancient mounds—the carpet of dead leaves there above the myrtle and among the lichened stones—ah, whither that fertile husk—that off-bearing of the great river—ah whither to what destiny? And why does the green sprig of acacia speak to the wind, and what does it speak—about the breaking of the cocoon? Or that of man?—whispers to the wind strange words while the winds weep over to their destiny without muttering the strange syllables, the sounds of words.

Whispers the sassafras sprout maybe, or the lizard on the old blue demijohn: "The Sheltons and the Powderjays sleep here. Under the seeded grass, the lichen stones—the myrtle vines they rest. All come home at last—no more for them the distant hills, the Big Sandy, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Flanders, Virginia, France. They have come to sleep under the tough-butted white oak roots in the hollow where once there was no graveyard at all. They made the graveyard here—planned it. Took the dust from this hollow—used it for a space of time. Then, like good neighbors they brought what they had borrowed back and gave it to the neighbor they borrowed it from—Sheltons and the Powderjays and their in-laws and next of kin—all sleeping here—tall Powderjays and mountain-of-men Sheltons. See the pieces of broken dishes and the bottles on their graves—the cornfield stones, and the white stones that give their names and numbers here—"

The seeded grass waves in the wind. The oak leaves flutter dryly in the summer heat—maybe it is in June. The oak leaves whisper, see—say so many foolish things. But that will not matter in years hence—if you could only see us Powderjays and Sheltons breaking from our silent city—here on this hill where it is a good place to drink a keg o' beer—here on this seeded grass beneath these white oak trees—Ah, Uncle Mel—big as he ever was right back—still a Democrat and Pa still a Republican and Ma and Grandpa Shelton and the balance of the Sheltons—and the thin tall Powderjays coming to life again after their brains have grown brittle and their blood ceased to flow through old veins—back again and rested and ready for another life—a longer life—for anything beneath a hundred years is not time enough for a Powderjay—to live, and love, and fight, and curse—and clear the land and build the houses and the bridges—the railroads and turnpikes and fight the nation's battles—under the skies that are American.

If you could see all of us Republicans, Democrats, Methodists, Forty-Gallo Baptists, Hard-shelled Baptists, Free-willed Baptists, Primitive Baptists, Regular Baptists, United Baptists, Missionary Baptists, Union Baptists, Independent Baptists—all of us out 'n the graves a shaking hands and asking the other how he is after the long night o' sleep and how much land he expects to tend this year—How he likes this part o' life called sleep and how glad he is that he's born into this world—so full o' surprises, and life and death—how great it all is—and how much fun it will be to live it all over again—to fight, to love, to live and die—and pay debts and make debts and buy land—the freedom of the earth, and wind and skies—all under the skies American—the expanse of eternal skies upon the earth—all, all, all, flesh and blood and sleep and graves and all, American. #



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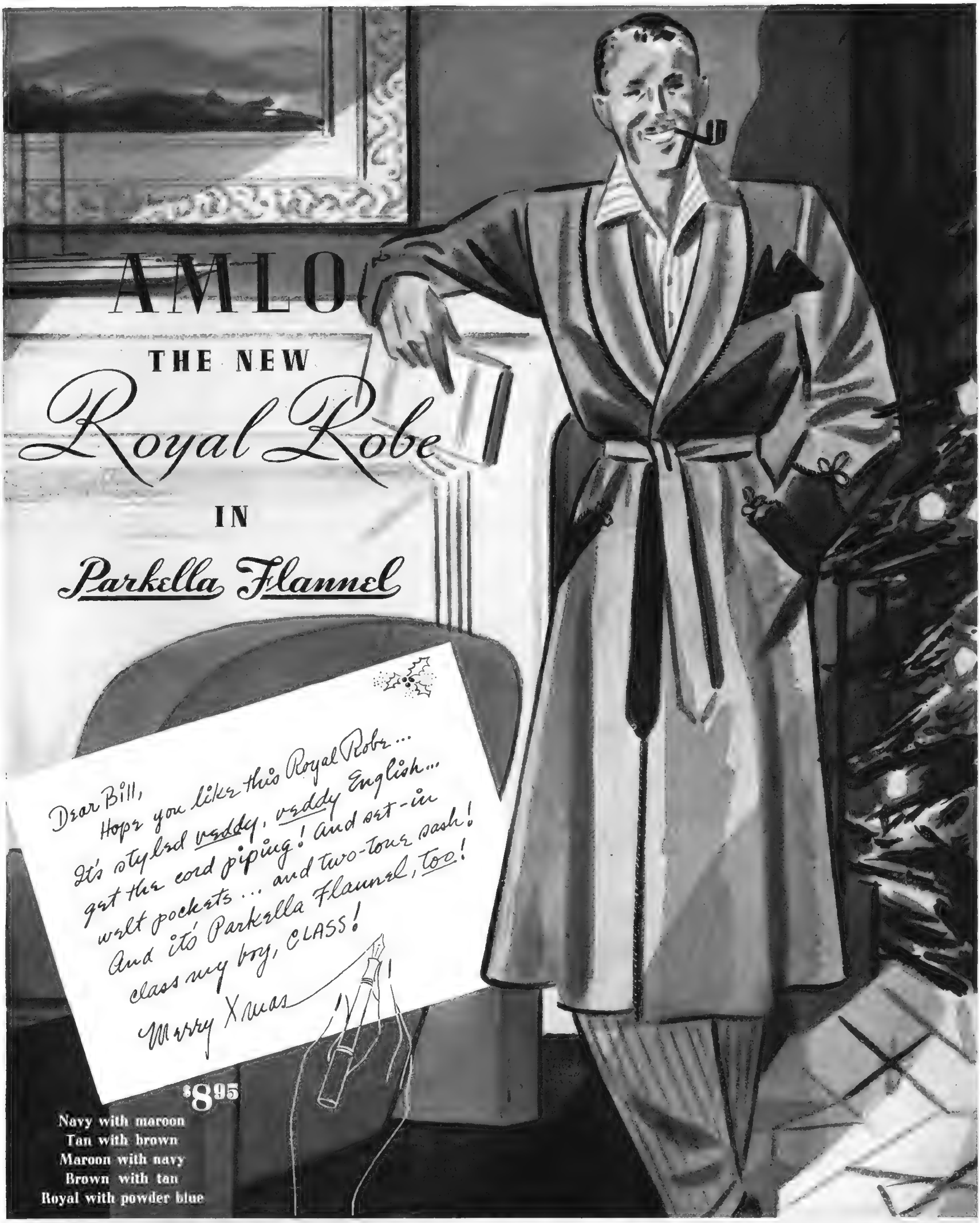

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It's styled veddy, veddy English...
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Don Herold Says-

Even If Women Did Use It First

A few of my men friends have said they thought Mum was exclusively for women.

They've classified it erringly with perfume and other strictly feminine fol-de-rollies.

Well, maybe their error is natural, because it is true that women did use Mum first. Women probably used a lot of good things first—probably soap and bathtubs and knives and forks and tablecloths.

I can remember when we tittered at any man who wore a wrist watch. Then the very masculine World War taught us that the wrist is exactly WHERE a watch *should be* worn.

I say to these men friends: "You perspire, don't you?"

And I ask 'em: "Is it sissy to use something which will insure you all day against giving off perspiration odors, if I am not too subtle?"

You'll even like yourself better

I point out that many druggists now report 1 out of every 4 Mum sales to men and that thousands of men now have the fine MASCULINE habit of using a dab of Mum under each arm every morning and again before evenings out, and often touches to the feet to cool 'em and to keep hose and shoe linings fresh. (Mum is a fragrant cream which stops perspiration odor for the day without preventing perspiration itself.)

Don't take anybody's word—least of all mine. Yank off the edge of this page and ask for a free sample of Mum from Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. P-126, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

We Play Football for Keeps

Continued from page 106

But National League scouts had long since spotted him as a potential star in our circles. Ray Nolting, freshman this season with our Bears, has the makings—but he had bloomed unseen in Cincinnati.

Another fact about the make-up of professional teams is frequently overlooked. The college men who enter the professional game are natural born competitors. They are fellows who love the game and would play it for marbles, if that were necessary. The competitive instinct is there and you see it when you watch a National League game. The players are seasoned and experienced. As early as their senior years in college they learned how to turn on maximum force without wasting energy in slam-bang tactics. They do their jobs in workmanlike fashion. But the age-old winning complex is there—that something which drives a man to do his best in answer to a deep urge within him.

Dutch Clark of Detroit, Dale Burnett of New York, Hinkle of Green Bay, Hewitt of the Bears, Cliff Battles and Turk Edwards of Boston, Mike Mikulak of the Cardinals are typical veterans of the League who like to win, and will fight as hard to win as the scrappiest college sophomore trying to hold his position on the team.

* * *

Our followers are made up of people who love their football played to the hilt. We cannot offer them the fanfare and the pageantry which make a college game a thrilling spectacle. We play to critical audiences. They understand the game, just as the bleacherites in baseball know what it is all about. But they are loyal to us. We try to repay that loyalty by giving them their money's worth of real football.

We endeavor to keep the game interesting. During the past few years we have departed from some of the college rules in order to open up the game. We introduced lateral passes, man-in-motion plays and other progressive developments to produce action. For football defense had developed to the point where it overshadowed the offense, tied up the offensive backfields.

No one is interested in seeing hulking men battering their heads off against one another in midfield.

Working with seasoned players, we are able to develop intricate attacks and employ unorthodox tactics, with maximum deception, because of the tremendous strength of the League lines.

Our rule changes were put into effect to place the attack back on equal terms with the defense. The players enjoy a live colorful game, charged with plenty of visible action and hard, driving, football. So do the crowds. That comes out even, doesn't it? ⧺

A Harvest Memory

Continued from page 59

differently as the seasons, without regret, without hope, and as seemingly carefree as the wind across his fields.

I was to learn much about him.

A Danish peasant, he left his land but seldom.

He had married a girl on the next farm. A country school teacher, she taught him to read and write.

Slow of speech and movement, and sturdy and wind-beaten as the maples about his home, he was the equal in strength of any who worked for him. His shoulders sagged with labor. He was, in his every action, the master of four thousand acres—and himself.

The prey of nature for years, he had seen hot winds burn his fields in an hour—the labor and hope of months. He accepted ill or good fortune without change of expression. His eyes would follow a bobolink darting over the undulating waves of his yellow fields with the same satisfaction that he gazed at a copper sun that betokened good weather. The chinch bug, the Hessian fly, the locust of old, he fought them all in turn with the same stubborn calm. A fatalist, he fretted neither against nature nor events.

Each spring he would walk for miles across his fields to discover where the snowdrifts of winter had washed away his wheat.

"All have registered, Daddy Denmark," said his daughter.

"All right, Babe."

"Where'd you get this one?" he asked Doc Pierce.

"Picked him up in Chicago and liked him. Thought you folks might," was the answer.

Peter Lund glanced shrewdly at me. "Danish—huh?"

"A little—the rest Irish."

"My paternal grandfather asserted that we came from wind rovin' Danes."

Peter Lund chuckled as I explained.

His daughter said proudly, "I'm Indian and Dane."

"You're a scalawag," grunted her father.

About sixteen, her complexion was pink and white, her eyes brown and radiant.

Peter Lund was called "the boss" by all but his daughter. To her he was "Daddy Denmark."

Two Great Danes approached. Heads low, they moved with slow and easy motion.

"Hello Norway and Sweden." The girl patted their heads.

"They don't change," said Doc Pierce. "How old are they now?"

"About eight," answered the girl. "They were the cutest little things when Daddy Denmark brought them home—and now look at them—they're big as calves."

Continued on page 310

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See Page 37

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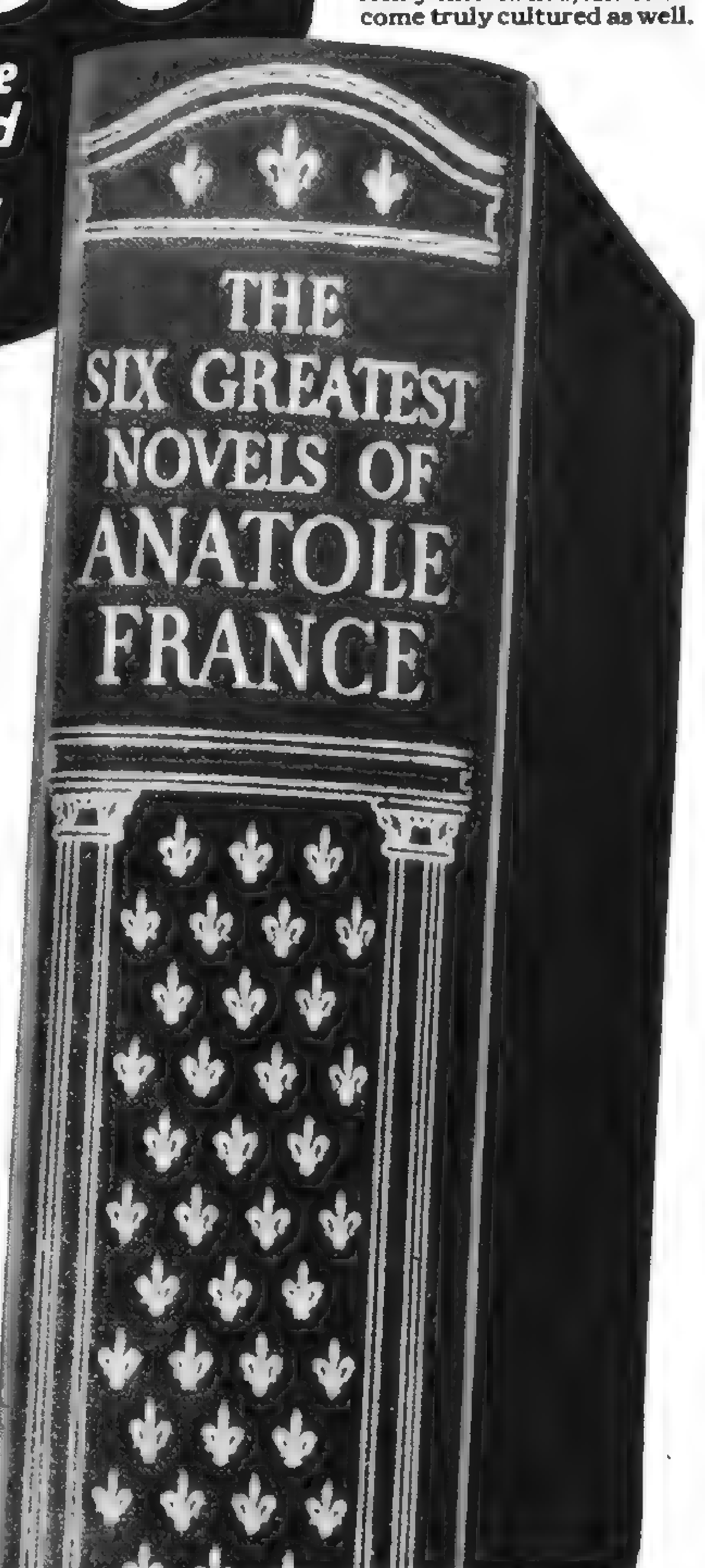

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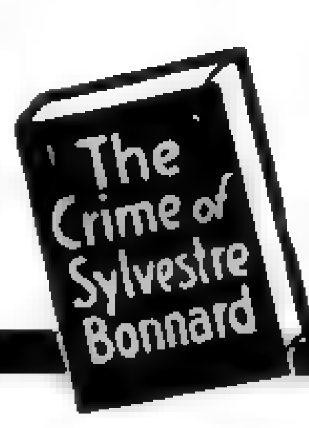
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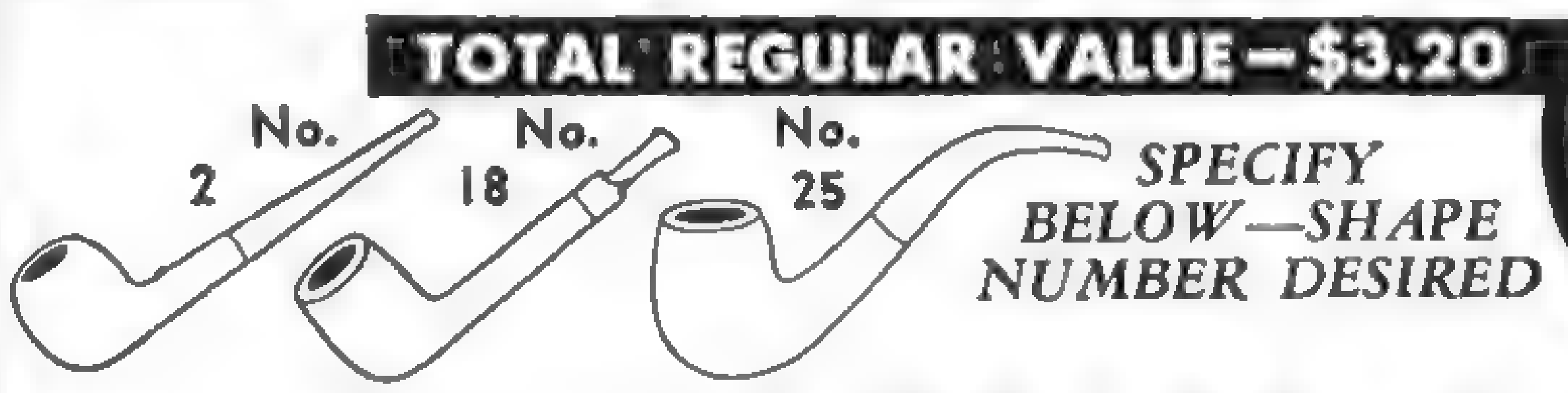

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A Harvest Memory

Continued from pages 59-309

Their heads went lower, as if shamefully. Then, like automatons pulled by the same rope, they moved away.

The dinner bell rang.

Mrs. Lund looked askance as we filed into the long dining room. A slight, dark, woman, she had worked hard in early life. Her father, a pioneer, had married a Sioux Indian.

As Peter's lands and money grew, she became more fastidious, and abhorred the sweating bodies and the salt-streaked clothing of the harvesters.

Her daughter now made up her life.

She had spent several weeks in Florida when Lyndal first went to high school. When she pined for the zero weather of North Dakota, Peter brought her home.

They stopped in Grand Forks to see Professor Irvin Rogers. He had once taught the school in Grainsville that Lyndal had attended.

Her father grunted at the many buildings on the campus. Now a professor of agriculture, young Rogers discussed the ravages of the Hessian fly with him. He gave it a Latin name.

Old Peter grunted, "It's a damned pest under any name."

Mrs. Lund gasped, "Why, Peter!"

She insisted that we go to church that evening.

Yellow as the fields, the moon and stars hung low.

The pine church was heavy with the warm odor of the earth in full bloom.

News of birth, marriage, and death passed between the neighbors. The services were long in starting.

Many gathered about Peter Lund, their minds upon the prospect of the harvest.

The preacher, a farmer, talked of his crops with the rest.

He began his sermon with a prayer of thanks that no famine was near. "We are more fortunate," he said, looking at his sunburned audience, "than those people of another time, who, driven by famine into Moab—dieth there. But there was one that remained—" He looked at the heavy rafters—"We can still see the ancient field of dying wheat—and hear the golden words of the girl." He leaned over the immense Bible—"'And Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to keep from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

"'"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."'"

There were thin wisps of cloud around the waning moon as we left the church.

"Clear weather tomorrow," Peter Lund said.

We were in the field at dawn. The sun was soon shining, yellow and hot as a furnace blaze through the whirling dust of the cloudless day. Hitched to a large machine, twelve horses plodded slowly through the clank and roar of the field.

The grain fell in wide sheets, on a long apron that carried it into a machine. The straw was dropped on the ground, the grain into sacks from a tube at the side.

Day followed day. Tireless and cheerful, we worked early and late. There would be "get togethers" after supper, as Peter Lund called them. Knowing the strain of labor, he liked to see the men relax—when fourteen hours of the day had gone. If he was a driver of men, nature drove him. His thousands of acres ripened quickly.

Early on the tenth morning the east was flanked with immense black clouds. The rain began before we could go to the field.

* * *

"How'd you happen to start coming here?" I asked Doc Pierce while the water rattled on the roof.

"I left a ship over'n Superior, stewed to the gills—started tramping to Seattle, got side-tracked here."

"Is that all?"

He looked at me quickly and smiled, "Before that I was a doctor in Alaska, the only one in two hundred miles—but that was long ago." His words trailed in the tiredness of memory.

* * *

The sun broke through. We left the barracks.

Peter Lund strolled about the yard.

Doc Pierce looked at him. "He's worth some money; but he has his troubles like the rest of us. One time the locusts ate one of his fields. I'll never forget it. They came like so many pieces of hail—the sun shining on their wings so they looked like a million specks of glass moving. The wheat was just getting ripe. There was nothing he could do but let them come. I thought I'd rather be down and out than have what was in his heart when he saw whole swarms coming up in front of the sun and making it dark as night. They flew above the farm for three days. There were whole hours when you couldn't see the sun. Old Peter knew if they ever lit they'd clean his fields like a dog would a platter of meat. They traveled in long waves like the pictures of a comet's tail. A bunch of them lit on his far field the third day. He took it standing up. His little girl looked up at him and said, 'Brave Daddy Denmark.' I can see her yet—she was a cute little shaver. He held her close to him, his big hand covering her whole shoulder—and he never said a word. I've never quit liking him from that day. It was a hundred acre field—they might eat up his farm and they might leave in an hour—you could see

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them going down in front of the sun bent like rainbows, their wings all aglisten. Some of the women started beating a tin tub to scare them away. They might just as well have whistled *Yankee Doodle* for all the good it did—'They can eat without music,' the boss said.

"We all sat around the yard and listened to the whirring of their wings till the sun went down. Early the next morning we rushed down to the field. There was a billion of them up in the sky already flying like a lot of wild geese. They'd stripped that field like a fire'd gone over it. There was an old wagon near the fence that had hickory shafts. They cut a furrow in them like you would with a corn knife. All of a sudden those on the ground shot up and bunched with the others. We could hear them dronin' like electric fans zippin' through the air. They didn't light for over thirty miles, and then they ate up a poor devil's farm along the Red River.

"The boss' wife had prayers said in church the next Sunday, thanking God for taking the locusts away.

"He only said, 'I wonder why He steered 'em to Lars Anderson's farm.'"

* * *

The clouds dispersed. Peter Lund still walked about the barnyard, his eyes scanning the sky. His daughter joined him. He stopped suddenly and saluted her.

"He wouldn't do that for no one else—not even God," Doc Pierce commented.

"How are you, Daddy Denmark?" she asked.

"Very well." He put his long arm about her.

They came in our direction.

"You're a lovely looker this morning," said my companion.

"He's a flatterer, Daddy Denmark," she said.

Two laborers sparred good-naturedly in the yard.

"I wonder how the fight came out?" Peter Lund asked.

No one answered.

"Funny how everyone likes to hear about the ring."

We turned to Doc Pierce.

"After Jeffries fought Johnson, I worked on a ship that hit Alaska every two months. We were about a half mile from shore when an old trader came out in a whale boat with some Eskimos in it.

"He began to hail us, and we thought he might think we were his supply ship that brought him mail and stuff once a year. So we slowed down until he got within yelling distance. Then we leaned over the rail while he put his hands to his mouth and yelled—'Who won the fight?'

"'What fight?'

"'Jeffries and Johnson,' he hollered back.

"'Jack Johnson,' several of us shouted.

"The old man sat down quick in the boat and hung his head a minute. Then he motioned the Eskimos to row him back to shore. . . . It must have been ten months after the fight."

* * *

Peter Lund might have been a giant statue—with shoulders wide as a granary door. His right hand, large and heavy as a mallet, soon opened and closed. He did not speak.

* * *

The harvesters went their roving ways again.

Peter Lund asked me to remain through the winter, as "boy of all work."

The vast fields were made ready for another harvest. Lyndal went back and forth to her last year of high school in Grainsville. The farm became more serene.

Though my sleeping quarters remained in the barracks, I spent many hours in the house.

Peter Lund would recline in a huge leather chair and listen to my tales of far places, while the logs crackled in the fire and the ancient clock ticked the happy hours away.

One evening, while the snow swirled outside, Lyndal told me that her English teacher had asked her to write a short story.

"I'll write it for you," I volunteered.

"You!" she said in surprise.

Though I had written much sardonic doggerel that still survives in the hobo world, it was my first attempt at imaginative prose.

* * *

It was the story of a man whose only son had run away twenty-five years before.

He now stood at the beside of his wife who called feebly for her son. "I'd die happy if I could only see him once again," she murmured.

The old man left the room for the waterfront. He would get someone to play the part of her son. He walked to a group of men seated on a pile of rope in a shed, around which the sea gulls flew.

"Any of you fellows want to earn twenty dollars?" he asked.

"Sure," they all answered.

He selected one casually and said, "You'll do."

"All right," said the man, "What do you want done?"

"Come with me." They walked through the fog-heavy street.

"My wife keeps callin' for our son who run away long ago. She can't see good any more, and she'll never get well. So I want you to play her son—I'll tell you some things that happened when he was a boy—and she'll believe you."

The rover listened, his hand in a heavy beard.

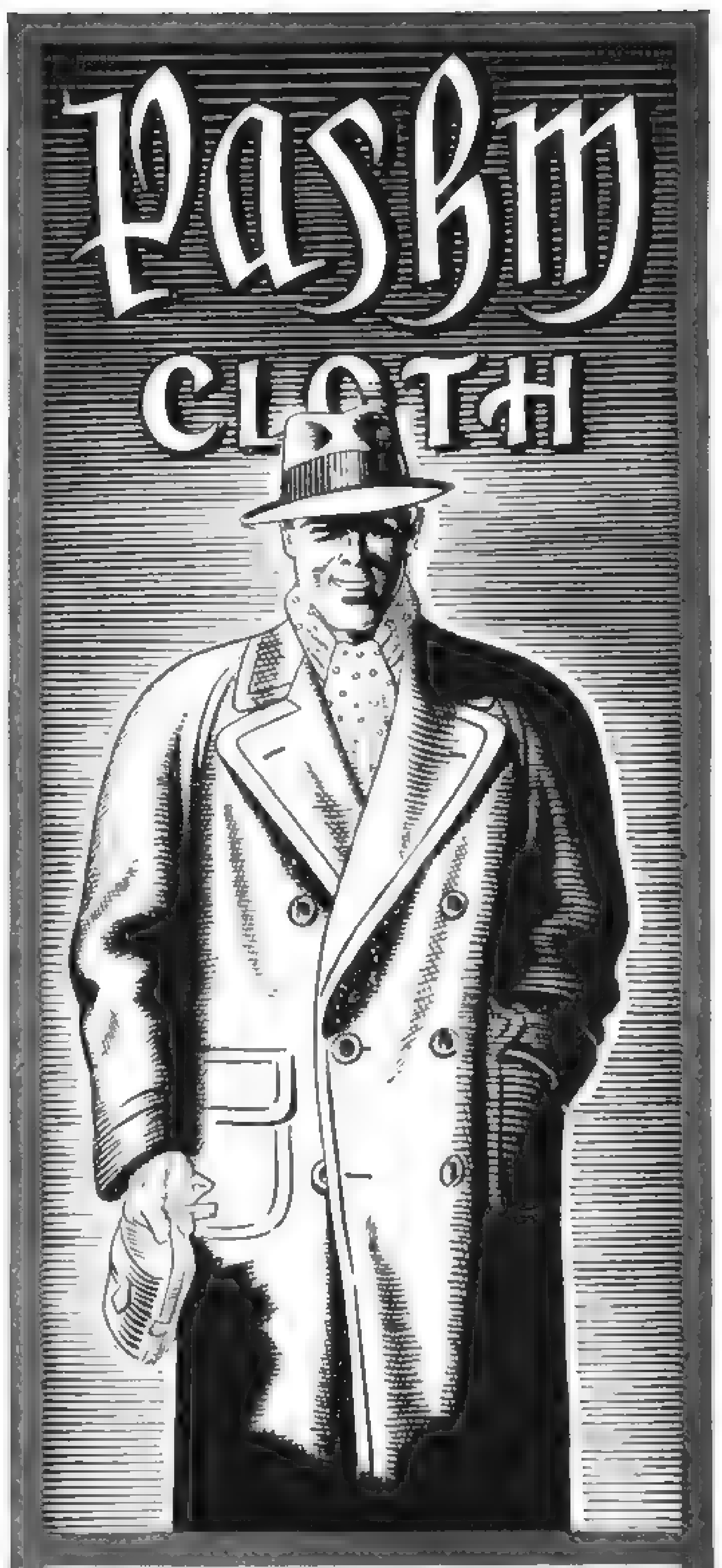
When he entered the room, the ailing woman called, "My son, my son." Throwing her arms about the stranger, she sobbed convulsively, "At last, at last," and fell back silent forever.

The husband handed the stranger ten dollars when they reached the porch.

"I thought you said twenty," he exclaimed.

"Well," the husband shrugged

Continued on page 312



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A Harvest Memory

Continued from pages 59-309-311

his shoulders, "It didn't take long—that's all it was worth."

The stranger stepped forward. "To make a dying woman happy." He controlled himself, and walked quickly through the dismal, dull gray weather.

"Well, did you get the twenty bucks?" his companion asked.

"No," the stranger grumbled, "the old devil's still as mean as when I was a kid."

* * *

Lyndal became pensive after reading the story.

Going with me to the door, she said, "You may be a writer some day," then kissed me impulsively, "Good night."

The snow fell heavily as I went to the barracks. I was no longer a hobo boy. I stepped from mountain to mountain, with the oceans in my hand.

Lyndal's mother forbade her to show the story to her teacher. "It's too cruel," she said.

More than ever her manner made me conscious that I was a vagabond boy.

Lyndal would one day own a four-thousand-acre farm, besides being her Indian grandmother's heir.

Innocent of design, a fragment the early wind had whipped, I was incapable of using others for my advantage.

She loaned me many books, among them Ibsen's plays. The stern old dramatist, cutting his characters to the bone, upset me for days. One of his lines seared into my brain—"Never be so mad as to doubt yourself."

I also read the books left in the barracks by Doc Pierce, and wandered in France with Dumas, in Russia with Tolstoy, in England with Thomas Hardy. The books were cheap, the printing blurred, the light a kerosene glimmer. I was young and my eyes were strong.

* * *

Each Sunday I accompanied Lyndal to see her grandmother.

She had once been a handsome woman. Of great age, she was still lithe, her features bronzed and regular.

Long years had not dimmed her hawk-like eyes. She spoke a halting English.

The stern old woman had influenced the girl. She loved the ripple of wheat, the patter of rain, and the primitive sweep that composed her grandmother's life.

She had come across a large framed painting called *Custer's Last Fight*. Used to advertise a brewery, it showed Custer in the act of striking down when stricken down. Her sharp eyes would look at Custer. Her head would shake. So far as art went, the picture was her only possession. Otherwise she owned 640 acres of land, bounded by four roads.

She died on a cold, windy morning, her clay pipe clutched in her hand. The funeral stretched for a mile.

Lyndal swooned at the grave. Herfather'sarmwent'roundher. She had inherited a lithe body, a graceful walk, and a love of Indian lore from the old lady whose journey now had ended.

Dazed for a week after the funeral, her bewildered father took her to Saint Paul.

Mrs. Lund sent for me the morning after they had gone. She talked about Lyndal for several moments, and then sighed, "I have so much in store for her." She paused. "Too much propinquity now—two children thrown together." Then looking directly at me, "I would rather you did not remain on the farm."

"All right."

Her manner softened. "You'll forgive me." She paused. "Professor Rogers has known her since childhood. He taught her for three years. He is still quite young." She looked kindly at me. "You have considerable wages."

"Three months — seventy-five dollars."

"Suppose I give you one hundred dollars and a ticket to Chicago?"

"All right."

* * *

It was my first time "on the cushions."

An Italian family shared their red wine and coarse food with me.

I reached Chicago and paid thirty-two dollars for four months' lodging in advance at a small hotel near Van Buren and State Street. My room had pine boards straight up and down and wire netting across the top.

I went to the public library and art museum each day.

When warm weather came I had an impulse to return to North Dakota. Ashamed of such weakness, I went on the road again.

Another year passed. I gave up wandering.

A dozen more years staggered away like terribly wounded soldiers in a seemingly useless battle.

I mastered a typewriter and often wrote ten thousand words a day in one long paragraph.

My first book was published. It did not pay my few debts.

My second, *Beggars of Life*, earned thirty-five thousand dollars, and sent my name to other lands.

A professional writer, I went through Grainsville on a lecture tour. The station, the elevator—nothing had changed as on that long ago winter day when a red-headed vagabond boy turned his face to the east with a forlorn Italian immigrant family opposite him in a car with gilt hat racks and worn red plush seats.

I said that nothing had changed. I forgot myself.

* * *

She came to my hotel.

Her white linen suit fitted beautifully her lithe form. Around her small hat was a brown band, to match the handbag she carried. A pair of brown and white walk-

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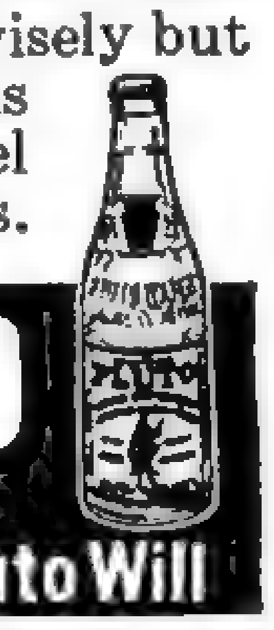

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ing shoes completed her costume.

The budding girl had blossomed into a beautiful woman. Her hair was brown as of old, her figure lovely and graceful.

"You're becoming well known —I've followed you in the papers."

"Is your mother—?"

"Dead six years."

"And your father?"

"He's well—dear Daddy Denmark," she smiled, "he sent me your picture from a Minneapolis paper. 'That's the kid—I know,' he wrote above it."

"Are you happy?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Married?"

"No."

"You didn't marry Professor Rogers?"

"Did Mother tell you?"

I did not answer.

Her eyes lit with happy memory. "Do you remember the time you caught the Canadian wild goose, and I made you set it free?"

"Yes."

"Remember how it flew over the farm twice—and then west till it disappeared?"

"I've never forgotten."

A silence came.

"Much has changed," I said.

"I'm well aware," she returned.

"You're still very beautiful."

"It's kind of you to say so."

"What became of Norway and Sweden?"

"They're gone." She smiled sadly. "Their graves are back of the big red barn."

Her eyes became pensive.

"I wonder what brought you to the farm."

She crossed the room.

"I still have the story you wrote."

"Have you?—I sold it later—my first sale."

The long ago winter night returned.

"I was happy that evening."

"So was I—very." She gazed fervently at the teeming city below. There was about her the scent of violets in a wind-blown valley.

"Why didn't you get in touch with me before?"

"I wanted to," she replied, "but, after all—you ran away."

Wondering why men wrote fiction, I became silent. ⧺

Finding the Lusitania

Continued from page 115

the floor of the ocean.

Russell was British, with all the pride and courage of the seafaring man from those maritime islands. Being somewhat of a dreamer he was naturally interested in the adventure that would surround any salvage operations that might someday be centered upon that greatest problem of them all, the *Lusitania*. He knew only too well that ever since her sinking, experts had wrangled about her last resting place. Every sailor knows the sea has no gravestones; the first great problem would be to find her.

Captain Russell began studying the evidence about the *Lusitania* and plotted out charts, four inches to the mile, of the area where the liner might conceivably lie. His company gave him leave to come home, and so Henry B. Russell came into the *Lusitania* adventure. He was soon talking over its mysteries in a Glasgow office, for the Argonaut Corporation by this time held the rights in a concession to seek the sea's depths for its wrecks of the Great War, and the *Lusitania* was the most important of them all.

It meant much for British reputation, this hunt of theirs. The Italians had been doing heroic work in discovering and working upon the sunken *Egypt*, in the Bay of Biscay. Britain, with all her sea reputation, had hung back in the enterprise of deep sea salvage.

"How do you propose to find the *Lusitania?*" the Glasgow business men asked.

Carefully Captain Russell unrolled a pathetic and invaluable document—the sea-stained Admiralty chart of the south coast of Ireland that was the personal property of Captain Turner, master of the *Lusitania*.

The chart was one of the regular navigator's maps, portraying the Irish shore from Valencia to Cork. It bears faded pencil jottings in Captain Turner's writing, recording the progress of the *Lusitania* during May 6 and 7, 1915.

Among the recordings are notes of instructions radioed to the liner from the British Admiralty, including the submarine warning that was flashed to all shipping when the news of the *U-20's* fatal appearance in the nearby waters had been received.

On entering the danger zone Captain Turner ordered life boats provisioned and watered, lowered to the rail levels in readiness for emergency. All watertight doors were secured except those urgently required to be left open. All ports were closed. There were two men in the crow's-nest and two men forward in the eyes of the ship. Two officers were on the bridge and a quartermaster was on either side to look out for submarines. There were 1989 lives aboard to be protected. Captain Turner apparently was very well aware of his responsibility.

The master's marginal notes reveal that the *Lusitania* was steering a zig-zag course which was abandoned momentarily to get a 4-point bearing on the land. The course was S. 87 E., then N. 67 E., until 1:40 p.m. when he sighted Old Head of Kinsale, then back to S. 87 East magnetic, or roughly parallel to the Irish coast in the direction of Queenstown.

At 2:10 p. m. of May 7 the course abruptly ends. At this point there is a laconic observation—"Struck." Just the one word, nothing more, the entire awesome picture of that greatest marine disaster of modern times.

Watching the chart with us was Robert Chisholm who was serving

Continued on page 314

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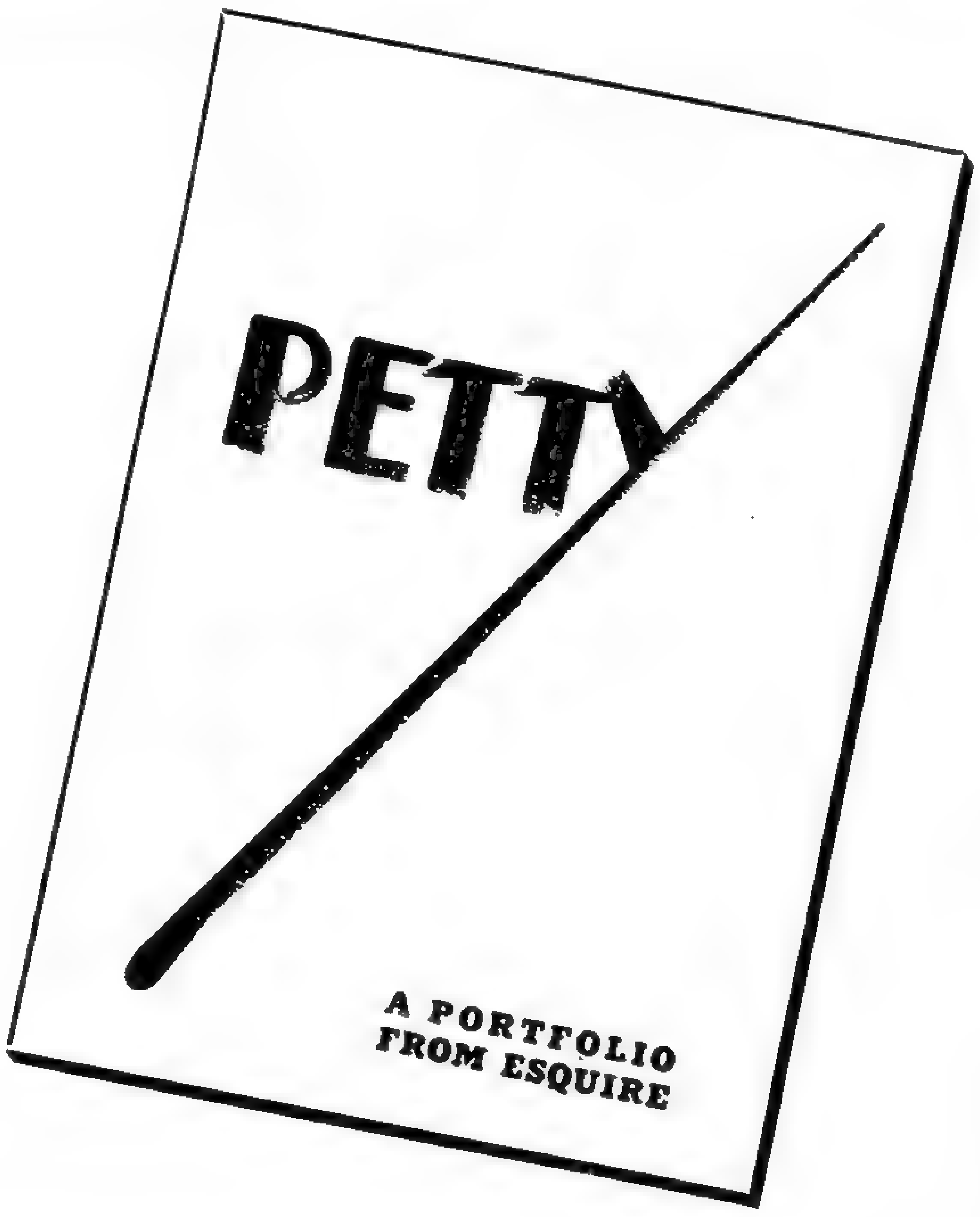

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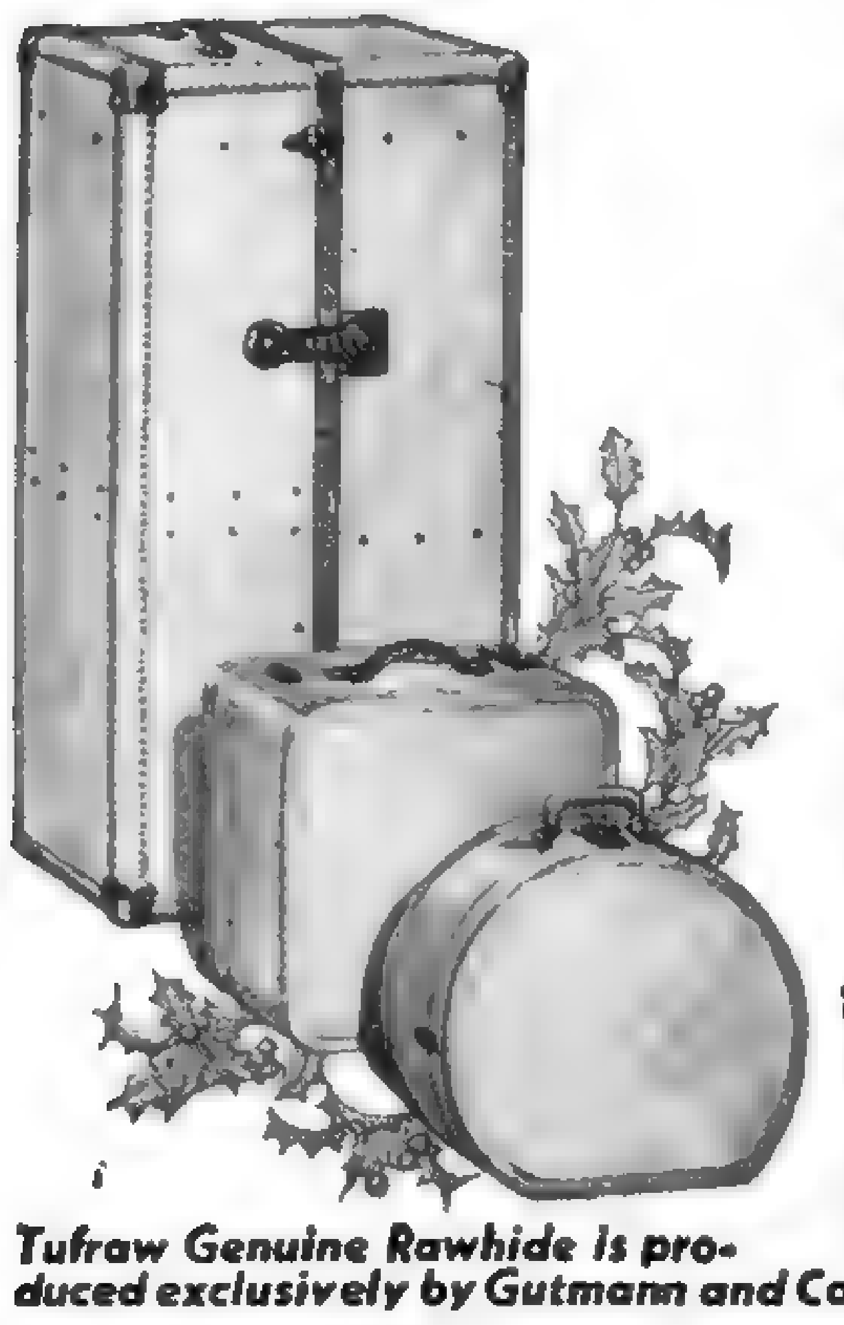

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Finding the Lusitania

Continued from pages 115-313

as second steward aboard the *Lusitania* the day the great Cunarder was torpedoed. Chisholm, who is now the chief steward aboard the *Orphir*, was one of the few persons who actually saw the torpedo which sank the *Lusitania*. He recalls the sinking as the most thrilling memory of his long seagoing career.

Speaking of the disaster, Chisholm said: "It was my usual duty each afternoon at 2 o'clock to survey the smoke-rooms and lounges, and to see to the comfort of the first class passengers. In the fatal afternoon, I was returning to the dining room, when I stopped on deck to look over the side. I yelled to a passing sailor as I saw a darting white streak, 'There's a torpedo!' Like a meteor it flashed through the water toward the ship.

"I ran below shouting for everyone to hold fast. The torpedo hit starboard fairly amidships between the third and fourth funnels. No. 5 lifeboat was smashed to splinters. The ship listed sharply. I landed against the companionway. The second torpedo hit a moment later.

"As the ship righted itself slightly, I went to my lifeboat station, but soon found that all boats on the port side had fallen inward.

"As I hurried back to B deck I passed Alfred G. Vanderbilt vainly attempting to rescue a hysterical woman. I shouted, 'Hurry Mr. Vanderbilt or it will be too late!' He did not heed me and both lost their lives.

"I saw a lifeboat with about ninety people in it. There were only three men and the rest were women and children. Chaos prevailed as the lifeboat was heeling over as the *Lusitania* sank. I jumped into the stern and, with the help of a fourteen year old boy, we got safely to water. The torpedoes had smashed the engines and it had been impossible to reverse to stop ship, the result was the vessel was still under way and our lifeboat, No. 13, was still fastened to the side of the sinking ship and being towed along in grave danger of swamping. Finally the boy and I cut the painters and we managed to get clear of danger.

"The little boat was so heavily loaded that the gunwales were only three inches above the water. Fortunately the sea was as calm as a millpond, and the weather was fair. We were picked up at 6 p. m. by a patrol boat and at 9:30 p. m. arrived safely ashore."

Chisholm may live to walk the decks of the *Lusitania* again, this time beneath the seas, for, like Captain Russell and the Glasgow Scots, he was confident the salvage enterprise would succeed.

The little group in the office sifted the evidence; and here let me take you back to the amazing aftermath of that tragic day in May. Submarine attack had been threatened; anxious watchers were always lining the cliffs of Ireland. On that May day, to ascertain that the *Lusitania* was passing safely through the danger zone, even the school-children were permitted to leave classes and watch.

Because of the mist, the ship had not sighted the Fastnet light. After she was torpedoed the Captain turned her inshore to beach her, but she lasted only a few minutes.

At the inquiry, Captain Turner asserted that she would be approximately twelve miles out when she was struck. There was a conflict of opinion; some witnesses said she was only eight miles from shore. There was a disposition to blame the Captain on that score. Badgered by Counsel, he seemed to falter from his original view; possibly the shore watchers were right.

Captain Russell of the *Orphir* took his little salvage vessel to the eight mile mark. He blocked off an area of twelve square miles. Day after day they cruised back and forth, taking bearings, sounding, checking on their charts. The weather was bad much of the time. They could only work on certain days. The days passed into weeks; the weeks into months. Still no sign of the *Lusitania*.

Russell re-checked his charts. He abandoned the eight mile area and moved out to the twelve mile mark. There he cruised more than seven hundred miles at slow speed. They bounced about in storms; the crew were very optimistic, but anyone could see they were losing their high spirit as the unsuccessful days passed. They brought into play every scientific sounding device and location finder known to maritime practice. Their kedge anchors were dragged back and forth ploughing furrows in the sea floor. Many times they hit wrecks, but none was the huge bulk of the *Lusitania*.

Captain Russell is one of the finest navigators of modern times. He checked and re-checked his charts. He was sure the Captain of the *Lusitania* must have known where he was going and what his position was, still the *Lusitania* evaded them.

Captain Russell returned to Kinsale. There he consulted the reports of a hundred people; of ship's officers, of coast-guardsmen, of the pilot of the German submarine. The witnesses who had seen the liner sink declared her position anywhere from six to sixteen miles offshore and at various different points along the coast. Finally Russell discovered that if he charted all the ocean within the positions given in the evidence it would demand that he search an area of one hundred twenty square miles; a hopeless proposition.

Lieut. Commander Dring, a native of Cork and a man who knew the whole coast, was then contacted. It was his opinion that many of the seafaring men who watched the *Lusitania* sink from

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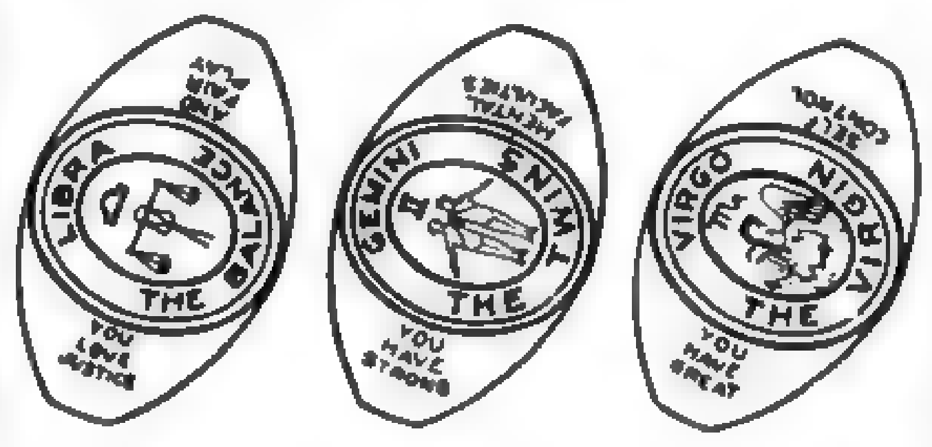

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the shore would have been sailors enough to take bearings on the sinking position. Taking a bearing would be a sailor's natural reaction on witnessing such a catastrophe, and from shore it should be quite accurate.

It was at this point they met and talked with fisherman Harrington. He was definite in his conviction that the *Lusitania* sank "right out there." So definite, in fact he declared he could lead the *Orphir* right over the spot.

Commander Dring knew his Irish fishermen very well. He also knew it was unlikely Harrington was exactly right; a few inches miscalculation from the shore end would throw the *Orphir's* search just sufficiently far enough out to entail days and possibly weeks of useless search. To get many fishermen with fairly correct bearings from different points along the coast would reduce the margin of error. But how to select the right men and the right bearings?

Then these two enterprising Naval Reserve officers hit on the idea of using a little landlubber psychology. They chose several villages along the coast and let it be known they wished to speak with all the men who had witnessed the *Lusitania* sink from the shore. They made their meeting place in the village pub, which proved an added attraction to many beer-loving sailors.

They analyzed the problem and reduced the reliable observations to those of some twenty witnesses. To each they put the question: "How do you know the *Lusitania* sank 'right out there'?"

Each had a slightly different answer, but the gist of any one of them was, "Because I was standing near the barn and took a bearing on the corner of Mrs. O'Leary's cottage."

This was something to go on. Captail Russell brought the *Orphir's* instruments ashore. He set his range finders on the very spots where each of the witnesses had been standing when they watched the *Lusitania* sink, and "shot" his bearings. These findings he charted on a map and found the remarkable intersection of at least twelve of these directions between Galley Head and the Head of Kinsale.

He had made an astonishing discovery. They bore out the opinion of that fine navigator, Captain Turner, who knew his own ship and knew his course.

By this the area, on evidence only if you like, was reduced to the working proposition of one and a half square miles.

On a beautiful, calm October day, Russell set out to prove his calculations. He was a sea detective justifying the theory of a tragedy. And yet he admits that after all his science and mathematics, he had a gift from the Goddess of Luck who now and then gives a blessing to the sailor.

He moored his buoys, east, south, west and north, and a fifth in the center of the area. The Goddess of Luck smiled when she sent a strong northerly breeze as they were setting the center buoy for it put them about one and a half cables to the north of where he had intended to place the buoy. The set also was responsible for the northerly buoy being moored a trifle to the north. This meant that the northern limits of the square were moved about a third of a mile to the north, a fact of which Russell was fully aware. This simply meant covering a little more ground in the northerly direction.

Once the area to be searched was marked, they relied on an ingenious instrument to probe the sea for them. It is the Admirality Depth Recorder, which sends a sound to the sea bottom, and records on a graph, something like a weather barograph, the return of the echo of the sound.

Imagine if you can thousands of echoes returning to the bottom of the ship from the ocean floor one hundred yards beneath it. If an object, a great rock, for instance, rises suddenly, so does the marking on the chart. But there is a difference in the reaction of the sound from a solid rock and from a hollow hull of a ship.

It sounds fantastic, but they actually see with sound.

In response to it, a sensitive pencil was recording what lay beneath them in the sea.

Chief Officer Horn was standing on the bridge beside the instrument while the ship was steered in north and south courses in that square marked by the buoys. Back and forth they went, moving a hundred feet farther over each time they crossed the square. They made a two-cable margin outside the square when making a turn.

Suddenly the ship was being manoeuvered for some particular purpose. The *Orphir* had been swung into her own wake on the north turn! A definite marking on the graph told they were over some remarkable mass, not a rock, lying on the flat, sandy base of the Atlantic. The instrument recorded that this object was eighty-four feet in height.

A thrill of anticipation swept the ship. The manoeuvre brought the Captain, officers and crew to the deck.

Over and over again they crisscrossed that spot, checking the height, and that all-important dimension, the length—accurately determining it by ranging on a buoy while they slowly steamed from stem to stern of the wreck—seven hundred eighty feet! The *Lusitania!* It must be, for no other known wreck within one thousand miles has such dimensions.

The echo indicated that this object was hollow. Russell was convinced that his quest had been true, and dropped a buoy to mark the place, the grave of the ill-fated *Lusitania*.

Captain Turner had said she was twelve miles out when struck, and she steamed toward shore. This hulk lay just over eleven miles from land. Captain Russell

Continued on page 316

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Finding the Lusitania

Continued from pages 115-313-315

had proved that his compeer, Captain Turner, was right, and his critics were wrong. But a great seaman has not lived to know it.

Then the Goddess of Luck frowned . . . as if to test the mettle of these delvers into Father Neptune's domain. The wind came away from the southwest, and they had to make for shelter. For ten days the gale blew, a forerunner of bad weather which tormented them through a distracting month. It carried away their buoys.

But Captain Russell had taken very careful bearings, and in fourteen minutes from the second start of the search, his instruments made the same recording. There was double proof. One could hardly be in the vicinity of so tremendous a wreck and miss it.

His diver, Jarratt, was gasping to get down. But that was a perilous job. The wreck lay two hundred forty-six feet below. The *Orphir* had to lay mooring buoys in position over the wreck. The buoys were eight feet in diameter and weighed nearly two tons. The mooring anchors and chains for each buoy weighed several tons. They might have brought the foremast down or torn the bulwarks or the bitts out of the ship by attempting to handle such weight and bulk in a seaway.

They just had to wait for a favorable day, and, cursed by the weather, they had only one.

On October 26, a Saturday those men will remember as long as they live, they lowered Jarratt into the sea and paid out the length of wire that they had calculated would be required to reach the object that, they knew, still awaited confirmation. An unlimited extent of wire could not be allowed because of the depth and the risk of entanglement.

Down, down went Jarratt, through the still, green waters. Gradually the light grew fainter, the water duller, darker. From out the Iron-man's faceplate he caught glimpses of curious fish. They slipped up to him and then drifted easily away.

But the danger of getting fouled in that wreck was great. One of the cables on a mooring anchor snapped . . . a fifteen ton pull had done it when the ship heaved to the swell . . . so little chance had Jarratt if he should foul a foot or drop under a deck in that heaving sea.

"Forty fathoms," sang out the winchman. They stopped Jarratt there. Back up the phone-line came his message:

"I am standing on the plates of a ship; I can see her two-inch rivets. There is amazingly little sign of corrosion beneath the slime covering on the hull."

The rivets of the *Lusitania* were one and seven-eights inches in diameter.

Jarratt never got down again. The storm baffled them. They, of course, meant to send him down with enough scope on his shot line to let him search for davits or ventilators, hoping he might bring up a bell or a binnacle.

But the *Orphir* waited for the chance in vain, battling with the Atlantic through the worst season for fifty years. At last they had to slip one of the lines and cut the stern moorings with a chisel. It was heart-breaking after their long search to be baffled by weather just on the brink of success. The gale warnings told them that November would be merciless.

But they shall go back, with a diver in that Tritonia all-metal flexible-limbed diving dress that allows opportunity of movement in the depths where sleeps the *Lusitania*. This time they will be joined by Captain John D. Craig and his crew of Hollywood Motion Picture Adventurers who will photograph the operations in and about the wreck.

To merely dive in three hundred twenty feet of nice, cold ocean, with a breeze blowing above is a man-sized job. To fuss around and take gold coins out of locked boxes and ship's safes, is no mean task. But—to have to crawl into weird spots in order to get movies showing what a tough time the other fellow is having, is the climax. So I have a hunch these diving movie cameramen are going to have a bad, if interesting, time of it.

They know the *Lusitania* lies there. I doubt if their thoughts are all for the treasure, whatever it may be. Men like Russell, Jarratt and Craig have a habit of thinking of the thousand souls who died imprisoned between her decks, drowned in the midst of luxury that afternoon in May. They approach this adventure with a respect bordering on awe.

The last time the *Orphir* crossed the spot they mourned for them. Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jew were represented by their own clergy during the service of remembrance. A deep emotion held all the ship's company when they sounded the Last Post and the Reveille. As the notes broke the stillness while the *Orphir* steamed slowly over the wreck—a miracle happened:

A rainbow formed between two of the buoys, lingered a moment and vanished. All around the winter waves swept endlessly.

It is into this sea that men will soon dive. They have found her resting place, and hope the Goddess of Luck will smile again and they shall be permitted to walk upon the sunken decks of the dead *Lusitania*.

Possibly they may unbend some of their remarkable scientific gear and, if Craig's plans are successful, we shall be able to follow with them via radio broadcasts and, later, witness their adventure upon the screen. If they do, the secrets, the stories of her mysteries and her wealth will hold a breathtaking interest. ##

Grandfather Dies with His Boots On

Continued from page 65

right." Hers not to reason why, hers to hear the will and get the hell out of this screwy joint. "Sit it right here. That's right."

"You want the wrappings took off, I guess," said Pete.

"Sure," said Mrs. Mitchell. "I suppose so."

"Jist sign here."

She scribbled her name. She and Mr. Mitchell and the two young ones surveyed the casket. It was a work of art. Done in chromium and chased silver, modernistic in every detail, streamlined, its purity of line and expensive simplicity perfectly wedded to achieve fame, as Mr. Greering said, as the casket of the future.

"Looks like the new train we seen in the movies," said Mr. Mitchell admiringly.

"It's nice and soft inside," said one of the young ones. "Kin I git in and try it?"

Mrs. Morrison swept through the room, pulling up like a scared broncho at sight of the casket. "What the devil do you call this?"

"The man brung it," said the Mitchell boy.

"That's right," said Mrs. Mitchell. "I signed for it."

"It's a honey," said Mr. Mitchell. "Must have cost more than a Rolls-Royce."

Mrs. Morrison practically flung herself at the telephone. "What in heaven's name did you tell the undertaker?" she demanded of Edward.

He was puzzled. "I just said the worst had come," he said.

She jammed down the receiver and dialed again. "Mr. Greering? Are you mad? Do you know you've delivered a casket here, and Grandfather is still—with us? A mistake! You understood—? Well, get your hearse or wagon or whatever it is up here *immediately*. Immediately, do you understand? I want that thing out of this house instantly!"

"Here. Just a moment."

A sudden silence, profounder than the tacit silence of a house where a man is dying, fell over the room.

"He got away from me," said a nurse.

Grandfather stood in his bathrobe, his eyes bright, his thin ankles showing whitely beneath his pajamas. There was a devilish smile on his wrinkled lips. Even the Mitchell young ones stopped horsing around.

"No you don't," the old man said. "Call that number back and say it's all right."

"Grandfather!"

He stopped the advancing physicians cold with a stare. He turned and admired the casket, his eyes roving over it approvingly, his white head nodding. "It's a pip, Annie."

"Grandfather!"

"Is it for me? Gee, Annie. I don't know what to say. Honest. Always thinkin' of the old man." He turned to the frozen company. "Did ever an old codger have a granddaughter like Annie Morrison?" he asked rhetorically. "If it was my birthday I wouldn't get so excited about it. But right out of a clear sky. Well, well, well! I'm just so overtaken I guess I best sit down. Here, youngster, help me to that chair."

"Grandfather, it was all a mistake," said Annie coldly. "The man'll come over and take it away."

"Over my dead body," Grandfather chuckled.

"I cannot have that thing in the house!" she declared angrily.

The smile went out of Grandfather's eyes. His lips flattened out and he glared at his granddaughter. "It'll stay here till the day I die, do you understand?"

"*Grand*father." A set of tears welled up in her eyes as she moved toward the phone.

"Till the day I die," he repeated, smiling once more. "You won't have so long to wait. I'm about shot to hell. HERE!" he yelled at one of the hovering nurses. "Tell Masters to dig up a bottle of that '91 cognac. And don't stand there gaping. And wipe that stuff off your lips! Ugh. You look like a vampire who's forgotten to wipe her mouth. Who hired that woman anyway? Annie! Have something brought to eat. You won't get anywhere trying to starve me to death."

"Grandfather!"

"Intoxicating liquors—" said one of the physicians, horrified.

"Probably fatal," predicted the second.

"Cardiac lesion, completely fatal in the case of cardiac lesion," the other finished woefully.

Grandfather beckoned to the physicians. "Come," he said. "I won't hurt you. There. Stand right there. I haven't got much strength to my voice. I've been wanting to make an observation which you gentlemen will be interested in."

"You will tax yourself, sir," said the chief consultant.

"I have had a long life, my friends," said Grandfather. "Ever since accident took economics out of my hands I have had time to observe human nature in some detail. Do you know, for instance, that there exist people who would sell their last volumes to buy a bookcase?"

He glanced fondly over at the casket and someone mumbled, "Grandfather's brain has snapped."

"Where is that cognac?" cried Grandfather, settling his thin frame more comfortably in the big chair. "Ah, Masters—pour me a double pony." He tossed the amber stuff off gracefully. "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun, some people like to dance, others send their children to college for an education, and once I saw a boy sit on a branch of a tree and saw it off at the trunk. Yes, sir."

"If you would decide to come

Continued on page 318

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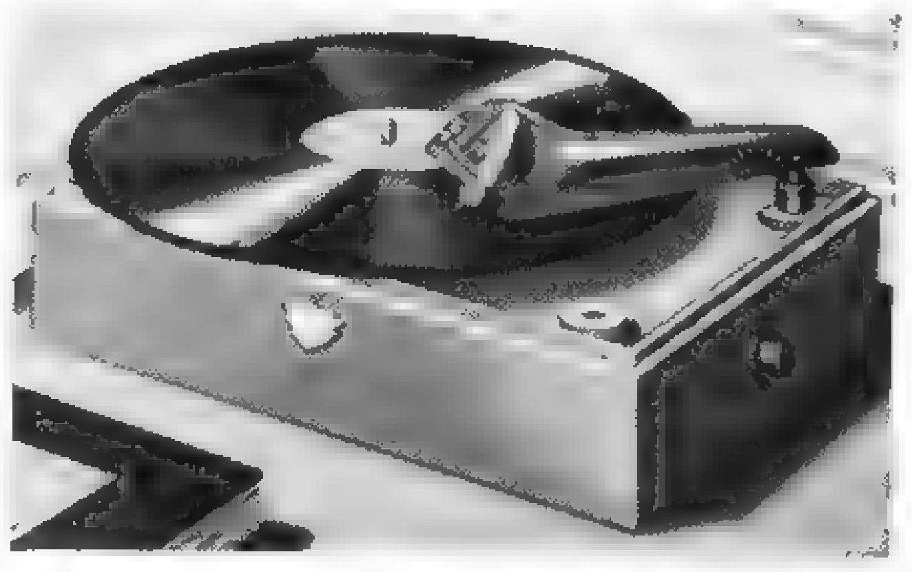

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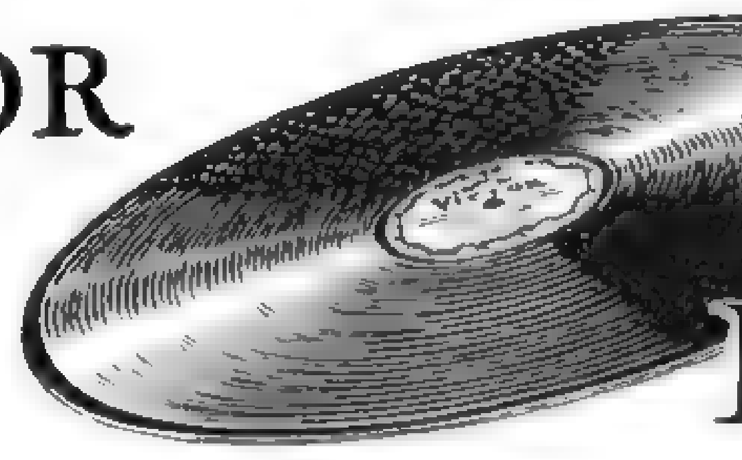

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Grandfather Dies with His Boots On

Continued from pages 65-317

to bed, Mr. McNaughton—"

"I knew some folks who furnished a log cabin up in Maine with French period furniture, gentlemen. I heard tell of a lad who knocked a hole in the bottom of a rowboat to let the water out, and I know personally there are those who actually bet on wrestlers and horse races. Some folks think two can live as cheaply as one, some believe the statements of political candidates, others place the utmost confidence in their physicians. Come, gentlemen. Get out of my house before I crown one of you with a table leg."

"Grandfather!" exclaimed Annie.

The meeting began to break up in some disorder. "Stick around," Grandfather nodded toward the Mitchells. "This is going to be fun. Annie, phone my attorney to stand by. Where's that mutton-head, Edward? I want him here. And now send your secretary in to me. Come, come. I want action. I don't want to drop dead in the middle of this."

The consultants shook their heads on the way out. "Intoxicating beverages," they mumbled.

"With those arteries," they said.

"Cerebral hemorrhage inevitable."

"I suggest that it has already occurred."

Later the secretary sat opposite Grandfather, a chill of trepidation tickling her spine. Edward and Annie hovered nearby. Annie's eyes were red. Edward's neck was white.

"Who are these Atchesons?" asked Grandfather.

"S-socialite friends whom Mrs. Morrison has been cultivating, sir," said the secretary, expecting to be bitten.

"Number 236 of the Four Hundred, eh? Those are the sort of folks we want. Pick me out about fifty dignified old buttons, girlie, pen up the invitations, and have Mrs. Morrison sign 'em for the earliest mail."

"I shall never accede to your lunacies, Grandfather," said Annie. "Why should you wish to humiliate me over a dreadful mistake? What can you expect to gain—"

"You'll sign 'em. Do as I tell you, miss. You'll sign 'em or I'll will every dime I've chiselled out of my fellowman to charity. I'll—I'll establish a fund to send racketeers to European finishing schools and give the rest to the Mitchells."

"I'll do anything you say," said Annie, utterly dismayed by mention of the Mitchells. "Now please, Grandfather, won't you let us help you into bed?"

"Bed, hell," said Grandfather. "Here, nurse. No, you come here, Mitchell. Put that chair right here. Good. Help me up."

"He's gonna sleep in the cof—" began one of the Mitchell young ones.

"Casket," corrected his mother primly.

"Grandfather!" exclaimed Annie.

"Now, after all—" said Edward.

"Shut up and help me— Ah." He sank down on the satin cushions. "Ah. Snug as a bug in a rug. I want to get used to the damned thing anyway. All of you can chase yourselves but nurse here. Have you wiped that muck off your face? I guess I'm old-fashioned. Run along now. I want forty winks. This is the nuts."

No one knew what Grandfather had in store for him, but everyone counted on the worst. The interim was like a nightmare. Annie consulted the family attorney, who advised her not to cross the old man or sue for a certificate of insanity, as he had warned all the surrogates and appellate justices in the state of such possible attempts. The night of the reception Grandfather had planned finally arrived.

He had put a tailcoat and white tie right over his pajamas; he propped himself up in the magnificent metal casket and perused a copy of a racy magazine, one slippered foot slung over the edge comfortably. The guests filtered in pairs into the reception hall. There was nothing Annie could do but have them ushered into the drawing room. Mr. Atcheson, of Atcheson, Atcheson, Atcheson & Jones, socialite divorce attorneys, was the first to spy Grandfather. He made a noise in his throat like a half-drowned fish.

"Good of you to come in," said Grandfather agreeably. "Sit down and rest your case. Nice weather we're havin'. How you hittin' 'em?"

"I do not quite understand," said Mr. Atcheson. "Am I to suppose that this is some kind of a gag? Or something?"

"No, no, no," said Grandfather, somewhat hurt at the suggestion. By this time most of the others had surveyed the scene; some looked as though they had been shot. Others appeared only half-shot. "Here, Atcheson. Lend me a hand." He stepped down. "Nice piece of workmanship, folks," he waved his arm. "Eh? Pretty a bit of designing as these old eyes have laid eyes on in a month of total eclipses. Present. Right, Annie? Yes, sir. Present from the little girl. Never guessed a thing, kept the whole business dark, complete surprise to me. That's the kind of girl to have, folks."

"I think I am going to pull a nose-dive," whispered Mrs. Atcheson to her husband. "I've got to get out of here. If this gets around my reputation won't be worth the powder to blow it to—"

"Precisely," said Mr. Atcheson.

"Just feel this satin lining, babe," said Grandfather, taking Mrs. Atcheson's arm and leading her over to the casket. "Your old man was in the remnant busi-

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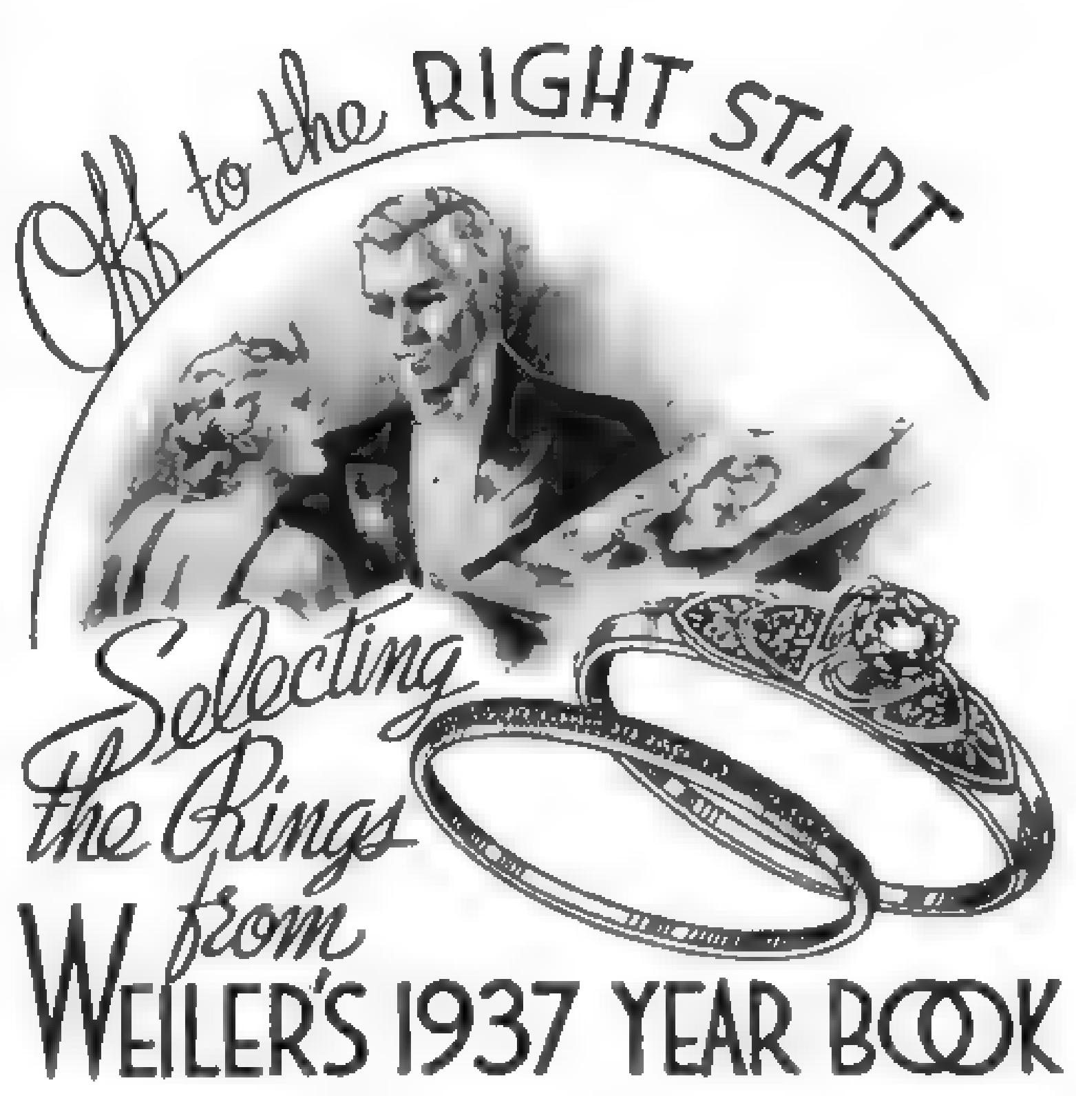

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ness, wasn't he? Ah. Hello, Mitchell. Havin' a good time? You folks know each other?"

"I'm afraid I'm going to be ill," she said. "Er, ah, will your man phone our chauffeur?" she turned to Annie.

"I'll have your car brought right around," said Annie, a quiver in her voice.

"Nothing serious, I hope?" said Edward solicitously.

"So good of you," said Mrs. Atcheson.

"I'll take the same," someone mumbled.

"Check," said another.

"Going so soon?" asked Grandfather, astonished.

"I was never so insulted in all my life," said a dowager, giving voice to the common resentment. "My wraps, fellow."

"That's because we never met before," Grandfather patted the dowager on the shoulder gaily.

"He's loony."

"Pardon me, sir," said the butler. "A gentleman calling. A professional gentleman."

"Who is it, Peabody?" said Grandfather. "Announce him."

"Come this way, sir," said Peabody. "Mr. Herbert M. Greering."

Mrs. Morrison wondered how one swooned.

Mr. Greering addressed her. "Mrs. Morrison? I was notified to appear. Ah, well. Into each rain some life must fall. Er, may I be taken to the—the deceased, if you please?" He apparently had had his few nips.

"I am the deceased," said Grandfather proudly, pleased with himself.

"Very well," said Mr. Greering. "Come with me. Boys!" he called to his assistants. "Let's go to work and get it over with."

Whoa, Grandfather thought. The party's getting too rough. About time to call the whole thing off. "O. K., Annie," he said sadly. "I know when I've had enough. Call back your sawbones and keep this guy away from me. I'm licked."

Mr. Greering surveyed the retreating assembly. He took hold of the dowager's arm, leading her from the drawing room. "I like to see 'em die fighting, with their boots on," he told her confidentially. "Well, into each life some rain must fall. We all have to go. Hope we'll be seeing each other soon. Au revoy." ⧻

The Eye and the Finger

Continued from page 70

And there was no body. And the nap of the rug underneath it remained erect.

He stared at the hand with blind, unreasoning, raging horror. The hand curled, so that the forefinger pointed directly at him. It curled in no haste, but as inexorably as the tick of time.

His first instinct, to flee forever from the room, he suppressed. He heard the rumble of wheels upon a street, and in the presence of that familiar reality, he could not yield to this visitation that had no right to afflict him. For if he rushed out, not to return, he could never through all years to come efface the haunting of events that he could not explain.

His breath came in deep gulps, and trembling fits of exhalation, as he advanced.

The hand, hanging without support, pointed straight toward him. He drew nearer, and nearer, but could detect no change in its position. The room fell away from his vision, light and darkness departed, leaving to him a universe composed only of a disembodied hand, and himself.

He seized the hand, intending to hurl it far out the open window.

The fingers instantly curled around his own, not fiercely, but tugging him along, pulling him toward the window. For a step he followed, hypnotized and unnerved. The hand felt neither living nor dead, neither hot nor cold. Its touch brought unrelieved terror, because it resembled nothing that he knew. It seemed most like the clasp of some fantastic alien, not of this nor of any other imaginable world, but of a solidity beyond. It felt like a marginal thing, trapped midway between stone oblivion and tissue of life.

He pulled, and the hand reluctantly, with heavy drag, yielded, drifting away from the window as upon the surface of an unseen ocean. The fingers retained their firm clasp, all save the forefinger which opened like an unfolding worm. He fought the hand. He seized the forefinger with a tug that tore the other fingers loose. The forefinger began to curl inward upon his left palm. His right first hit and hammered it. He freed himself wholly from that corrupt touch, and backed away, a salt taste upon his lips.

The hand relaxed. It drifted over to the spot at which he had first observed it. His own hands were shaking, shaking incessantly, and yet all the rest of him seemed ice. Not until the marginal thing had resumed its former position did he manage to overcome his paralysis, but the palsy of his hands continued. If the marginal thing had only attacked him—if it would try to overtake him, track him down, hound him deliberately—he could have coped with physical, tangible horror in action. The fiendish element was the thing's confidence. It urged, without threatening him, and waited because it had the whole of time till doomsday.

A towel caught his glance. Not once letting the hand out of his sight, he took the towel from its rack by the washbowl.

The forefinger curled up in a dreadfully wagging gesture as he drew near again.

The towel trembled even before he flung it over the marginal thing. He grabbed the four ends, wondering if the prisoner had escaped. With the corners of the

Continued on page 320

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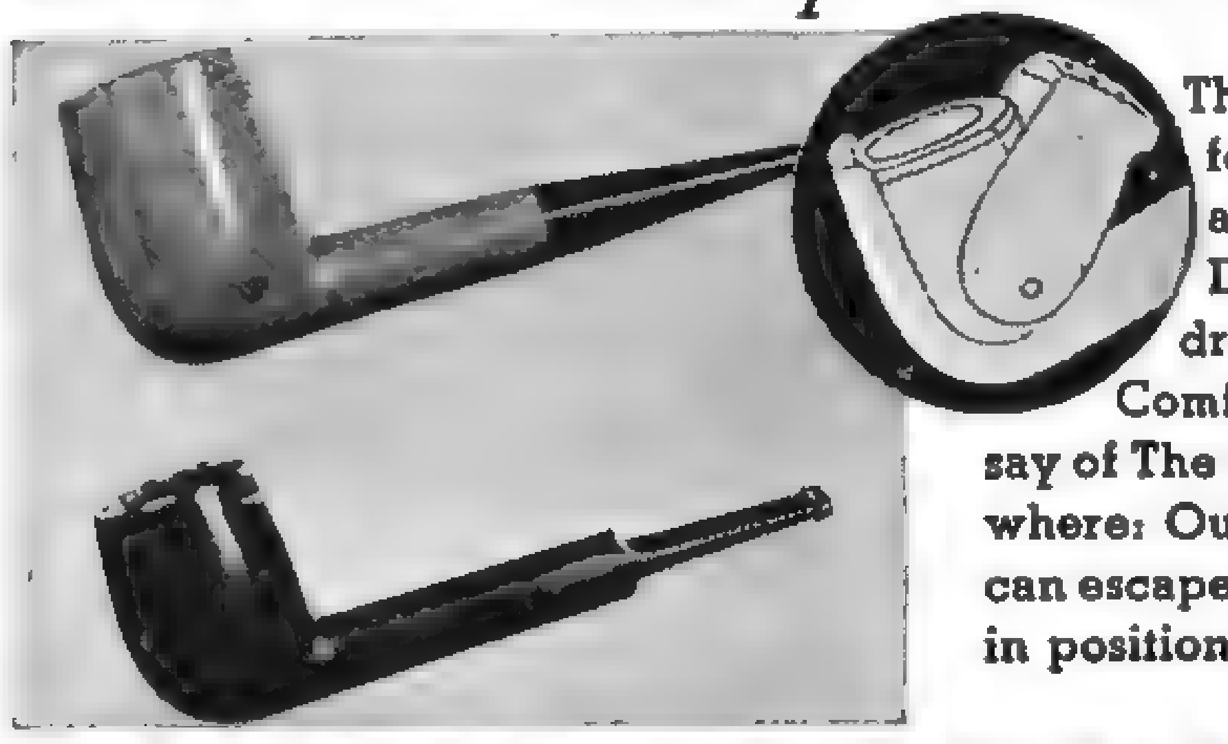

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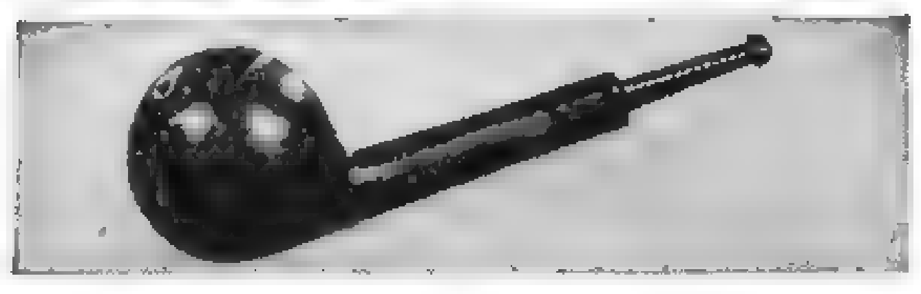

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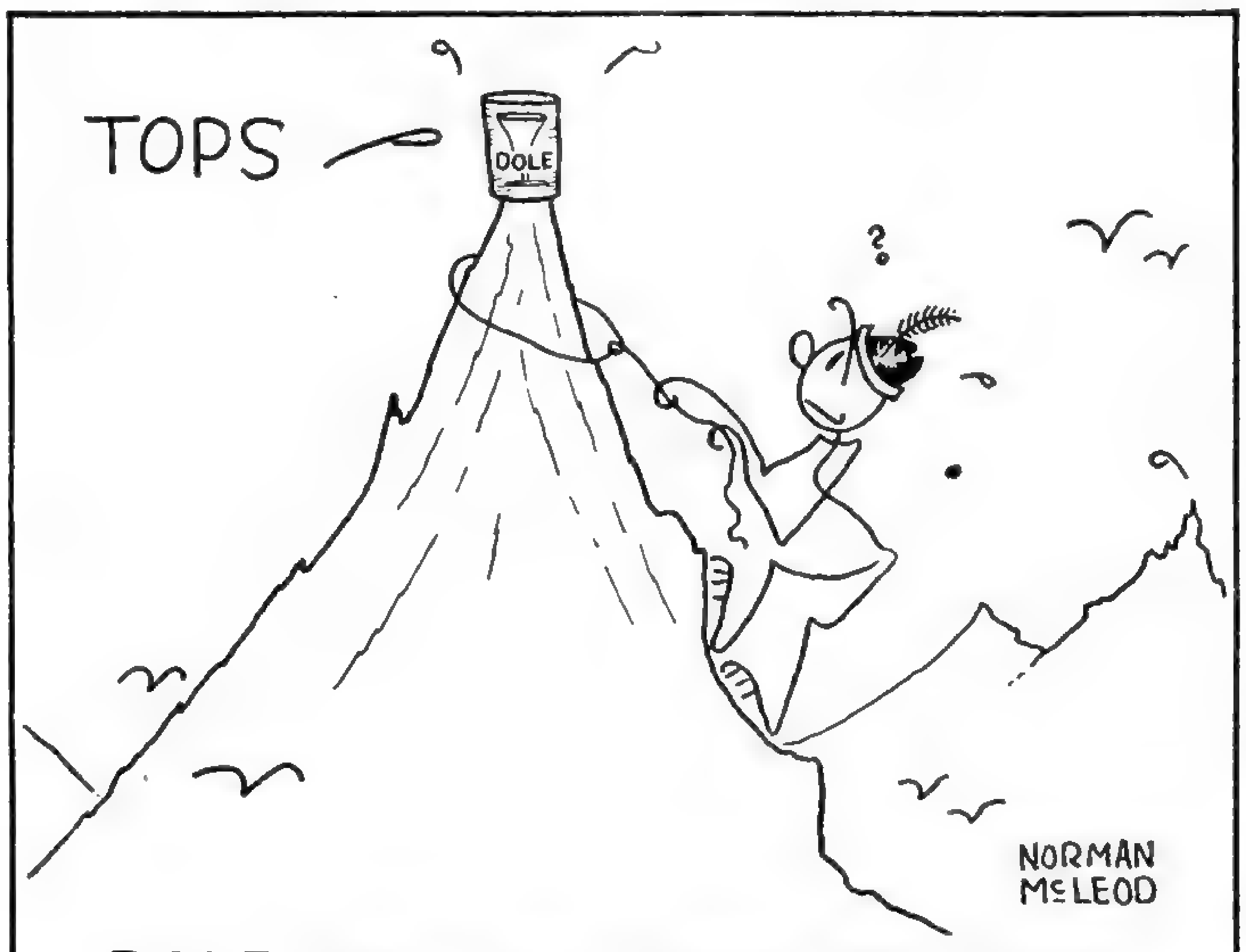

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The Eye and the Finger

Continued from pages 70-319

towel clutched, he distinctly felt a weight, heard and saw a gruesome scrabbling within the bulge.

His descent was nightmare. He twisted the ends of the towel, and held the bag that imprisoned the creature under his arm. There it squirmed, nudging him with fingers that prodded inquisitively. Toward the ground floor, the forefinger began a diabolic tapping in measure with the beating of his heart, and when his heart skipped, the tap did not come.

At the refuse receptacle, he had a compulsion to lift the cup, and find if the eye had escaped. But the fear of knowing proved greater than the fear of not knowing. He knotted the towel to a mass of iron. He walked away rapidly, then, to escape the scuttling flurry that threshed the cloth.

The one man who could help him was Dr. Behn, the psychiatrist, who lived nearby. The psychiatrist did not like being called from bed. At first gruff, then skeptical, impatient, soothing, and interested in turn, he finally agreed to accompany the patient.

"It will at least help to settle your nerves for the night when I've proved that nothing unusual is present," said Dr. Behn reassuringly. "The hallucination may return, of course, but you'll be better prepared because you'll understand that it is a hallucination. I almost wish you were right, though. What an uproar it would create among my colleagues! But, of course, such things simply can't be, can they?"

"No, they can't be, but they are. Why do they happen to me? Why not somebody else? Why not you?"

Dr. Behn did not answer.

The street, now dark and long deserted, echoed their tread as they entered the building. The echoes had a dismal, reverberating sound as forlorn, as final, as footsteps toward the grave.

The psychiatrist breathed a trifle more heavily by the time he had reached the fifth floor. He was not used to such effort. He waited for the door to be opened.

His companion, however, had difficulty with the key and the lock, partly because of the palsy, partly because he had again forgotten that the door was merely closed. When he finally opened it, the light in the room likewise made him rigid for a moment. The pattern of his life had been swept away. Twice he had forgotten to extinguish the lights and to lock the door.

The eye—an eye—was lying on top of the bureau.

He saw it instantly, for it was staring at him. He pointed at it, cried out—but not even a whisper issued from his lips. He tried once more to speak, but the breath rattled around in his throat below the level of an audible murmur.

Dr. Behn half-turned his head, a strange expression on his face. He seemed to be looking at his patient, but his pupils remained fixed upon the eye.

The psychiatrist strode forward positively, and yet with a frown. "Hmm!" he exclaimed. "I don't wonder you got a shock. That's the most convincingly real artificial eye that I've seen. Whoever made it is a remarkable craftsman."

He picked the eye off the bureau.

An expression of utter loathing altered his features until they were as dustily gray as those of a corpse. He felt the eye quiver. A sickness, a nausea added itself to the gray. He opened his fingers mechanically. The eye fell with a dull plop. Its pupil returned its gaze toward the other man, ignoring Dr. Behn.

The psychiatrist stood dazed, his glance crawling toward the eye and back to the film of moisture on his thumb and forefinger. His breathing became more rapid. All at once he turned, began walking, hurrying, running for the door.

A voice harried him. "Wait! *Wait!* What is it?"

The psychiatrist paused briefly, his face twisted into detestable ferocity and hatred. "What is it? I don't know. I don't want to know.

"My province is psychology and mental hygiene. This is wholly outside my field. I know nothing about it. I do not care to have anything more to do with it. When I leave I shall forget that I listened to you. I shall forget that I came here. I shall forget that anything happened. I shall leave instructions with my secretary that under no circumstances will any appointment whatsoever be made with you at any time hereafter. I refuse to accept your patronage. My practice is, and will be, confined to mental cases, not physical impossibilities.

"I can't help you. There's nothing that anyone can do to help you. This is your own problem. Work it out any way you see fit. Goodnight, and goodby."

The door slammed.

Even through the walls, he could hear Behn's receding tread, hurrying farther and farther below. The sound, fading swiftly, died away among the remote world.

When he turned around, he uttered a whistling sigh.

The eye upon the bureau still watched him unwaveringly.

And in mid-air hung the hand, forefinger pointed toward the open window.

He took a step in the direction of the hand. It began to swing toward him, leisurely. Its supreme indifference, the impersonal confidence of that horrible, marginal thing obsessed him even more than the eye. And the eye with its cold, implacable stare had already initiated him into the brotherhood of the blind.

The curtains gently swayed as he walked toward them. He did not look behind at the hand or the eye.

The drapes rippled from the eddy of his plunge through the open window. ⌗

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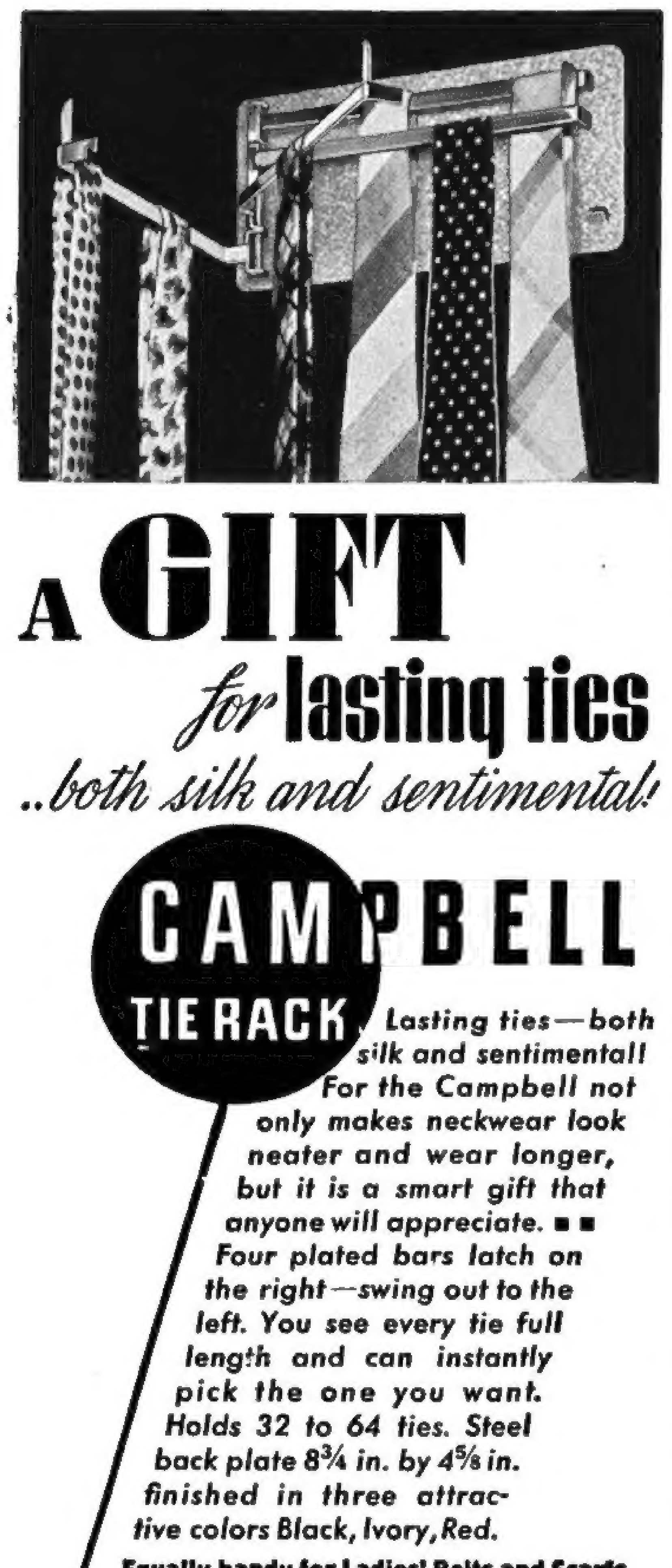

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Bankrupts of Love

Continued from page 109

concentrated in the same fashion upon his "work." Some persons seem "married" to their office or to their profession. Their devotion to work merely hides the fact that they are misfits in love. It is of such stuff that saints of the laboratory and of business are usually made. These men are praised for sacrificing their love-life to an idea or an ideal—they deserve no praise. Their work would be more effective and their life more harmonious if they were solvent lovers.

Marriage is not advisable until the false pattern of conduct has been corrected. Matrimony without inner preparedness leads to love bankruptcy. Maximilian and Charlotte found it desirable to marry for social reasons. Attempting to retain their idiosyncrasies in marriage, they proclaimed their emancipation from the idea of "sex-exclusiveness." They made only one stipulation; each was to confess to the other frankly, any deviation from the straight path of matrimony. Maximilian started very soon after the marriage to sidestep, and dutifully related his adventures. Charlotte, who did not exercise her privilege to do likewise, listened avidly to his recitals, but after some time she developed a curious ailment, which made her afraid to go out alone.

Charlotte's neurosis blocked her own path to infidelity; it also effectively prevented her husband from spending his playtime with others, because it was necessary for him to dance constant attendance upon her. As a result both were unhappy. Unconventional arrangements of this type rarely work. It is no more possible in marriage than in business to depart too far from the codes of conduct crystallized by the long experience of the race.

Karl S. did not accept my dictum that love is a task for two. The young chap, who had been cock o' the walk at home, tried to play the same role in marriage. He attempted to keep his wife Elisa completely under his thumb. Elisa, very properly, resented this subjugation. The home became a battle-ground.

Karl, to revenge himself for the violation of his vanity rights, continually chided the woman for faults imagined or real. To inflict still more punishment, he pretended to be attracted by other women. The object of Karl's campaign was to humiliate Elisa, to make himself the master of the bedroom, as he had been the lord of the nursery. In doing so he wrecked both his own life and hers. Marriage demands social adjustment. Self-centered persons, who expect submission instead of partnership, doom marriage to failure.

Parenthood adds to the problems of the neurotic. Self-centered persons are rarely fond of children. The greater this aversion in one partner, the more vehement, as a rule, becomes the cry for a child in the other. Such neurotics are unfit for marriage. They are incapable of adapting themselves, without guidance or discipline, to the law of love-reciprocal devotion.

A man who, when coming home from the office, wants to sit apart, read the paper and smoke his pipe, ignoring his wife's presence and slighting her social instincts, is unfit for matrimony. Most matrimonial failures are due to the unwillingness or the inability of one or both of the partners to co-operate and compromise! Without co-operation and compromise, marriage is hell. This unwillingness, or inability may, as I have shown, assume many disguises. It may disguise itself as frigidity and spasms in women, or as physical disability in men. It may wear the mask of excessive jealousy. It may disguise itself in an excessive love for members of one's own family, in an abnormal search for pleasure, or in the search for abnormal pleasure. These things lead to catastrophe.

Dick S. boasted of his many conquests; he collected sweethearts as a huntsman collects antlers. He found a thrill in the pursuit, but no happiness in possession.

Boy-crazy women, who seek new flirtations daily, may feed their vanity and titillate their senses, but they starve nevertheless emotionally and spiritually. These professional hunters of love are unfitted for marriage and undesirable socially. They are, above all, the authors of their own misfortune. Bankrupts of Love, though sexually often more active than others, wind up bankrupt, having run through a fortune of sex experience, without acquiring a lasting competence of love.

There are, of course, other factors that contribute to bankruptcy in love and shake the foundation of marriage. An unfinished love-affair that still entices, or the surviving image of a dead partner, may endanger matrimonial felicity. The opposition of parents makes matrimony a sea of trouble. Lack of mental or bodily attraction, sexual insufficiency, differences in educational, social and financial qualifications, are likely to lead to bankruptcy.

Most difficulties can be conquered by mutual good-will. But why start a race with a needless handicap? A business which suffers from some basic fault may be lifted out of the red, but it demands greater ability and greater efforts than a firm conducted upon substantial lines. Marriage or love, where handicaps of a basic type exist, may achieve solvency. However, the effort required may be enormous—the price too high. Other things being equal, it is best to select solvent partners in love and to liquidate lovers obviously headed for bankruptcy. ╫

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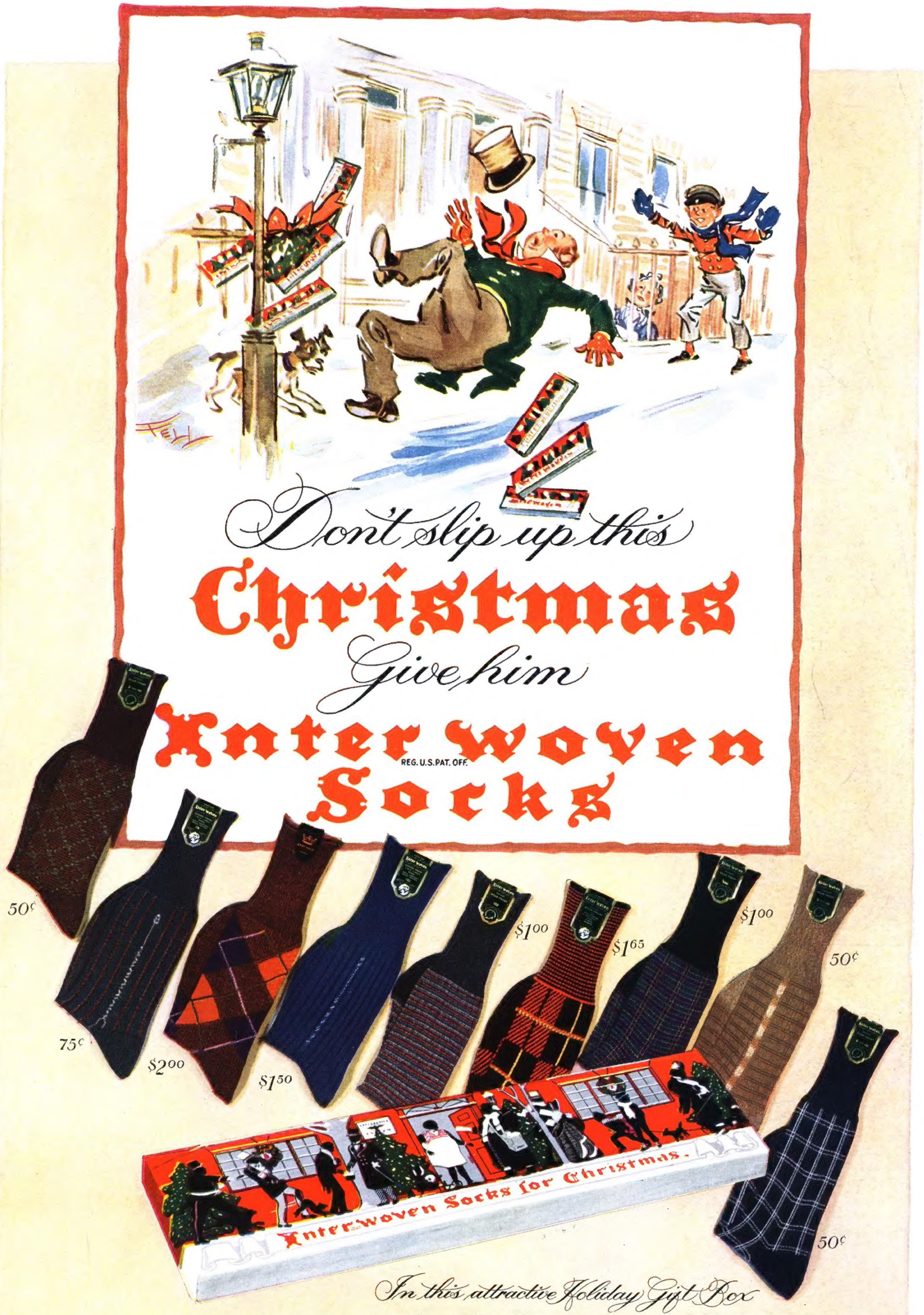

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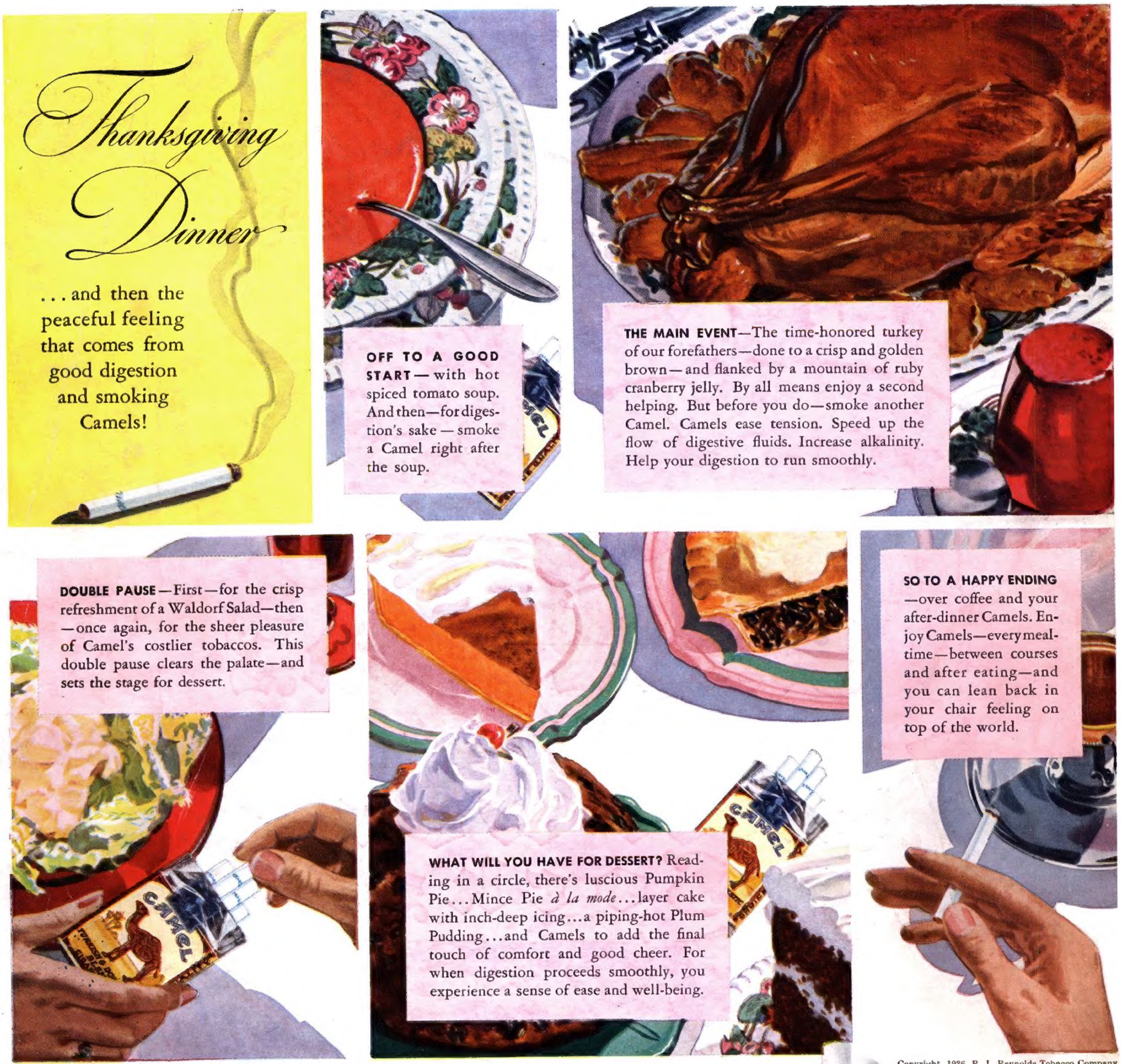

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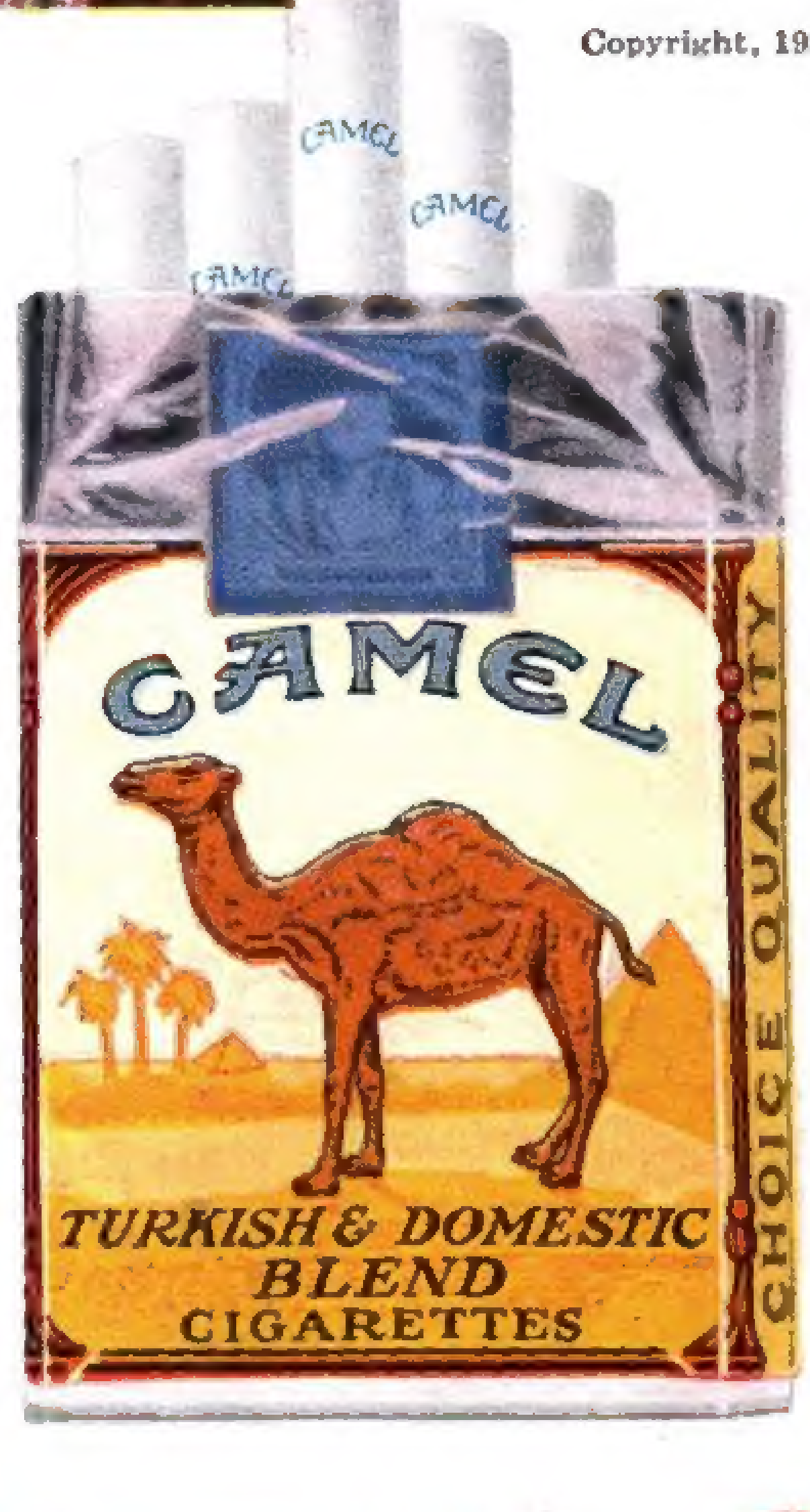

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